THE SACRED HARP

B. F. WHITE AND E. J. KING

A COLLECTION OF

TUNES, ODES, HYMNS AND ANTHEMS

W. B. Hallman

P.O. Box 151 Villa Rica, Ga.

August 30-1959

378 - Be Joyful

SHH Zion

491 - Jesus Lover of Me

494 Dont Grieve your Master

480 Evan

478 Brown

519 - Lead Me Lord

498 - Mary

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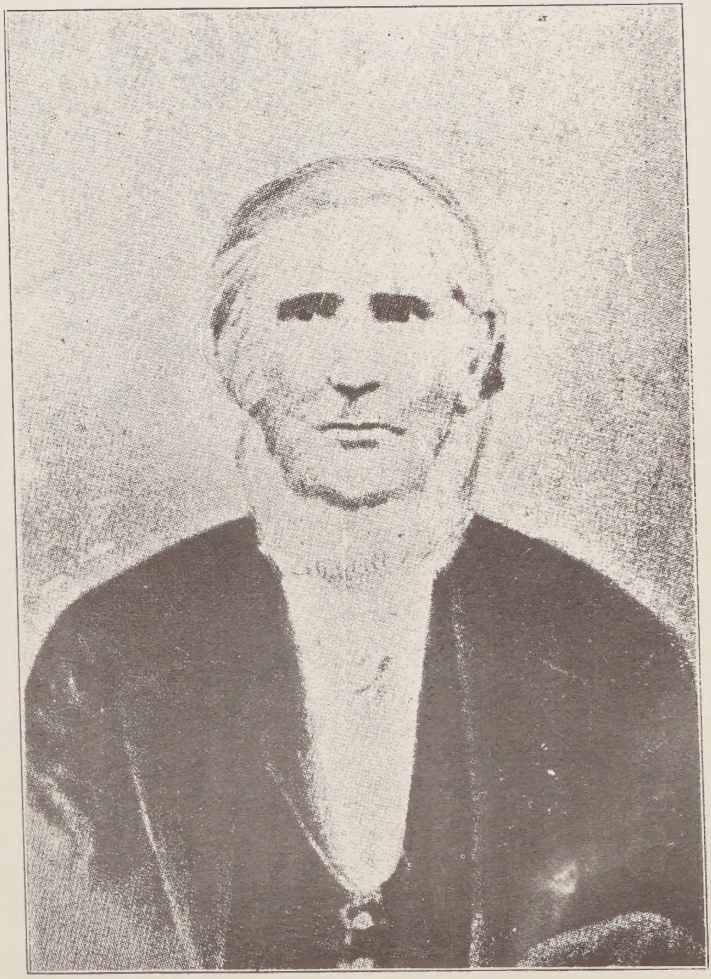

MAJOR B. F. WHITE

Author of the Sacred Harp

THE SACRED HARP.

B. F. WHITE AND E. J. KING.

A COLLECTION OF

TUNES, ODES, HYMNS AND ANTHEMS

FOURTH EDITION, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

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PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION.

IN presenting to the musical public the following enlarged and greatly improved edition of the SACRED HARP, it is but an act of simple justice to the Committee appointed by the Musical Convention which met at our residence on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of November, 1869, to state that they acted with zeal and energy like a band of Christian and scientific gentlemen who had an eye to the honor of the Christian Church and to the promotion of musical knowledge among their fellow-men. In the opinion of the Committee it was considered best to continue the 4-shape notes, as exhibited in the body of the work. For the faithful services rendered by the Committee we hope they will accept our grateful acknowledgments.

As an author we beg leave to return our thanks to our patrons for the great favor with which the HARP has been received—a favor far exceeding our most sanguine anticipations. We have reason to trust that the present effort will merit a continuance of the same generous patronage.

In this edition there will be found more than ONE HUNDRED pieces of music never before published, all of which have been expressly arranged for the HARP. To those who are tenacious and scrupulous as to the different terms by which musical sounds should be expressed, allow us to say that we have carefully and earnestly studied the subject for forty-seven years, during the last twenty-seven years of which period we have been especially vigilant in seeking for musical terms more appropriate to the purpose than the four names used in this book; but candor compels us to acknowledge that our search has been unavailing. The scheme which our prolonged and laborious examination has inclined us to prefer to all others has had the sanction of the musical world for more than four hundred years; and we scarcely think that, on this subject, we can do better than adopt the advice—"Ask for the old paths, and walk therein."

B. F. WHITE.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1870, by B. F. and D. P. WHITE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Revision Committee.

Following is the committee to whom was refered the revision of The Sacred Harp, fron the states of Ga, Ala, and Fla.

From south east Ala, and Fla, Conventions.

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Jasper Barnes.....First Vice Chairman.
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PREFACE TO FOURTH EDITION OF THE OLD SACRED HARP, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

There being such a universal demand for the old fourth edition and it being my wish to perpetuate the music as written by my father and the dear brethren associated with him, I herewith submit for your approval the fourth edition, with supplement. The Singing School Department on the last twenty-six pages I recommend to all teachers and students of music.

Praying God's sanction and blessing on this work, and thanking our friends, one and all, for their liberal patronage heretofore, I remain,

Respectfully,

Atlanta, Georgia. J. L. WHITE.

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PREFACE TO THE SACRED HARP.

Many efforts have been made to please the public wtth a collection of Sacred Music; and none but those who make the effort, know how difficult it is to accomplish this task. The compiler of this work has spared no labour or pains in trying to accomplish this desirable object, having taught music for the last twenty years, and being necessarily thrown among churches of various denominations, and all the time observing their wants in that of a variety of church music, has in this work endeavored to supply that deficiency which heretofore existed, by placing all the church music within his reach, in one book. That such a compilation is needed, no person of piety, observation, and taste, will deny While the churches may be supplied from this work, others have not been forgotten or neglected, a great variety will be found suited to singing-schools, private societies, and family circles; in fact, the Sacred Harp is designed for all classes who sing, or desire to sing The Compiler has not aimed at greatness or self-aggrandizement, but has desired, in his humble position, to benefit the public in general: and therefore has set out this work in a plain, easy, and familiar style; and having passed the meridian of life, and entirely withdrawn from the business of teaching, is disposed to leave this work as a specimen of his taste, and recommend it to a generous public, praying God that he may answer in full the purposes intended.

Hamilton, Harris Co., Georgia, April, 1844. B. F. WHITE.

N. B. The Harp is a selection from the most eminent authors now extant; together with nearly one hundred pieces never before published, all of which have been harmonized and arranged under our immediate inspection expressly for this work.

B. F. WHITE & E. J. KING.

INTRODUCTION.

A Singing School, to learn and practice Sacred Music, should be a solemn place—a place of prayer: for it is as solemn a business to learn to sing the praises of God as it is to learn the word of God. A singing-school should be of the same character as a Sabbath-school or a Bible class; it is, in part, of the same class of schools, and should be conducted with the same solemnities. We think it as much the duty of those who have the ability, to learn to sing the praises of God as it is to learn his word; and no parents or guardians, therefore, should consider their religious education, nor that of their children, complete, without a knowledge of sacred music; nor think they are at liberty to sit silent in the sanctuary, to sing or not, as they please The gift of a talent to sing, implies an obligation to improve it, and not to offer unto the Lord the halt, the lame, but to cultivate the voice that they may sing to edification, and not to be an annoyance to every one near them. Sacred music, when sung in a proper style, will generally produce a religious effect in a greater or less degree. We have had the pleasure of seeing, at public rehearsals of sacred music, very deep and strong religious impressions made, not only upon the singers, but upon the congregation: and when such words as

"The Lord is in this place,
We see his smiling face;
Trembling we now adore him;
Humbly we bow before him"—

were sung, it seemed that every one present felt their power, and felt something of the majesty of Jehovah. We have known, moreover, very extensive and general revivals of religion commence, and make their first appearance, in singing-schools. But who ever knew such blessings follow when secular music was practiced in the school, or when the object of public rehearsal was display? We think it is time the Christian public were awake to their duty on this subject.

OF MUSIC IN GENERAL.

Music consists of a succession of pleasing sounds, with reference to a peculiar internal sense implanted in us by the Great Author of nature. Considered as a science, it teaches us the just disposition of sounds; and as an art, it enables us to express them with facility and advantage. The tones of music differ from the sounds in general, because they vary from each other by fixed intervals, and are measured by certain proportions of time. There is, indeed, in good speaking, a regularity to be observed, which has some resemblance to this art; and to the orator we frequently use the epithet, musical; but the inflections of the voice in speech are more variable, and slide as it were by insensible degrees, and cannot easily be limited to rule; whereas the gradations of musical sounds are exactly ascertained and are brought to an uniform standard.

Music naturally divides itself into Melody and Harmony. Melody is the agreeable effect which arises from the succession of single sounds. Harmony is the pleasing union of several sounds at the same time. Modulation consists in rightly disposing and connecting either the melody of a single part, or the harmony of various parts. The two primary and essential qualities of musical sounds are, relative acuteness or gravity, and proportionate duration. The first property is their relative acuteness or gravity. Bodies of equal size, length, or tension, emit sounds differing in this respect, and are said to be grave or acute. Human voices differ in this respect, viz., a man's voice is more grave than a woman's; and when the voice moves from a grave to an acute sound, it is said to ascend. Some musicians term it high or low, sharp or flat, grave or acute. any of those terms imply the necessary distinction.

The next property is time, or proportional continuance; and here, without varying the acuteness or gravity of a tone, a difference of movement alone may constitute an imperfect species of music, such for example as the drum where the tones are only diversified by the celerity with which they succeed each other. The principal distinction, then, of musical sounds, are time and tune; and to the happy combination of these two qualities is chiefly to be ascribed the pleasing and endless variety of musical art.

RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

The Science of Music is divided into three departments, Melody, Rhythm, and Dynamics, which embrace all the elementary principles of music. Melody relates to Pitch, and represents sounds as high or low. Rhythm relates to Length, and represents notes, rests, etc., as long or short. Dynamics relates to Force and represents sounds as soft or loud.

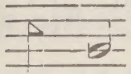
SCALE OF NOTES.

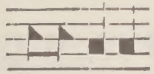
1. Q. How many marks of sound, or kinds of notes are there used in music?

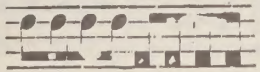
A. There are six kinds of notes used in music, which differ in time. They are the Semibreve, Minim, Crochet, Quaver, Semiquaver, and Demisemiquaver.

The following scale will show, at one view, the proportion one note bears to another:

One Semibreve, or whole note, is equal in time to

Two half notes,  or Minims,

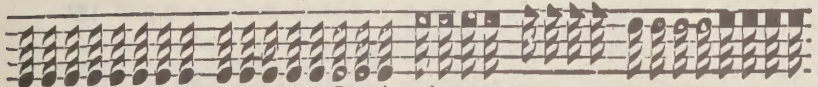
Four quarter notes,  or Crotchets,

Eight eighth notes,  or Quavers,

Sixteen sixteenth notes,

or Semiquavers,

Thirty-two thirty-second notes,



or Demisemiquavers.

Q. Explain the preceding scale.

A. The Semibreve, or whole note, is now the longest note used; it is white, without a stem, and is the measure note, and guideth all others.

The Minim, or half note, is but half the length of the Semibreve, or whole note, and has a stem to it.

The Crotchet, or quarter note, is but half the length of the Minim, or half note, and has a black head and straight stem.

The Quaver, or eighth note, is but half the length of the Crotchet, or quarter note, has a black head and one turn to the stem, sometimes one way, and sometimes another.

The Semiquaver, or sixteenth note, is but half the length of the Quaver, or eighth note, has also a black head and two turns to the stem, which are likewise various.

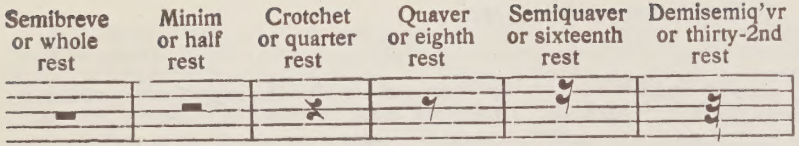
The Demisemiquaver, or thirty-second note, is but half the length of the Quaver, or sixteenth note, has a black head, and three turns to its stem, also variously turned.

NOTE—These notes are sounded sometimes quicker, and sometimes slower according to the several moods of time. The notes of themselves always bear the same proportion to each other, whatever the mood of time may be.

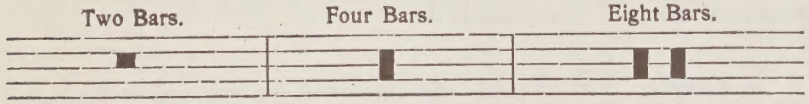
Q. What are rests.

A. All rests are marks of silence, which signify that you must keep silent so long a time as it takes to sound the notes they represent.

THE RESTS.


Semibreve or whole rest
Minim or half rest
Crotchet or quarter rest
Quaver or eighth rest
Semiquaver or sixteenth rest
Demisemiq'vr or thirty-2nd rest

THE BARS.



Q. Explain the rests.

A. The Semibreve, or whole rest, is a black square under a line.

The Minim, or half rest, is the same mark above a line.

The Crotchet, or quarter rest, is something like an inverted figure seven.

The Quaver, or eighth rest, resembles a right figure of seven.

The Semiquaver, or sixteenth rest, resembles the figure seven with an additional mark to the left.

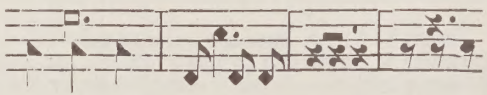
The Demisemiquaver, or thirty-second rest, is like the last described, with a third mark to the left.

The two bar rest is a strong bar reaching only across the third space.

The four bar rest is a strong bar crossing the second and third space and third line.

The eighth bar rest is two strong bars like the last described.

A dot set to the right hand of a rest, adds to it half its length, the same as a pointed note, thus:



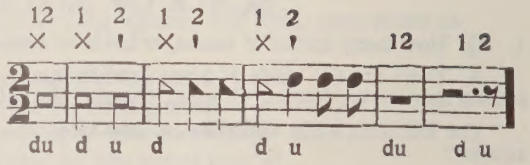
2. MOODS OF TIME.

Q. How many moods of time are there used in this work?

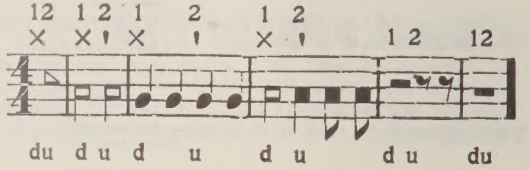
A. Seven; three of common, two of triple, and two of compound. The original first mood of common time and the third of triple have been dispensed with, they being but little used in the present day.

COMMON TIME.

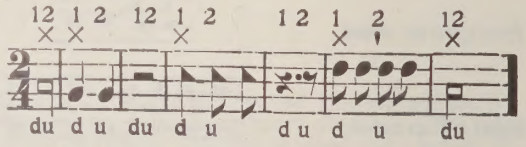
3. The first mood of common time is known by a figure 2 over a figure 2, having a Semibreve, or whole note, for a measure note, or its equivalent in every measure; sung in the time of 3 seconds to the measure, 2 beats with the hand, one down and the other up.



The second mood is known by a figure 4 over a figure 4, having the same measure note; sung in the time of 2 1-2 seconds to the measure, two beats as in the first mood.

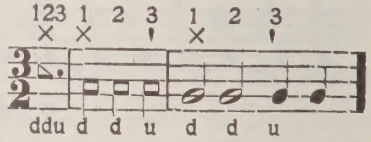


The third mood is known by a figure 2 over a figure 4, having a Minim, or half note, for a measure note; sung in the time of 1 1-2 seconds to the measure, and beaten as the other two moods.

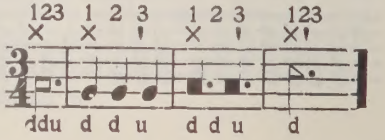


TRIPLE TIME.

4. The first mood of triple time is known by a figure 3 over a figure 2, having a pointed Semibreve, or whole note, for a measure note, equal to three Minims, or half notes, etc.; sung in 3 seconds to the measure, three beats with the hand, 2 down and 1 up.

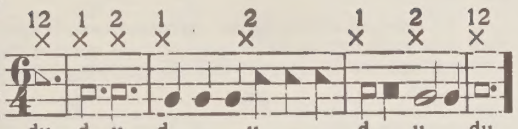


The second mood of triple time is known by a figure 3 over a figure 4, having a pointed Minim, or half note, for a measure note, equal to 3 crotchets, or quarter notes, 6 quavers, or eighth notes, etc.; sung in two seconds of time to the measure, three beats, 2 down and one up.

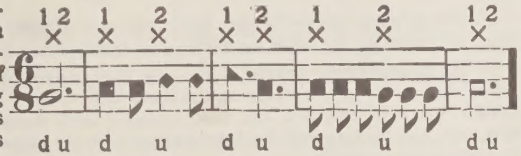


COMPOUND TIME.

5. The first mood of compound time is known by a figure 6 over a figure 4, having a pointed Semibreve or whole note for a measure note; sung in the time of 2 1-2 seconds to the measure, two beats with the hand, one down and the other up.



The second mood of compound time is known by a figure 6 over a figure 8, having a pointed Minim or half note for a measure note; sung in the time of 1 1-2 seconds to the measure, two beats as in the first mood.



Q. What do the figures over the measure, and the letters d, and u under it, in the above examples of time, mean?

A. The figures show how many beats there ase in each measure, and the letter d shows when the hand must go down, and the u when up.

Q. What general rule is there for beating time?

A. That the hand fall at the beginning, and rise at the end of each measure, in all moods of time.

OF THE SEVERAL MOODS OF TIME.

6. Q. Why are the first three moods called common time moods?

A. Because they are measured by even numbers, as 2, 4, &c.

Q. Why are the next two called triple moods?

A. Because they are measured by odd numbers, as 3, &c.

Q. Why are the remaining two called compound moods?

A. Because they are compounded of common and triple time; of common time as the measure is divided equal; of triple time as each half of the measure is threefold, having three Crotchets or quarter notes, three Quavers or eighth notes, or their proportion to each beat.

OF ACCENT.

MARKS OF ACCENT: ×, full accent. ', half accent.

7. Accent is a stress of voice or emphasis on one part of a sentence, strain, or measure, more than another. In the two first moods of common time, the full accent is placed on the first part, and half accent on the third part of each measure. (N. B. Each measure admits of a division into four parts.) In the third mood of common time the measure is generally divided into two parts, and the accent is on the first part; if divided into four parts, it may be accented as the two first moods.

Triple time is divided into three parts to each measure, and the accent is on the first and third parts.

Compound time is divided into six parts, and the accent is on the first and fourth parts. In all cases of accents, the first in the measure is full, and the second partial. The figures which are used to express the time of the several moods, are to be used single; the under figures are aliquot parts of the Semibreve or whole note, and the upper figures showing the number of such parts to the measure, to-wit: $\frac{2}{2}$ means two Minims or half notes in a measure; $\frac{4}{4}$ means four Crotchets or quarter notes in a measure; $\frac{2}{4}$, two Crotchets or quarter notes, &c. In a word, the under figure shows into how many parts the Semibreve or whole note is divided, and the upper figure shows the number of such parts in a measure; and so all the movements of time that may be expressed by figures.

OF MUSIC.

8. Q. What is music?

. Music is a succession of pleasing sounds.

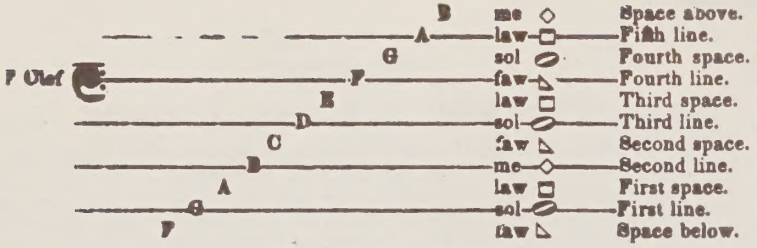
Q. On what is music written?

A. On five parallel lines including the spaces between them, which is called a stave; and these lines and spaces are represented by the first seven letters in the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, and G. These letters also represent the seven sounds that belong to each key-note in music. When eight letters are used the first is repeated.

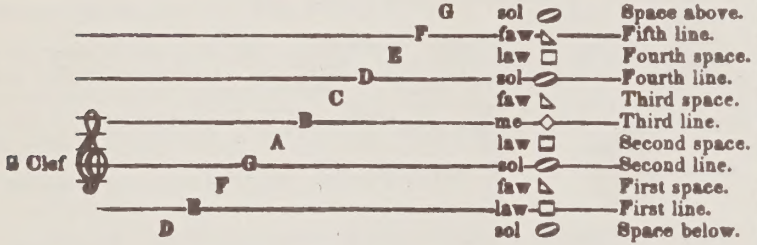
Q. How many parts are there used in vocal music?

A. Commonly only four, viz: Bass, Tenor, Alto, and Treble, and the letters are placed on the staves for the several parts in the following order, commencing at the space below the first line in each stave.

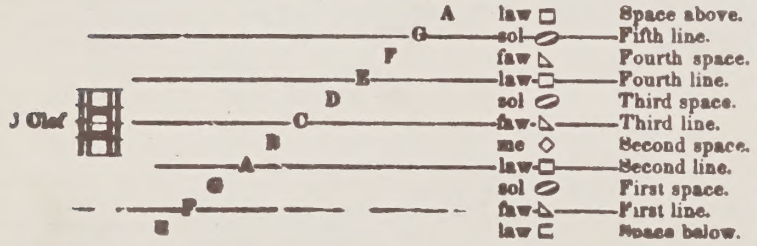
BASS OR FA STAVE



TENOR OR TREBLE STAVE NATURAL.



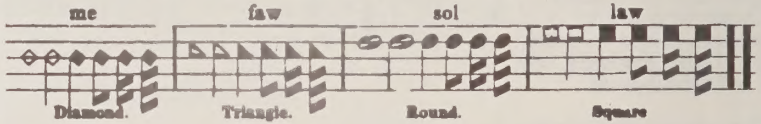
COUNTER STAVE NATURAL.



You may observe that the letters are names or called by the names of the four notes used in music. You see in the preceding staves that F is named faw, G sol, A law, B me, C faw, D sol, E law, and F faw again; every eighth letter being the first repeated, which is an octave; for every eighth is an octave.

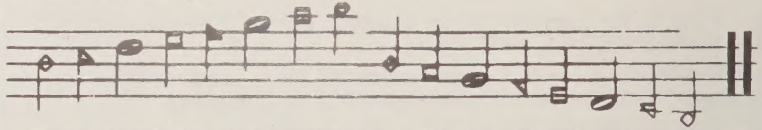
9. *Q.* How many notes are there used in music; what are their names, and how are they made?

A. All notes of music which represent sounds are called by four names, and each note is known by its shape, viz.: the me is a diamond, faw is triangle, sol is round, and law is square. See the following example.



Q. But in some music books the tunes are written in round notes entirely. How do we know by what names to call the notes in these books?

A. By first finding the *me*, for *me* is the governing and leading note; and when that is found, the notes on the lines and spaces in regular succession are called faw, sol, law, faw, sol, law, (twice;) and those below the *me*, law, sol, faw, law, sol, faw, (twice,) after which *me* will come again. Either way, see the following example.



This is the rule for singing round notes. You must therefore observe that the natural place for the *me* in parts of music is on that line or space represented by B

But if B be flat, ♭, *me* is on ..... E
B ♭ and E ♭, it is on ..... A
B ♭, E ♭, and A ♭, it is on ..... D
B ♭, E ♭, A ♭, and D ♭, it is on ..... G
If F be sharp, ♯, *me* is on ..... F
F ♯ and C ♯, it is on C
F ♯, C ♯, and G ♯, it is on ..... G
F ♯, C ♯, G ♯ and D ♯, it is on ..... D

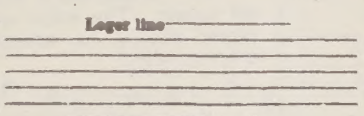
As in the following example viz

Mi in its NATURAL place. Tenor or treble MI.
Mi, transposed by flats.
B flat, mi is in E.
B and E flat, mi is in A.
B, E, and A flat, mi is in D.
B, E, A, and D flat, mi is in G.
Mi, transposed by sharps.
F sharp, mi is in F.
F and C sharp, mi is in C.
F, C, and G sharp, mi is in G.
F, C, G, D, sharp, mi is in D.
Counter MI.
Bass MI.

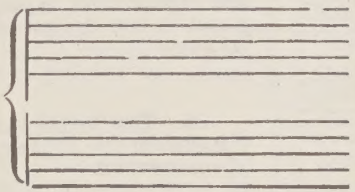
CHARACTERS USED IN MUSIC.

10. A Stave or staff is five parallel lines, on which notes and other musical characters are written.

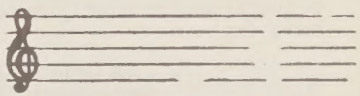
11. Leger lines are short lines added to the common stave or staff, so as to embrace such notes as may transcend its boundary.



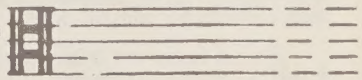
12. A Brace is drawn across the first end of a tune, showing that all the parts enclosed are to be sung together; and the order of those parts is as follows: the lowest is Bass; next above, Tenor; and, if but three parts, the third is Treble; but if the Counter is added, the fourth part is Treble, and the third, Counter.



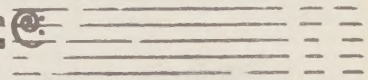
13. The G Clef stands on G, second line of the tenor or treble stave, and crosses that line four times. It is always used in tenor and treble, and sometimes in counter.



14. The C Clef stands on C, middle line; is used only in counter.

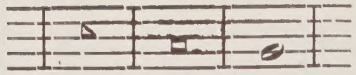


15. The F Clef is placed on the fourth line of the stave, and belongs to the bass or lower part in music.



16. A single bar is a plain line or mark across the stave, and divides the time into equal parts, according to the mood of time and measure note.

17. A measure note is a note that fills a measure; i. e. from one bar to another, without any other note or rest.

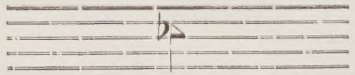


18. A dot or point set to the right of a note, adds to that note half its length; and if placed by the first note in the measure, it diminishes from the succeeding part of the measure, by reducing the next note to a smaller denomination. If the point is placed last in the measure, it reduces the preceding note to a smaller denomination. The point never extends its influence out of the measure in which it is placed.

EXAMPLE.

A pointed Semibreve or whole note is equal to three Minims or half notes; a pointed Minim or half note, to three Crotchets or quarter notes; a pointed Crotchet or quarter note, to three Quavers or eighth notes, &c.

19. A Flat*. set immediately preceding or before a note, sinks it half a tone; i. e. causes it to be sung half a tone lower than it would be without the flat.



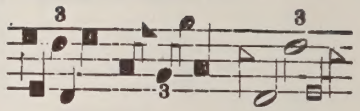
20. A Sharp set before a note, raises it half a tone; i. e. causes it to be sung half a tone higher than it would be without the sharp.

21. A Natural restores a note from flat or sharp to its natural sound.

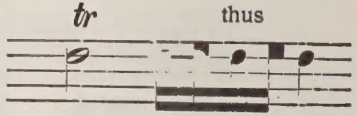
22. A Slur over or under any number of notes, shows that they must be sung to one syllable, gliding softly from one sound to another. The tails of the notes are often joined together, which answers the same purpose as a slur.

*. We recommend singers to omit accidental flats and sharps, unless they understand them properly.

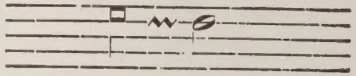
23. A figure 3 over or under three notes, is a mark of diminution, and shows that they must be sung in the time of two of the same kind, without a figure.



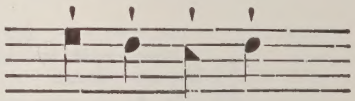
24. A Trill shows that the note over which it is placed should be warbled with a soft roll.



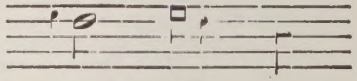
25. A Direct shows the place of the succeeding note on the stave.



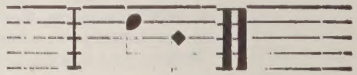
26. A Staccato is seldom used in vocal music. The notes over which it is placed should be sounded distinct and emphatically.



27. Appogiatura, or grace notes, are small extra notes added and set before or after regular notes, to guide the voice more gracefully into the sound of the succeeding note.

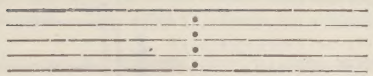


28. The Double Bar shows the end of a strain or line of poetry, and sometimes where to repeat.

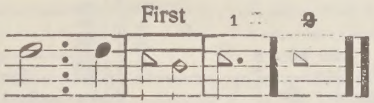


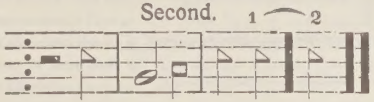
29. The Hold is without definite bounds; the note over which it is placed is always held longer than its usual sound, and is to be swelled with strength to the centre of the note, then the voice to echo off into soft tone, to the end of the note or sound.

30. A Repeat shows that the tune is to be sung twice from it to the next double bar or close.

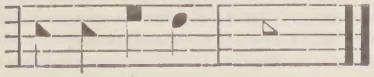


31. Figure 1, 2, or double ending, at the end of a strain, or at the eud of a tune, shows that the note or notes under 1 are to be sung before you repeat, and those under 2 after omitting those under 1; but if the notes are tied together with a slur, both are sung the second time, as in the second example.



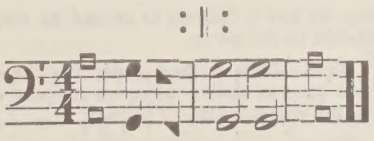


32. A Close shows the end of a tune or anthem.

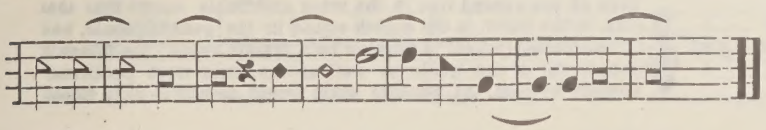


33. A Prisma denotes a repetition of preceding words.

34. Choosing notes are notes set one immediately over another in the same stave, either of which may be sung, but not by the same voice. If two persons are singing the same part, one may sing the upper, and the other the lower notes.



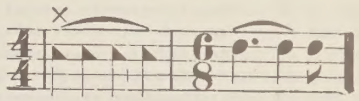
35. A Syncopation is where notes are driven out of their common order, by commencing in one measure and ending in the next, and tied across the bar with a slur, representing the same letter; but if they vary from the same letter, it comes under the denomination of a slur.



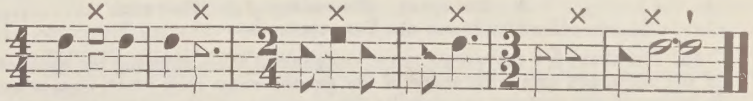
In all syncopated notes both notes are sounded, and bu one called by name; (that is the first.)

36. A Couplet is where two or more notes are tied together in the same measure, embracing both accents (due to the measure) within its limits, (if there be two;) in this case all the enclosed notes are sounded, but the first one called, viz: if they all represent the same letter. But if they vary from the same letter, it breaks the couplet, and is denominated a slur.

Examples of Couplets.



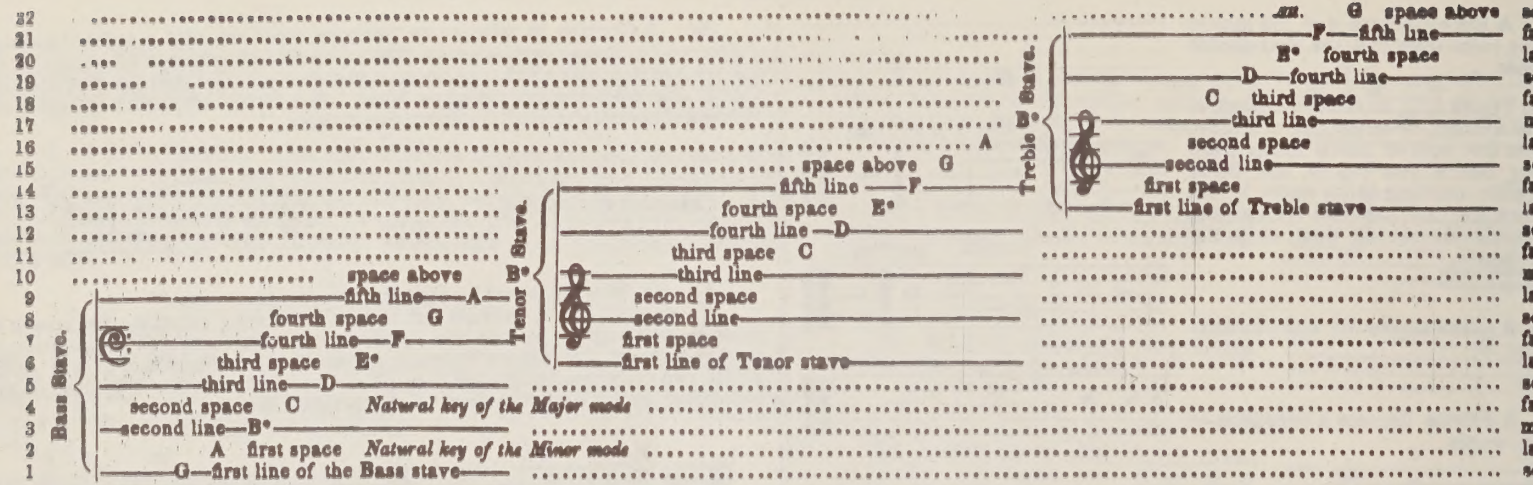
37. Q. What is meant by syncope or syncopeed notes?
A. It is when a note is set out of its usual order, requiring the accent to be upon it, as though it were in the usual place of the accent, as in common time, having half the time of the measure in the middle; as a minim or half note between two crotchets or quarter notes; or a crotchet preceding a pointed minin, or a crotchet between two quavers or eighth notes, &c.



OF THE CLEFT OR CLEFTS.

38. This character derived its name from two Latin words, (Clavis signata,) signifying a sealed key, and is set at the beginning of every piece of music, and serves as a key to open the scale of characters, and fully determine their import. If this character is set high on the stave, the music runs low; while, on the contrary, if set low, the music runs high; because the letters of themselves are independent characters, and are thrown above the cliff which stands low on the stave, and below the cliff which is set on the stave, (for instance:) the F cliff stands on the fourth line of the bass stave, and is a third from the top of that stave; and the G cliff stands on the second line of the tenor and treble stave, and is the third from the bottom of that stave; the alto or counter, occupying the precise centre between the other two; thus we see the bass assigned to the gravest of male voices, and the tenor to the highest of male voices; the treble to the most shrill female voices; the counter or alto to the gravest of female, and boys voices; unless the counter be written on the G or F clef, and if so, take the best and most acute voices of both male and female, and perform it on the octave pitch.

THE GENERAL SCALE, AND RULES FOR PITCHING OR KEYING MUSIC.

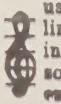


39. The above is a representation of the general scale, showing the connection of the parts, and also what sound of the general scale each letter, line, or space in either of the octaves, represents; for instance: A, the minor key, occupies the 2d, 9th, and 16th sounds of the general scale; C, the natural major key, the 4th, 11th, and 18th. Thus it will appear that every octave being unison, are considered one and the same sound. Although the last in the bass is the key-note, and in case the *me* is not transposed, will either be on the 2d and 4th degrees as above stated, yet with the same propriety we may suppose them on the 9th, 11th, &c. degrees; for when we refer to a pitchpipe for the sound of either of the foregoing keys, if it be properly constructed, it will exactly correspond to the 9th, 11th, &c. degrees of the general scale. Then by descending the octave, we get the sound of the natural key; then by ascending a 3d, 4th, or 5th, as the tune may require, we readily discover whether the piece be properly keyed. If we find, after descending the octave, we can ascend to the highest note in the tenor or treble, and can pronounce them with ease and freedom, the piece may be said to be properly keyed; but if, on the contrary, after descending, we find it difficult to ascend as above, the piece is improperly keyed, and should be set lower.

NOTE.—This method of proving the keys is infallible to individuals, and will hold good in choirs, when we suppose the teacher or leader capable of judging for the commonality of voices.

The above scale comprises three octaves, or twenty-two sounds.

The F clef, used on the fourth line in the bass, shows that that line is the seventh sound in the general scale.

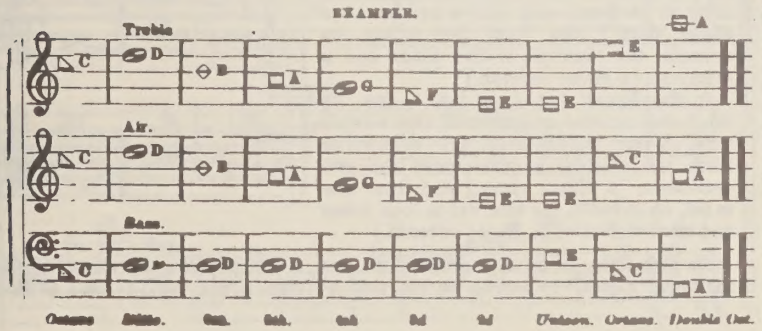
The G clef,  used on the second line in the tenor and treble shows that that line, in the tenor, is the eighth sound in the general scale, and in the treble, (when performed by a female voice,) the fifteenth sound; for if the treble as well as the tenor were performed entirely by men, the general scale would comprise only fifteen

sounds; hence, the treble stave is raised only an octave above the tenor, in consequence of the female voice being naturally an octave above the male's, and to females the treble is usually assigned. The stars (*) show the natural place of the semitones.

When the C clef is used, (though it has now become very common to write counter on either the G or F clefs,) the middle line in the counter is in unison with the third space in tenor (C), and a seventh above the middle line in the bass, &c.

Two sounds equally high or equally low, however unequal in their force, are said to be in unison, one with the other. Consequently E, on the lower line of the treble stave, is in unison with E, on the fourth space of the tenor; and E, on the third space in bass, is in unison with E, on the first line of the tenor, and an octave below E, the lower line in the treble. ☞ See the General Scale. From any one letter in the general scale, to another of the same name, the interval is an octave—as from B to B, D to D, &c.

Agreeably to the F and G clefs used in the general scale, a note on any line or space in the bass, is a sixth below a note on a corresponding line or space in the tenor, and a thirteenth below a note in the treble occupying the same line or space, (when the treble is performed by females.) ☞ See the General Scale. Suppose we place a note on D, middle line of the bass, another on B, the middle line of the tenor or treble, the interval will appear as just stated; and to find any other interval, count either ascending or descending, as the case may be.



In counting intervals, remember to include both notes or letters, thus: in counting a sixth in the preceding example, D is one, E is two, F is three, G is four, A five, and B six.

In the preceding example, the notes in the treble and air are placed in unison with each other. But assigning the treble to female voices, and the air to male voices, (as is customary,) an octave must be added to the notes in the treble, (as previously observed of a woman's voice being an octave more acute than a man's,) the interval between the bass and treble, in the first measure, would be a fifteenth, or double octave; in the third measure, the note on B, in the treble, a thirteenth above D, in the bass, &c. Observe that an octave and a second make a ninth; an octave and a third make a tenth; an octave and a fourth make an eleventh; an octave and a fifth make a twelfth; an octave and a sixth, a thirteenth; an octave and a seventh, a fourteenth; two octaves a fifteenth, &c., always including both the first and last note.

OF HARMONY AND COMPOSITION.

40. Harmony consists in the proportion of the distance of two, three, or four sounds, performed at the same time, and mingling in a most pleasing manner to the ear

The notes which produce harmony, when sounded together, are called *concords*, and their intervals, *consonant intervals*. The notes which, when sounded together, produce a disagreeable sound to the ear, are called *discords*, and their intervals, *dissonant intervals*. There are but four concords in music, viz.: *unison*, *third*, *fifth*, and *sixth*; (their eighths or octaves are also meant.) The unison is called a perfect chord, and commonly the fifth is so called. If the composer please, however, he may make the fifth imperfect, when composing more than two parts. The third and sixth are called imperfect, their chords being not so full, nor so agreeable to the ear, as the perfect; but in four parts the sixth is often used instead of the fifth; so, in effect, there are but three concords, employed together, in composition.

N. B. The meaning of imperfect signifies that it wants a semitone of its perfections, to what it does when it is perfect: for as the lesser or imperfect third includes but three half tones, the greater or major third includes four, &c. The discords are a *second*, a *fourth*, a *seventh*, and their octaves; though the greater fourth sometimes comes very near to the sound of an imperfect chord, it being the same in ratio as the minor fifth. Indeed, some composers (the writer of these extracts is one of them) seem very partial to the greater fourth and frequently admit it in composition

The following is an example of the several concords and discords, and their octaves under them.

	CONCORDS.				DISCORDS.		
Single Chords.	1	3	5	6	2	4	7
	8	10	12	13	9	11	14
Their Octaves.	15	17	19	20	16	18	21
	22	24	26	27	23	25	28

Notwithstanding the 2d, 4th, 7th, &c., are properly discords, yet a skilful composer may use them to some advantage, provided a full chord of all the parts immediately follow; they will then answer a similar purpose to acid, which being tasted previously to sweet, gives the latter a more pleasing flavour. Although the 4th is really a discord, yet it is very often used in composition. The rough sound of the 4th may be so mollified by the sweetness of the 5th and 8th as to harmonize almost as well as any three sounds in nature; and it would be reasonable to suppose that where we have two perfect chords, a discord may be introduced with very little violation to the laws of harmony; but as it is the most difficult part of composition to use a discord in such a manner and place as to show more fully the power and beauty of music, we think composers should only use them sparingly, (as it is much better to have all sweet, than to have too much sour or bitter,) and always let them be followed by a perfect chord.

OF THE DIATONIC SCALE, MAJOR KEY.

41. The diatonic scale is composed of tones and semitones. From the key to the second sound above is a tone; from the second to the third a tone; from the third to the fourth a semitone; from the fourth to the fifth a tone; from the fifth to the sixth a tone; from the sixth to the seventh a tone; and from the seventh to the eighth a semitone: observing that five whole tones and two semitones compose an octave.

OF THE MINOR KEY.

42. The minor key differs from the major because of the semitones occurring between the second and third, and fifth and sixth sounds from the key.

It is unnecessary to treat further on the subject of semitones, for they are natural to the voice, and cannot be avoided by natural performance. It should suffice to know that they do exist, and where they are.

OF DEGREES.

43. A degree is the interval from one letter to another in immediate succession. The first letter in the scale of letters is the foundation for the first degree; the second letter ends that degree, and is the beginning of the second degree; three letters will form two degrees, &c.

OF RELATIVES.

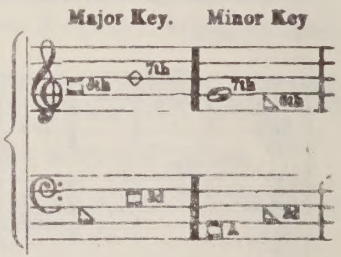
44. Whatever the key may be, whether natural or artificial, the same relatives are produced by the key; the sixth above and the third below are relative minors to the major mode; the sixth below and the third above are relative majors to the minor mode.

45. The reason why one tune is in a sharp key and another in a flat key is, that the third and sixth sounds ascending in the sharp key, are half a tone higher than the same intervals in the flat key; and sharp keyed music is generally applied to poetry that is animating, spirited, and cheerful; while flat keyed music is applied to poetry that is solemn, pensive, and melancholy.

EXAMPLE OF THE KEYS.

46. In the Major key, from faw to law, its third, the interval is two tones, [a Major third;] from faw to law, its sixth, the interval is four tones and a semitone, [a Major sixth;] and from faw to me, its seventh, the interval is five tones and a semitone, [a Major seventh.]

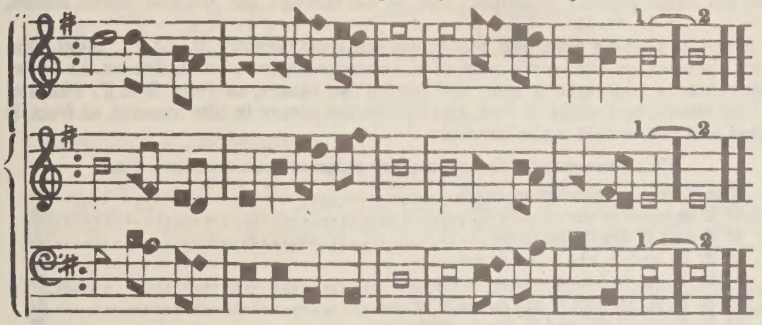
In the Minor key, from law to faw, its third, the interval is one tone and a semitone, [Minor third;] from law to faw, its sixth, the interval is three tones and two semitones, [a Minor sixth;] and from law to sol, its seventh, the interval is four tones and two semitones, [a Minor seventh.]



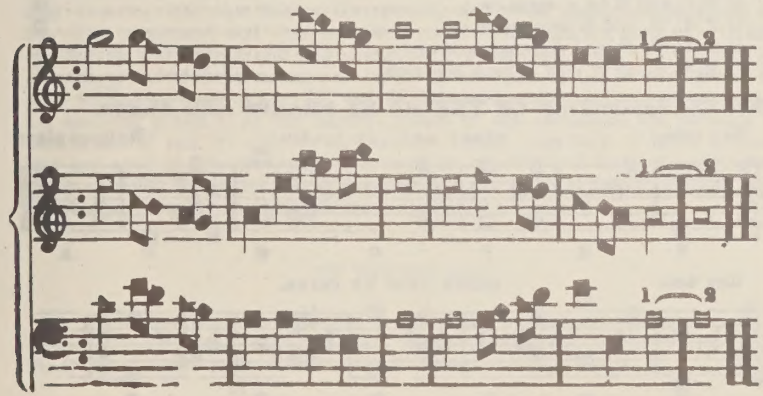
To prove the utility of removing the key, I will produce an example. Let the tune "*Suffield*" be written on key note A (natural flat key,) instead of E, as

proper key; and, besides the inconvenience of multiplying leger lines, few voices would be able to perform it, the treble in particular.

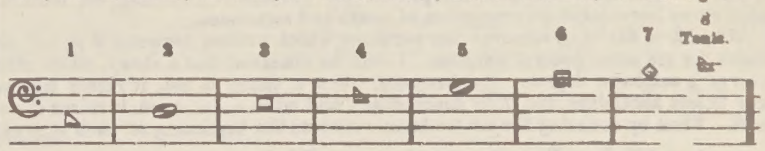
SUFFIELD on E, its proper key, from the repeat.



The same on A, the assumed, or natural key A.



47. There are seven sounds bearing distinct names, from their situation and effect in the scale. The key note is called the tonic; the next above, or its second, the supertonic; its third, the mediant; its fourth, the subdominant; its fifth, the dominant; its sixth, the submediant; and its seventh, the leading note



Tonic. Supertonic. Mediant. Subdominant. Dominant. Submediant. L. note.

Q. Why is the key note or tonic numbered one?

A. Because it is the sound most natural to the voice, and determines the principal pitch of every piece of music, and from which all other sounds in composition are reckoned; it is therefore made a station, holding the first and most important position in music. A regular bass always ends with it; hence, in giving the pitch of a piece of music, it should be sounded.

The fifth is the next important sound, and is called a dominant, from its being a perfect fifth, which cannot be varied by natural progression; and produces a sweeter sound than any other, compared with the tonic.

The third is the next important sound, and is called the mediant, from its being midway between the tonic and dominant; this, in some respects, is the most important note or sound in the scale, because it determines the major from the minor mode.

The sixth is the next important sound, and is called the submediant, it being of minor value to the common mediant or third, and is midway between the fourth and eighth sounds. This sound will run as a descending third from the octave, and is an imperfect chord with the tonic.

The fourth is the next in order, and is called a subdominant, it being a descending fifth from the octave, and will run with the eighth, sixth, and second, from the tonic, and is of minor value to the fifth from the tonic.

The second is called the supertonic, from its being next above the tonic, and will only run with the fourth and sixth sounds from the tonic.

The seventh is the leading note, leading all other notes in their order to the key. By this note the system of solmization is made consistent and

48. Many inquiries have been made why B is first flatted, and F is first sharped; in answer to this inquiry, B and E are natural sharp sounds, and are first flatted, F and C are natural flat sounds, and are first sharped. In the natural scale of music, the first semitone occurs between B and C, and the next between E and F; and sharps being marks of elevation, F is first sharped for the purpose of elevating the letter F, which was formerly depressed by a semitone between E and F. The letter C is next sharped for the purpose of restoring the letter C on the same general principle; and so on through the scale of seven letters, until every letter takes its proportion of tones and semitones.

When B is flatted, it removes the semitone which existed between B and C, and makes it a whole tone, and places the semitone between E and F. Next, E is flatted for the same general purpose. It will be observed that a sharp, when inserted, operates on the upper part of a semitone degree; but a flat on the lower part of a semitone degree. Furthermore, when a sharp is set, it raises the *me* five letters, and sinks it four, and spaces the octave, as from B to F, which is five letters ascending, and four descending; and when a flat is set, it raises the *me* four letters, and sinks it five, and spaces the octave in like manner, as from B to E. Thus by counting the centre letter twice, as the beginning of each interval, five and four would make but eight.

BY SHARPS.

1. A fifth from B *me*, its natural place, will bring us to..... F
2. A fifth from F *me*, will bring us to..... C
3. A fifth from C *me*, will bring us to..... G
4. A fifth from G *me*, will bring us to..... D
5. A fifth from D *me*, will bring us to..... A
6. A fifth from A *me*, will bring us to..... E
7. A fifth from E *me*, will bring us back to..... B

BY FLATS.

1. A fourth from B *me*, will bring us to..... E
2. A fourth from E *me*, will bring us to..... A
3. A fourth from A *me*, will bring us to..... D
4. A fourth from D *me*, will bring us to..... G
5. A fourth from G *me*, will bring us to..... C
6. A fourth from C *me*, will bring us to..... F
7. A fourth from F *me*, will bring us home to..... B

This accounts for the customary rules of transposition, viz.

The natural place for *me* is on..... B
If B is ♭, *me* is on..... E
If B and E are ♭, *me* is on..... A
If B, E, and A are ♭, *me* is on..... D
If B, E, A, and D are ♭, *me* is on..... G
If B, E, A, D, and G are ♭, *me* is on..... C
If B, E, A, D, G, and C are ♭, *me* is on..... F
If F be ♯, *me* is on..... F
If F and C be ♯, *me* is on..... C
If F, C and G be ♯, *me* is on..... G
If F, C, G, and D be ♯, *me* is on..... D
If F, C, G, D, and A be ♯, *me* is on..... A
If F, C, G, D, A, and E be ♯, *me* is on..... E

A SCALE, SHOWING THE SITUATION OF BOTH KEYS IN EVERY TRANSPOSITION OF THE *ME* BY SHARPS AND FLATS.

A SCALE, SHOWING THE SITUATION OF THE SEMITONES IN EVERY TRANSPOSITION OF THE *ME* BY FLATS AND SHARPS.

Observe that, by six flats or six sharps, (including the natural place,) the keys occupy every letter in the stave, and by the same number of either character, (including the natural place,) the whole octave is divided into semitones; and it is impossible to use another flat or sharp in transposition, for seven flats or sharps would only put them in their natural places. You may also observe, that one flat, or six sharps, places the semitones precisely in the same situation; and that one sharp, or six flats, has the same effect; and two flats or five sharps, and two sharps or five flats, &c.; and with six flats or one sharp, one of the semitones is in its natural place; *i. e.* between B and C. Also with six sharps or one flat, one of the semitones is in its natural place, *i. e.* between E and F, as the natural places of the semitones are between B and C, and E and F; and we suppose the reason why both of these characters are used in transposition, is to save the trouble and time of making so many of either character; for a person can make one flat much quicker than six sharps, or one sharp quicker than six flats, &c.

OF INTERVALS.

49. There are fourteen intervals in the scale, bearing distinct names, viz.: Unison, Minor second, Major second, Minor third, Major third, Perfect fifth Minor sixth, Major sixth, Minor seventh, Major seventh, Octave

As the scale admits of only twelve semitones, so an octave, by counting the first and last note, (which are octaves to each other, and really one and the same sound in effect,) contains thirteen sounds, yet it has but twelve intervals, because the unison cannot properly be called an interval; and the sharp fourth and flat fifth, although necessarily distinguished in harmony, are performed on keyed instruments with the same keys, and make but one interval

REMOVAL OF THE KEY NOTE

89. When we remove the key note of the major mode, the arrangement is effected by sharping its fourth, which becomes a seventh to the new key note, and a fifth from the former key note; or by flatting its seventh, which becomes a fourth to the new key note, viz., the fourth of the former key. The minor key note is removed by sharping its sixth, which becomes a second to the new key note; or by flatting its second, which becomes a sixth to the new key note.

The following table exhibits a regular succession of keys, beginning with the natural, and continued till all the letters are sharped and flatted; together with the letters that represent *faw* and *law* in every transposition of the *me* by flats and sharps. More than four of either of these characters are seldom used.

	Letters for the me.	Major key.	Minor key.	Letters for faw.		Letters for faw.	Letters for law.		Letters for law
NATURAL ♮, me is on	B	C	A	C	and	F	A	and	E
BY SHARPS.									
1 sharp ♯, me is on	F	G	E	C	and	G	E	and	B
2 sharps ♯♯, me is on	C	D	B	D	and	G	E	and	F
3 sharps ♯♯♯, me is on	G	A	F	A	and	D	F	and	C
4 sharps ♯♯♯♯, me is on	D	E	C	E	and	A	C	and	G
5 sharps ♯♯♯♯♯, me is on	A	B	G	B	and	E	G	and	D
6 sharps ♯♯♯♯♯♯, me is on	E	F	D	F	and	B	D	and	A
7 sharps restores to the natural	B	C	A	C	and	F	A	and	E
BY FLATS.									
1 flat ♭, me is on	E	F	D	F	and	B	D	and	A
2 flats ♭♭, me is on	A	B	G	B	and	E	G	and	D
3 flats ♭♭♭, me is on	D	E	C	E	and	A	C	and	G
4 flats ♭♭♭♭, me is on	G	A	F	A	and	D	F	and	C
5 flats ♭♭♭♭♭, me is on	C	D	B	D	and	G	B	and	F
6 flats ♭♭♭♭♭♭, me is on	F	G	E	G	and	C	E	and	B
7 flats restores to the natural	B	C	A	C	and	F	A	and	E

OF THE KEYS.

51. *Q.* How many keys are there in music?
A. Two; the minor or flat key, and the major or sharp key.
Q. What are the natural letters for those keys?
A. A and C; A for the minor or flat key, and C for the major or sharp key.
Q. How are they known?
A. By the last note in the bass, which is always the key note or tonic. Should it be *law*, immediately below *me*, the tune is in a flat or minor key; but if *faw*, immediately above *me*, it is in a sharp or major key; observing that the semitones are always equally distant from the key note or tonic, whether it be natural, or assumes an artificial position.

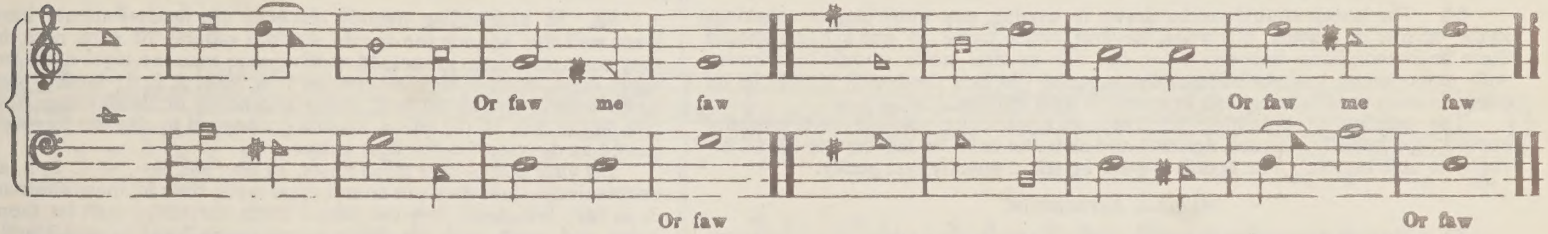
ON THE MODULATION OF THE KEY

52. The modulation or changing of the key note from one letter or given tone to another, is so frequent in regular composition, particularly in Anthems, that the performers will be very often embarrassed, unless they endeavour to acquire a knowledge or habit of discerning those changes.

The transition of the key from one letter to another is sometimes effected by gradual preparation, as by accidental flats, sharps, or naturals. When the change is gradual, the new key is announced by flats, sharps, or naturals. But if the change is sudden, the usual signs or signature at the beginning of the stave are either altered or removed, as in the Christian Song.

TRANSITION IN THE MAJOR MODE FROM ONE KEY OR LETTER TO ANOTHER.

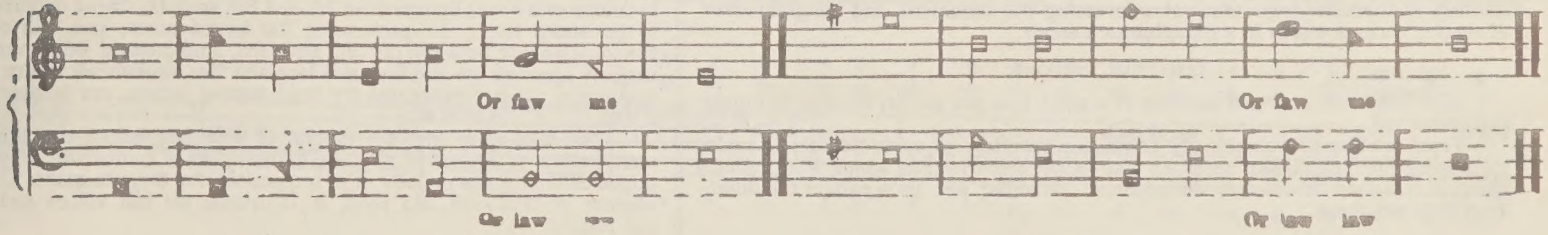
Key of C into G, by a sharp on F.



Key of G into D, by an additional sharp on C.

TRANSITION IN THE MINOR MODE FROM ONE KEY OR LETTER TO ANOTHER.

Key of A into E, by one sharp



Key of E into B, by an additional sharp on C.

MISCELLANEOUS DIRECTIONS.

53. It is as essential to good singing as to good speaking, that some words and syllables should have more stress of voice than others; and that the same syllable should be accented in singing as in speaking. Such words and syllables are called accented or emphatic. If the poetry is properly constructed, the emphatic syllable falls on the accented part of the measure; if otherwise the emphasis of the words must be attended to, and the accent of the music neglected.

The teacher should require some lines to be rehearsed with the proper emphasis, and then sung with the same emphasis.

TAKING BREATH.

54. The breath should not be drawn in singing, any more than in speaking, in the middle of a word; nor when several notes come to one syllable should there be interruptions between them; but the several notes should be blended with smoothness, but not without distinctness. In fact, the breath should be no oftener drawn than fullness and firmness of tone require.

The practice of breathing regularly at a particular place in each measure should be especially guarded against; and also the habit of leaving the sound abruptly to take breath. The breath should be taken quickly, yet gently.

MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

55. Musical expression depends chiefly on the feeling which the singer possesses and imparts to the performance by the proper tones and correct delivery of words; hence, in singing, the teacher should select such pieces as would interest his singers, and then, by precept and example, be unwearied in his exertions to impress on them the importance of expressing the sentiment, and the great error of singing serious words in a thoughtless manner.

QUALITIES OF TONE:

56. The most essential qualities of a good tone are purity, fulness, firmness and certainty.

Teachers should occasionally show the propriety of using correct sounds, by causing their pupils alternately to take two or more sounds which will produce discords and then others that will produce concords; and thus exhibit the difference between them.

TO CORRECT FAULTS.

57. When a bad sound is heard from the pupil, the teacher should imitate that sound, and then contrast it with a correct sound, with the use of the appropriate organs; which will enable the pupil to see and correct the faulty sound. Teachers should, in this, be very careful to treat it in such a way as not to give umbrage, or embarrass the pupil.

RULE FOR BEATING TIME.

58. For common and compound time, confine the arm to the body, let the beat extend from the wrist forward, and perform the beat with the hand alone, straight down and straight up.

For triple time, for the first down beat, strike the edge of the hand, on the book or lap; second beat, throw the hand flat down; third beat, raise it straight up.

MELODY LESSONS.

INSTRUCTIONS TO THE TEACHER.

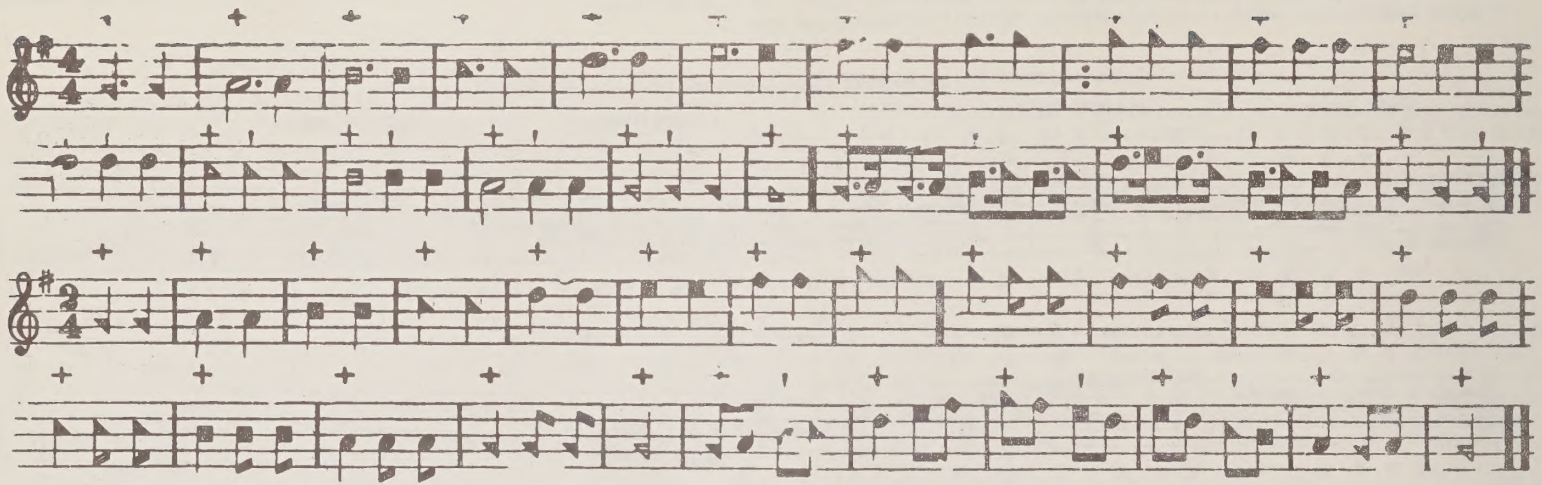
59. In performing melody lessons, the teacher should have his pupils to learn well the sound, the name, and the number of each note, from 1 to 8, so they can apply them in melody or harmony; take the eight notes for instance, and apply them, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1; the key note is numbered 1, the next 2, and so on to 8, either ascending or descending; and when you arrive at the 8th, if the piece should go beyond it, the 8th becomes 1, and is repeated as directed for the first octave.

Let your pupils take three notes, as faw, sol, law, or 1, 2, 3, and sound them successively, until they can sound them well; then let them alternately take 1 and 3, as faw, law, until they can sound them correctly; then let them go on to four notes, and teach well the difference between 2 and 3, and 3 and 4, for the first and second degrees are tones, and the next is a semitone; (what is meant by a degree is the interval from one sound to another in immediate succession.) When you have thus trained the pupil, go on to the eighth sound, and another semitone will occur between the 7th and 8th sounds; (these occurrences are alone in the sharp key.) In performing flat keyed notes, you will observe that the semitones occur between the 2nd and 3rd, and 5th and 6th sounds, and are invariably between me and faw, and law and faw, find them where you may; (consequently, when represented by their natural letters, are between B and G and E and F.

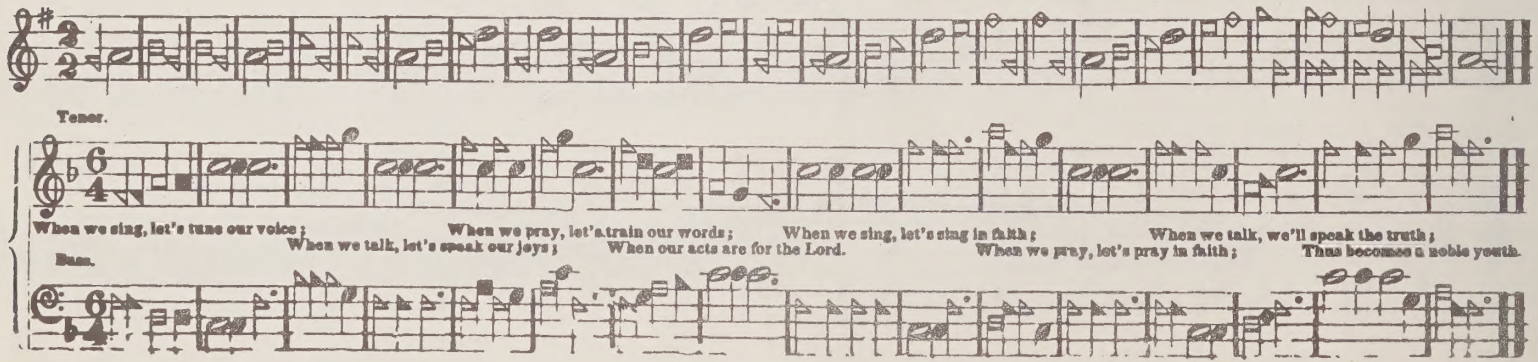
Then take other melody lessons of different orders and unite all the voices well, before you attempt to make harmony by a connection of other parts, for if pupils cannot make melody, it is impossible for them to make harmony; and an attempt of this kind, too soon, is injurious; for bad voices and jargon will be the result.

Then take other melody lessons of different orders, and unite all the voices well, before you attempt to make harmony by a connection of other parts. for if pupils cannot make melody, it is impossible for them to make harmony; and an attempt of this kind, too soon, is injurious; for sad voices and jargon will be the result.

60. See, in the following scale of notes, where the semitones are indicated by a (°) star.



INTERVALS


Tenor.
When we sing, let's tune our voice;
When we pray, let's train our words;
When we sing, let's sing in faith;
When we talk, we'll speak the truth;
When we talk, let's speak our joys;
When our acts are for the Lord.
When we pray, let's pray in faith;
Thus becomes a noble youth.
Bass.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

17. Some teachers are in the habit of singing too long at a time with their pupils. It is better to sing but only eight or ten tunes at a lesson, or at one time, and inform the learners the nature of the pieces and the manner in which they should be performed; and continue at them until they are understood, than to run over forty or fifty in one evening, and at the end of a quarter of schooling, perhaps few besides the teacher know a flat-keyed tune from a sharp-keyed one, what part of the anthem, &c., requires emphasis, or how to give the pitch of any tune which they have been learning, unless some one inform them. It is easy to name the notes of a tune, but it requires attention and practice to sing them correctly.

18. Learners should not be confined too long to the parts that suit their voices best, but should try occasionally the different parts, as it tends greatly to improve the voice, and gives them a knowledge of the connection of the parts, and of harmony as well as melody.* The gentlemen can change from bass to tenor, or from tenor to bass, and the ladies from treble to tenor, &c.

19. Learners should understand the tunes well by note, before they attempt to sing them to verses of poetry.

20. If different verses are applied to a piece of music while learning, it will give the learners a more complete knowledge of the tune than they can have by confining it always to the same words. Likewise applying different tunes to the same words, will have a great tendency to remove the embarrassment created by considering every short tune as a set piece to certain words or hymns.

21. When the key is transposed, there are flats and sharps placed on the stave; and when the mood of time is changed, the requisite characters are placed upon the stave.

22. There should not be any noise indulged while singing, (except the music,) as it destroys entirely the beauty of harmony, and renders the performance very difficult, (especially to new beginners;) and if it is designedly promoted, is nothing less than a proof of disrespect in the singers to the exercise, to themselves who occasion it, and to the Author of our existence.

23. The apogiatura is placed in some tunes, which may be used with propriety by a good voice; also the trill over some notes; but neither should be attempted by any one until he can perform the tune well by plain notes, (as they add nothing to the time.) Indeed no one can add much to the beauty of a piece by using what are generally termed graces, unless they are in a manner natural to their voice.

24. When learning to sing, we should endeavour to cultivate the voice so as to make it soft, smooth, and round: so that, when numbers are performing in concert, there may on each part (as near as possible) appear to be but one uniform voice. Then, instead of confused jargon, it will be more like the smooth vibrations of the violin, or the soft breathings of the German flute. Yet how hard it is to make some believe soft singing is the most melodious; when, at the same time, loud singing is more like the hootings of the midnight bird than refined music.

25. The most important ornament in singing is strict decorum, with a heart deeply impressed with the great truth we utter while singing the lines, aiming at the glory of God, and the edification of one another.

26. All affectation should be banished, for it is disgusting in the performance of sacred music, and contrary to that solemnity which should accompany an exercise so near akin to that which will, through all eternity, engage the attention of those who walk in climes of bliss.

27. The nearest perfection in singing we arrive at, is to pronounce the words* and make the sounds as feeling as if the sentiments and sounds were our own. If singers, when performing a piece of music, could be as much captivated with the words and sounds as the author of the music is when composing it, the foregoing directions would be almost useless; they would pronounce, accent, swell, sing loud and soft where the words require it, make suitable gestures, and add every other necessary grace.

28. The great Jehovah, who implanted in our nature the noble faculty of vocal performance, is jealous of the use to which we apply our talents in that particular, lest we use them in a way which does not tend to glorify his name. We should therefore endeavour to improve the talent given us, and try to sing with the spirit and with the understanding, making melody in our hearts to the Lord.

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* Melody is the agreeable effect which arises from the performance of a single part of music only. Harmony is the pleasing union of several sounds, or the performance of the several parts of music together.

* In singing there are a few words which should vary a little from common pronunciation such as end in i and y; and these should vary two ways. The following method has been generally recommended: In singing, it is right to pronounce majesty, mighty, lofty, &c., something like majestee, mightee, loftee, &c.; but the sense of some other words will be destroyed by this mode of expressing them: such as sanctify, justify, glorify, &c.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

1. Persons may be well acquainted with all the various characters in psalmody, (or music;) they may also be able to sing their part in true time, and yet their performance be far from pleasing; if it is devoid of necessary embellishments, their manner and bad expression may conspire to render it disagreeable. A few plain hints, and a few general and friendly observations, we hope, will tend to correct these errors in practising vocal music.

2. Care should be taken that all the parts (when singing together) begin upon the proper pitch. If they are too high, difficulty, and perhaps discords, will be the consequence; if too low, dulness and languor. If the parts are not united by their corresponding degrees, the whole piece may be run into confusion and jargon before it ends; and perhaps the whole occasioned by an error of only one semitone in the pitch of one or more of the parts.

3. It is by no means necessary, to constitute good singers, that they should sing very loud. Each one should sing so soft as not to drown the teacher's voice, and each part so soft as will admit the other parts to be distinctly heard. If the teacher's voice cannot be heard, it cannot be imitated, (as that is the best way to modulate the voice and make it harmonious;) and if the singers of any one are so loud that they cannot hear the other parts, because of their own noise, the parts are surely not rightly proportioned, and ought to be altered.

4. When singing in concert, the bass should be sounded full, bold, and majestic, but not harsh; the tenor regular, firm, and distinct; the counter clear and plain; and the treble soft and mild, but not faint. The tenor and treble may consider the German flute, the sound of which they may endeavour to imitate, if they wish to improve the voice.

5. Flat-keyed tunes should be sung softer than sharp-keyed ones, and may be proportioned with a lighter bass; but for sharp-keyed tunes let the bass be full and strong, but never harsh.

6. The high notes, quick notes, and slurred notes, of each part, should be sung softer than the low notes, long notes, and single notes, of the same parts. All the notes included by one slur should be sung at one breath, if possible.

7. Learners should sing all parts of music somewhat softer than their leaders do, as it tends to cultivate the voice, and gives them an opportunity of following in a piece with which they are not well acquainted; but a good voice may be soon much injured by singing too l[illegible].

8. When notes of the ten[illegible] below those of the bass, the tenor should be sounded strong, and the ba[illegible]

9. While first learning a tu[illegible] it may be sung somewhat slower than the true time or mood of time requires, until the notes can be named and may sounded, without looking on the book.

10. Learners are apt to give the first note, where a fuge begins, nearly double the time it ought to have, sounding a crotchet almost as long as a minim in any other part of the tune, which puts the parts in confusion by losing time; whereas the fuges ought to be moved off lively, the time decreasing, (or the notes sung quicker,) and the sound of the engaged part or parts increasing in sound as the others fall in. All solos or fuges should be sung somewhat faster than when all the parts are moving together.

11. There are but few long notes in any tune but what might be swelled with propriety. The swell is one of the greatest ornaments of vocal music, if rightly performed. All long notes of the bass should be swelled, if the other parts are singing short or quick notes at the same time. The swell should be struck plain upon the first part of the note, increase to the middle, and then decrease softly, like an echo, or die away like the sound of a bell.

12. All notes (except some in syncopation) should be called plainly by their proper names, and fairly articulated; and in applying the words, great care should be taken that they be properly pronounced, and not torn to pieces between the teeth, nor forced through the nose. Let the mouth be freely opened, but not too wide, the teeth a little asunder, and let the sound come from the lungs, and be entirely formed where they should be only distinguished, viz., on the end of the tongue. The superiority of vocal to instrumental music is, that while one only pleases the ear, the other informs the understanding.

13. When notes occur one directly above another, (called choosing notes,) and there are several singers on the part where they are, let two sing the lower, while one does the upper notes, and in the same proportion to any other number.

14. Your singers should not join in concert, until each class can sing their own part correctly.

15. Learners should beat time by a pendulum, or with their teacher, until they can beat regular time, before they attempt to beat and sing both at once, because it perplexes them to beat, name time, and sound the notes at the same time, until they have acquired a knowledge of each by itself.

16 Too long singing at a time injures the lungs.*

* A cold or cough, all kind of spirituous liquors, violent exercise, too much bile on the stomach, long fasting, the veins overcharged with impure blood, &c. &c., are destructive to the voice of one who is much in the habit of singing. An excessive use of ardent spirits will soondily ruin the best voice.

Adagio, very slow; the first mood in common time
Allegro, lively, quick; the third mood in common time.
Accent, a stress of the voice on a particular note or syllable
Air, the tenor part; the inclination of a piece of music.
Alt, high above the stave.
Alto, or *Altus*, high counter.
Appetone, between a tone and semitone.
Affettuoso, tender; affecting; mournful; plaintive.
Andante, moderate.
Bass, the lowest part of music; grave; solemn.
Bassoon, a kind of wind instrument for bass.
Bass Viol, a large, or bass fiddle.
Breve, an ancient note, **II**, equal to two semibreves.
Canticles, divine or pious poems; songs.
Chant, to sing praises.
Chord, a sound; a concord; proportional vibrations.
Chorus, all the parts together.
Clefs, characters representing particular sounds or degrees.
Comma, a small part, as 1-4th, 1-5th, &c. of a tone.
Compose, to make tunes, or set notes for music.
Concert, many singers or instruments together.
Counter, is high treble performed in a female voice.
Couplet, both accents tied together in the same measure.
Crescendo, increasing in sounds, &c.
Da Capo, or *D. C.*, to return and close with the first strain.
Diagram, the gamut, or rudiments of music.
Diapason, an octave; an eighth degree.
Dissonance, discord; disagreement.
Duet, two parts only moving together.
Diminuendo, diminishing in sound; becoming louder.
Forte, or *For*, full; loud or strong.
Fuge, or *Fugha*, the parts of music following each other in succession.
Gamut, the scale, or rudiments of music.
Grand, full; great; complete; pleasing.
Grave, slow; solemn; mournful; most slow
Guido, a direct.
Harmony, a pleasing union of sounds.
Harmonist, a writer of harmony; a musician.
Hexameter, having six lines to a verse.
Hautooy, or *Hoboy*, a kind of wind instrument.
Inno, a hymn or song.
Intonation, g.. ng the pitch or key of a tune.
Interval, the distance between two degrees or sounds.
Ionic, light and soft.
Keys, the most permanent sounds of the voice or instrument.
Key note, the principal or leading note of each octave.
Largo, one degree quicker than the second mood in common time.
Lima, the difference between major and minor.
Linto, slow.
Major mode, the sharp key; the great third; high; cheerful.
Major chord, an interval having more semitones than a minor chord of the same degrees.
Medius, is low treble performed in a man's voice.
Moods, certain proportions of time, &c.
Modulate, to regulate sounds; to sing in a pleasing manner
Musica, the art of music; the study or science of music.
Music, a succession of pleasing sounds; one of the liberal sciences.
Necessario, continuing like thorough-bass.
Octave, and eighth degree; five tones and two semitones.
Organ, the largest of all musical instruments.
Pastoral, rura'· a shepherd's song; something pertaining to a shepherd.
Piano, or *Pia*, directs the performer to sing soft; a kind of instrument.
Pentemeter, five lines to each verse.
Pitchpipe, a small instrument for proving sounds.
Solo, one part alone.
Sonorous, loud and harmonious.
Symphony, a piece of music without words, which the instrument plays while the voices rest.
Syncope, cut off; disjointed; out of the usual order.
Syncopation, notes joined in the same degree in one position.
Trill, or *Tr.*, a tune like a shake or roll.
Transposition, the changing the place of the key note.
Trio, a tune in three parts.
Violoncello, a tenor viol, 1-8th above a bass viol.

THE

SACRED HARP.

PART I.

CONSISTING OF TUNES USED BY WORSHIPPING ASSEMBLIES.

BETHEL. C. M.

Psalmist, 691st Hymn.

1 Oh for a clo-ser walk with God! A calm and heavenly frame! A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
2 Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord! Where is the soul-re fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and his word!

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill

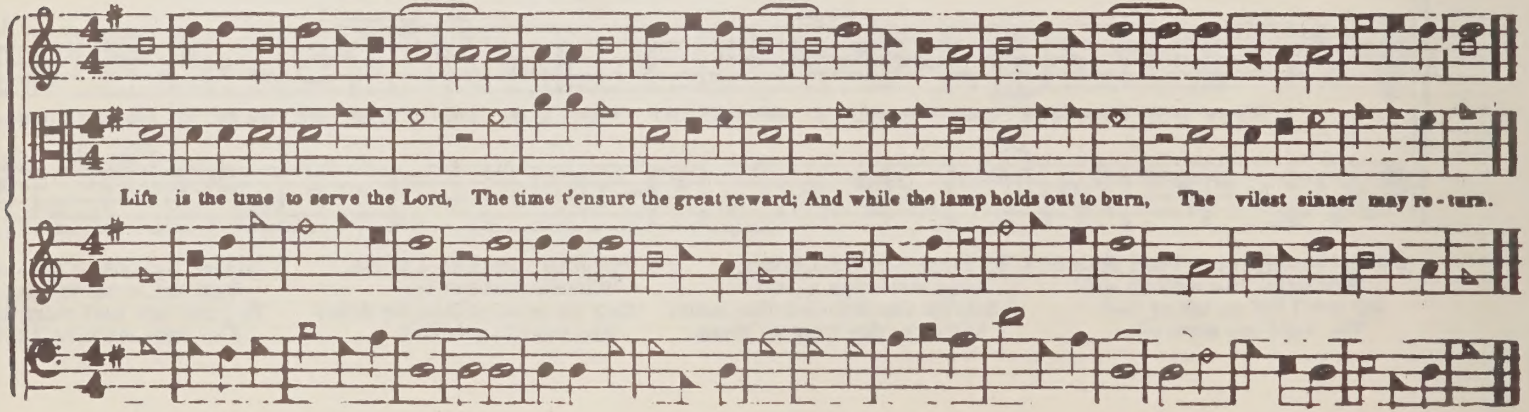
4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne.
And worship only thee.

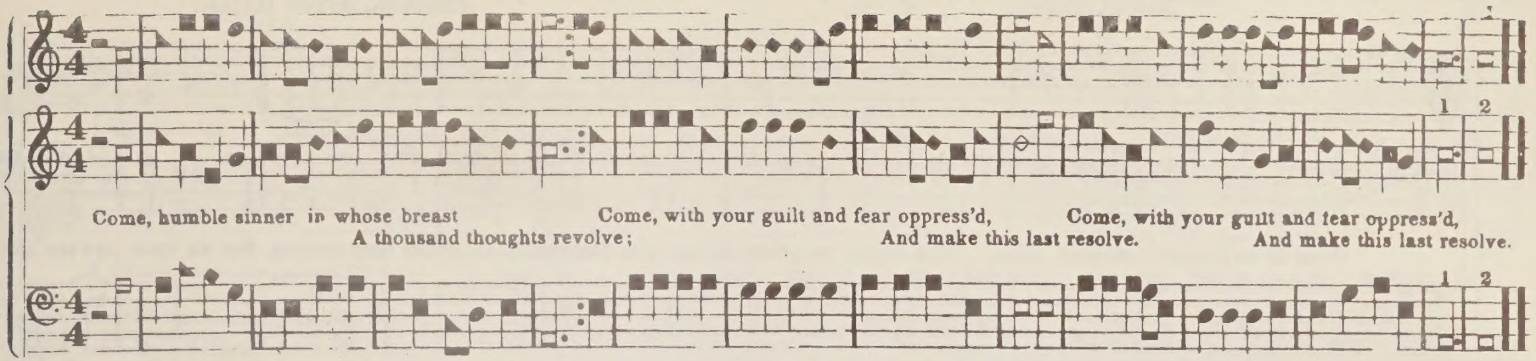
6 So shall my walk be close with God.
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

AYLESBURY. S. M.

WELLS. L. M.

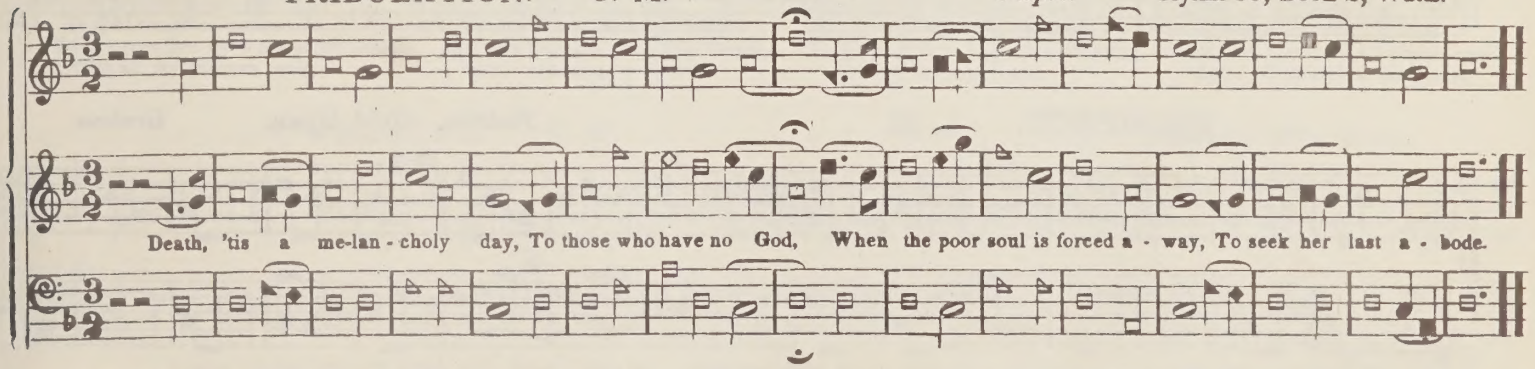

Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'ensure the great reward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may re - turn.

FAIRFIELD. C. M.


Come, humble sinner in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve.
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve.

TRIBULATION. C. M.

Chapin. Hymn 55, Book 2, Watts.



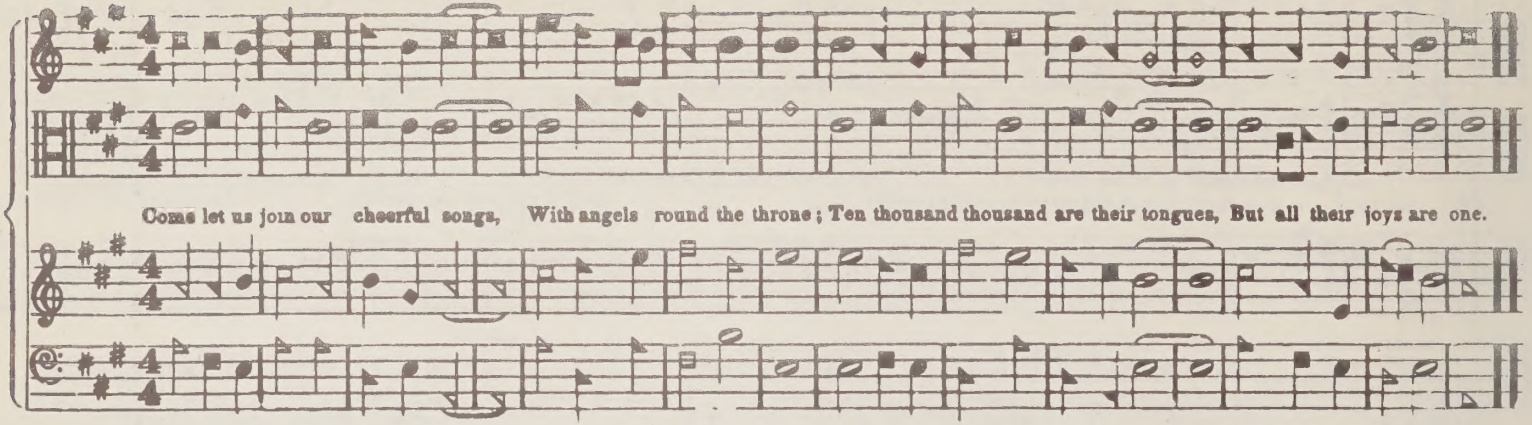
2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
For guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain

3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driven from earth, and dwell
A long eternity there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downward too
And sing recovering grace.

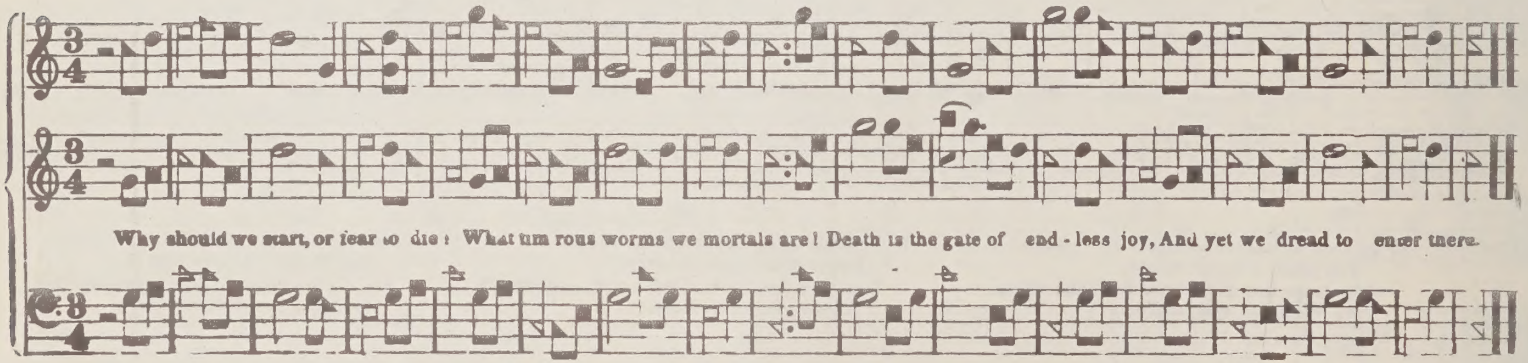
ROCHESTER. C. M.

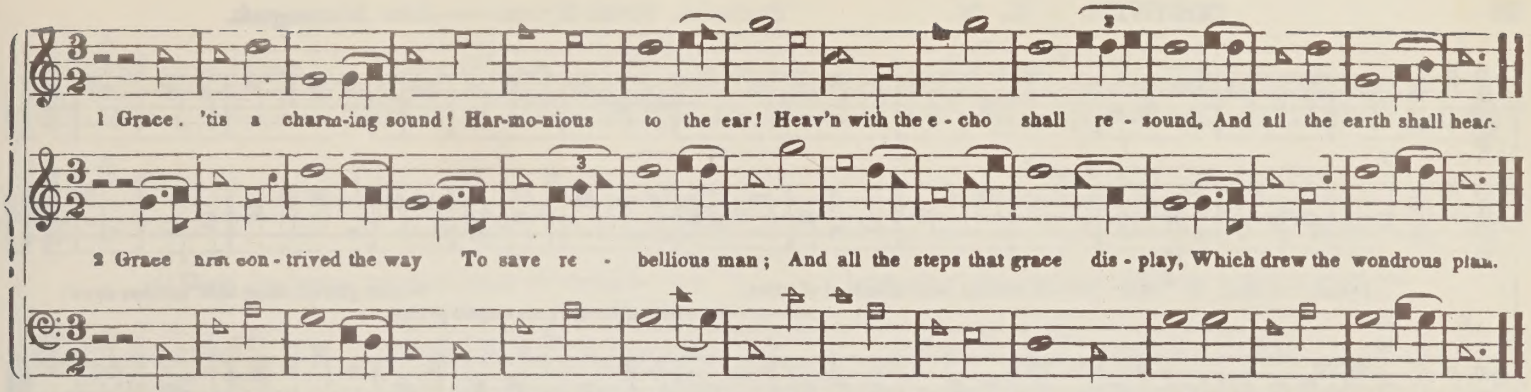
Psalmist, 346th Hymn.


Come let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

PROSPECT. L. M.

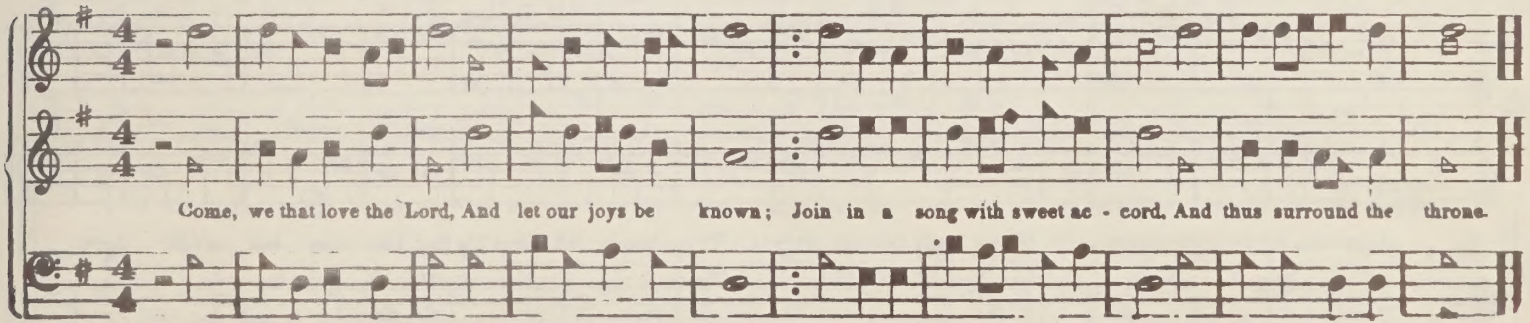
Psalmist, 1012d Hymn. *Graham.*


Why should we start, or fear to die: What tum rous worms we mortals are! Death is the gate of end - less joy, And yet we dread to enter there.


1 Grace. 'tis a charm-ing sound! Har-mo-nious to the ear! Heav'n with the e - cho shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
2 Grace how con - trived the way To save re - bellious man; And all the steps that grace dis - play, Which drew the wondrous plan.
3 Grace first inscribed my name In God's eternal book; 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb, Who all my sorrows took.
4 Grace led my roving feet To tread the heavenly road; And new supplies each hour I meet, While pressing on to God.
5 Grace taught my soul to pray, And made my eyes o'erflow; 'Twas grace that kept me to this day, And will not let me go.
6 Grace all the work shall crown, Through everlasting days; It lays in heaven the topmost stone. And well deserves the praise.

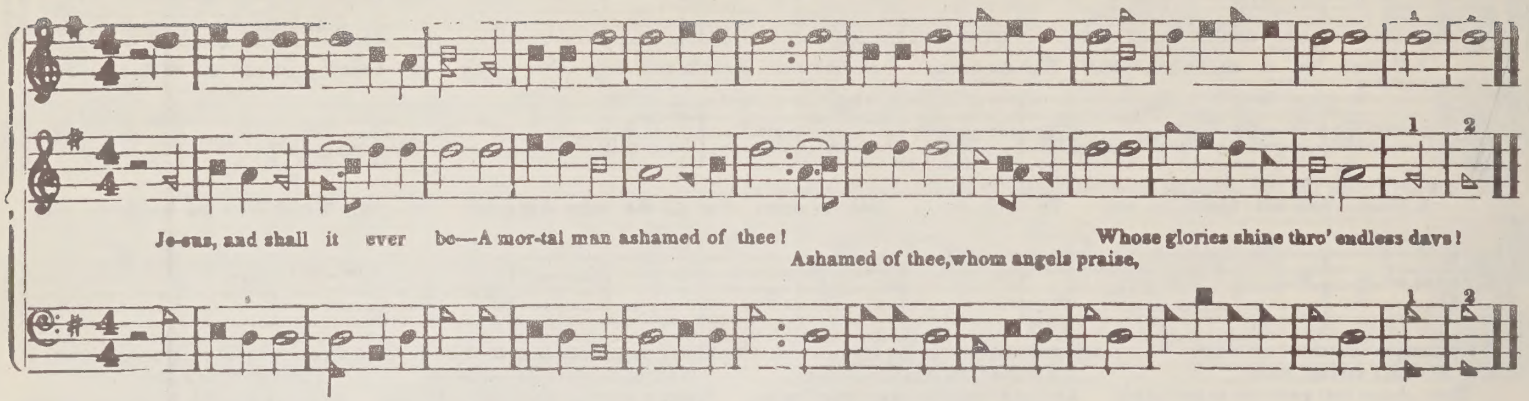
WEBSTER. S. M.

Psalmist, 767th Hymn.



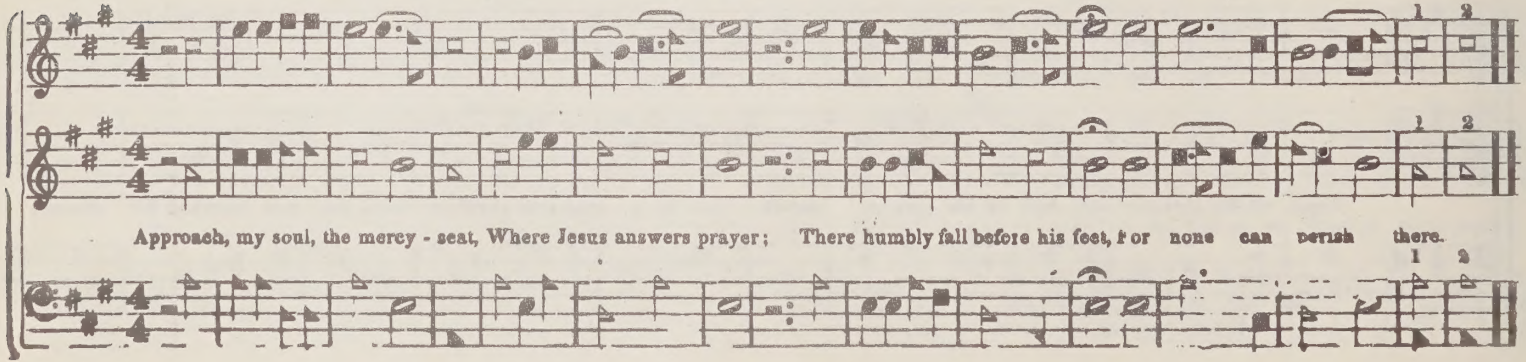
CORINTH. L. M.

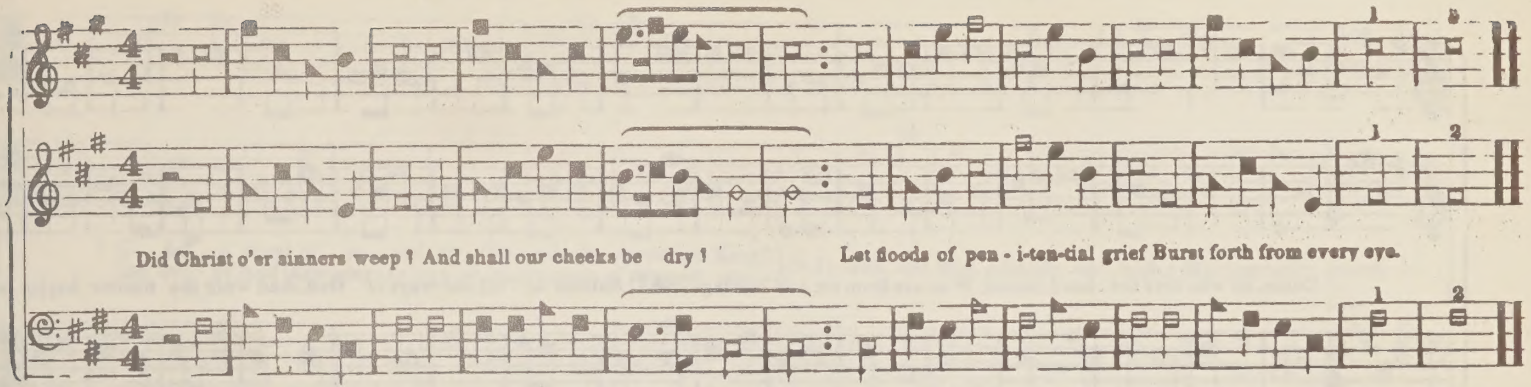
Psalmist, 554th Hymn.——*John Massengale.*


Je-sus, and shall it ever be—A mor-tal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

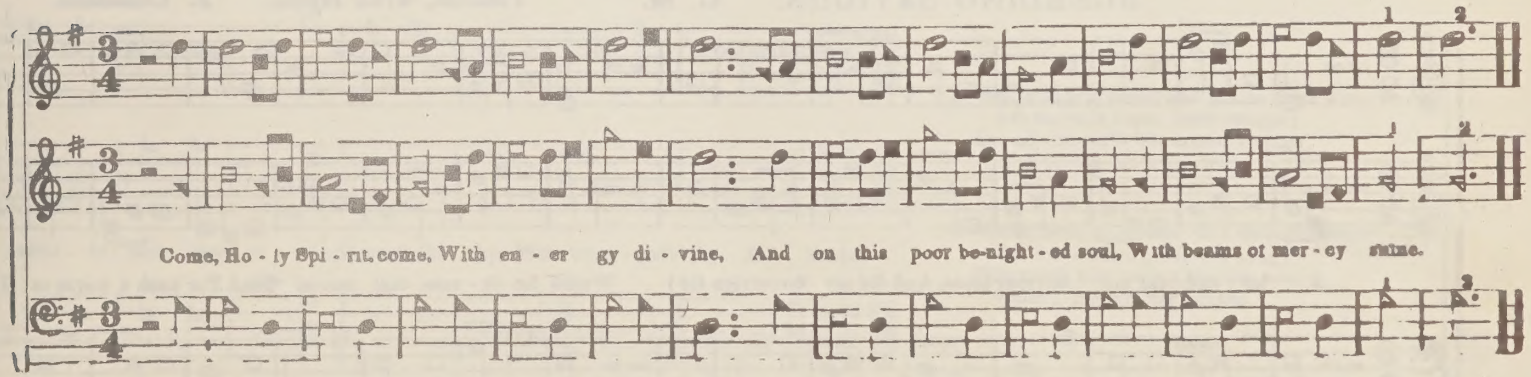
Baptist Harmony, p. 2.



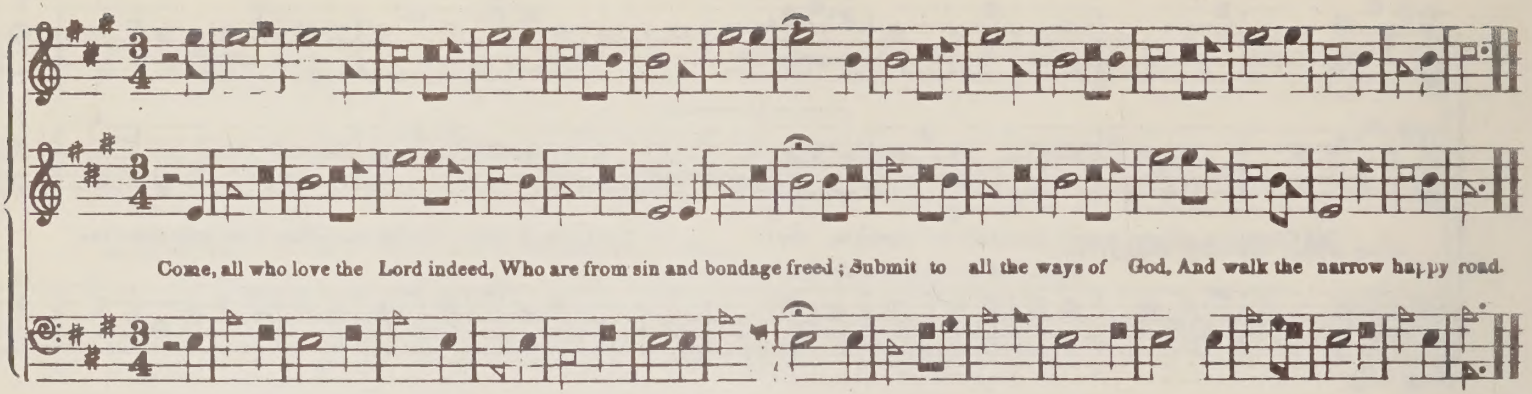


ABBEVILLE. S. M.

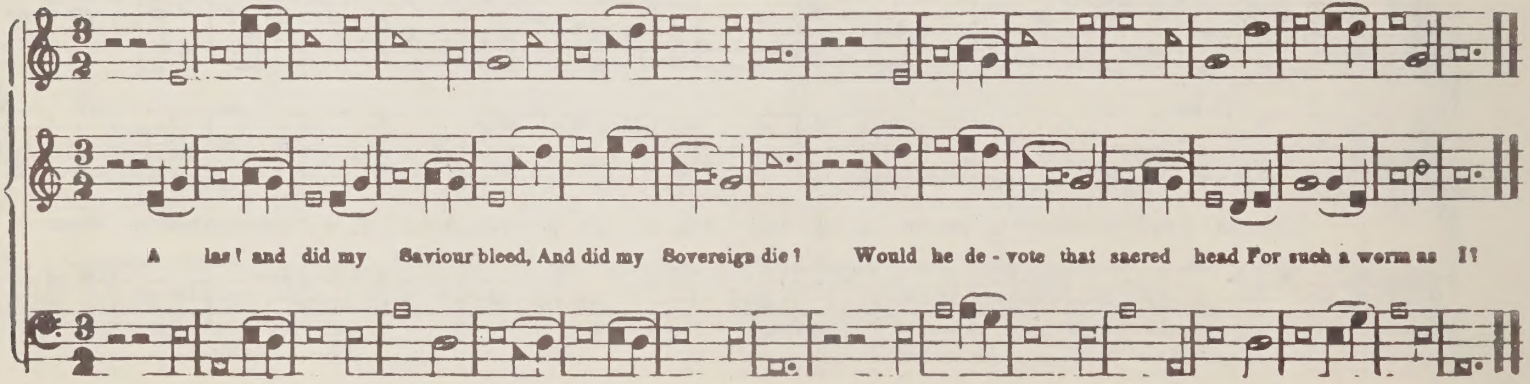
Psalmist, 362d Hymn. *E. J. King.*

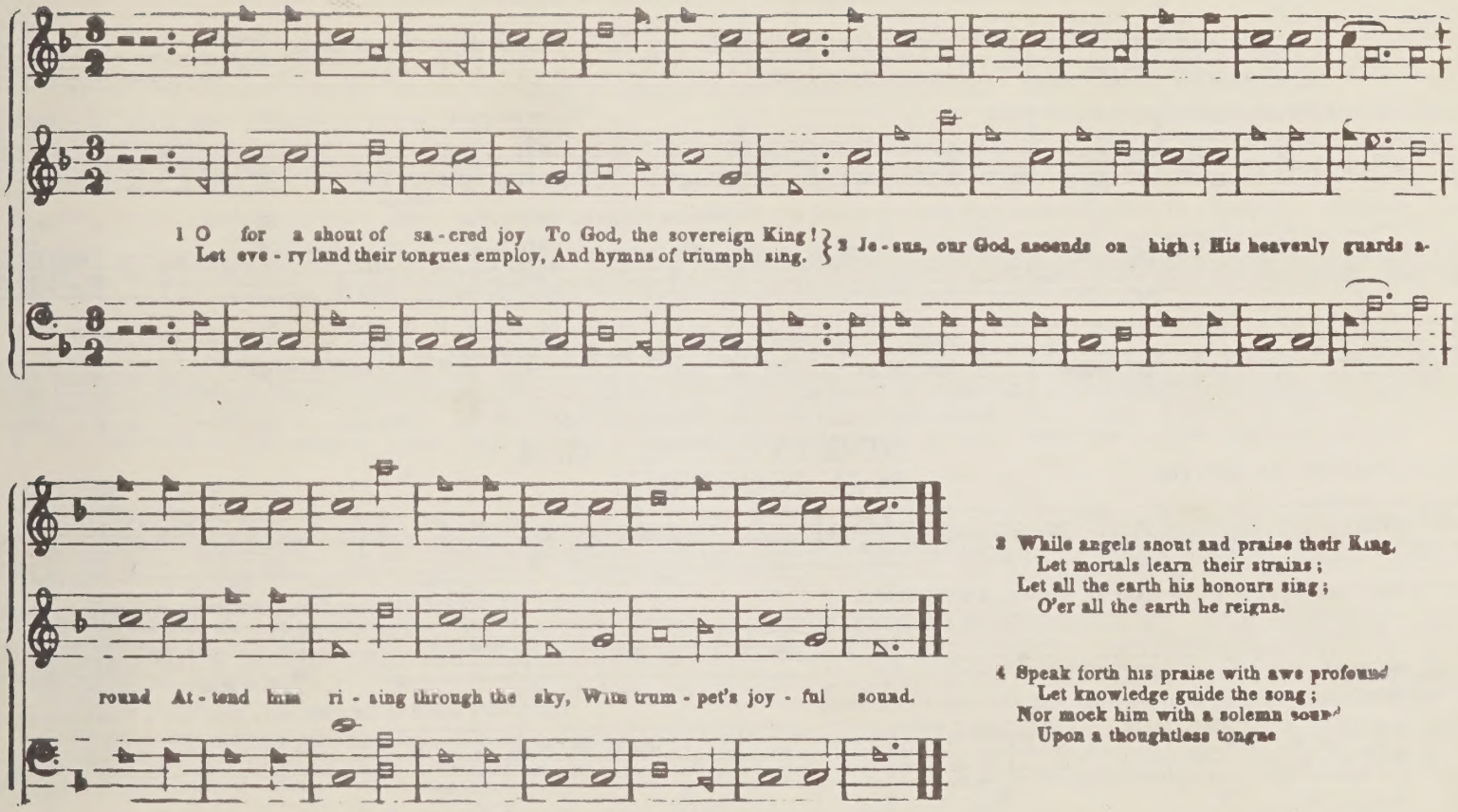


HAMILTON. L. M. Zion Songster, p. 222.——B.


Come, all who love the Lord indeed, Who are from sin and bondage freed; Submit to all the ways of God, And walk the narrow happy road.

BLEEDING SAVIOUR. C. M. Psalmist, 472d Hymn. Z. *Chambless.*



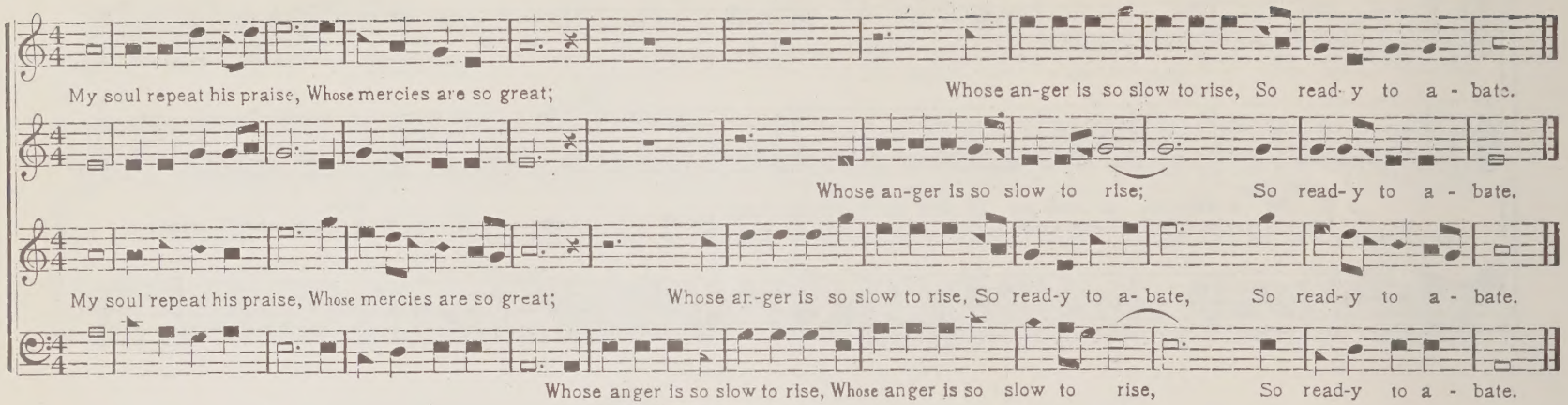

1 O for a shout of sa - cred joy To God, the sovereign King!
Let eve - ry land their tongues employ, And hymns of triumph sing.
2 Je - sus, our God, ascends on high; His heavenly guards a-
round At - tend him ri - sing through the sky, With trum - pet's joy - ful sound.

2 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Speak forth his praise with awe profound
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue

AMERICA. S. M.

Psalmast, 183rd Hymn.


My soul repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great;
Whose an-ger is so slow to rise, So read- y to a - bate.
Whose an-ger is so slow to rise;
So read- y to a - bate.
My soul repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great;
Whose an-ger is so slow to rise, So read-y to a- bate,
So read- y to a - bate.
Whose anger is so slow to rise, Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So read-y to a - bate.

NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

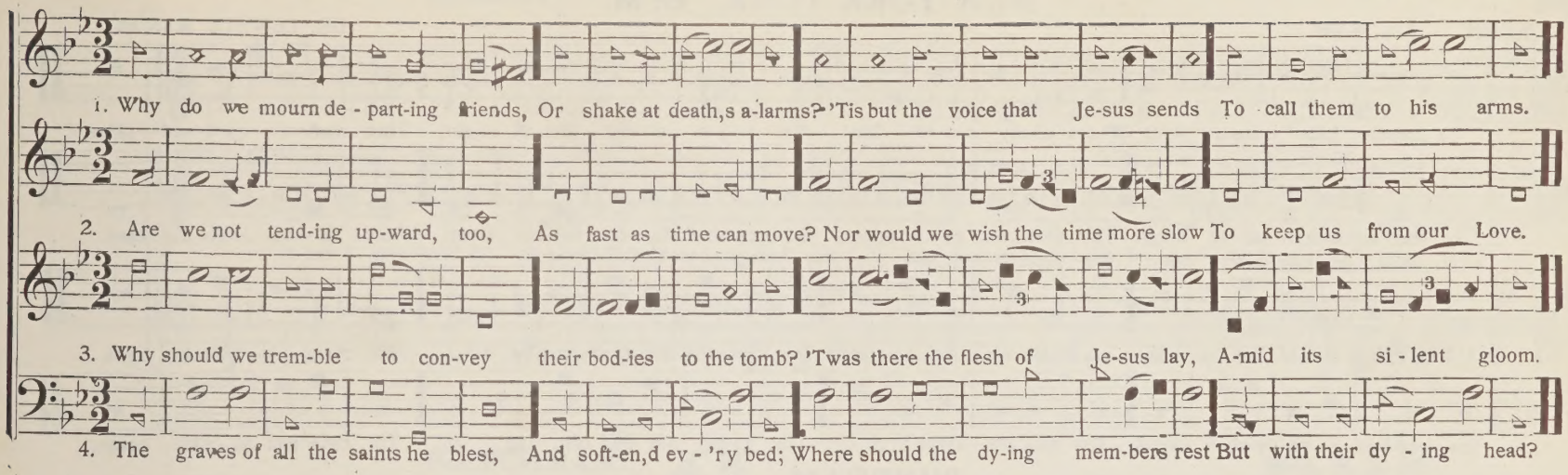
ISAAC WATTS. Key of A Flat.

COLTON.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
2. Should earth against my soul en-gage, And fi-ery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
To ev-ery fear, I'll bid, &c.,
I'll bid fare-well to ev-ery fear, I'll bid, &c.,

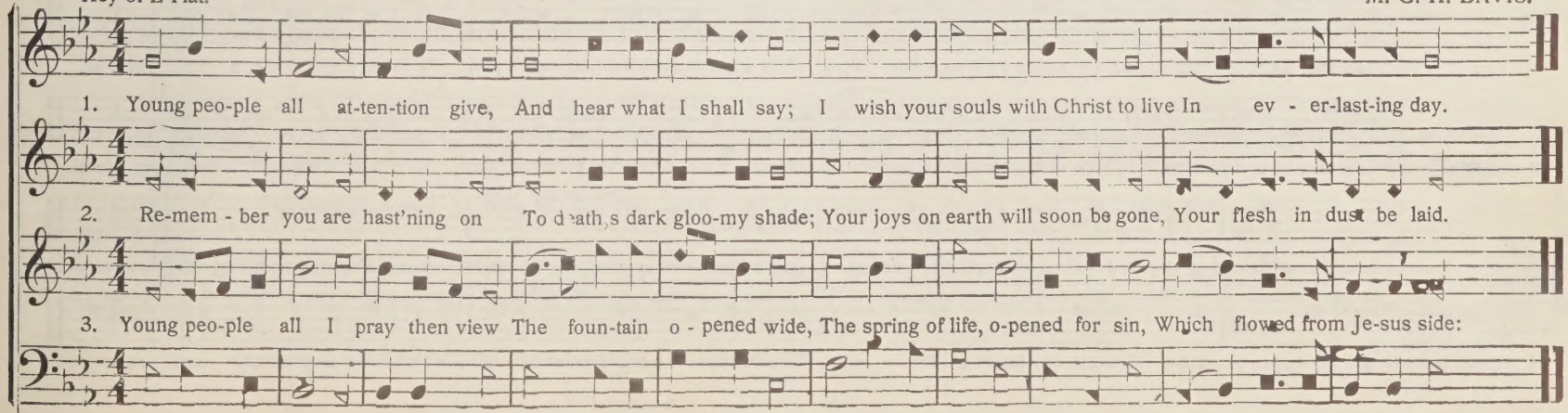
CHINA. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Key of B. Flat. TIMOTHY SWAN.


1. Why do we mourn de - part-ing friends, Or shake at death,s a-larms? 'Tis but the voice that Je-sus sends To call them to his arms.
2. Are we not tend-ing up-ward, too, As fast as time can move? Nor would we wish the time more slow To keep us from our Love.
3. Why should we trem-ble to con-vey their bod-ies to the tomb? 'Twas there the flesh of Je-sus lay, A-mid its si - lent gloom.
4. The graves of all the saints he blest, And soft-en,d ev - 'ry bed; Where should the dy-ing mem-bers rest But with their dy - ing head?

LIVERPOOL. C. M.

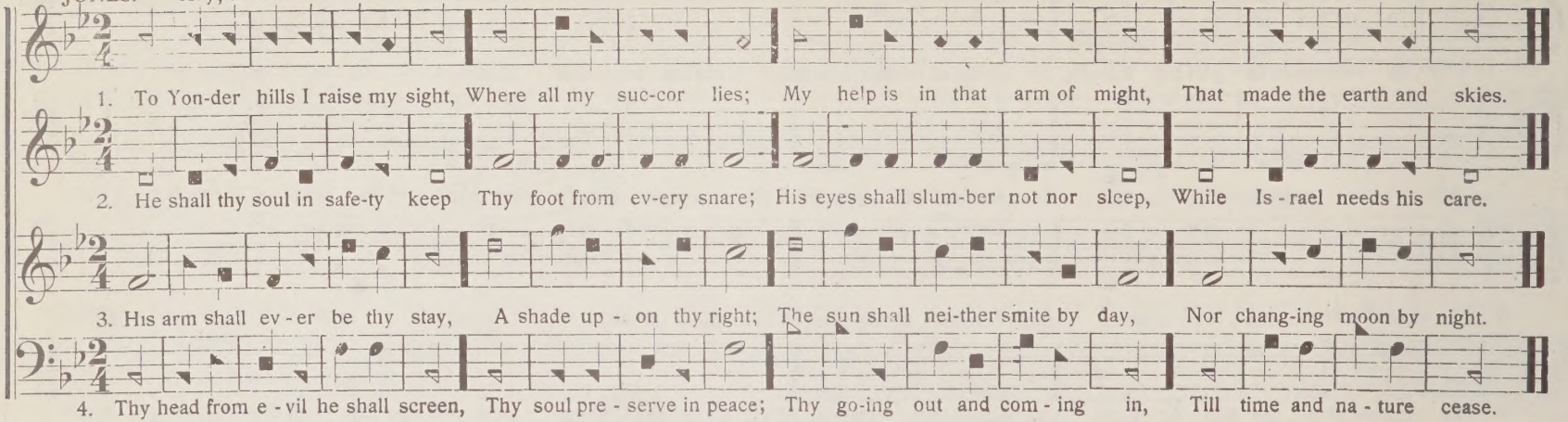
Key of E Flat. M. C. H. DAVIS.


1. Young peo-ple all at-ten-tion give, And hear what I shall say; I wish your souls with Christ to live In ev - er-last-ing day.
2. Re-mem - ber you are hast'ning on To d'ath,s dark gloo-my shade; Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid.
3. Young peo-ple all I pray then view The foun-tain o - pened wide, The spring of life, o-pened for sin, Which flowed from Je-sus side:

NEW YORK TUNE. C. M.

JONES. Key, B flat.

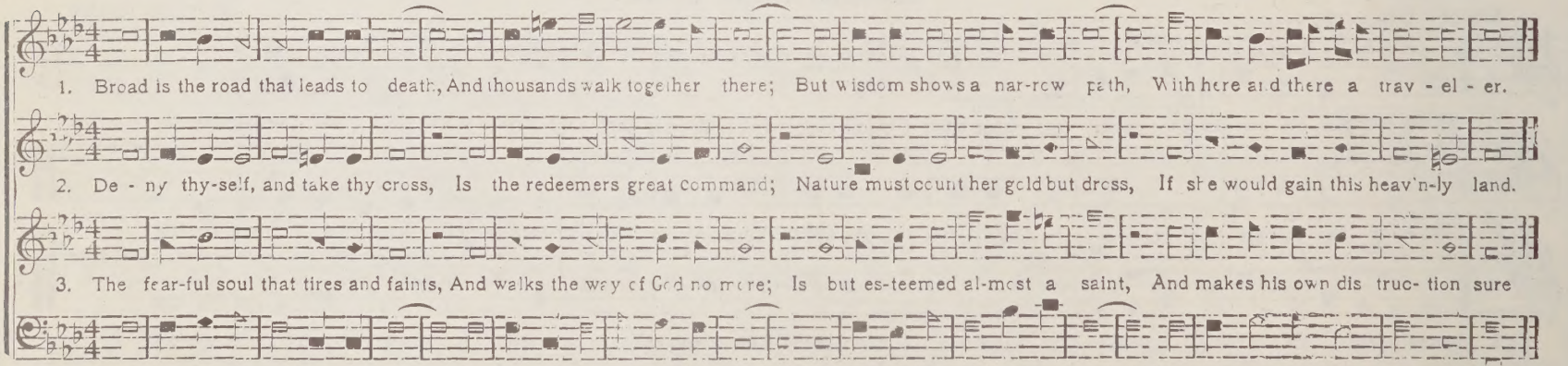
DR. LOWELL MASON.


1. To Yon-der hills I raise my sight, Where all my suc-cor lies; My help is in that arm of might, That made the earth and skies.
2. He shall thy soul in safe-ty keep Thy foot from ev-ery snare; His eyes shall slum-ber not nor sleep, While Is-rael needs his care.
3. His arm shall ev-er be thy stay, A shade up-on thy right; The sun shall nei-ther smite by day, Nor chang-ing moon by night.
4. Thy head from e-vil he shall screen, Thy soul pre-serve in peace; Thy go-ing out and com-ing in, Till time and na-ture cease.

WINDHAM. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Key of E Minor.

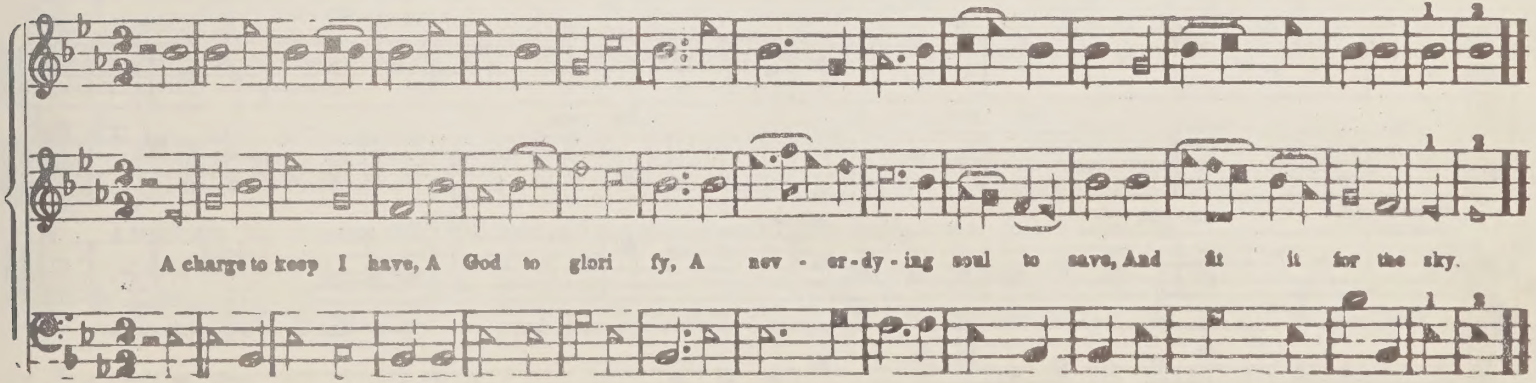
DANIEL REID.

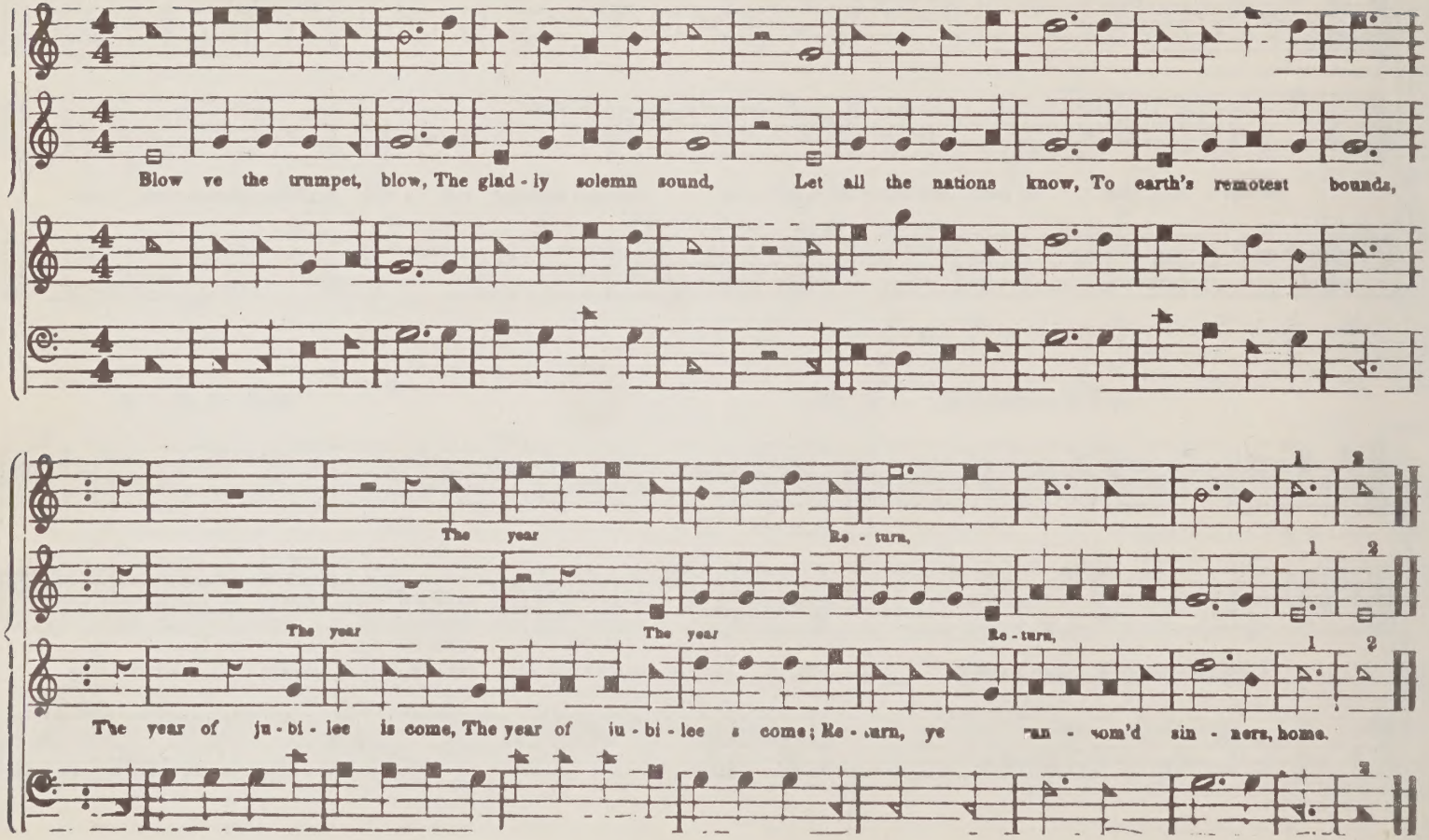

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav-el-er.
2. De-ny thy-self, and take thy cross, Is the redeemers great command; Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'n-ly land.
3. The fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the way of God no more; Is but es-teemed al-most a saint, And makes his own dis truc-tion sure
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Cre-ate my heart en-tire-ly new, Which hypocrits could ne'er at-tain, Which false a-pos-tate nev-er knew.

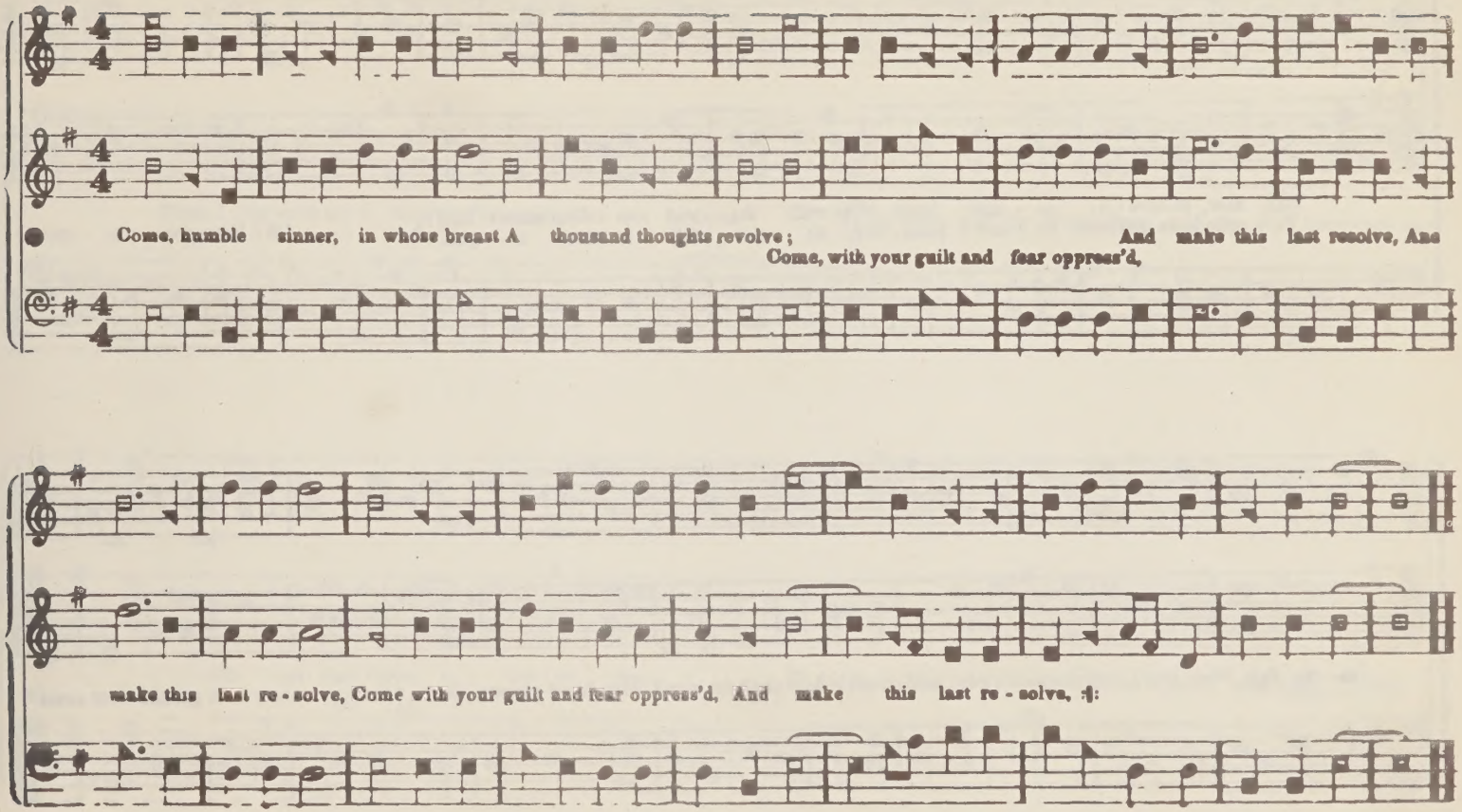
DETROIT. C. M.

WATCHMAN. 8. M.

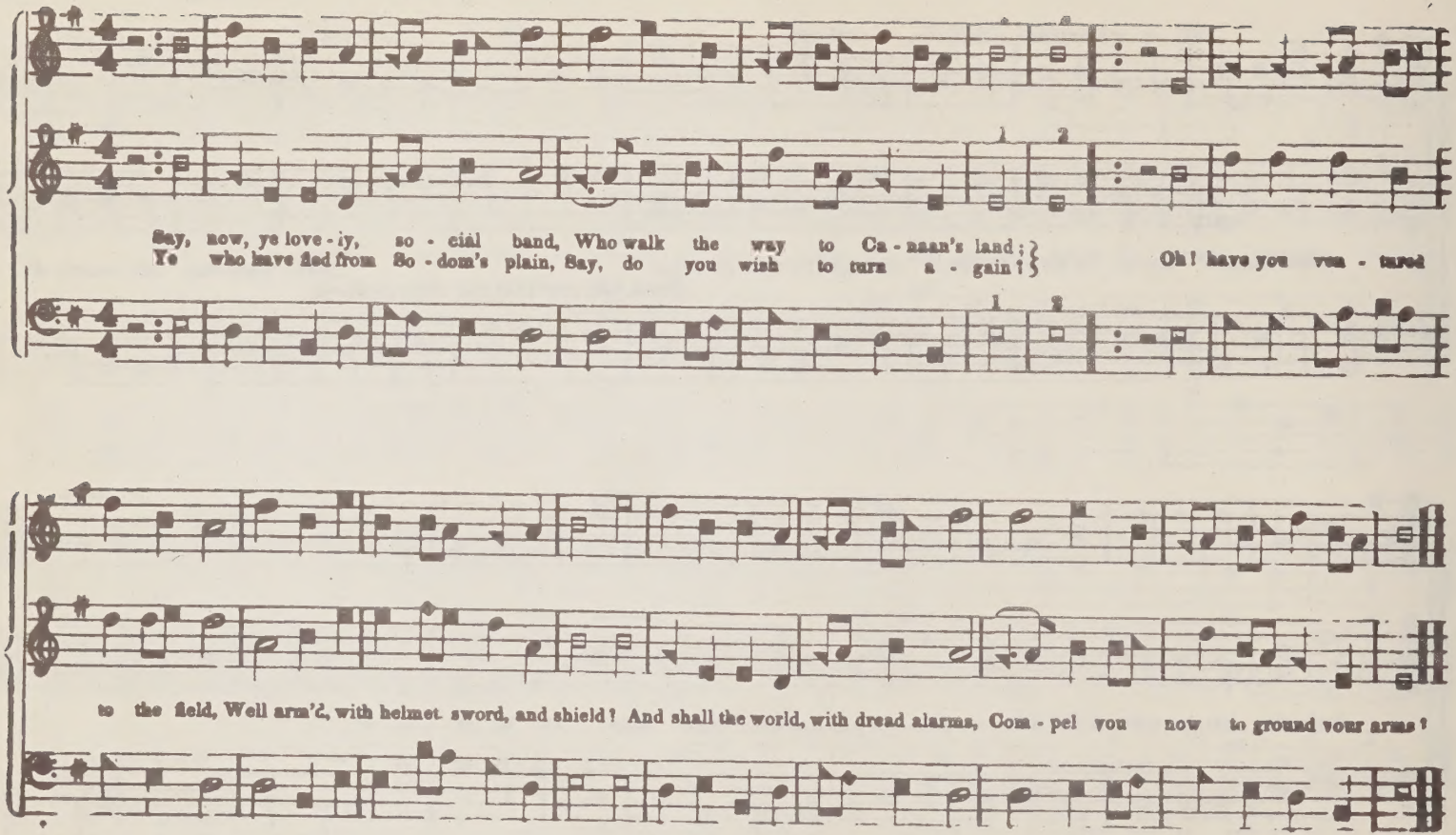
Meth. H. B. 149.

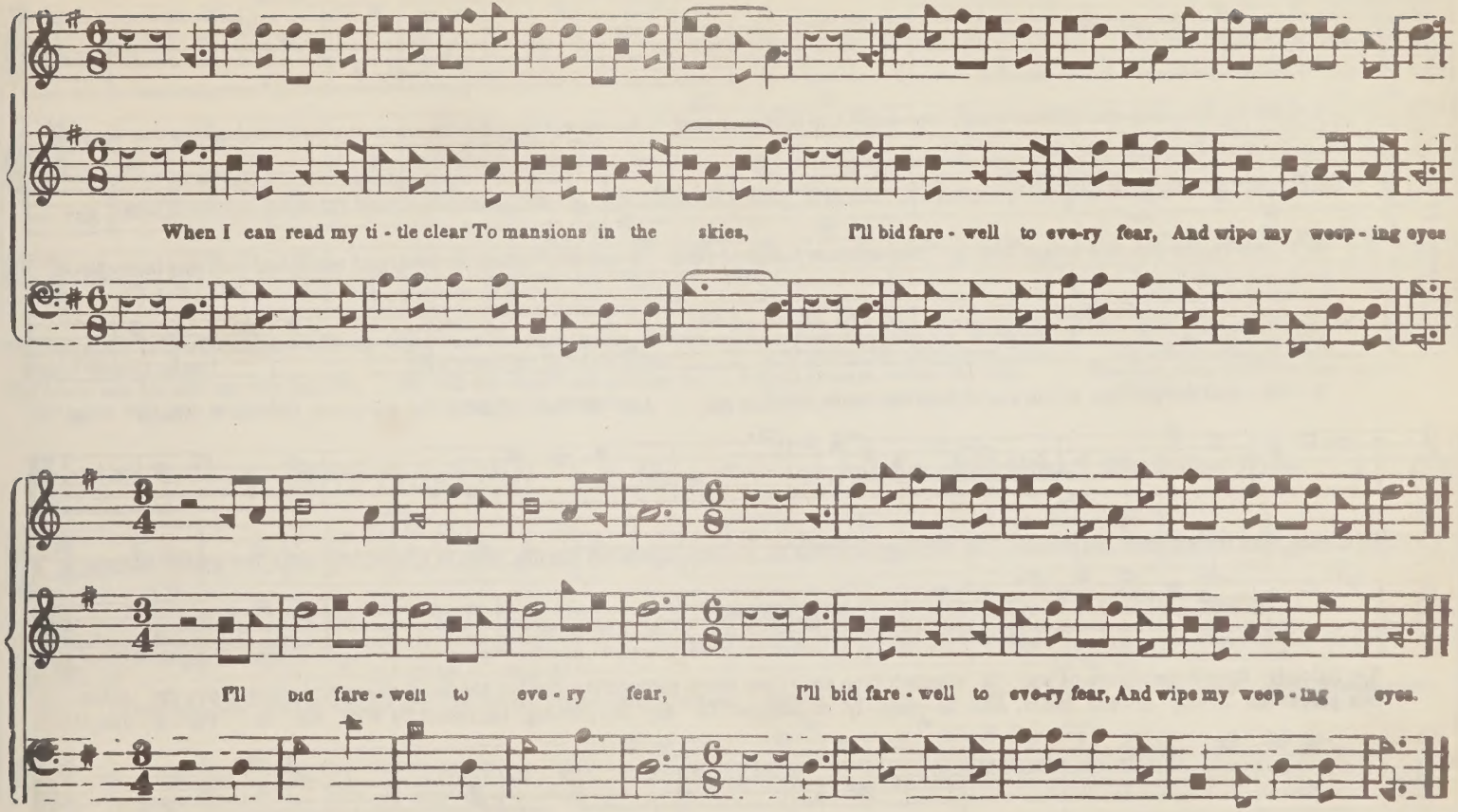



Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad - ly solemn sound, Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bounds,
The year Re - turn,
The year
The year Re - turn,
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - som'd sin - ners, home.


Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve ; And make this last resolve, Ano
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
make this last re - solve, Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last re - solve, :‖:

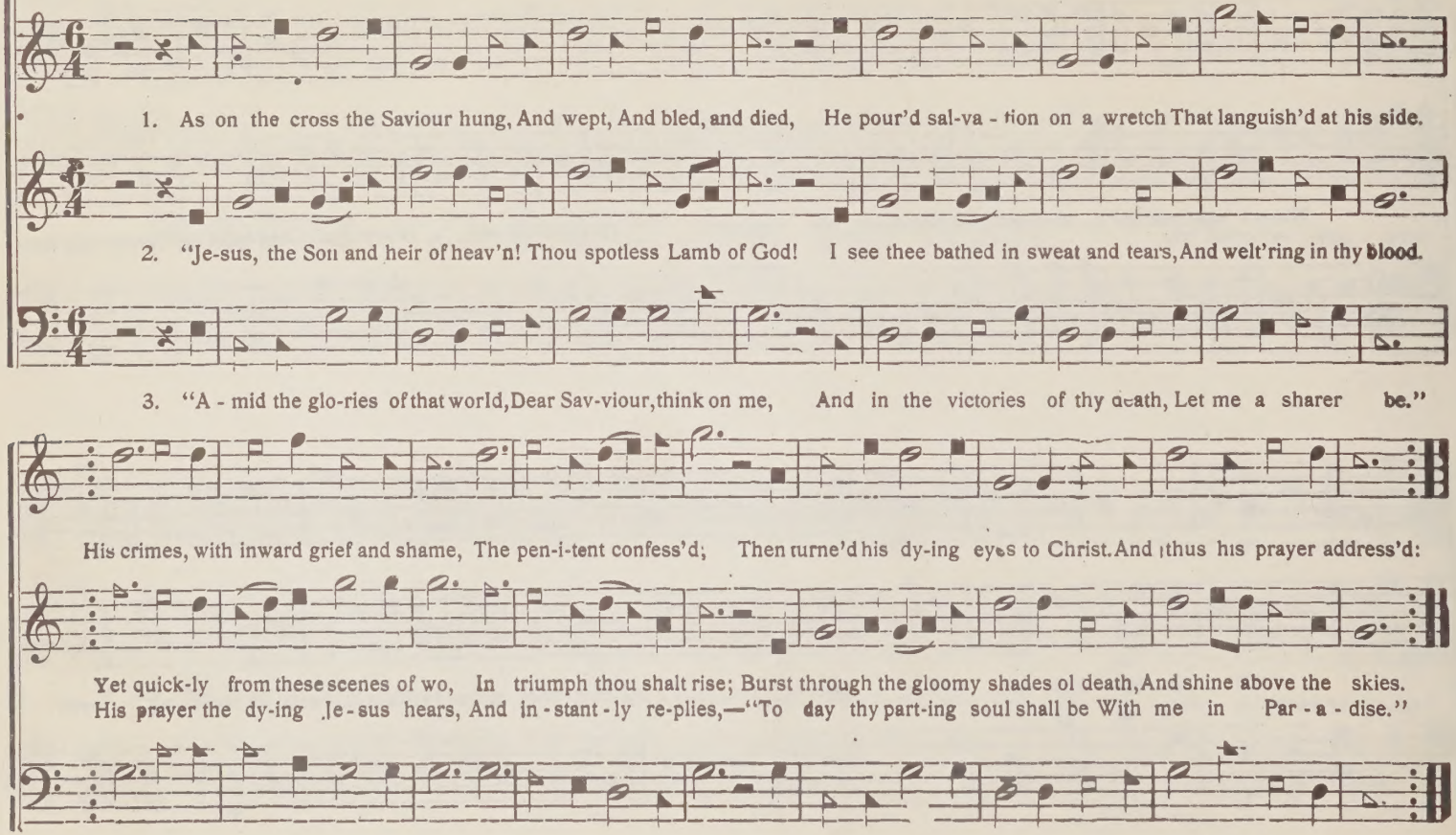
CLAMANDA. L. M. D.


Say, now, ye love-ly, so-cial band, Who walk the way to Ca-naan's land;
Ye who have fled from So-dom's plain, Say, do you wish to turn a-gain?
Oh! have you vow-tured
to the field, Well arm'd, with helmet sword, and shield? And shall the world, with dread alarms, Com-pel you now to ground your arms?


When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid fare - well to eve-ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes
I'll bid fare - well to eve - ry fear, I'll bid fare - well to eve-ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

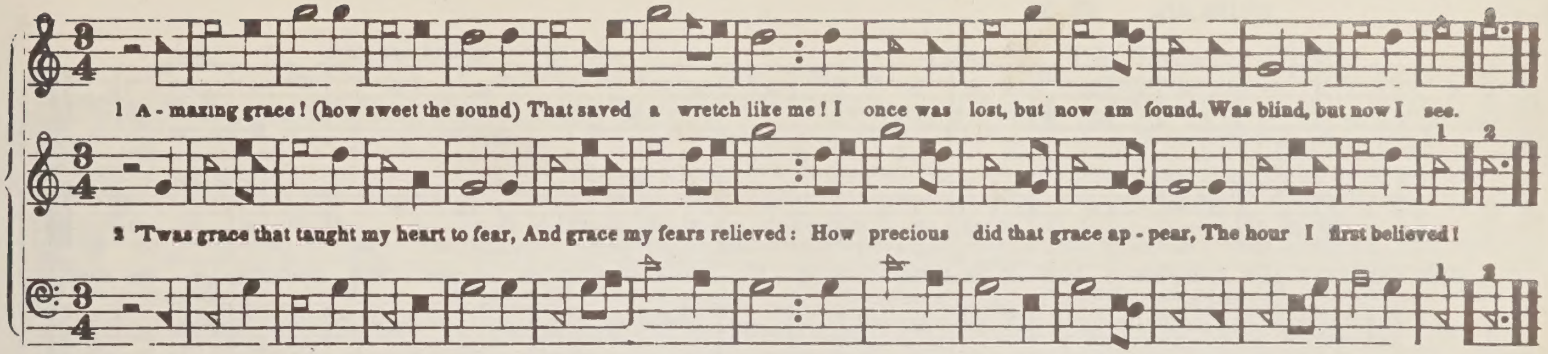
THE CONVERTED THIEF, C. M. D.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 51.


1. As on the cross the Saviour hung, And wept, And bled, and died, He pour'd sal-va - tion on a wretch That languish'd at his side.
2. "Je-sus, the Son and heir of heav'n! Thou spotless Lamb of God! I see thee bathed in sweat and tears, And welt'ring in thy blood.
3. "A - mid the glo-ries of that world, Dear Sav-viour, think on me, And in the victories of thy death, Let me a sharer be."
His crimes, with inward grief and shame, The pen-i-tent confess'd; Then turne'd his dy-ing eyes to Christ. And thus his prayer address'd:
Yet quick-ly from these scenes of wo, In triumph thou shalt rise; Burst through the gloomy shades of death, And shine above the skies.
His prayer the dy-ing Je - sus hears, And in - stant - ly re-plies,—"To day thy part-ing soul shall be With me in Par - a - dise."

NEW BRITAIN. C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 123.


1 A - mazing grace! (how sweet the sound) That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved: How precious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

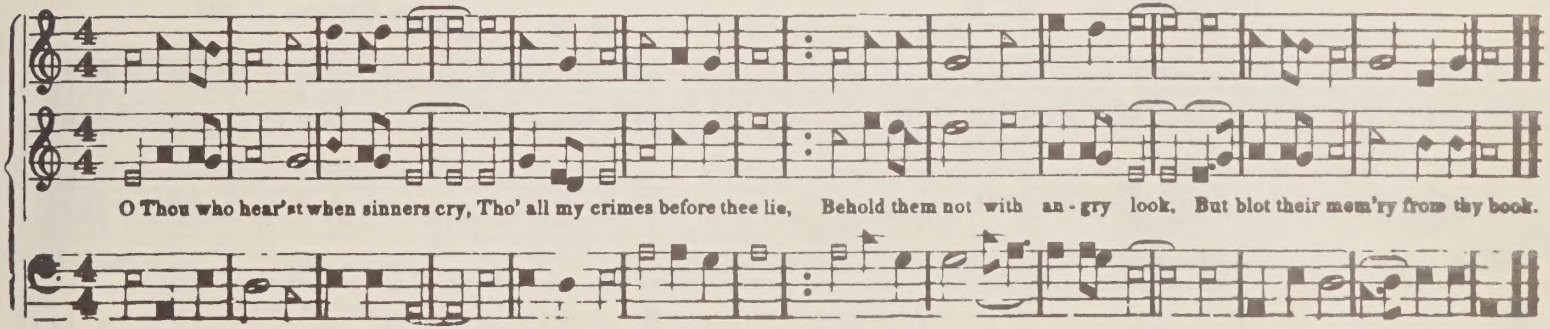
4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

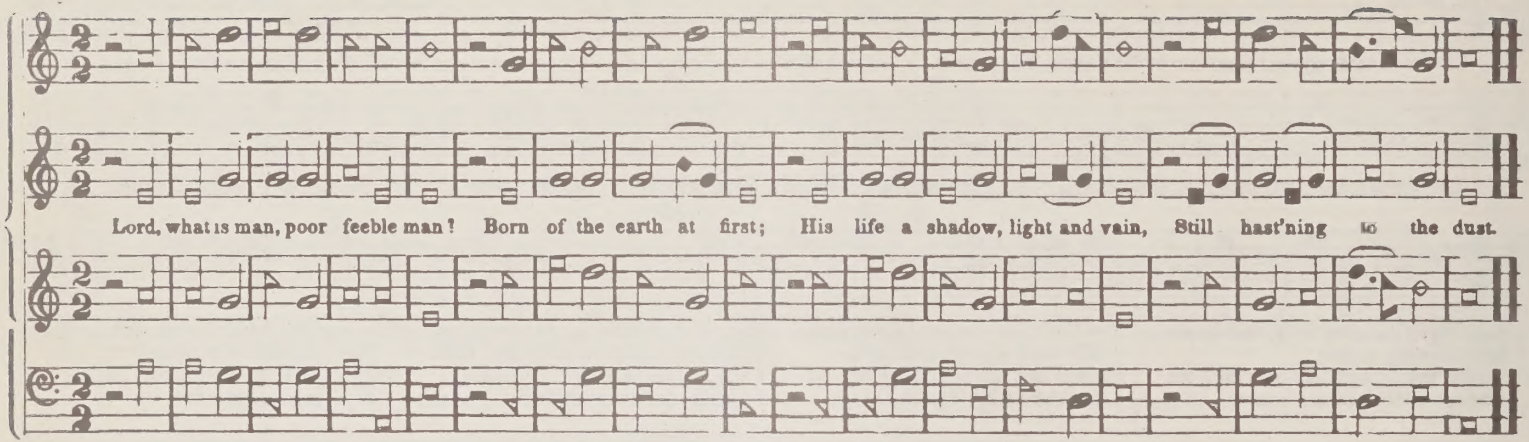
6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

SUPPLICATION. L. M.

Psalmist, 467th Hymn. 51st Psalm, Watts.

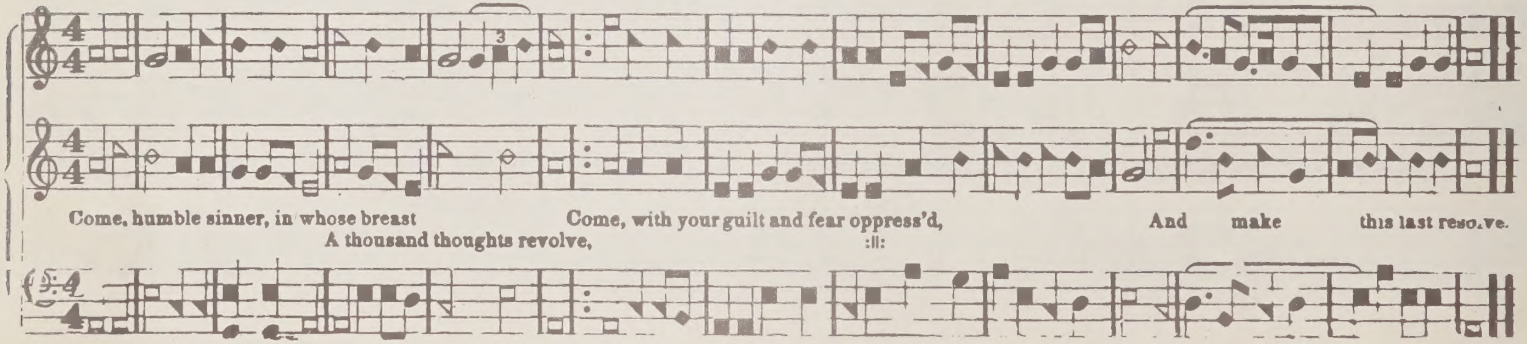

O Thou who hear'st when sinners cry, Tho' all my crimes before thee lie, Behold them not with an - gry look, But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

DUBLIN. C. M.



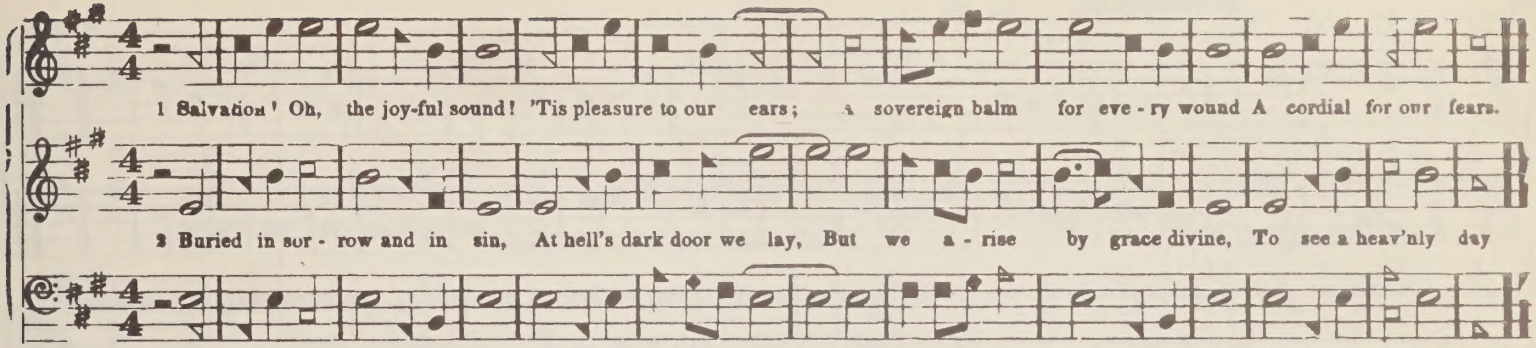
HANOVER. C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 247


Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve, Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, :ll: And make this last reso.ve.

PRIMROSE. C. M.

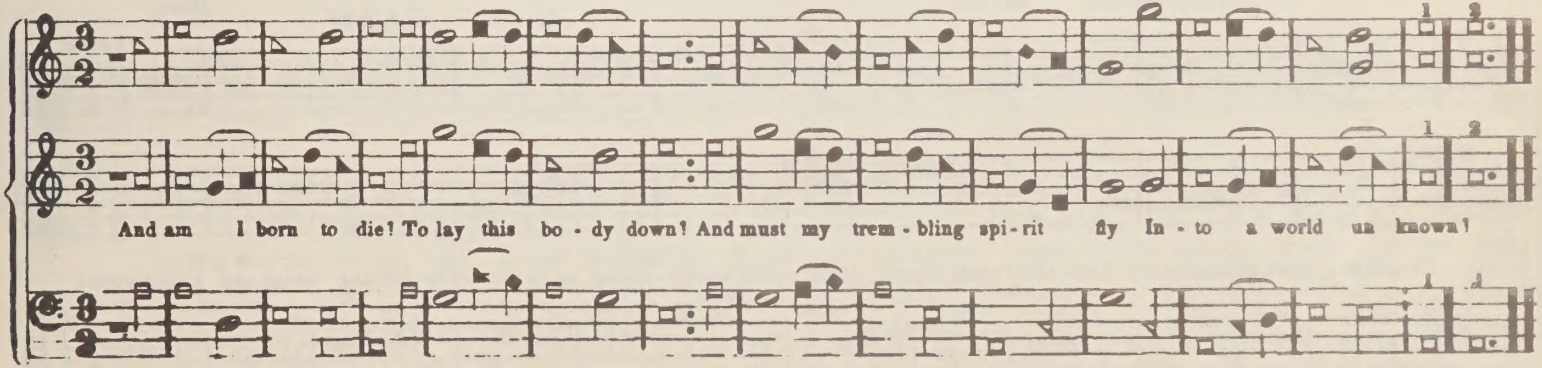
Hymn 88, B. 2, Watts.——*Chapin.*


1 Salvation! Oh, the joy-ful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for eve-ry wound A cordial for our fears.
2 Buried in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay, But we a-rise by grace divine, To see a heav'nly day
3 Sal vation! let me echo fly The spacious earth a-round, While all the ar-mies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.

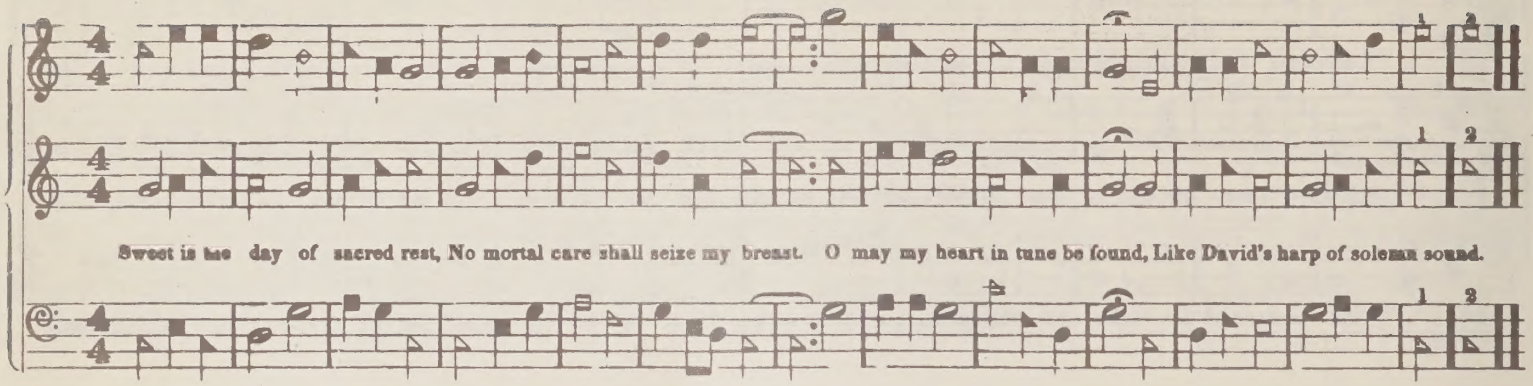
IDUMEA. S. M.

Meth. H. B. p. 231.

Dawson.

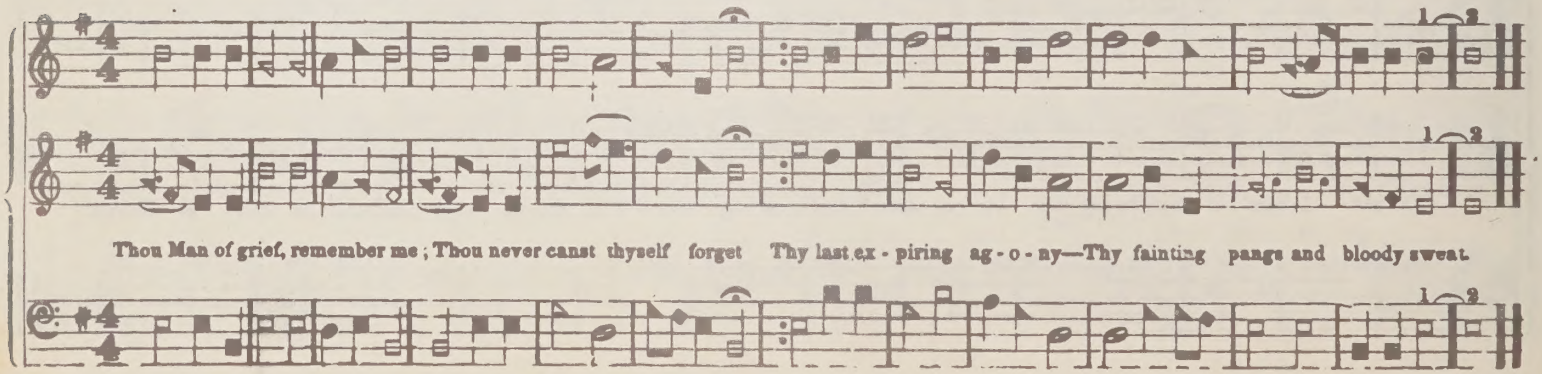


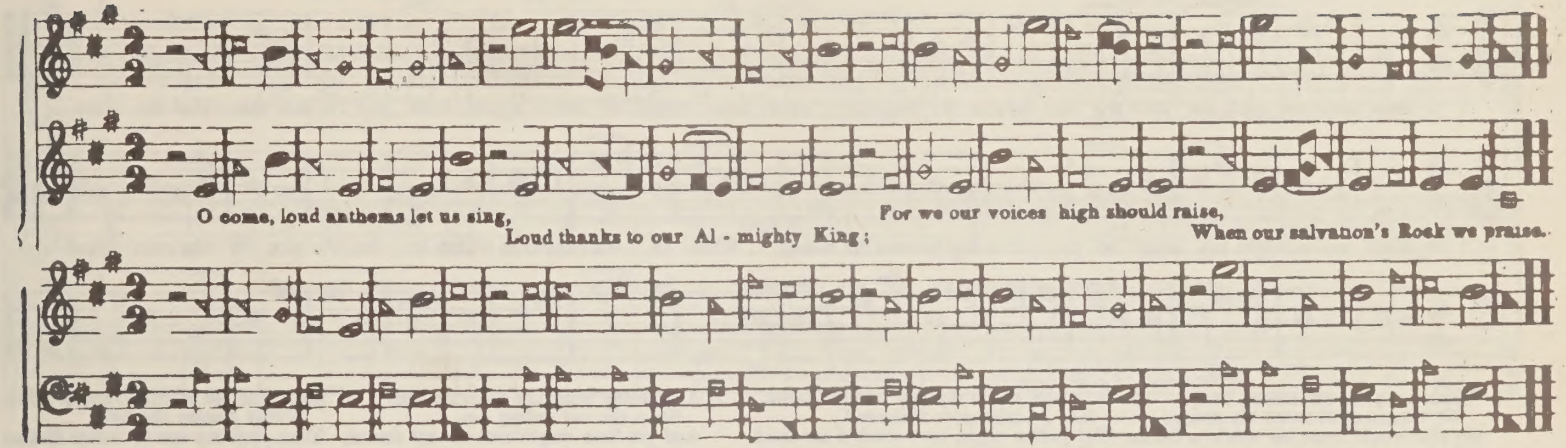
DEVOTION. L. M.


Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal care shall seize my breast. O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

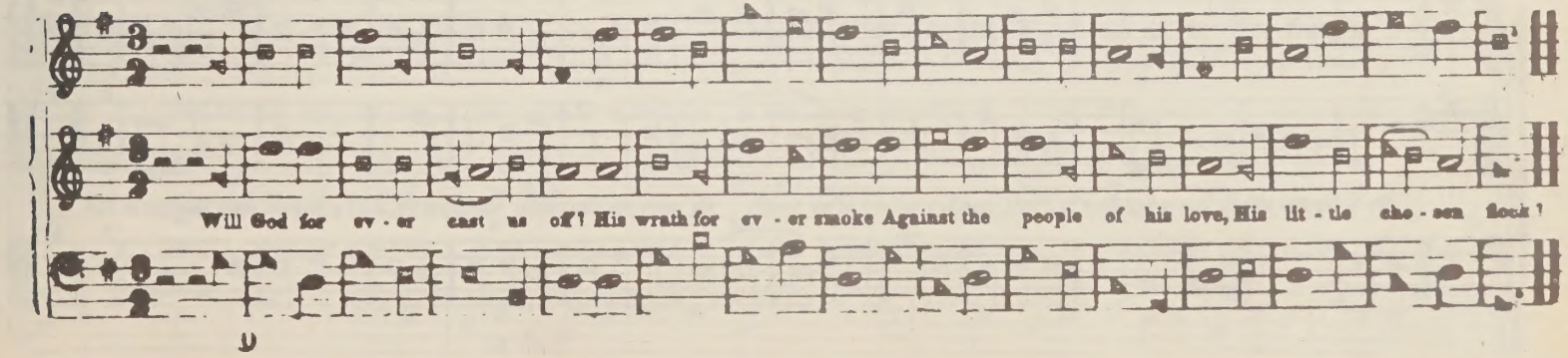
KEDRON. L. M.

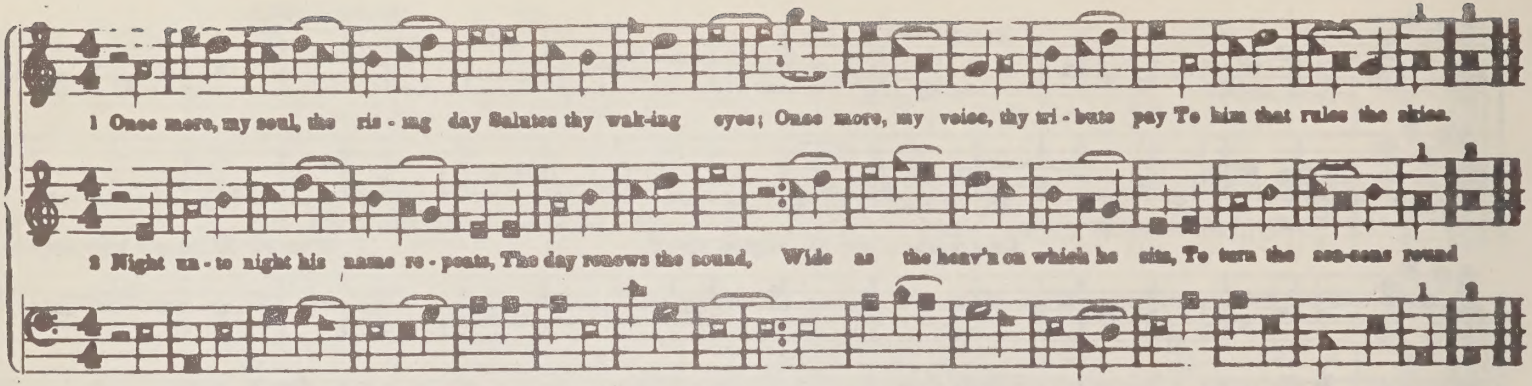
Dave.


Thou Man of grief, remember me; Thou never canst thyself forget Thy last ex - piring ag - o - ny—Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat.


O come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Al - mighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvanon's Rock we praise.

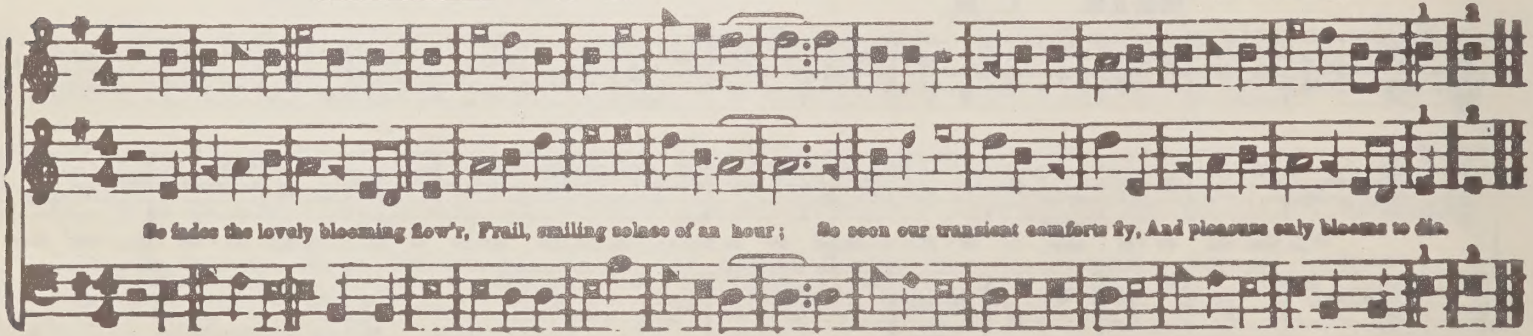
MEAR. C. M.

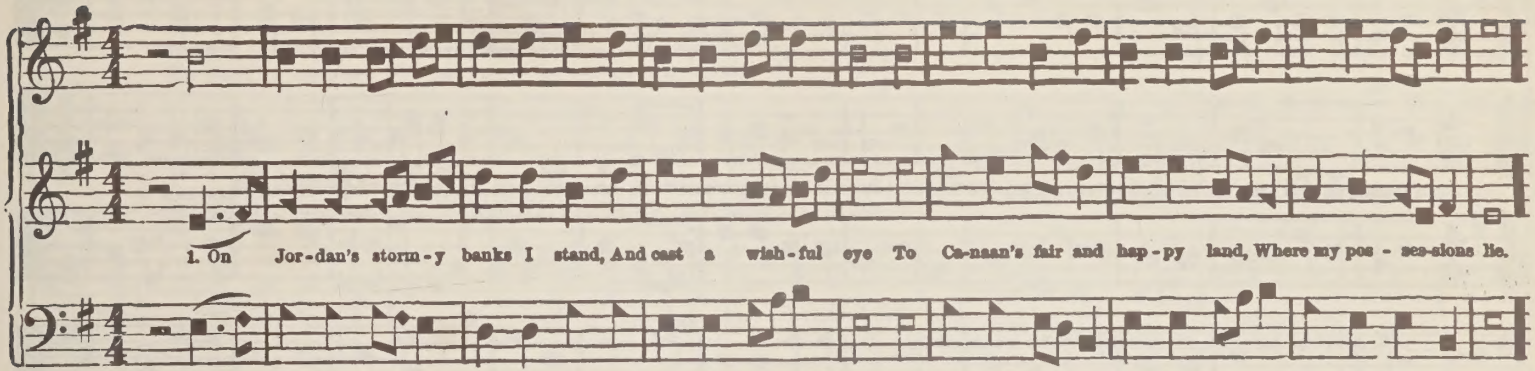

Will God for ev - er cast us off? His wrath for ev - er smoke Against the people of his love, His lit - tle chos - en flock?

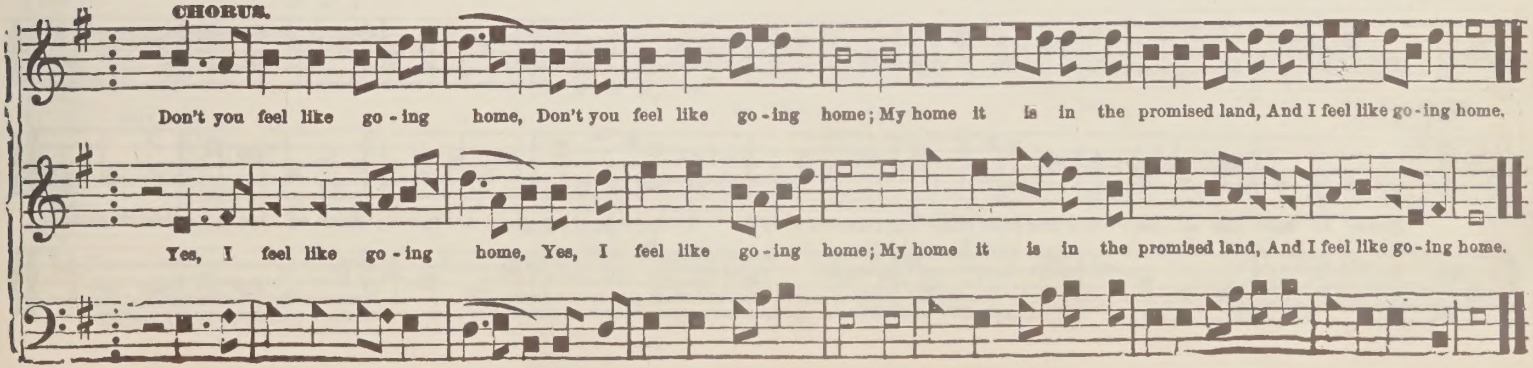

1 Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Salutes thy wak-ing eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tri - bute pay To him that rules the skies.
2 Night un - to night his name re - peats, The day renews the sound, Wide as the heav'n on which he sits, To turn the sun-eons round
3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame, My tongue shall speak his praise; My sins would rouse his wrath to flame, And yet his wrath delays.
4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread, And I could no'er withstand; Thy justice might have crush'd me dead, But mercy held thine hand.
5 A thousand wretched souls are fled, Since the last setting sun, And yet thou length'nest out my thread, And yet my moments run.
6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine, Whilst I enjoy the light, Then shall my sun in smiles decline And bring a pleasant night.

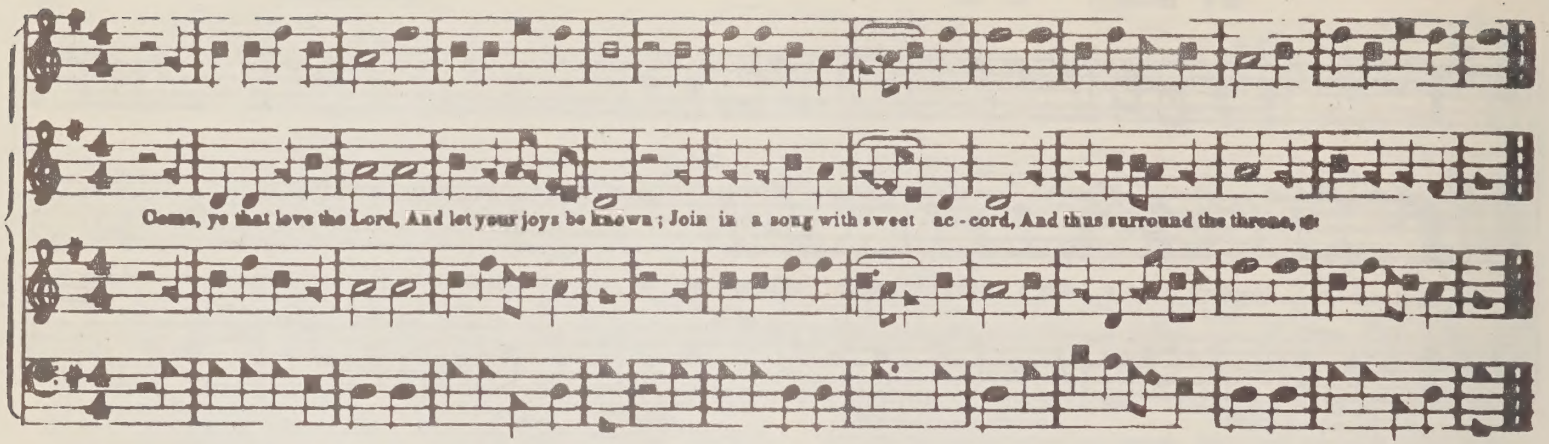
DISTRESS. L. M.

Psalmist, 1089th Hymn.

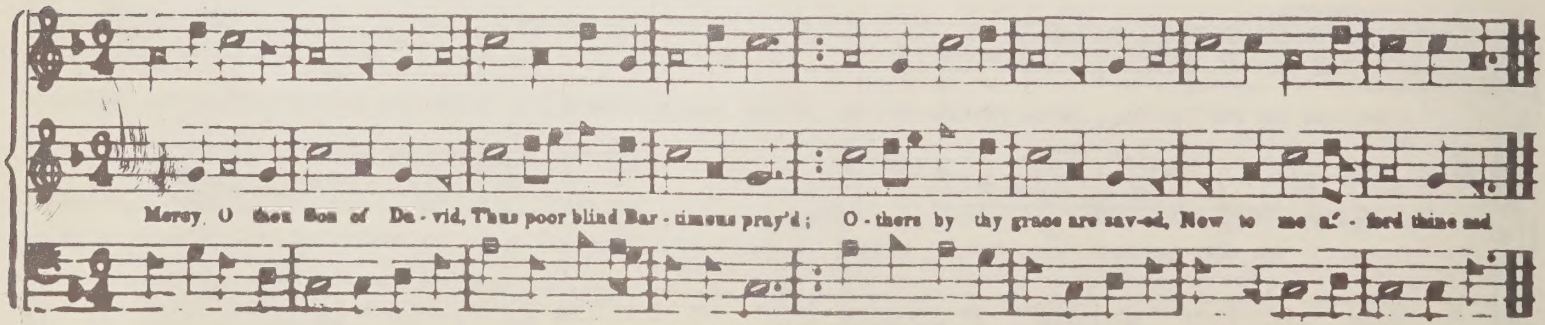

So fades the lovely blooming flow'r, Frail, smiling solace of an hour; So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure only blooms to die.

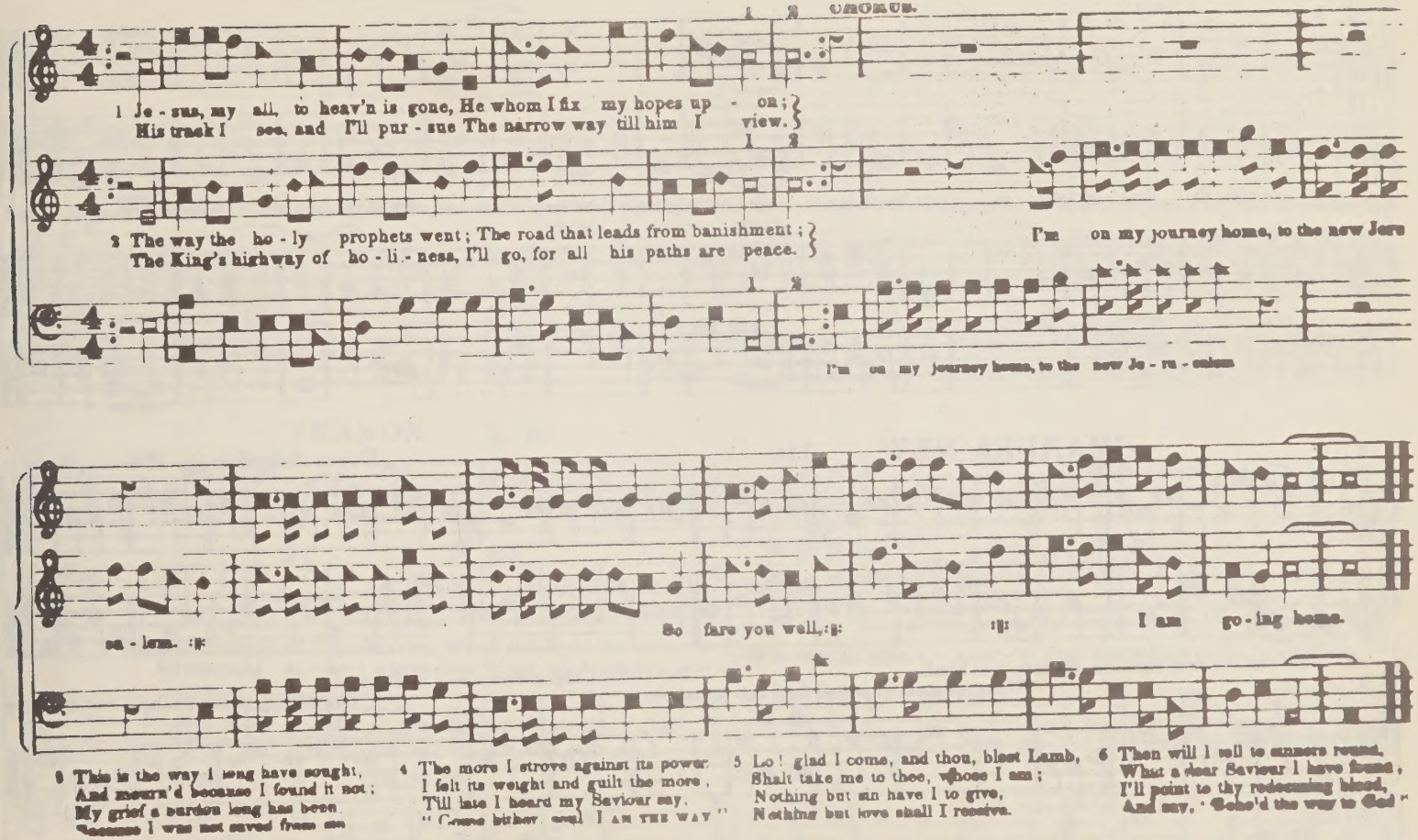

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie.


CHORUS.
Don't you feel like go-ing home, Don't you feel like go-ing home; My home it is in the promised land, And I feel like go-ing home.
Yes, I feel like go-ing home, Yes, I feel like go-ing home; My home it is in the promised land, And I feel like go-ing home.

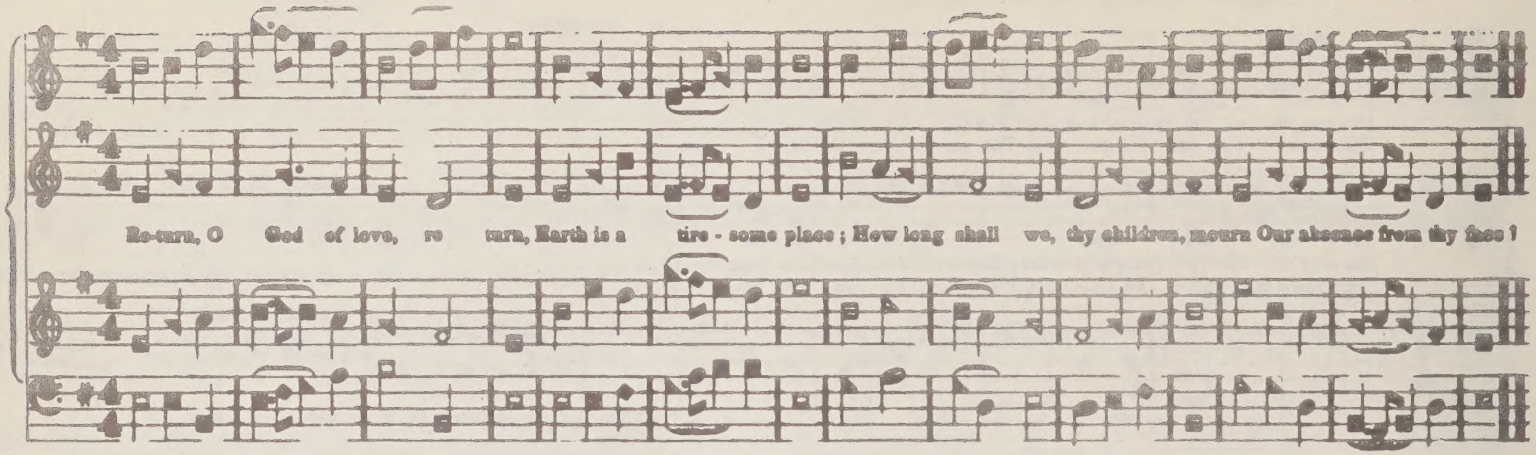


CHARLESTOWN. 8, 7.



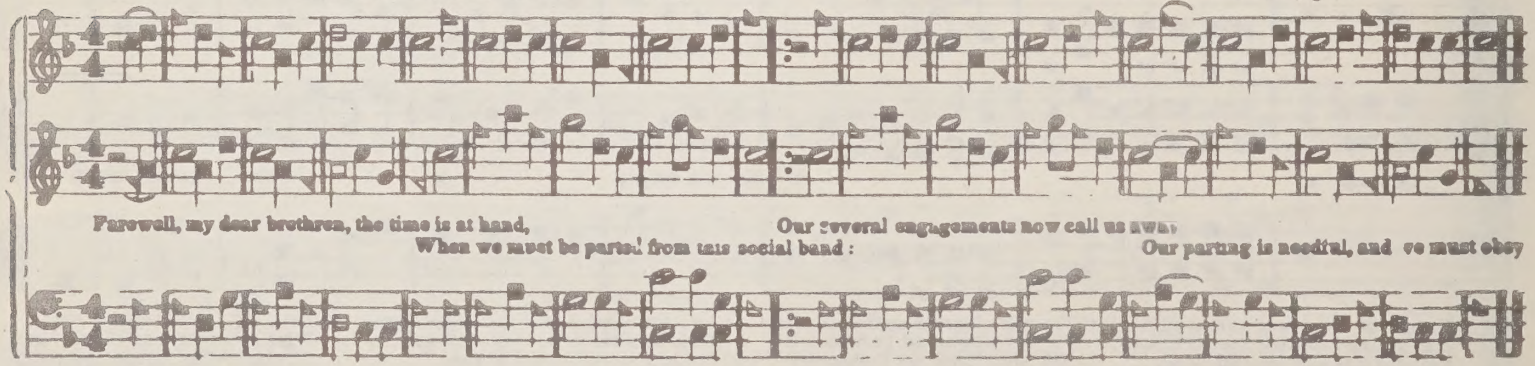

CHORUS.
1 Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on;
His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The narrow way till him I view.
2 The way the ho - ly prophets went; The road that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
I'm on my journey home, to the new Jeru
I'm on my journey home, to the new Je - ru - salem
sa - lem. :‖:
So fare you well, :‖:
I am go - ing home.
3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been
Because I was not saved from sin
4 The more I strove against its power
I felt its weight and guilt the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY"
5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found,
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God"

GEORGIA. C. M.

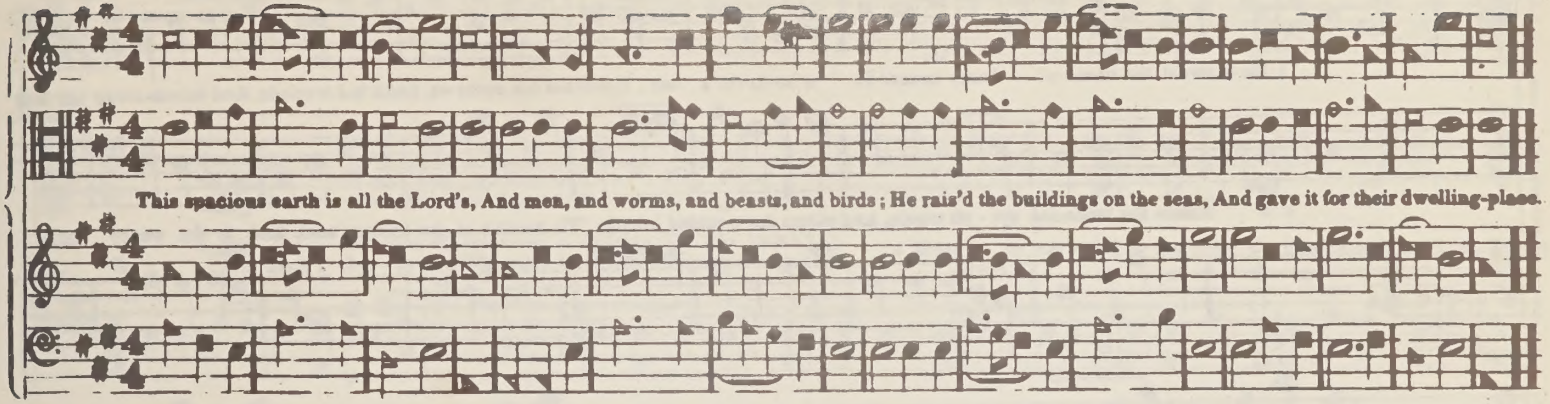


IMANDRA NEW. 11s.

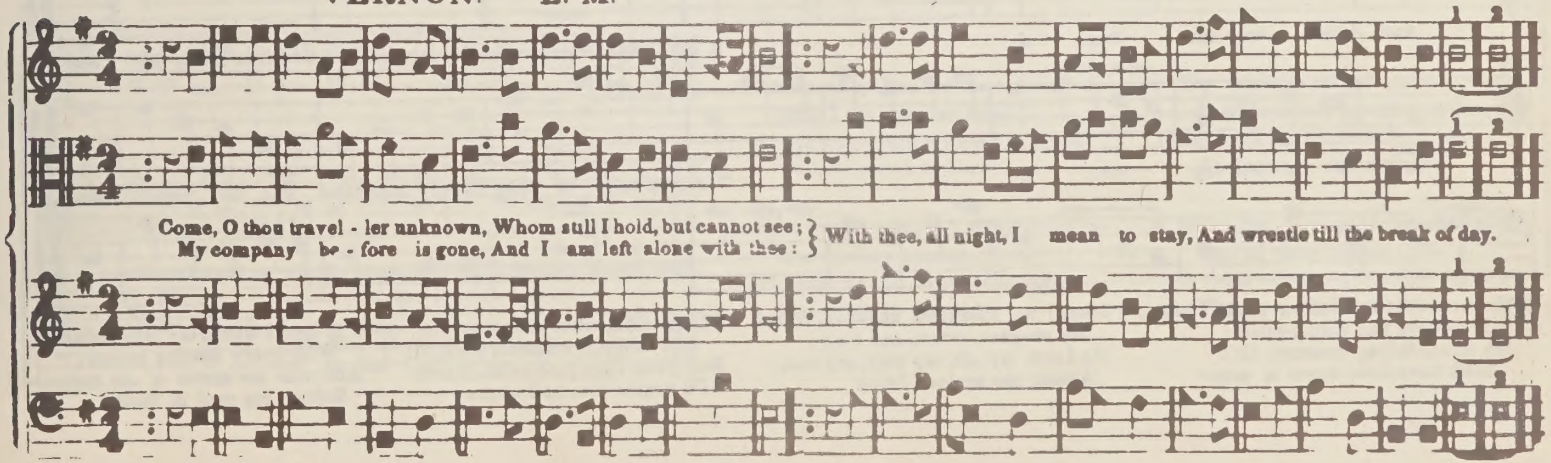
Dover Selection, p. 196.


Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,
When we must be parted from this social band:
Our several engagements now call us away
Our parting is needful, and we must obey

PARIS. L. M.

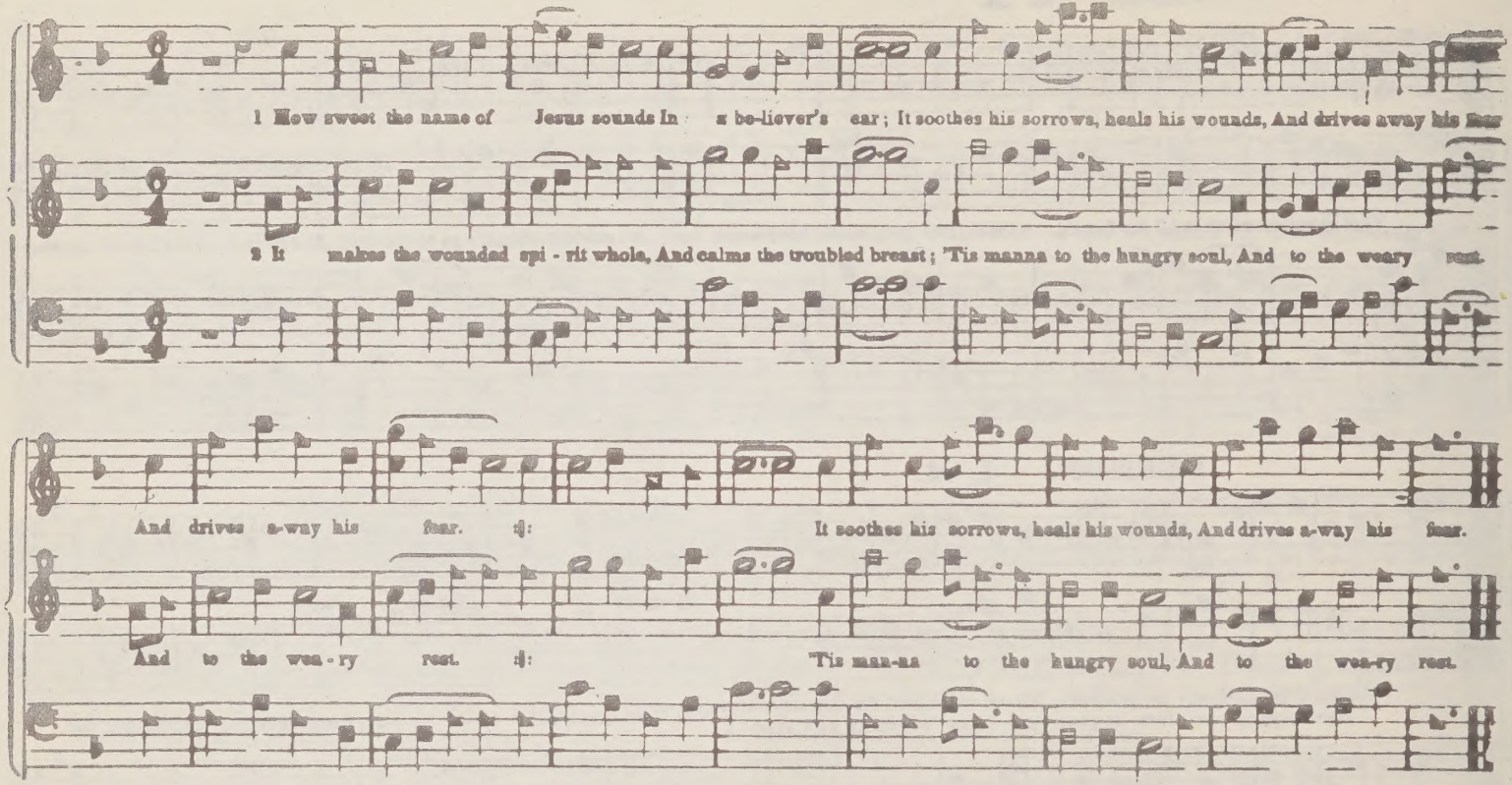

This spacious earth is all the Lord's, And men, and worms, and beasts, and birds; He rais'd the buildings on the seas, And gave it for their dwelling-place.

VERNON. L. M.


Come, O thou travel - ler unknown, Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company be - fore is gone, And I am left alone with thee:
With thee, all night, I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.

SALEM. C. M.

Dossey's Choice, p. 58.


1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a be-liever's ear; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear
2 It makes the wounded spi - rit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.
And drives a-way his fear. :||: It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear.
And to the wea - ry rest. :||: 'Tis man-na to the hungry soul, And to the wea-ry rest.

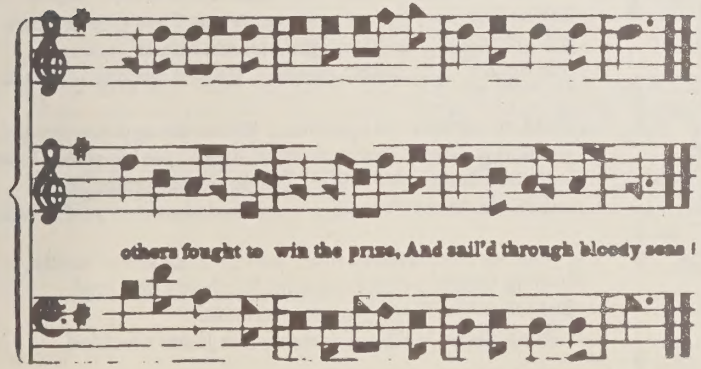
3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace

4 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought.
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of my name
Refresh my soul in death

1 Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
2 Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease, While



3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

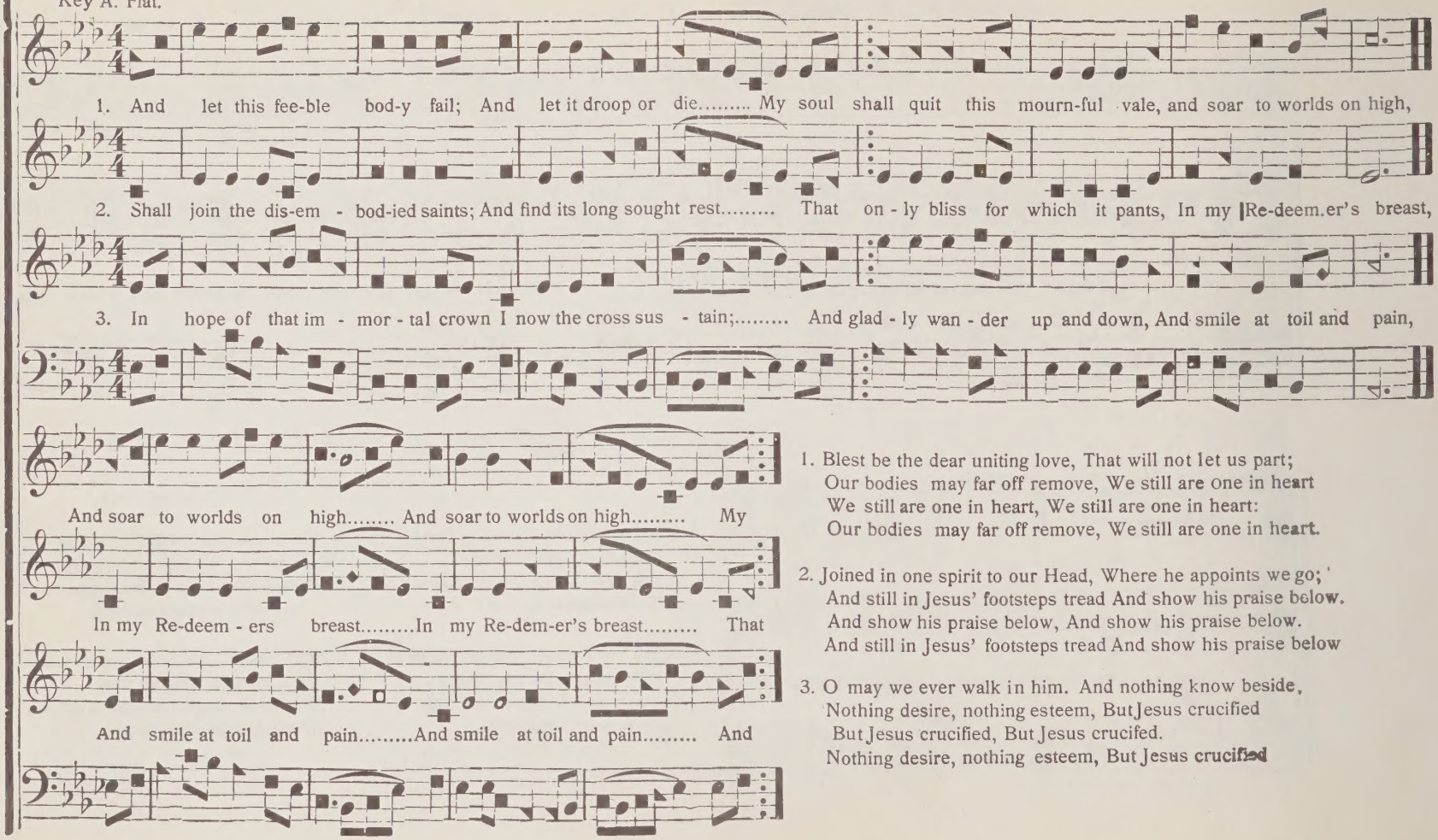
4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;—
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

PISGAH, C. M.

Key A. Flat.

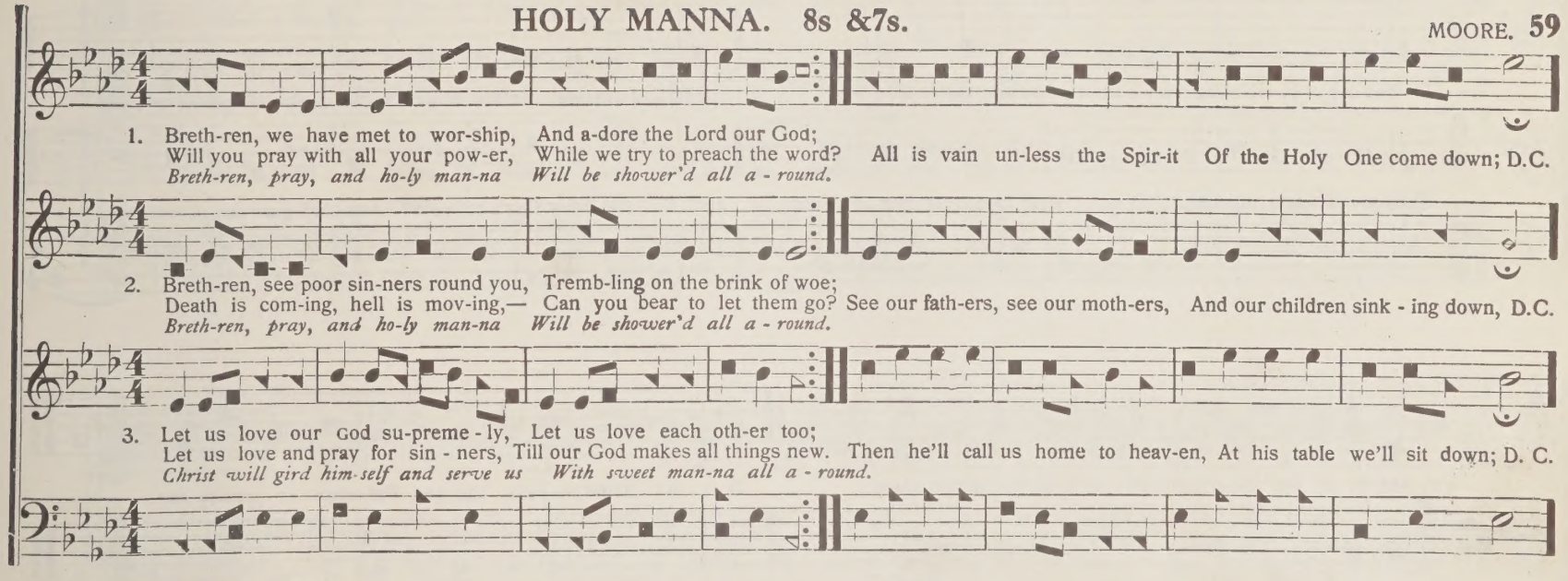

1. And let this fee-ble bod-y fail; And let it droop or die..... My soul shall quit this mourn-ful vale, and soar to worlds on high,
2. Shall join the dis-em - bod-ied saints; And find its long sought rest..... That on - ly bliss for which it pants, In my Re-deem.er's breast,
3. In hope of that im - mor - tal crown I now the cross sus - tain;..... And glad - ly wan - der up and down, And smile at toil and pain,
And soar to worlds on high..... And soar to worlds on high..... My
In my Re-deem - ers breast.....In my Re-dem-er's breast..... That
And smile at toil and pain.....And smile at toil and pain..... And

1. Blest be the dear uniting love, That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove, We still are one in heart
We still are one in heart, We still are one in heart:
Our bodies may far off remove, We still are one in heart.

2. Joined in one spirit to our Head, Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread And show his praise below.
And show his praise below, And show his praise below.
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread And show his praise below

3. O may we ever walk in him. And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem, But Jesus crucified
But Jesus crucified, But Jesus crucifed.
Nothing desire, nothing esteem, But Jesus crucified

HOLY MANNA. 8s &7s.


1. Breth-ren, we have met to wor-ship, And a-dore the Lord our God;
Will you pray with all your pow-er, While we try to preach the word? All is vain un-less the Spir-it Of the Holy One come down; D.C.
Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man-na Will be shower'd all a - round.
2. Breth-ren, see poor sin-ners round you, Tremb-ling on the brink of woe;
Death is com-ing, hell is mov-ing,— Can you bear to let them go? See our fath-ers, see our moth-ers, And our children sink - ing down, D.C.
Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man-na Will be shower'd all a - round.
3. Let us love our God su-preme - ly, Let us love each oth-er too;
Let us love and pray for sin - ners, Till our God makes all things new. Then he'll call us home to heav-en, At his table we'll sit down; D. C.
Christ will gird him-self and serve us With sweet man-na all a - round.

60

NEARER HOME.

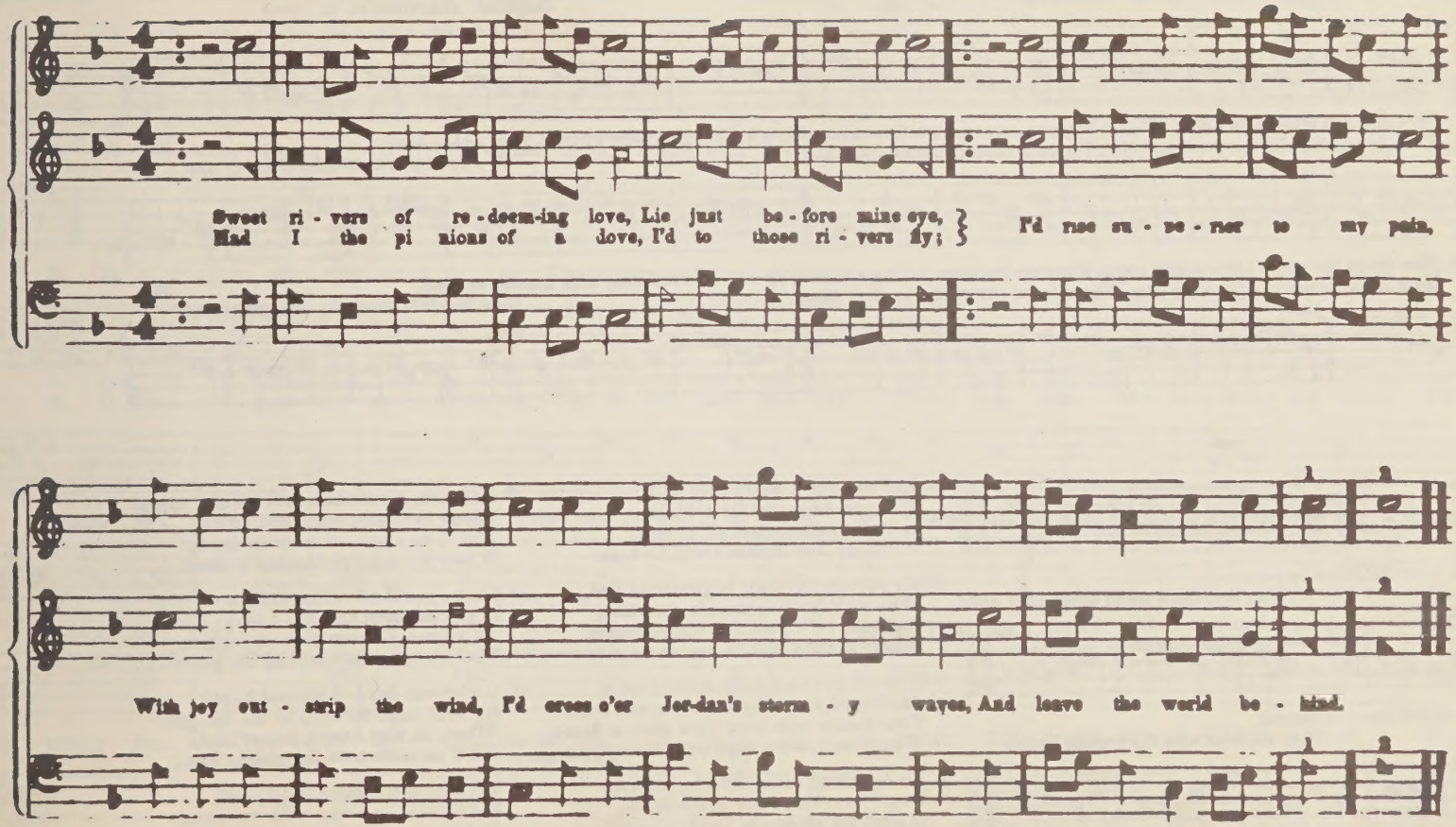
R. E. R. Key of E. Flat.

R. E. RAY.

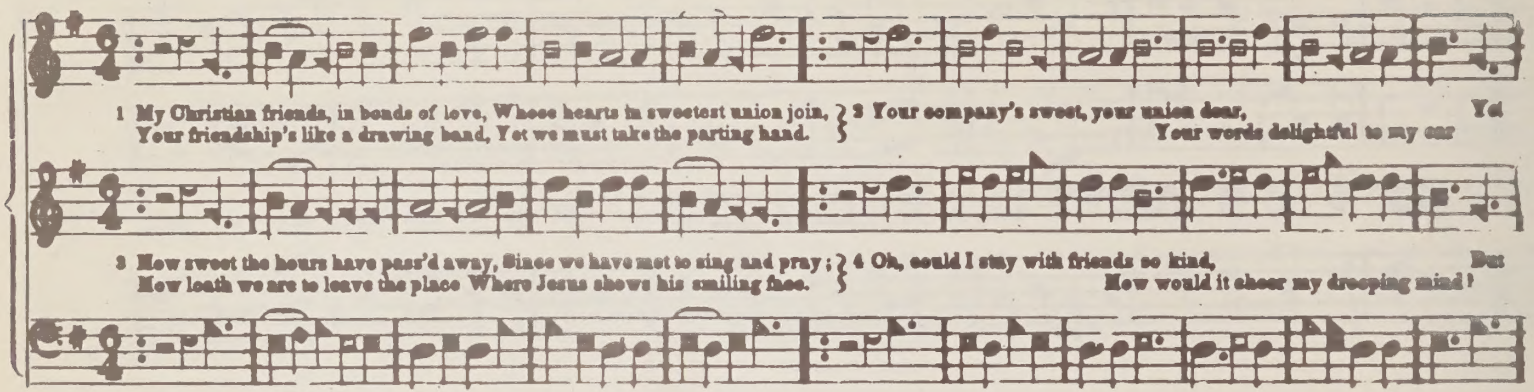
1. Yes, I am near-er, near-er now, the si - lent, solemn sea; which rolls be-tween my wea-ry heart Je - ru - sa - lem and Thee.
2. O Sav-ior as we thus draw near the throne, the crys-tal sea; The ho-ly throng, the heavn'ly choir; we're draw-ing near-er Thee.
3. Shall see His face, shall hear His voice, shall touch that pier-ced hand; and on the brow thorn crown'ed for us shall gaze and si-lent stand.
I'm near-er to the boat-man now, he soon will shout a-way; O to my home be-yond the sea, I'm near - er ev - ry day.
O rapt'rous thought that rest sweet rest, will soon to us be giv'n; Since ev'ry hour the child of God is draw-ing near-er heav'n.
O thought, to cheer my weary way, With welcome ra-diance come; Let me re-member that each day I'm draw-ing nearer, home.

SWEET RIVERS. C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 468.


Sweet ri - vers of re - deem-ing love, Lie just be - fore mine eye,
Had I the pi nions of a dove, I'd to those ri - vers fly;
I'd rise su - pe - rior to my pain,
With joy out - strip the wind, I'd cross o'er Jor-dan's storm - y waves, And leave the world be - hind.

PARTING HAND. L. M.

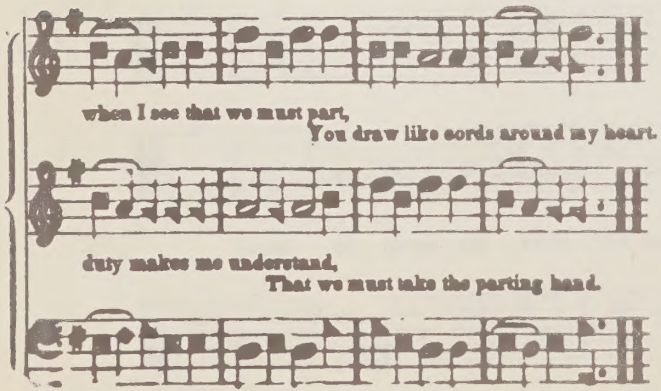


1 My Christian friends, in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweetest union join,
Your friendship's like a drawing band, Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 Your company's sweet, your union dear, Yet
Your words delightful to my ear

3 How sweet the hours have pass'd away, Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loath we are to leave the place Where Jesus shows his smiling face.

4 Oh, could I stay with friends so kind, But
How would it cheer my drooping mind!



when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

5 And since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission, all as one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done.

6 My youthful friends, in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on, we'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting will be known no more.

7 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
Your hearts with love were seen to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

8 Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O trust his grace—in Canaan's land
We'll no more take the parting hand

9 And now, my friends, both old and young
I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And if on earth we meet no more,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore.

10 I hope you'll all remember me
If you on earth no more I see
An interest in your prayers I crave.
That we may meet beyond the grave

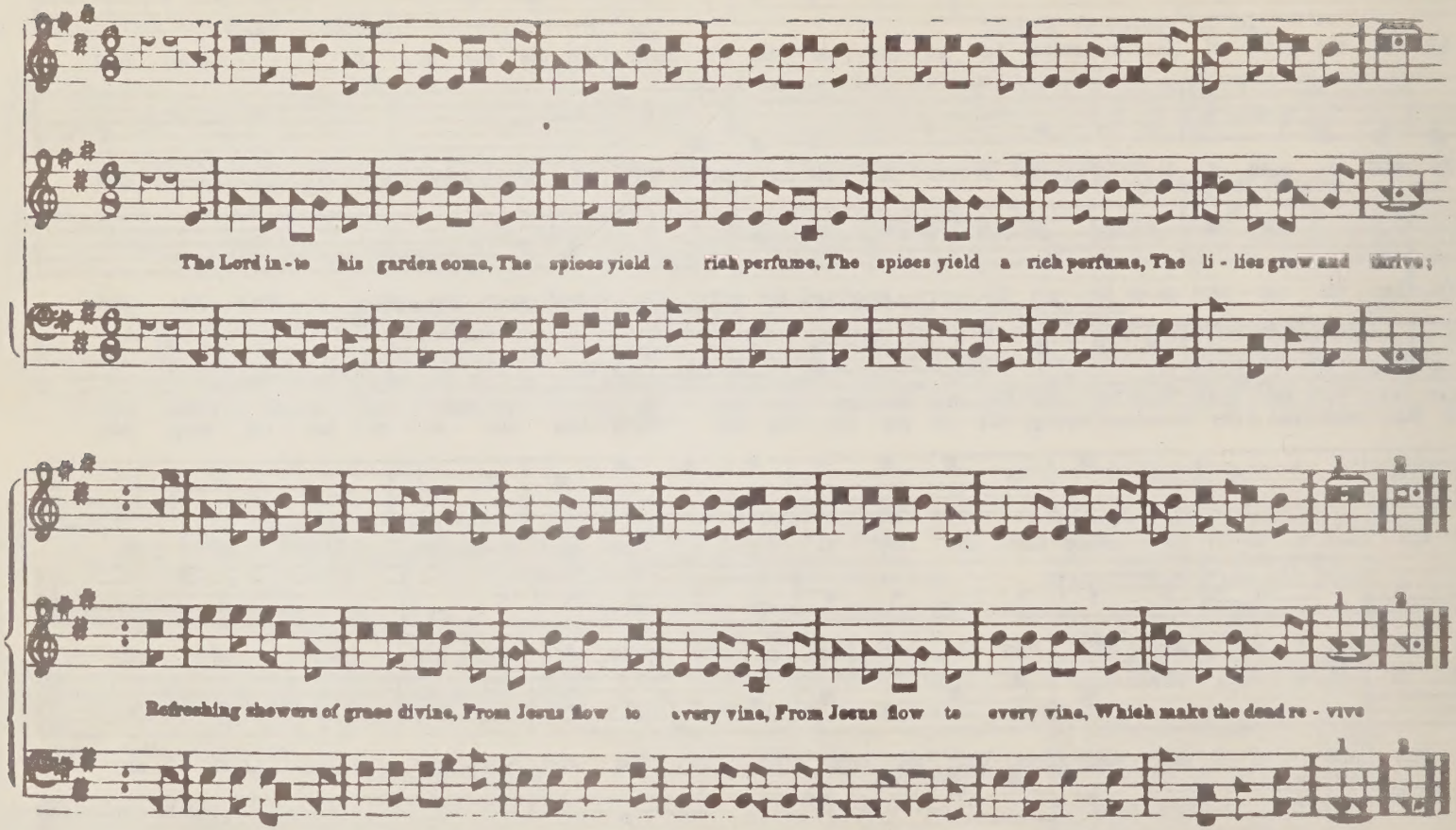
11 O glorious day! O blessed hope!
My soul leaps forward at the thought,
When, on that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand

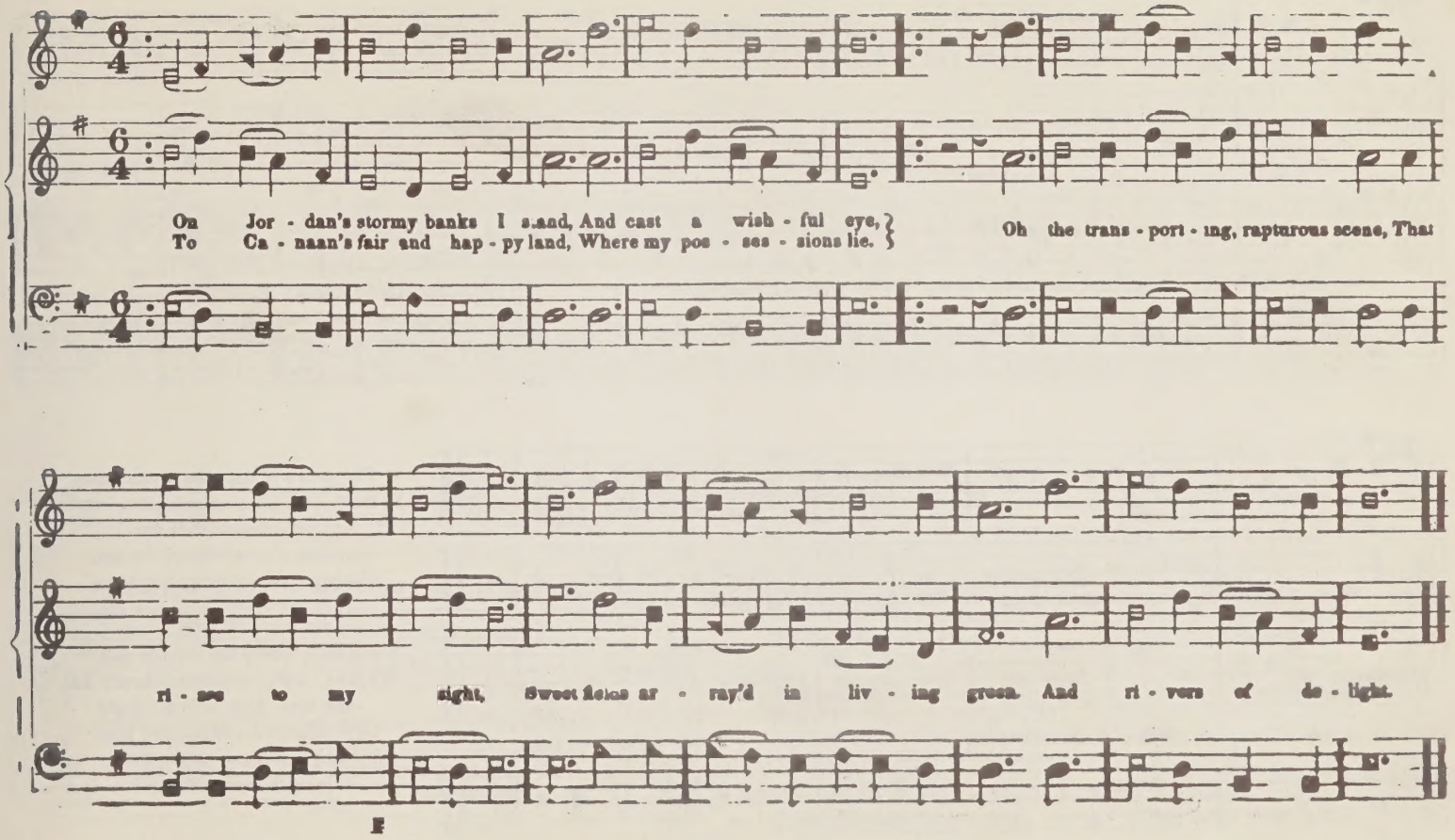
12 But with our blessed, holy Lord,
We'll shout and sing with one accord
And there we'll all with Jesus dwell
So loving Christians fare you well

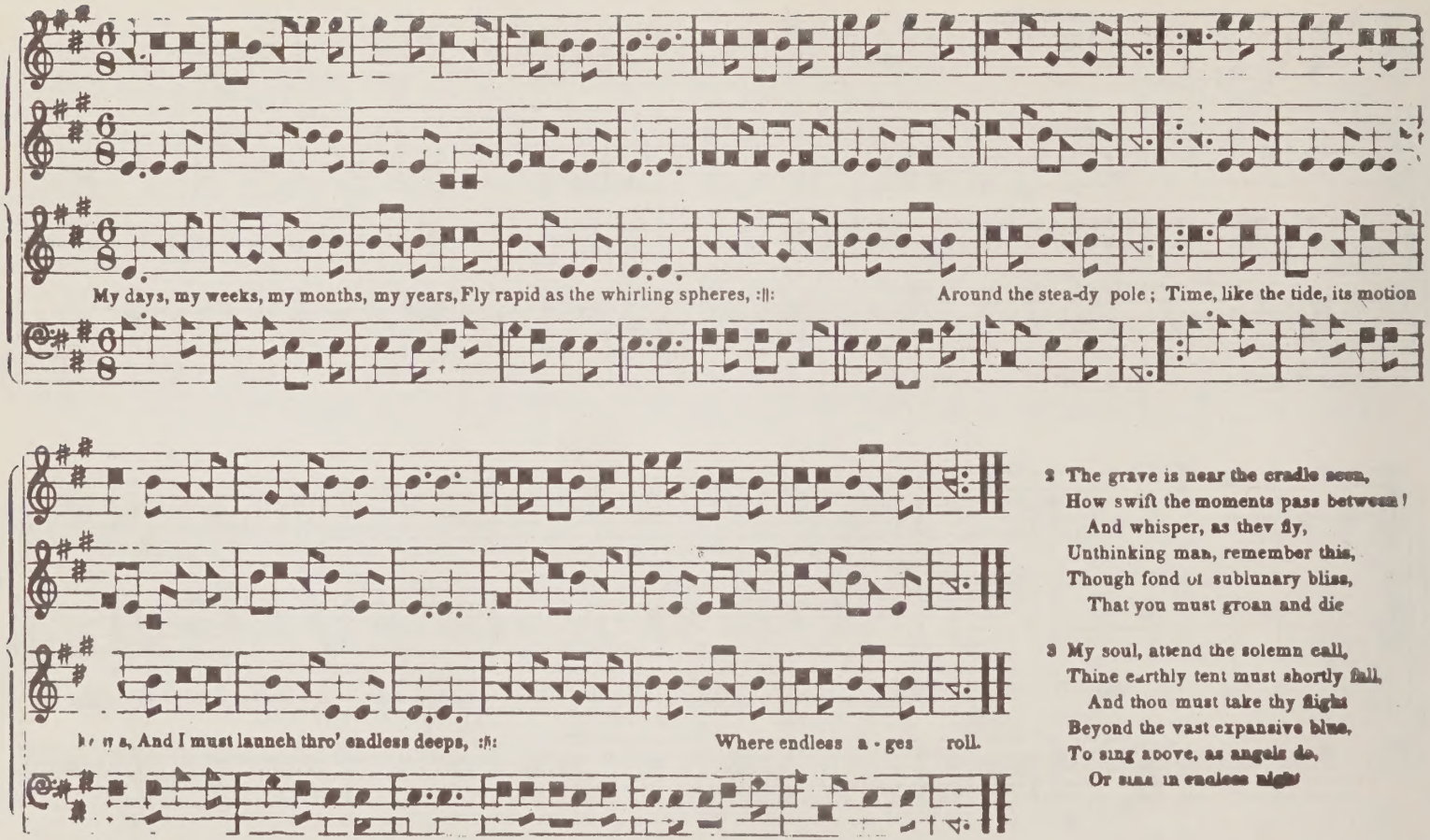
CORONATION. C. M.

EDWARD FERRONET. Key of A Flat. OLIVER HOLDEN

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall: Bring forth the roy - al dia - a - dem, And
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race— A rem - nant weak and small— Hail him who saves you by his grace, And
3. Ye Gen - tile sin - ners ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the gall: Go, spread your tro - phies at his feet, And
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball, To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And
5. O that, with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at his feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And
crown him Lord of all: Bring forth the roy - al dia - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all: Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all: Go, spread your tro - phies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all: We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

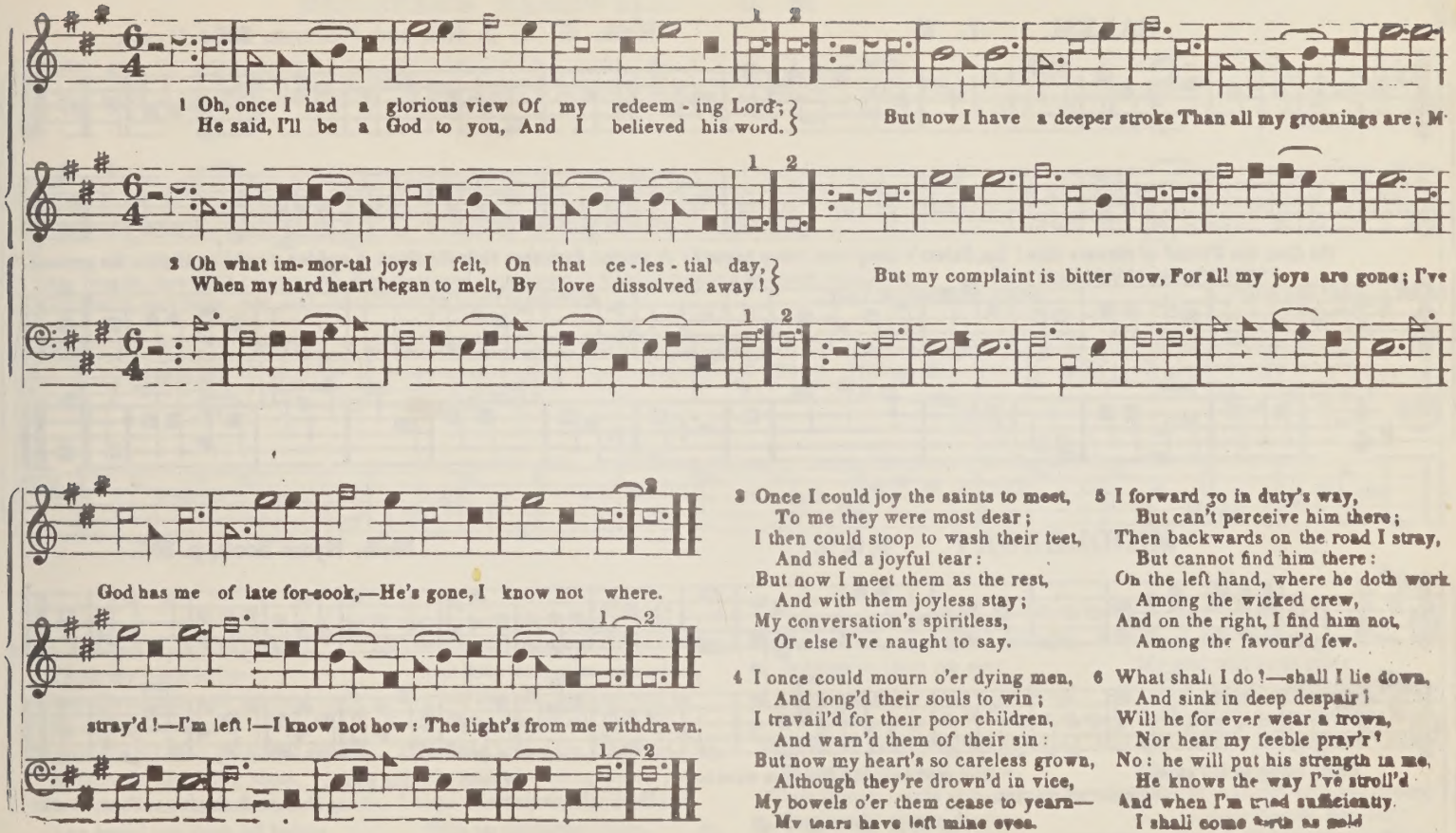

The Lord in - to his garden come, The spices yield a rich perfume, The spices yield a rich perfume, The li - lies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine, From Jesus flow to every vine, From Jesus flow to every vine, Which make the dead re - vive


On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye,
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
Oh the trans - port - ing, rapturous scene, That
ri - ses to my sight, Sweet fields ar - ray'd in liv - ing green. And ri - vers of de - light.
F


My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rapid as the whirling spheres, :‖: Around the stea-dy pole; Time, like the tide, its motion
And I must launch thro' endless deeps, :‖: Where endless a-ges roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between!
And whisper, as they fly,
Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
That you must groan and die

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above, as angels do,
Or stay in endless night


1 Oh, once I had a glorious view Of my redeem - ing Lord;
He said, I'll be a God to you, And I believed his word.
But now I have a deeper stroke Than all my groanings are; M
2 Oh what im-mor-tal joys I felt, On that ce-les-tial day,
When my hard heart began to melt, By love dissolved away!
But my complaint is bitter now, For all my joys are gone; I've
God has me of late for-sook,—He's gone, I know not where.
stray'd!—I'm left!—I know not how: The light's from me withdrawn.

3 Once I could joy the saints to meet,
To me they were most dear;
I then could stoop to wash their feet,
And shed a joyful tear:
But now I meet them as the rest,
And with them joyless stay;
My conversation's spiritless,
Or else I've naught to say.

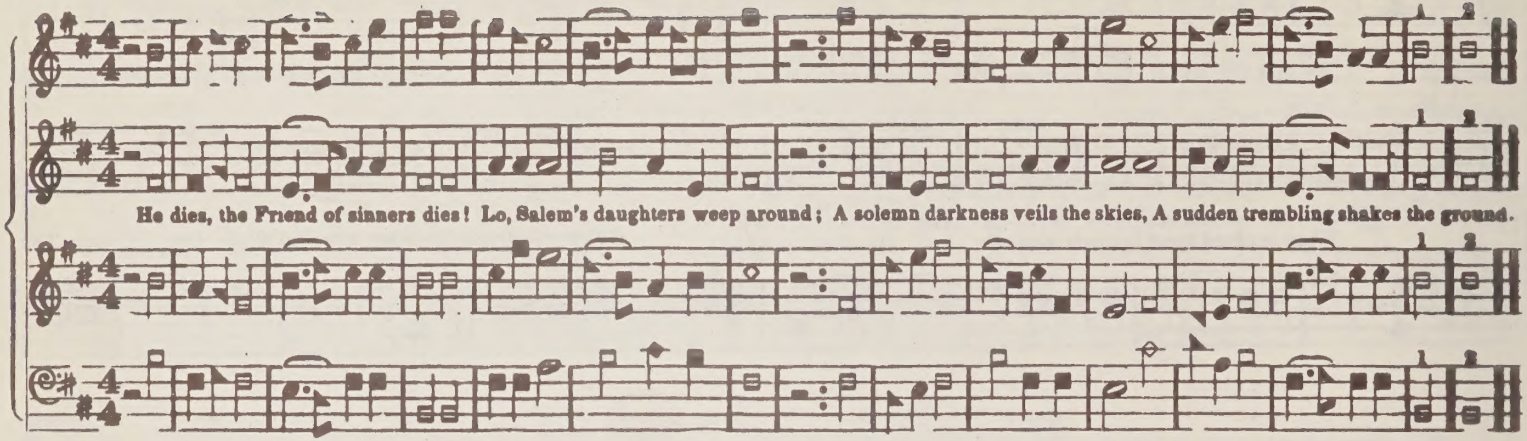
4 I once could mourn o'er dying men,
And long'd their souls to win;
I travail'd for their poor children,
And warn'd them of their sin:
But now my heart's so careless grown,
Although they're drown'd in vice,
My bowels o'er them cease to yearn—
My tears have left mine eyes.

5 I forward go in duty's way,
But can't perceive him there;
Then backwards on the road I stray,
But cannot find him there:
On the left hand, where he doth work
Among the wicked crew,
And on the right, I find him not,
Among the favour'd few.

6 What shall I do?—shall I lie down,
And sink in deep despair?
Will he for ever wear a frown,
Nor hear my feeble pray'r?
No: he will put his strength in me,
He knows the way I've stroll'd
And when I'm tried sufficiently
I shall come forth as gold

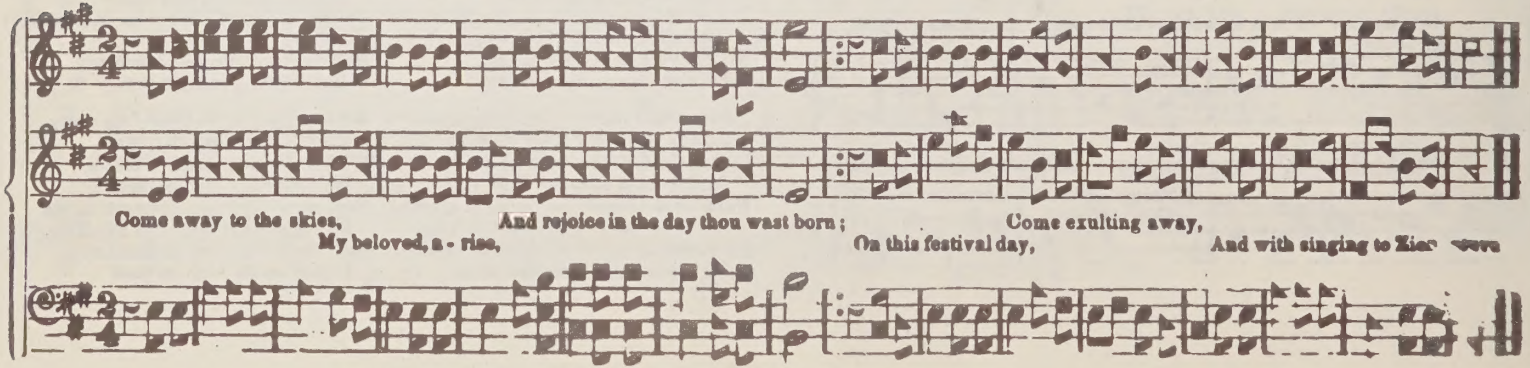
SALEM. L. M

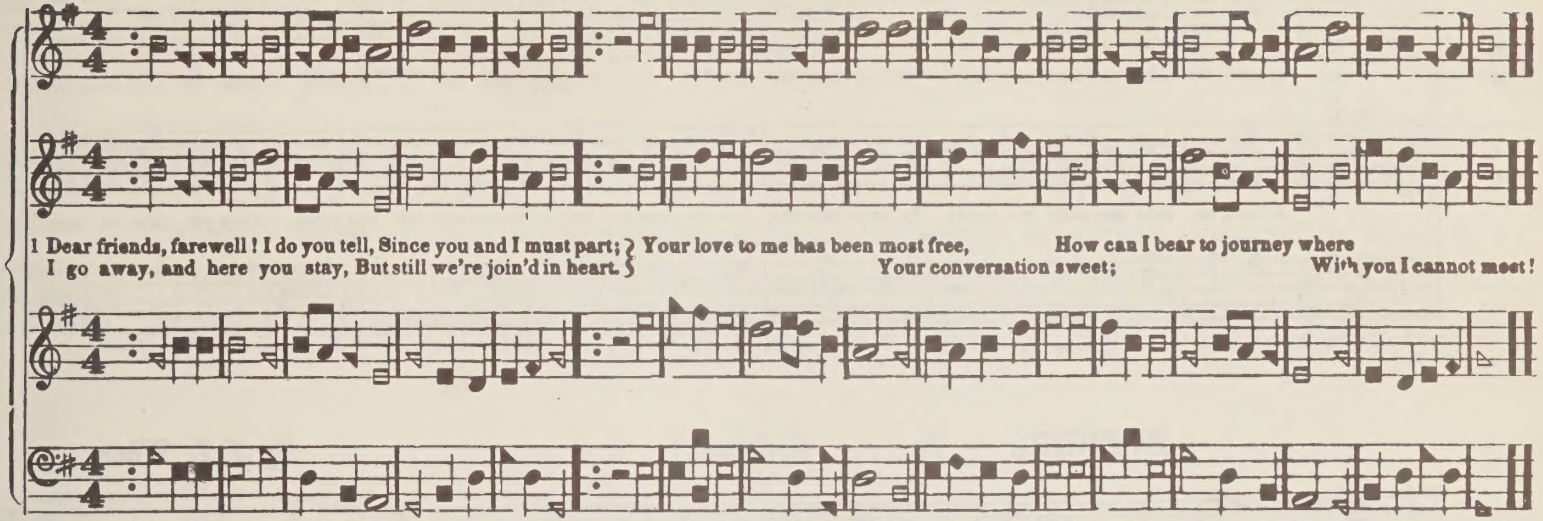
Meth. H. B. p. 455, and Psalmist, 332d Hymn.


He dies, the Friend of sinners dies! Lo, Salem's daughters weep around; A solemn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

MIDDLEBURY. 6, 6, 9.

Meth. Hymn Book, p. 357.


Come away to the skies, My beloved, a - rise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born; On this festival day,
Come exulting away, And with singing to Zion


1 Dear friends, farewell! I do you tell, Since you and I must part;
I go away, and here you stay, But still we're join'd in heart.
Your love to me has been most free,
Your conversation sweet;
How can I bear to journey where
With you I cannot meet!

2 Yet do I find my heart inclined
To do my work below:
When Christ doth call I trust I shall
Be ready then to go.
I leave you all, both great and small,
In Christ's encircling arms,
Who can you save from the cold grave,
And shield you from all harms

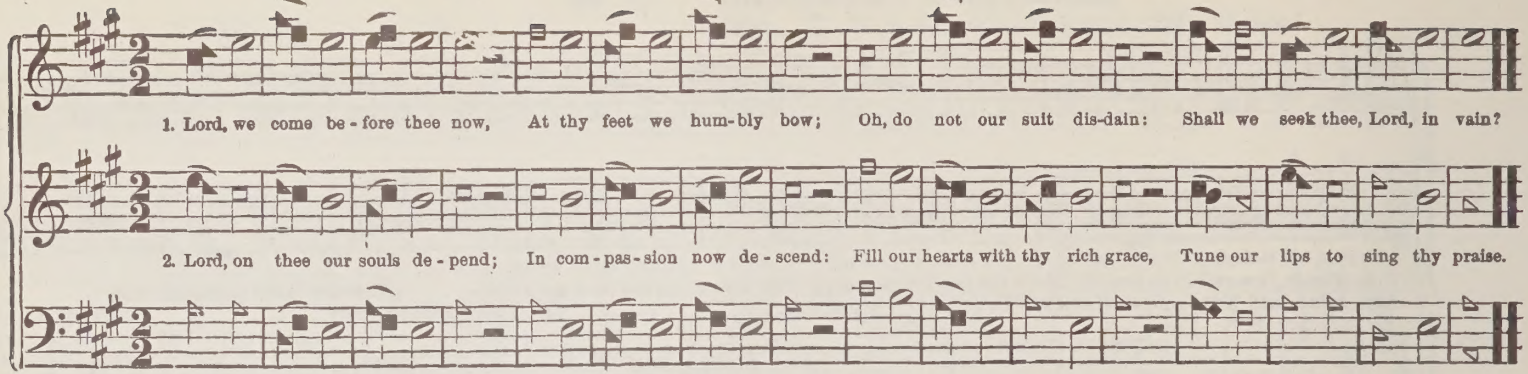
3 I trust you'll pray, both night and day,
And keep your garments white,
For you and me, that we may be
The children of the light.
If you die first, anon you must,
The will of God be done;
I hope the Lord will you reward
With an immortal crown.

4 If I'm call'd home whilst I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me;
I hope to sing and praise my King,
To all eternity.
Millions of years over the spheres
Shall pass in sweet repose,
While beauty bright unto my sight
Thy sacred sweets disclose.

5 I long to go,—then farewell, we,
My soul will be at rest;
No more shall I complain or sigh,
But taste the heavenly feast.
O may we meet, and be complete,
And long together dwell,
And serve the Lord with one accord
And so, dear friends, farewell!

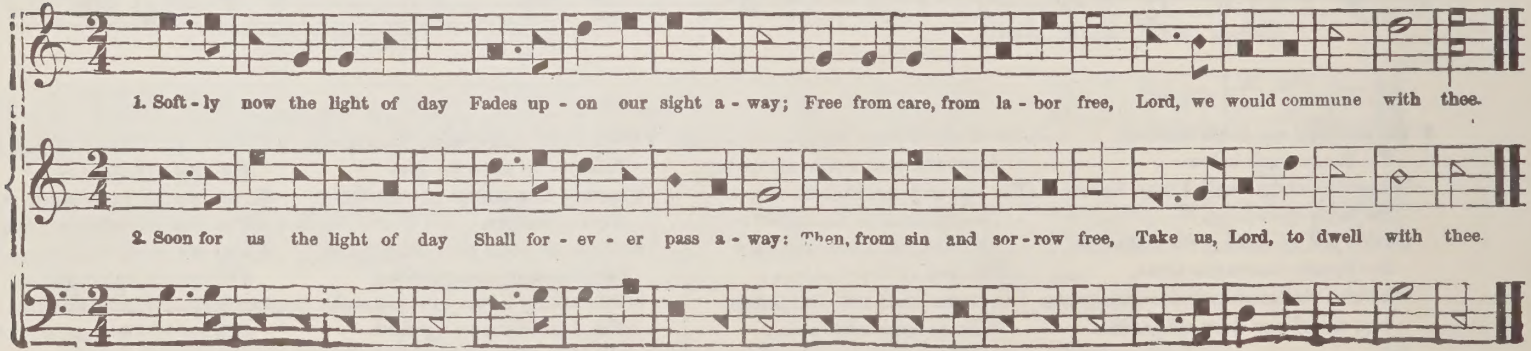
GAINSVILLE. 7s. (Original.)

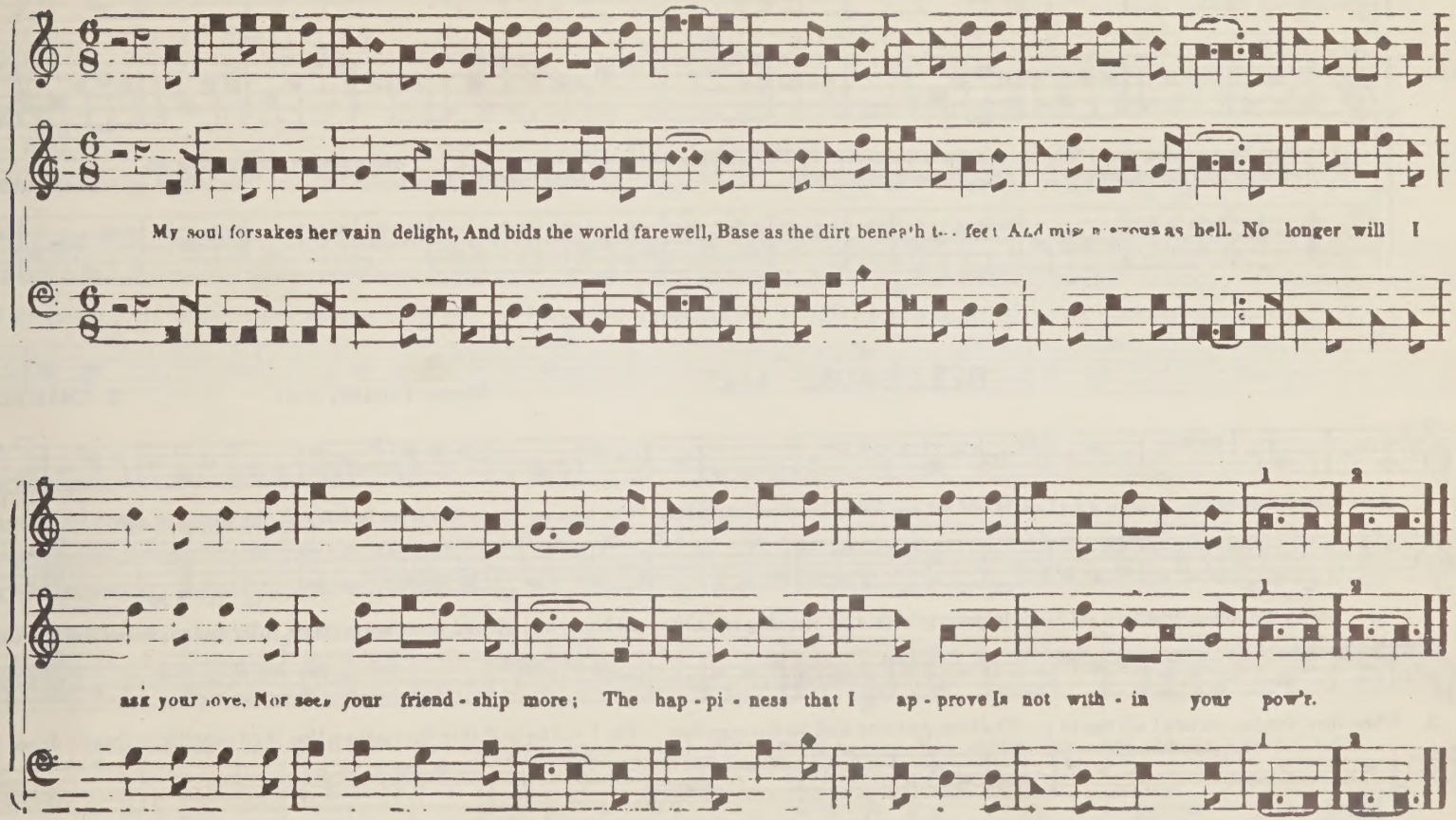
By W. D. Jones.


1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum-bly bow; Oh, do not our suit dis-dain: Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
2. Lord, on thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion now de - scend: Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

EVENING. 7s. (Original.)

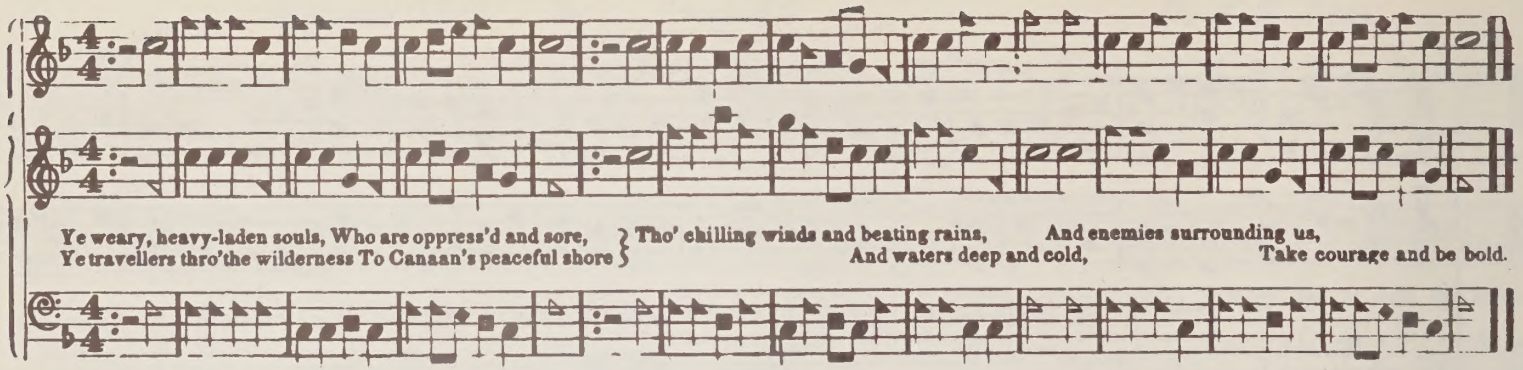
By J. L. White.


1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.
2. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way: Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.


My soul forsakes her vain delight, And bids the world farewell, Base as the dirt beneath t... feet And mis...erous as hell. No longer will I
ask your love, Nor seek your friend - ship more; The hap - pi - ness that I ap - prove Is not with - in your pow'r.

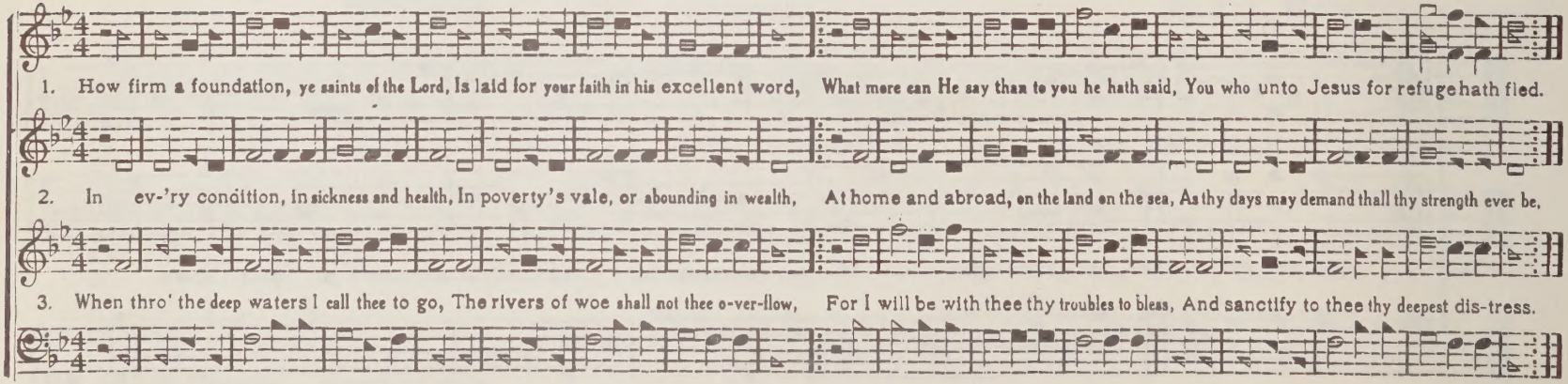
THE WEARY SOULS. C. M.

Zion Songster. p. 117. *J. T. White.*


Ye weary, heavy-laden souls, Who are oppress'd and sore,
Ye travellers thro'the wilderness To Canaan's peaceful shore
Tho' chilling winds and beating rains,
And waters deep and cold,
And enemies surrounding us,
Take courage and be bold.

BELLEVUE. 11s.

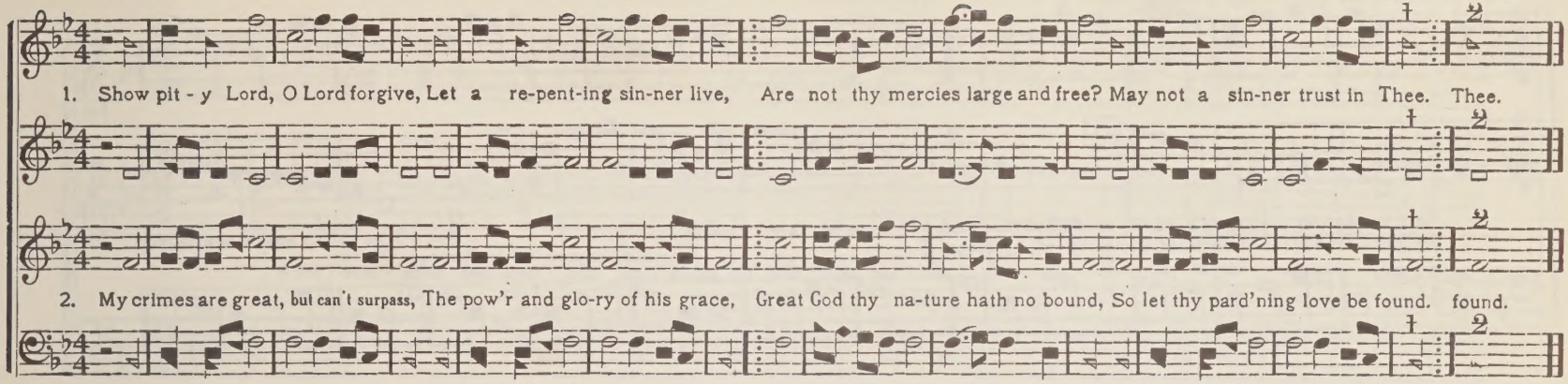
Mercer's cluster, p 411. Z. CHAMBLESS.


1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word, What more can He say than to you he hath said, You who unto Jesus for refuge hath fled.
2. In ev-'ry condition, in sickness and health, In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth, At home and abroad, on the land on the sea, As thy days may demand thall thy strength ever be,
3. When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of woe shall not thee o-ver-flow, For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest dis-tress.

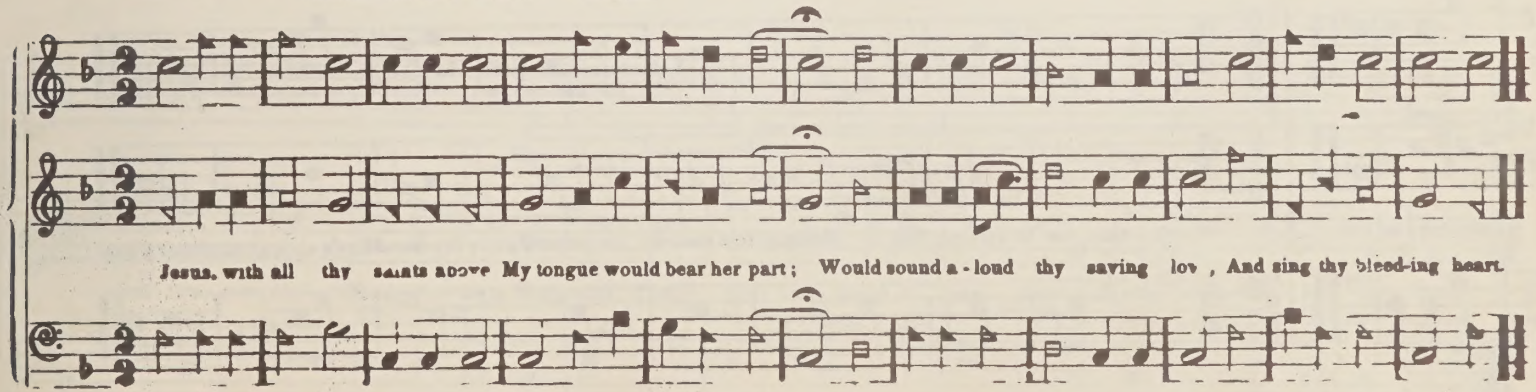
CUSSETA. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Key of B flat.

JOHN MASSENGALE.

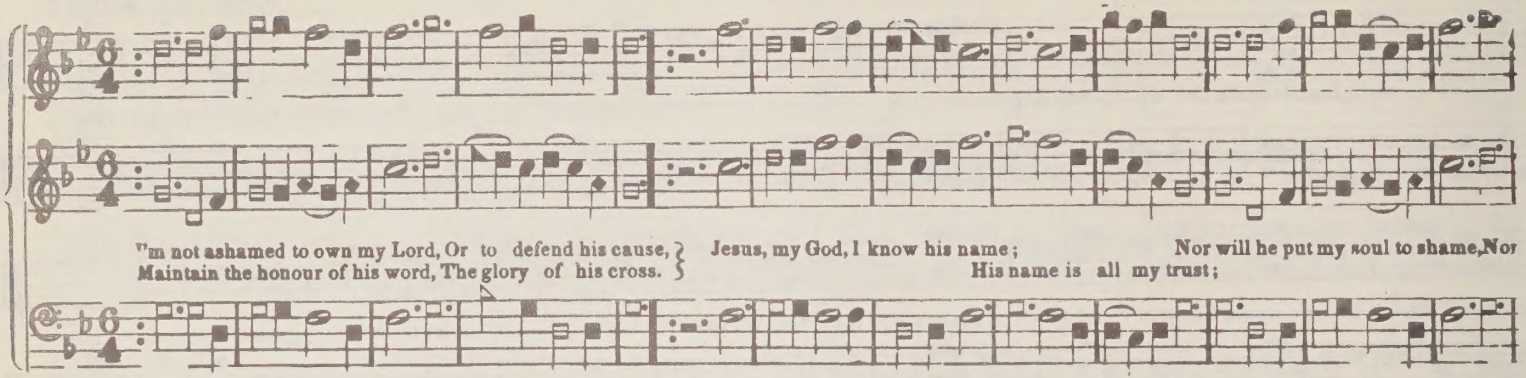

1. Show pit - y Lord, O Lord forgive, Let a re-pent-ing sin-ner live, Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in Thee. Thee.
2. My crimes are great, but can't surpass, The pow'r and glo-ry of his grace, Great God thy na-ture hath no bound, So let thy pard'ning love be found. found.

ARLINGTON. C. M.


Jesus, with all thy saints above My tongue would bear her part; Would sound a - loud thy saving lov , And sing thy bleed-ing heart.

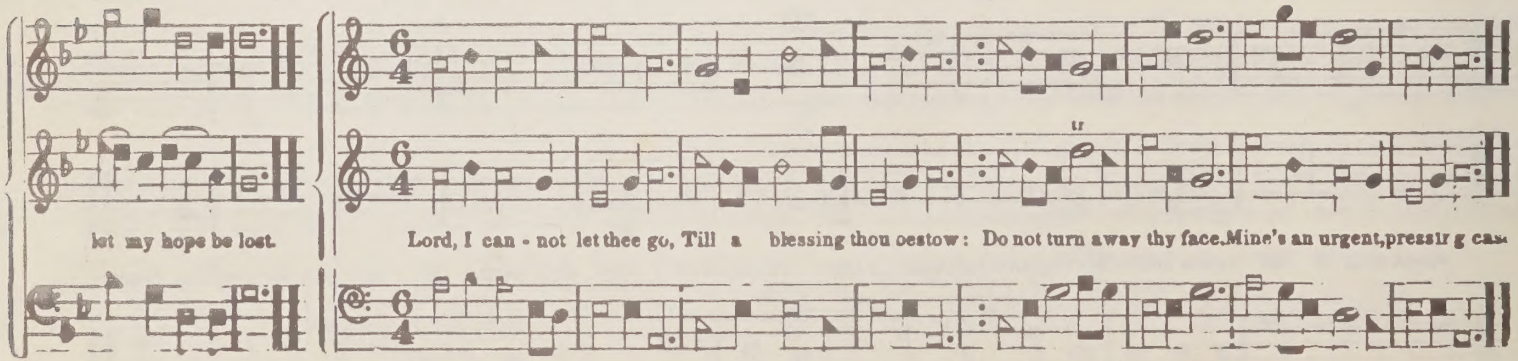
THE INQUIRER. C. M.

Psalmist, 552d Hymn. *B. F White.*

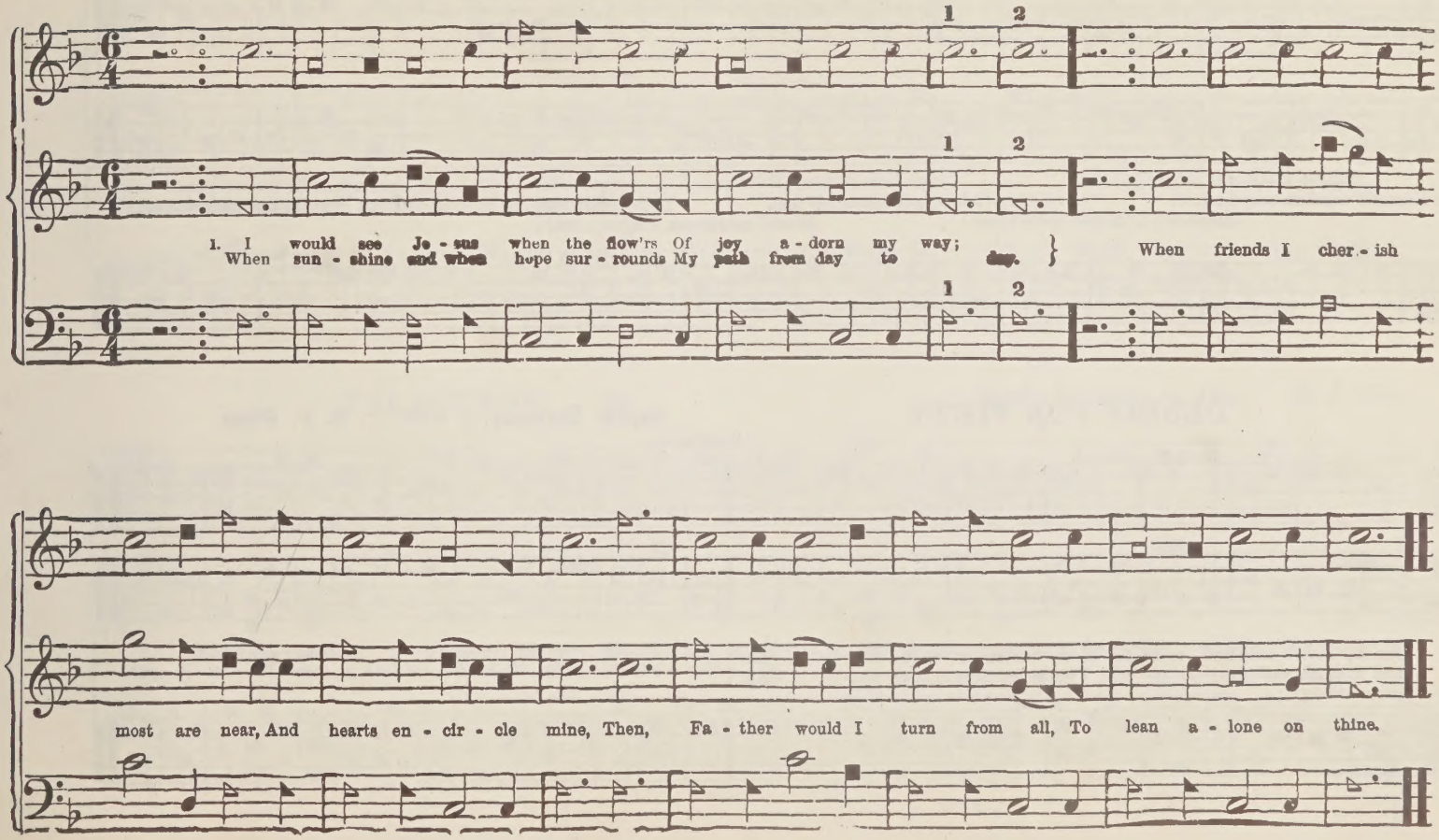

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word, The glory of his cross.
Jesus, my God, I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor

KING OF PEACE. 7s.

Baptist Harmony, p. 329. *F. Price.*

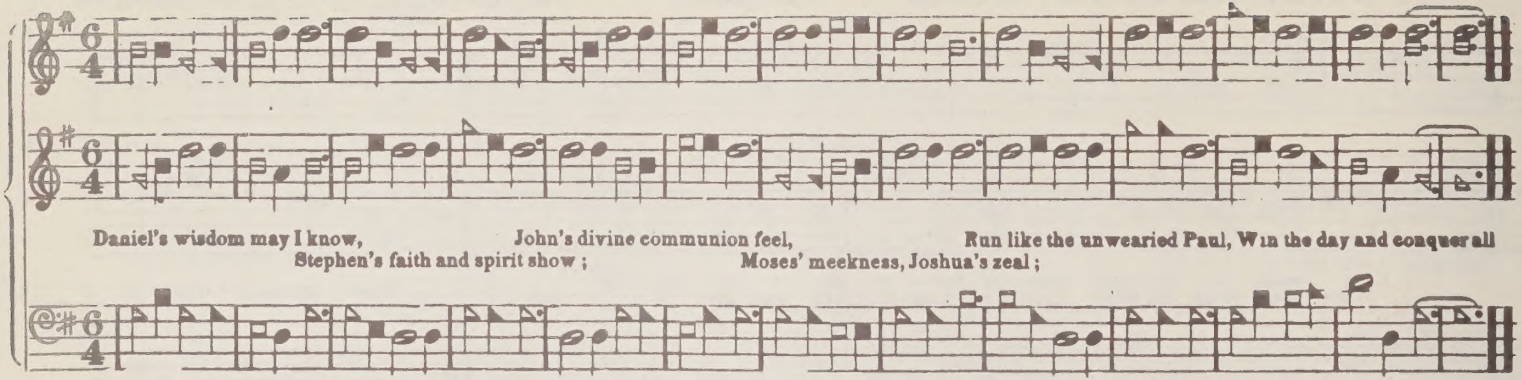

let my hope be lost.
Lord, I can - not let thee go, Till a blessing thou bestow: Do not turn away thy face, Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

WOULD SEE JESUS. C. M. D. (Original.) For the Organ, *by L. P. Breedlove.*


1 2
1 2
1 2
1. I would see Je - sus when the flow'rs Of joy a - dorn my way;
When sun - shine and when hope sur - rounds My path from day to day.
When friends I cher - ish
most are near, And hearts en - cir - cle mine, Then, Fa - ther would I turn from all, To lean a - lone on thine.

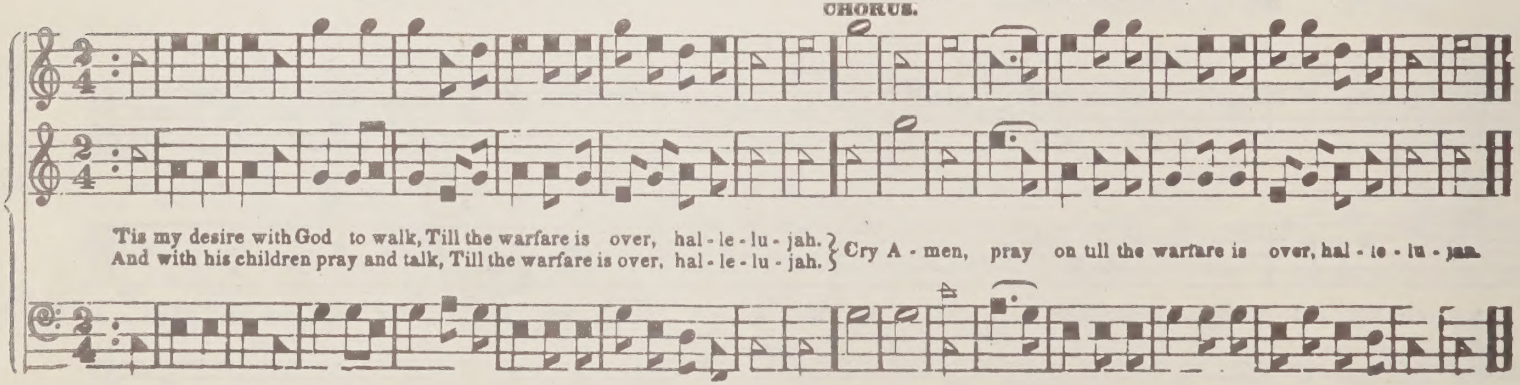
HOLINESS. 6 lines. 7s.

Zion Songster, p. 7. *E. J. King.*

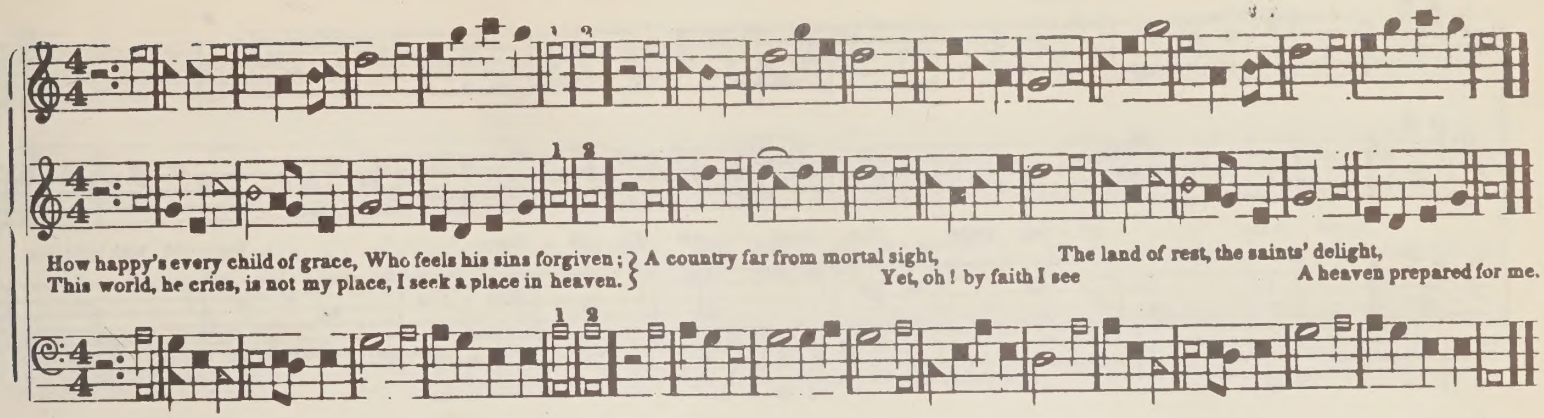

Daniel's wisdom may I know, John's divine communion feel, Run like the unwearied Paul, Win the day and conquer all
Stephen's faith and spirit show; Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal;

DESIRE FOR PIETY.

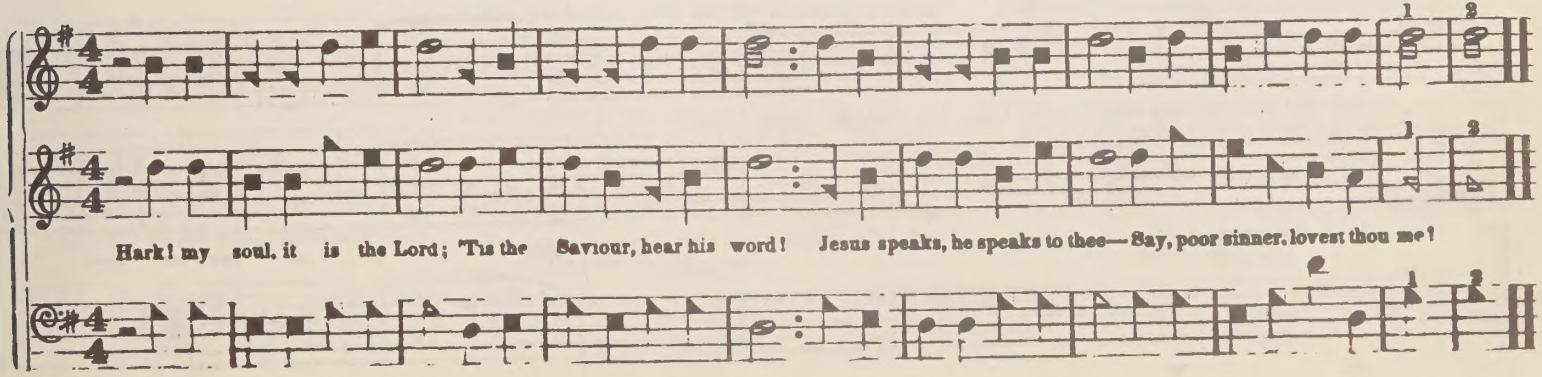
Baptist Harmony, p. 479. *B. F. White.*


CHORUS.
Tis my desire with God to walk, Till the warfare is over, hal-le-lu-jah.
And with his children pray and talk, Till the warfare is over, hal-le-lu-jah.
Cry A-men, pray on till the warfare is over, hal-le-lu-jah.

THE CHILD OF GRACE. C. M. D. Mercer's Cluster, p. 246. *E. J. King.* 7.

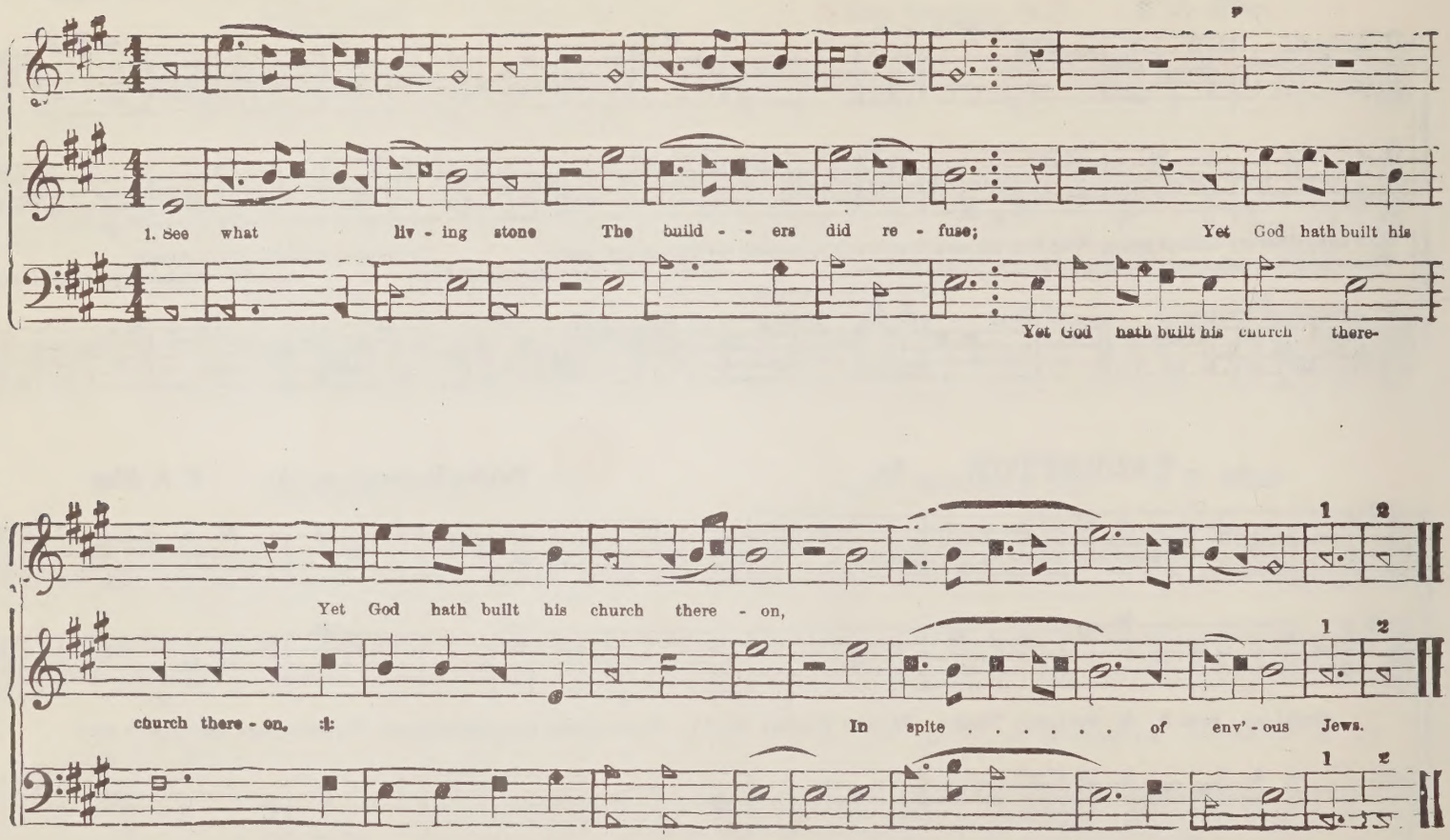

How happy's every child of grace, Who feels his sins forgiven;
This world, he cries, is not my place, I seek a place in heaven.
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, oh! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
A heaven prepared for me.

TALBOTTON. 7s. Baptist Harmony, p. 141. *E. J. King.*

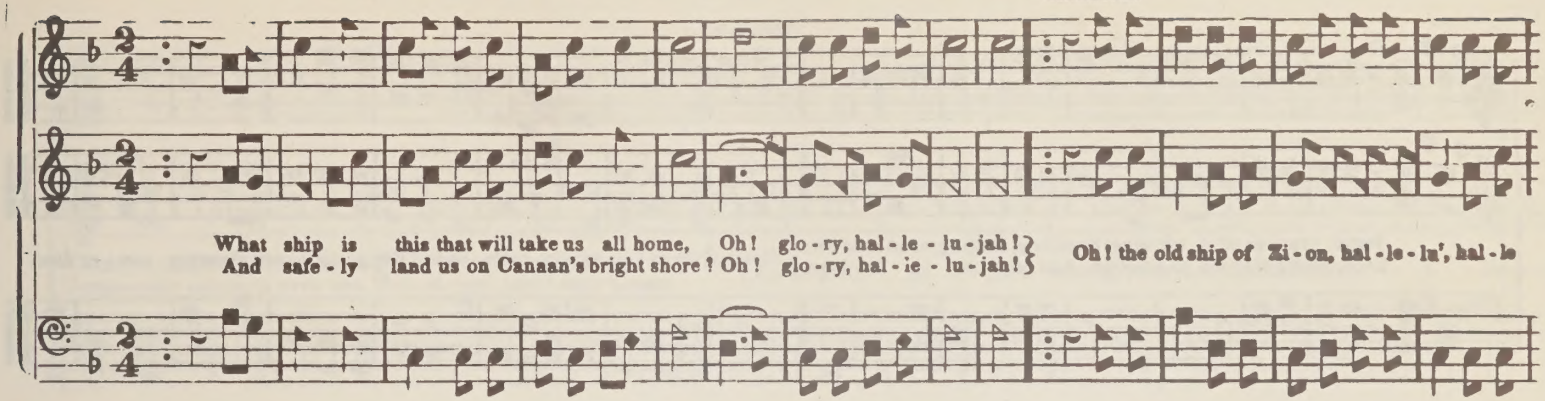


STAFFORD. S. M.

Read.


1. See what liv - ing stone The build - - ers did re - fuse; Yet God hath built his
Yet God hath built his church there-
Yet God hath built his church there - on,
church there - on, :‖: In spite . . . . . of env' - ous Jews.
1 2
1 2
1 2

CHORUS.


What ship is this that will take us all home, Oh! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
And safe-ly land us on Canaan's bright shore? Oh! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
Oh! the old ship of Zi-on, hal-le-lu', hal-le
lu', Oh! the old ship of Zion, hallelujah!

2 The winds may blow and the billows may foam,
Oh! &c.
But she is able to land us all home. Oh, &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

3 She landed all who are gone before, Oh! &c.
And yet she's able to land still more. Oh! &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

4 No wrecks on sand-bars or dangers attend,
Oh! &c.
For Jesus is our Captain and Friend. Oh! &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

5 She's waiting now for a heavenward gale, Oh! &c.
Methinks I see her now hoisting her sail. Oh! &c.
Oh! the old ship &c

6 Her sails are spread, see how swiftly she moves,
Oh! &c.
Her landing harbour is Heaven above. Oh! &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

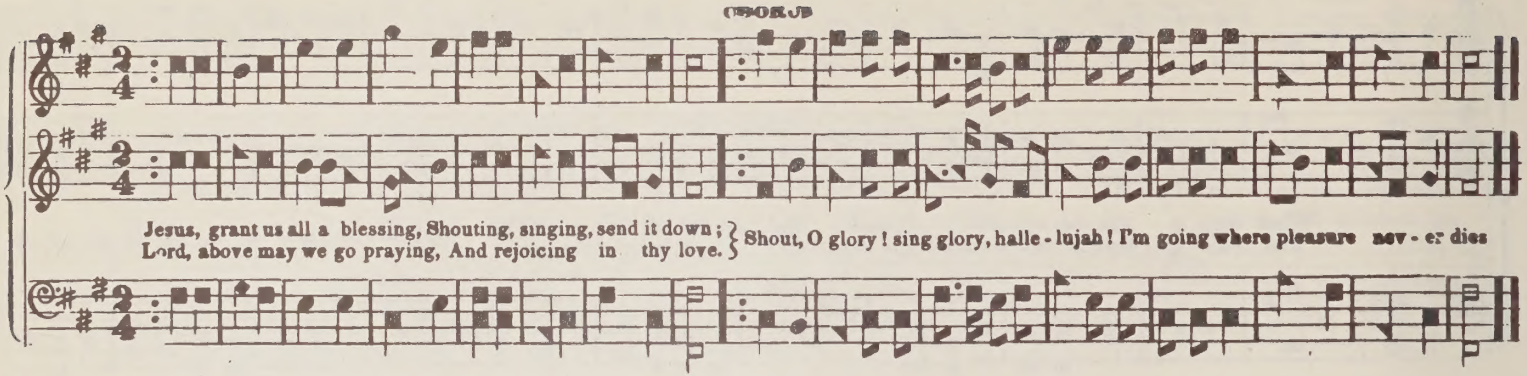
7 What will the glad Christians do when above, Oh! &c
They'll shout, they'll sing, they'll be wrapt up in love
Oh! &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

8 Should you arrive there then before I do, Oh! &c.
Inform them that I am coming there too. Oh! &c
Oh! the old ship, &c.

9 If I arrive there then before you do, Oh! &c
I'll tell them that you are coming up too. Oh! &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

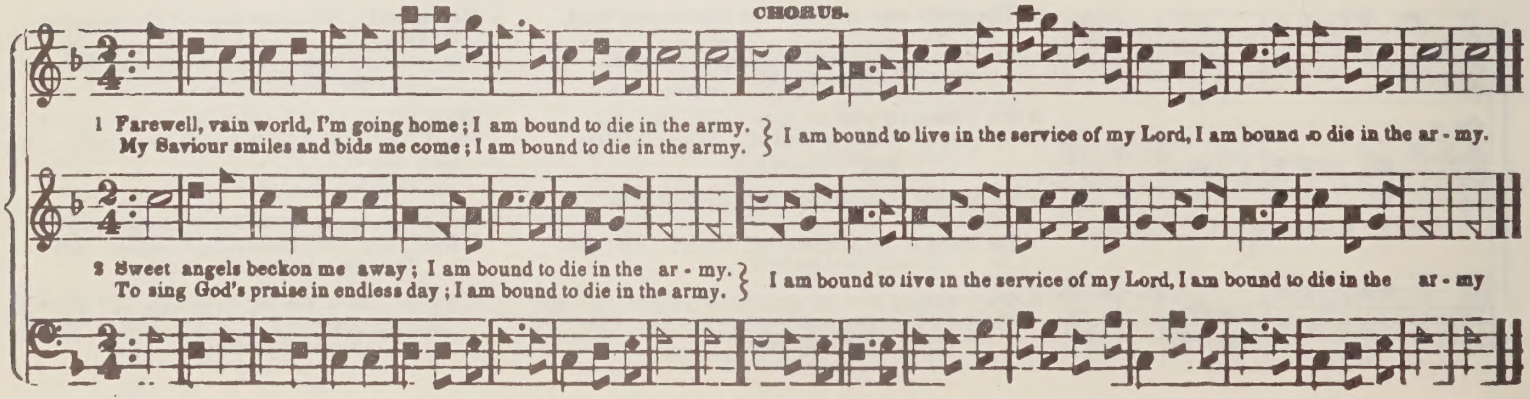
SHOUTING SONG. 7 & 8.

B. F. White.

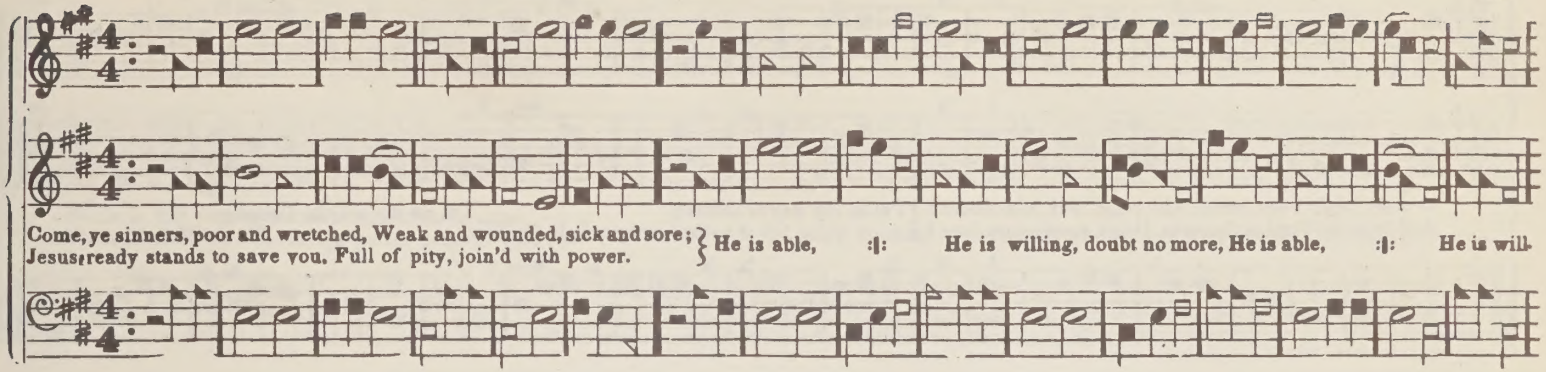

CHORUS
Jesus, grant us all a blessing, Shouting, singing, send it down;
Lord, above may we go praying, And rejoicing in thy love.
Shout, O glory! sing glory, halle-lujah! I'm going where pleasure nev-er dies

SERVICE OF THE LORD.

E. J. King.

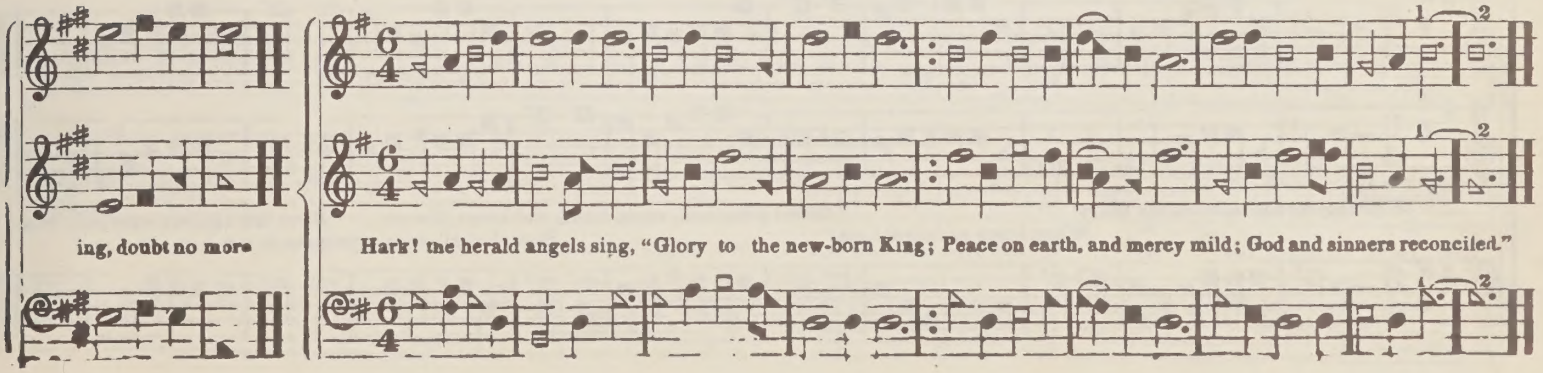

CHORUS.
1 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home; I am bound to die in the army.
My Saviour smiles and bids me come; I am bound to die in the army.
I am bound to live in the service of my Lord, I am bound to die in the ar-my.
2 Sweet angels beckon me away; I am bound to die in the ar-my.
To sing God's praise in endless day; I am bound to die in the army.
I am bound to live in the service of my Lord, I am bound to die in the ar-my

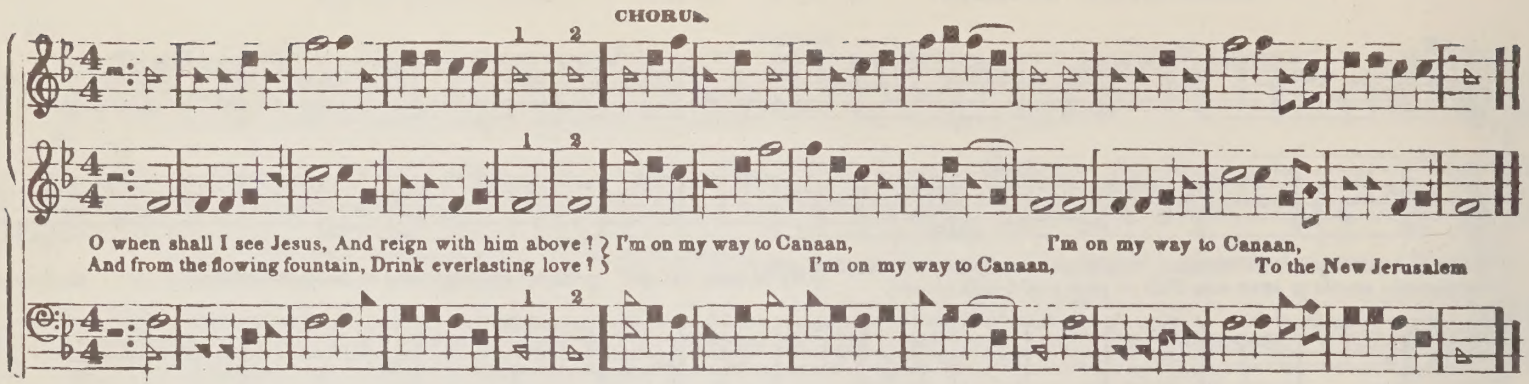
BEACH SPRING. 8, 8, 7.


Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you. Full of pity, join'd with power.
He is able, :|: He is willing, doubt no more, He is able, :|: He is will-

COOKHAM. 7s.

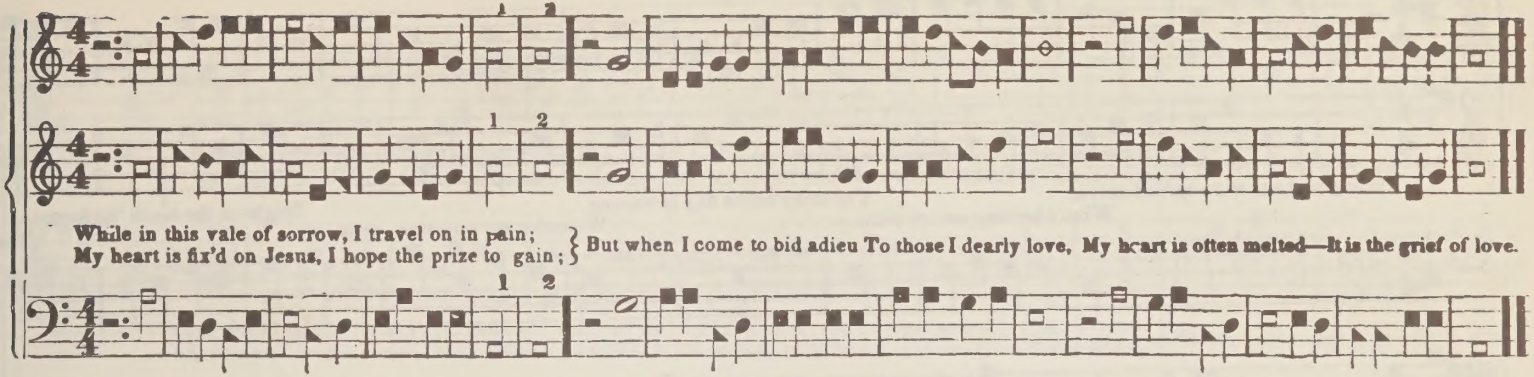
Psalmist. 207th Hymn.


ing, doubt no more
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild; God and sinners reconciled."

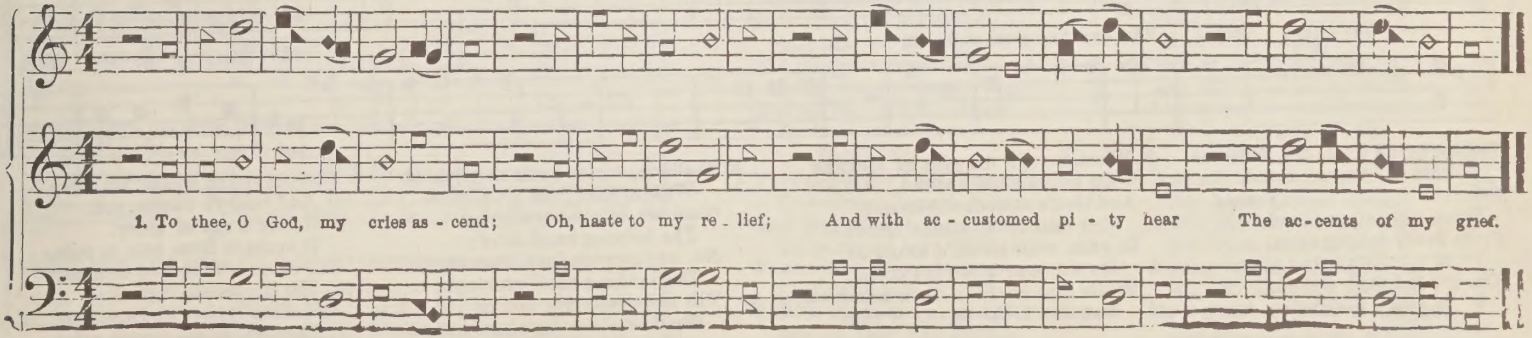

CHORUS.
1 2
1 2
O when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above ! } I'm on my way to Canaan, I'm on my way to Canaan,
And from the flowing fountain, Drink everlasting love ! } I'm on my way to Canaan, To the New Jerusalem
1 2

EDGEFIELD. 8s. *J. T. White.*

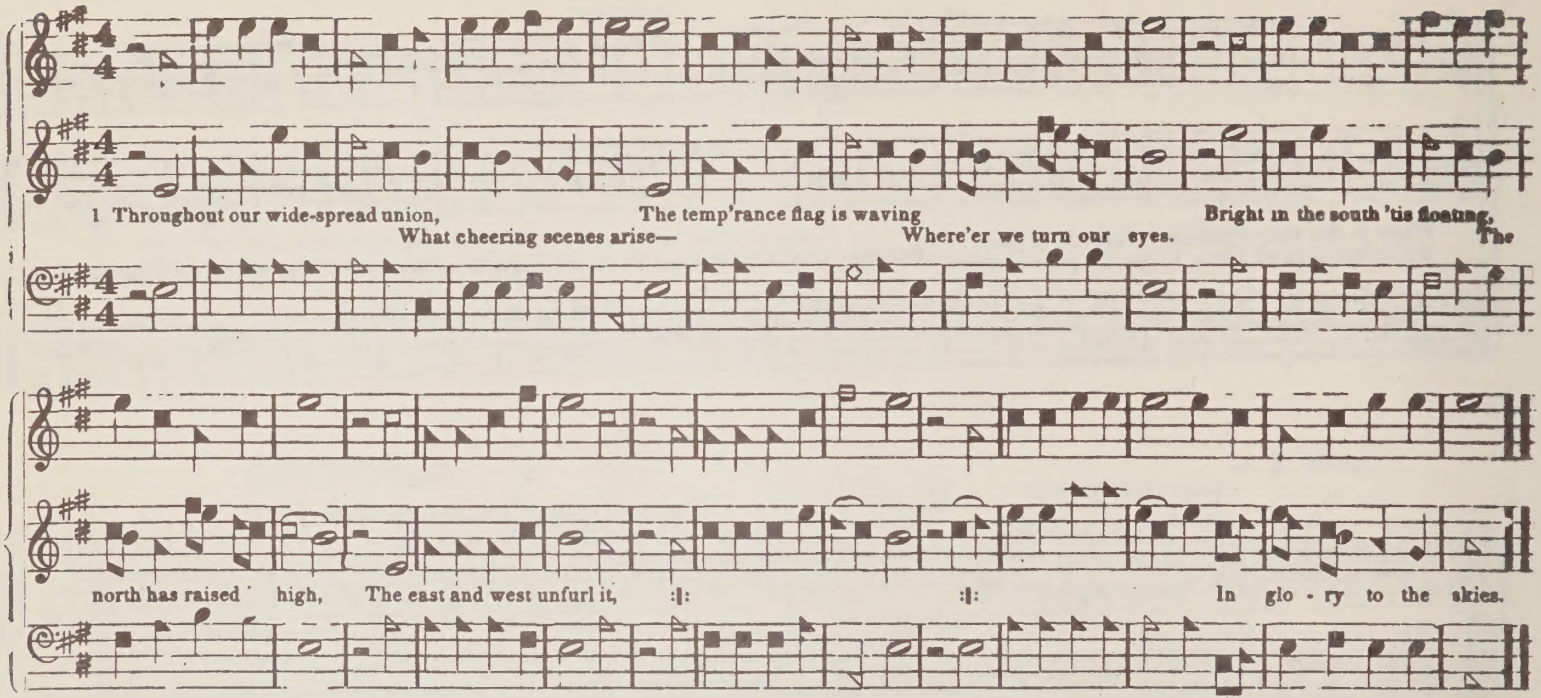
How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see !
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have lost all their sweetness to me
Have lost all their sweetness to me.


While in this vale of sorrow, I travel on in pain;
My heart is fix'd on Jesus, I hope the prize to gain;
But when I come to bid adieu To those I dearly love, My heart is often melted—It is the grief of love.

BRUNSWICK. C. M. Taken from Pilsbury of date 1790.



MOUNTVILLE. 7, 6.


1 Throughout our wide-spread union, The temp'rance flag is waving Bright in the south 'tis floating,
What cheering scenes arise— Where'er we turn our eyes. The
north has raised high, The east and west unfurl it, :|: :|: In glo - ry to the skies.

2 Ten thousand times ten thousand
Around her banner stand,
Resolved to drive intemp'rance
From our beloved land.
From every rolling river,
From city, town, and plain—
The cry is heard, Deliver :|: :|:
From rum's destructive reign.

3 What, though the gifts of Heaven
On every hand abound,
And God's abundant blessing
Our dear-loved nation crown—
In vain, with lavish'd kindness,
Do all these blessings come,
While drunkards, in their blindness, :|: :|:
Bow down, the slaves of rum

4 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With ardour from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The helping hand deny;
No, no! our tongues, unceasing,
Deliverance shall proclaim,
Till not one erring mortal :|: :|.
Shall bear the drunkard's shame

5 Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.
Till the last wretched drunkard
His liberty shall gain
And temp'rance, all-victorious, :|. .
Throughout the nation reign.

CHORUS.
O when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above, And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
And from the flowing fountain, Drink everlasting love, And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
Shout, O glo - ry! for I shal.
When shall I be delivered From this vain world of sin? And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
And with my blessed Jesus, Drink endless pleasures in? And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
Shout, O glo - ry! for I shall
mount above the skies, When I hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
mount above the skies, When I hear the trumpet sound in that morning.

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bids me ne'er give o'er;
His promises are faithful—
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.
Shout, &c.

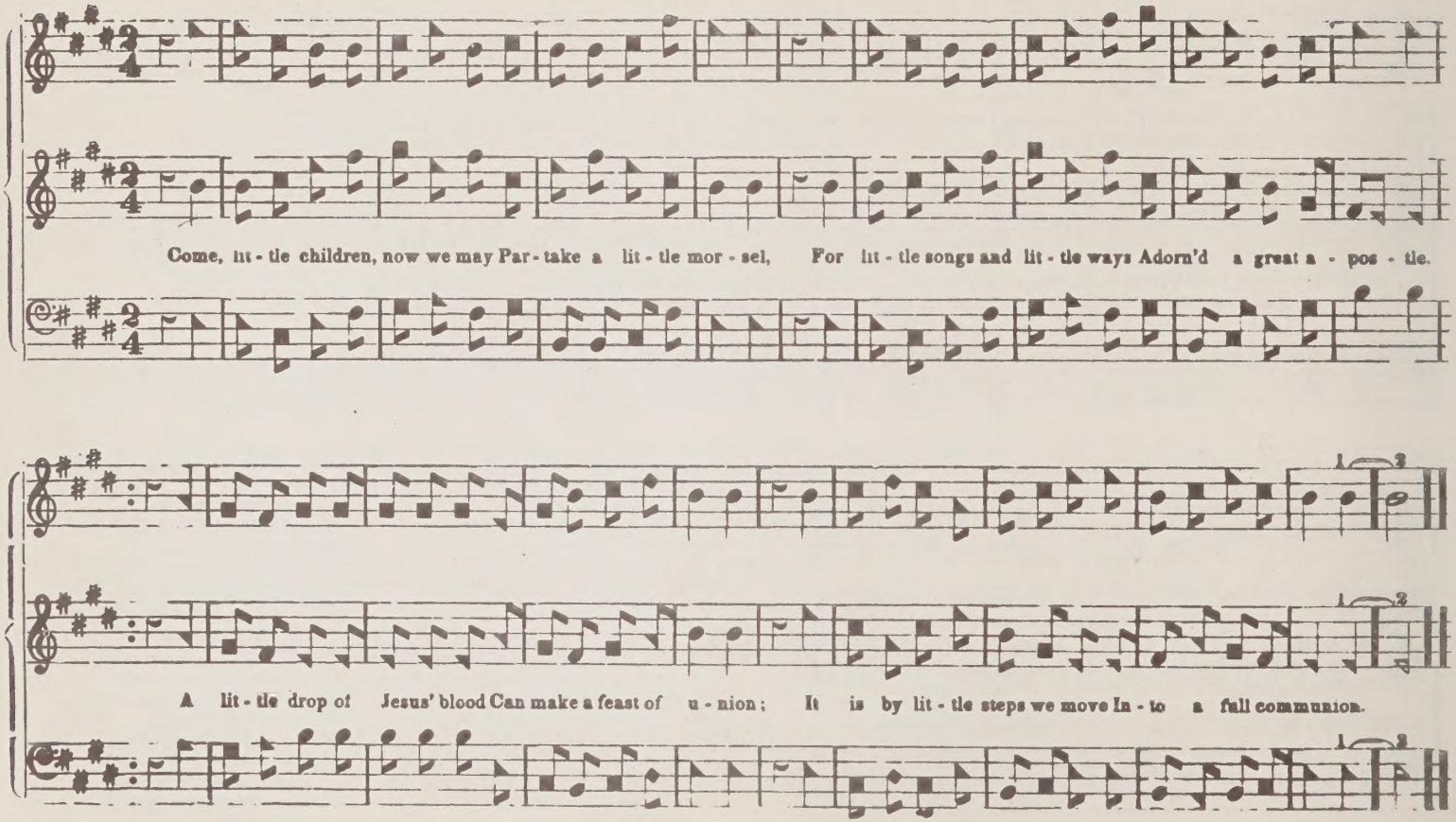
3 Through grace I feel determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them both adieu!
And O, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.
Shout, &c

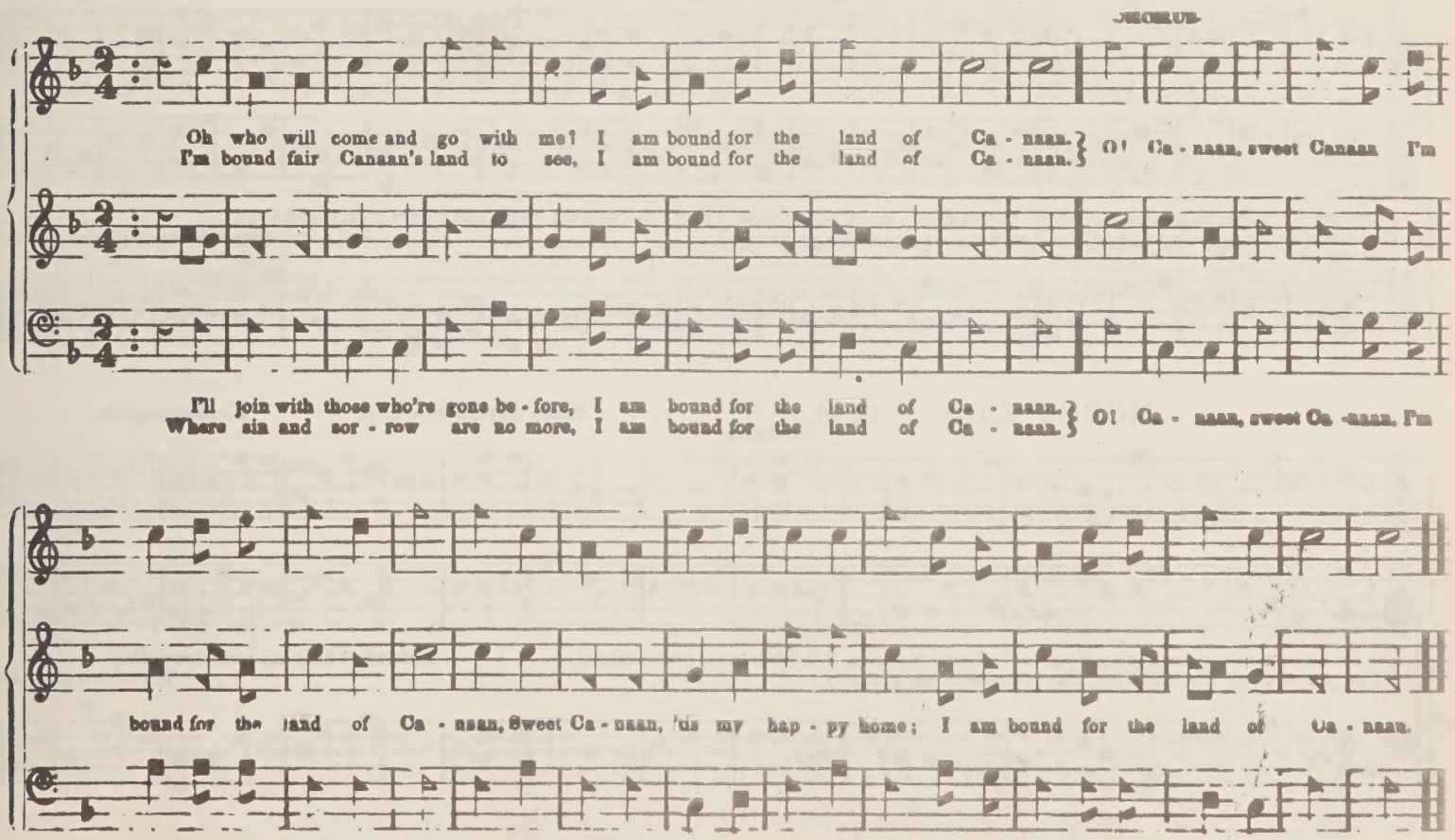
4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the gospel armour
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended.
He'll carry you above.
Shout, &c.

5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend.
Neither will he upbraid you.
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer.
And take you home to rest.
Shout, &c.

LITTLE CHILDREN. 8, 7.

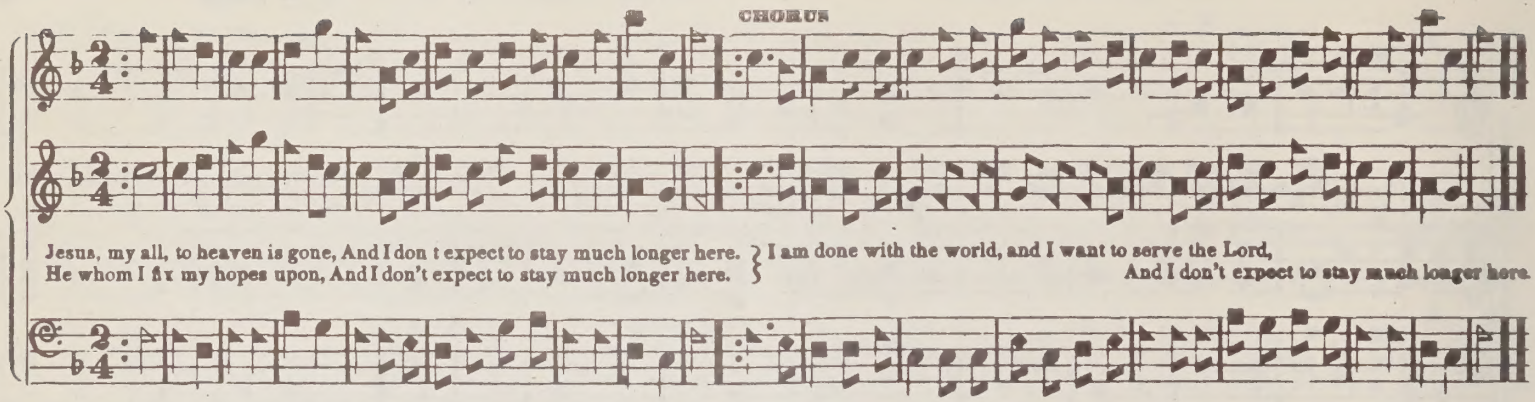
T. W. Carter.


Come, lit - tle children, now we may Par - take a lit - tle mor - sel, For lit - tle songs and lit - tle ways Adorn'd a great a - pos - tle.
A lit - tle drop of Jesus' blood Can make a feast of u - nion; It is by lit - tle steps we move In - to a full communion.


CHORUS
Oh who will come and go with me? I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
O! Ca - naan, sweet Canaan I'm
I'll join with those who're gone be - fore, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
Where sin and sor - row are no more, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
O! Ca - naan, sweet Ca - naan, I'm
bound for the land of Ca - naan, Sweet Ca - naan, 'tis my hap - py home; I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.

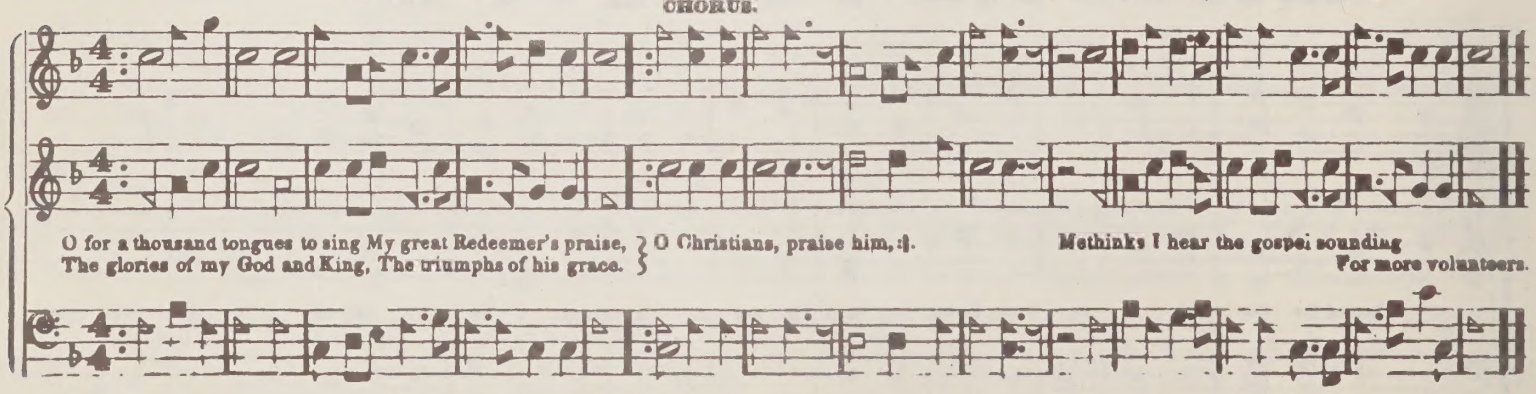
DONE WITH THE WORLD. L. M.

R. F. White.


CHORUS
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, And I don t expect to stay much longer here.
He whom I fix my hopes upon, And I don't expect to stay much longer here.
I am done with the world, and I want to serve the Lord,
And I don't expect to stay much longer here.

MOUNT ZION. C. M.

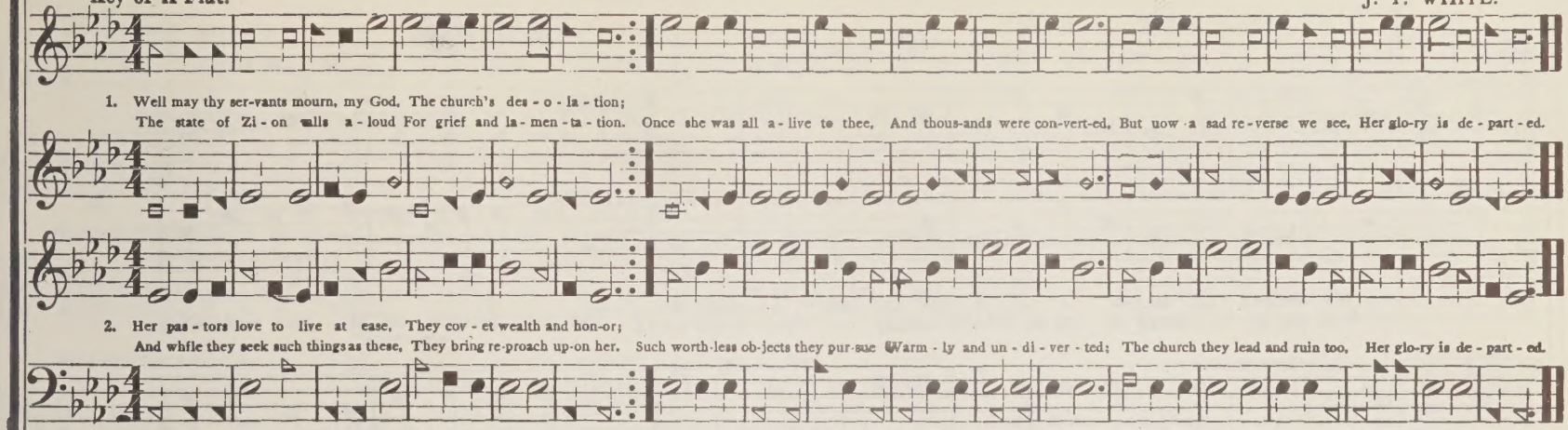
Meth. Hymn Book, p. 7. *J. Massengale.*

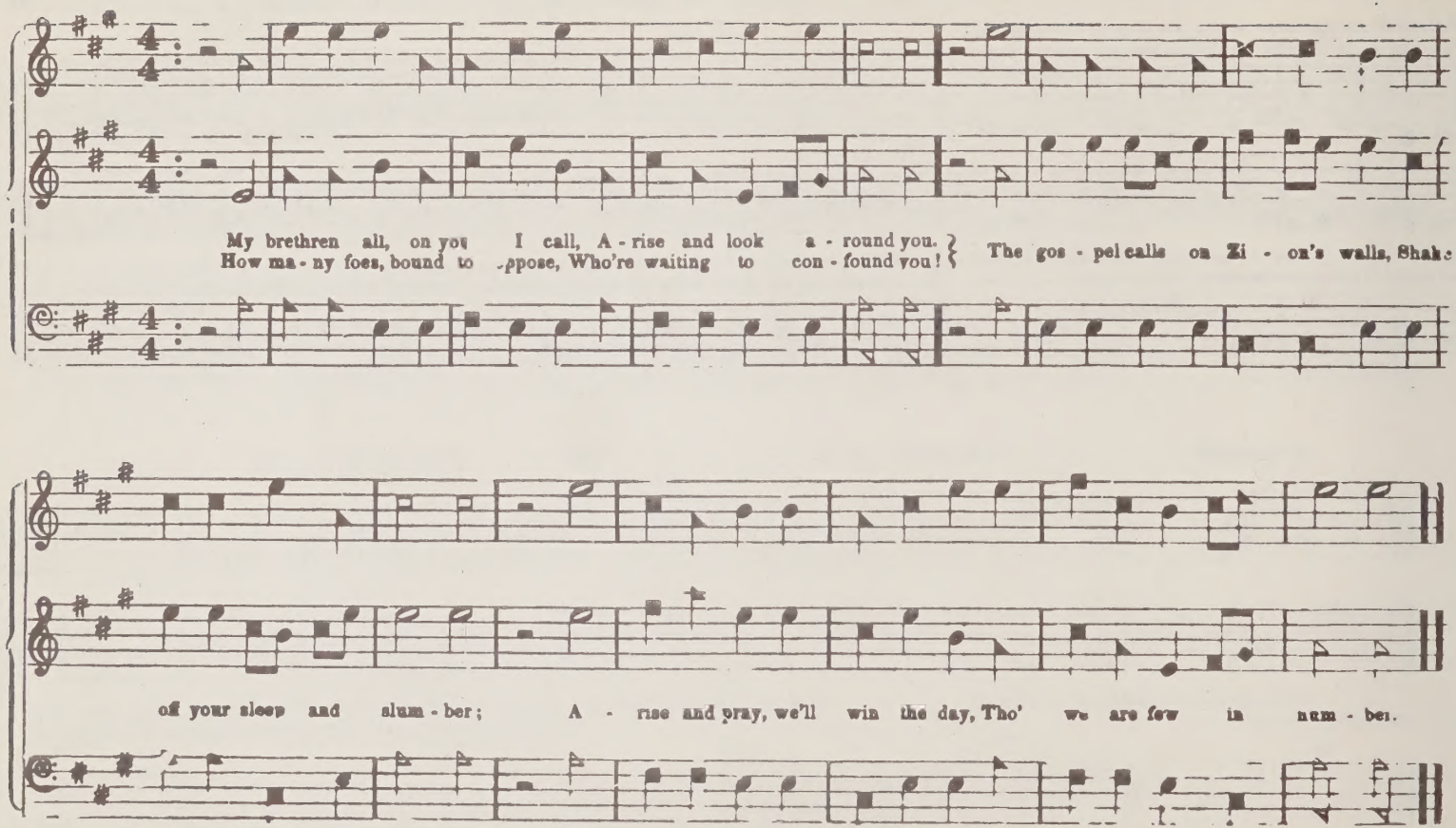

CHORUS.
O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.
O Christians, praise him, &c.
Methinks I hear the gospel sounding
For more volunteers.

THE CHURCH'S DESOLATION.

Key of A Flat.

J. T. WHITE.

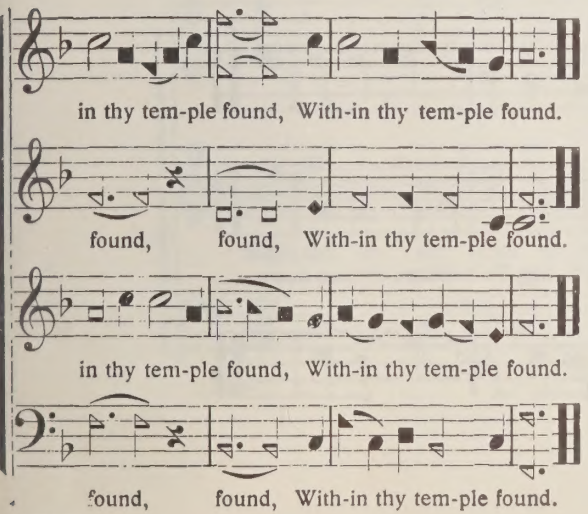

1. Well may thy ser-vants mourn, my God, The church's des - o - la - tion;
The state of Zi - on calls a - loud For grief and la - men - ta - tion. Once she was all a - live to thee, And thous-ands were con-vert-ed, But now a sad re-verse we see, Her glo-ry is de - part - ed.
2. Her pas - tors love to live at ease, They cov - et wealth and hon-or;
And while they seek such things as these, They bring re-proach up-on her. Such worth-less ob-jects they pur-sue Warm - ly and un - di - ver - ted; The church they lead and ruin too, Her glo-ry is de - part - ed.


My brethren all, on you I call, A - rise and look a - round you.
How ma - ny foes, bound to oppose, Who're waiting to con - found you!
The gos - pel calls on Zi - on's walls, Shake
off your sleep and slum - ber; A - rise and pray, we'll win the day, Tho' we are few in num - ber.

ASSURANCE. C. M.

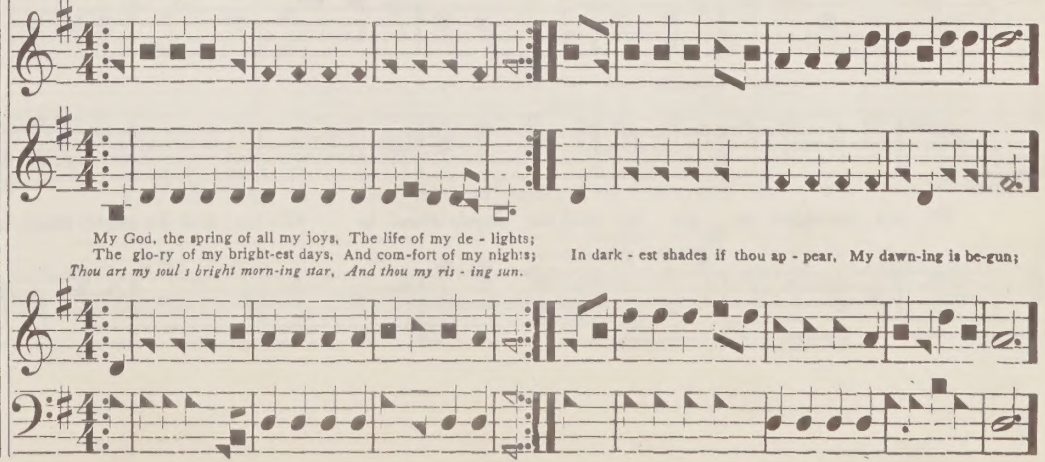
Key of F. BILLINGS. Arr.

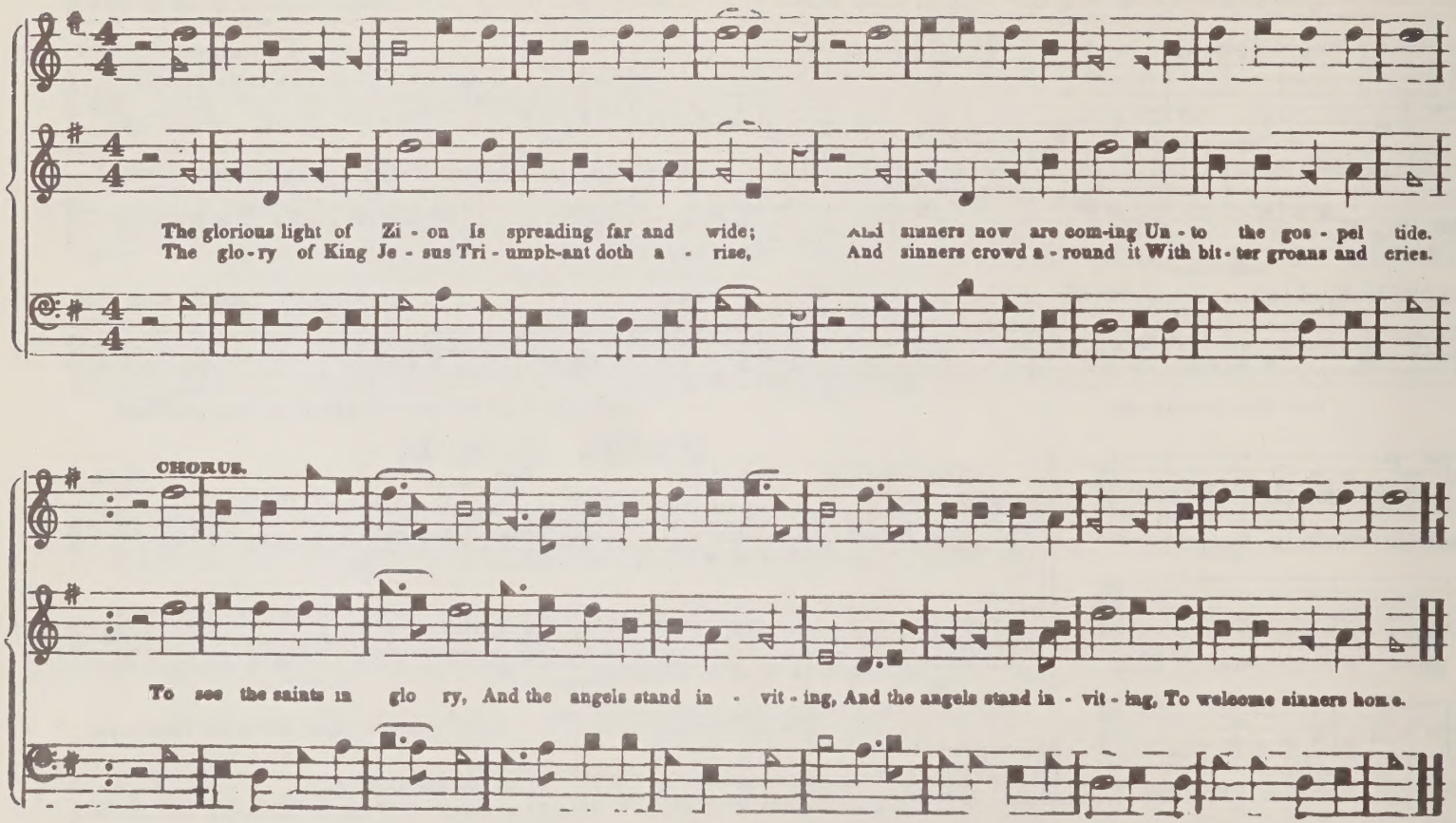
Now shall my soul be lift-ed high, be lift - ed high a - bove my foes a - round, And songs of joy and vic-to-ry With-
Now shall my soul be lift-ed high, be lift - ed high a - bove my foes a - round, And songs of joy and vic-to-ry With-in thy tem-ple found,
Now shall my soul be lift-ed high, be lift - ed high a - bove my foes a - round, And songs of joy and vic-to-ry With-
Now shall my soul, etc.
And songs of joy and vic-to-ry with-in thy tem-ple found,

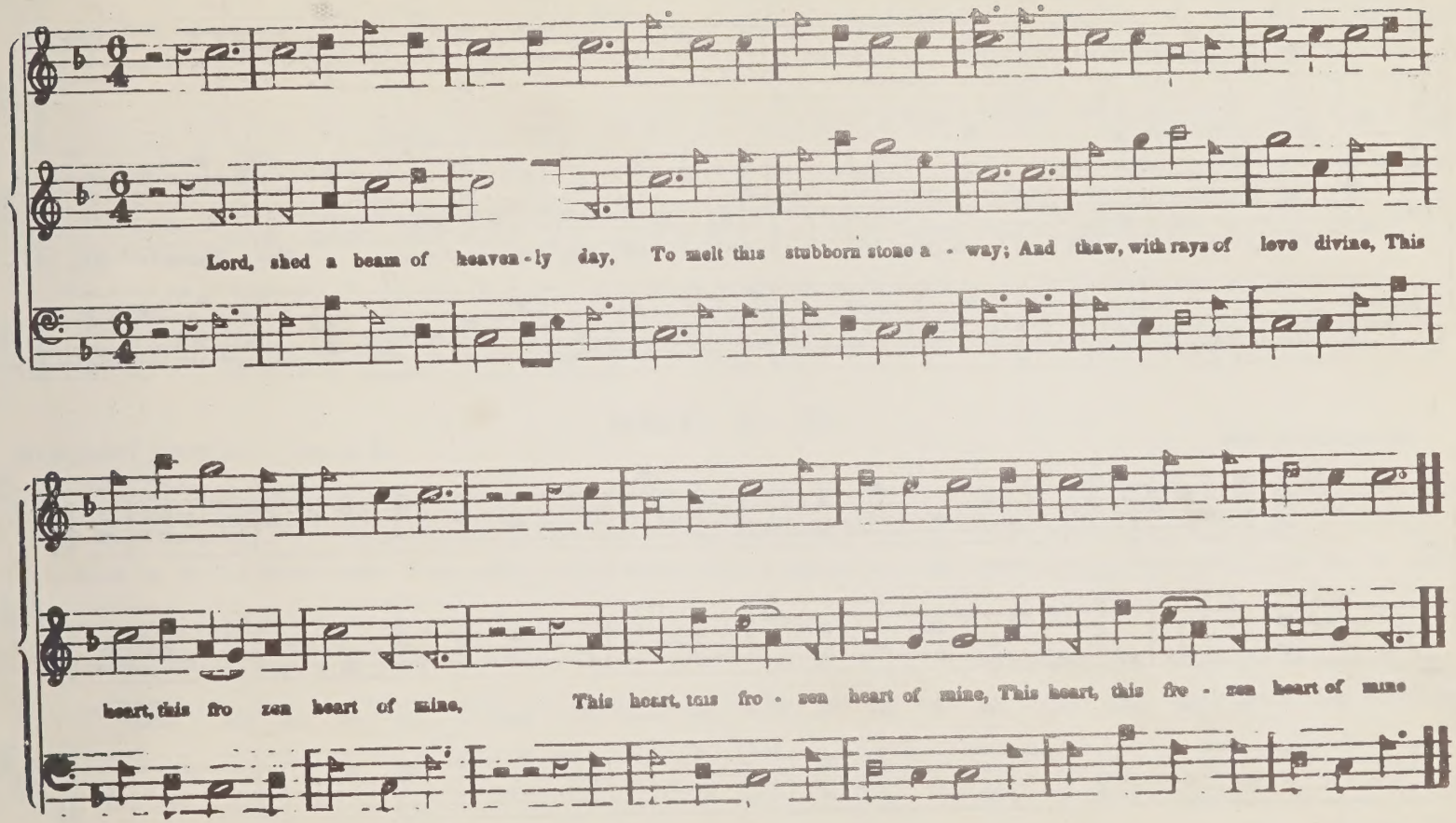

in thy tem-ple found, With-in thy tem-ple found.
found, found, With-in thy tem-ple found.
in thy tem-ple found, With-in thy tem-ple found.
found, found, With-in thy tem-ple found.

SOLON. C. M. D.

ISAAC WATTS. Key of G. FINE D. C.

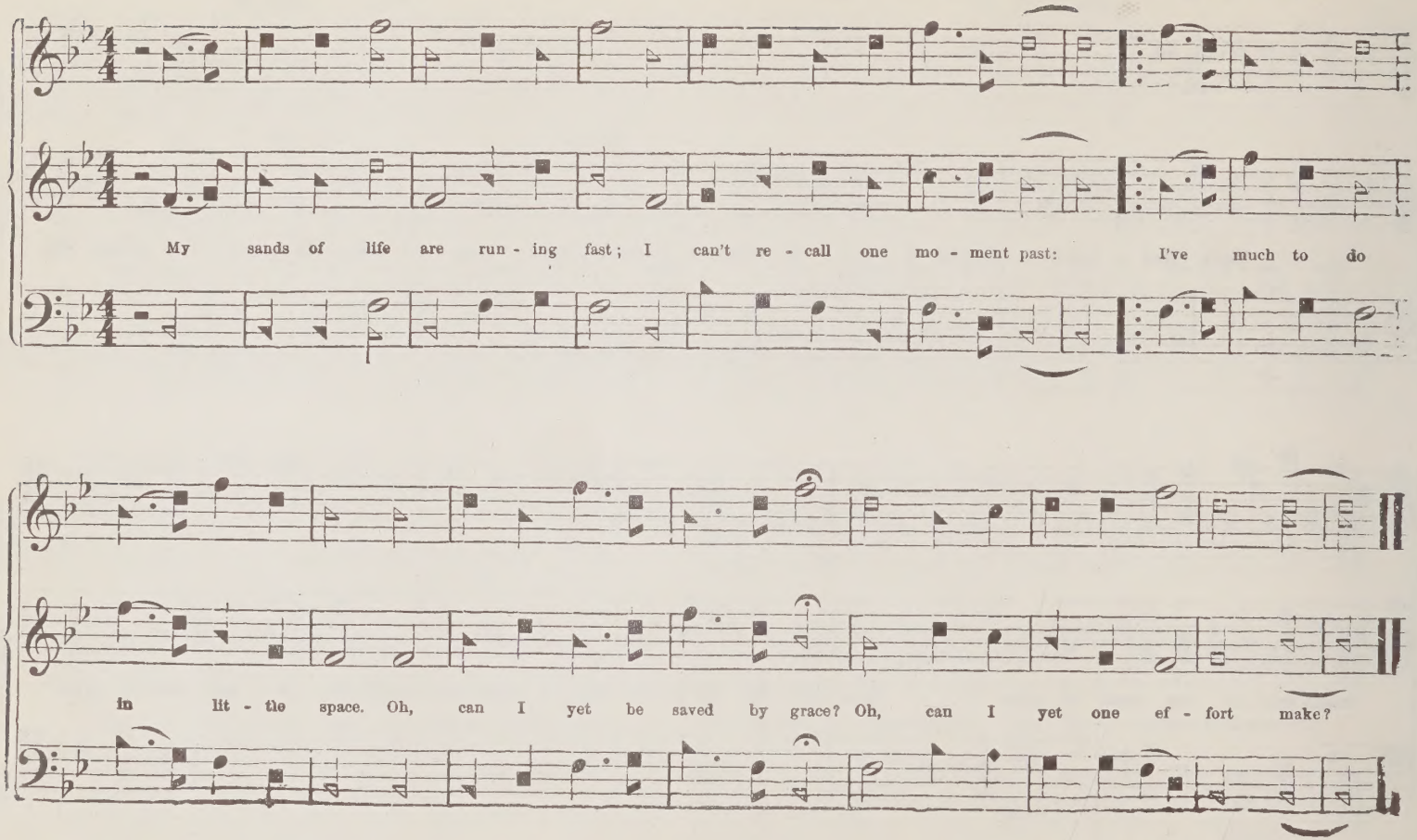

My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights;
The glo-ry of my bright-est days, And com-fort of my nights;
Thou art my soul's bright morn-ing star, And thou my ris - ing sun.
In dark - est shades if thou ap - pear, My dawn-ing is be-gun;


The glorious light of Zi - on Is spreading far and wide; And sinners now are com-ing Un - to the gos - pel tide.
The glo - ry of King Je - sus Tri - umph-ant doth a - rise, And sinners crowd a - round it With bit - ter groans and cries.
CHORUS.
To see the saints in glo ry, And the angels stand in - vit - ing, And the angels stand in - vit - ing, To welcome sinners home.


Lord, shed a beam of heaven - ly day, To melt this stubborn stone a - way; And thaw, with rays of love divine, This
heart, this fro zen heart of mine, This heart, this fro - zen heart of mine, This heart, this fro - zen heart of mine

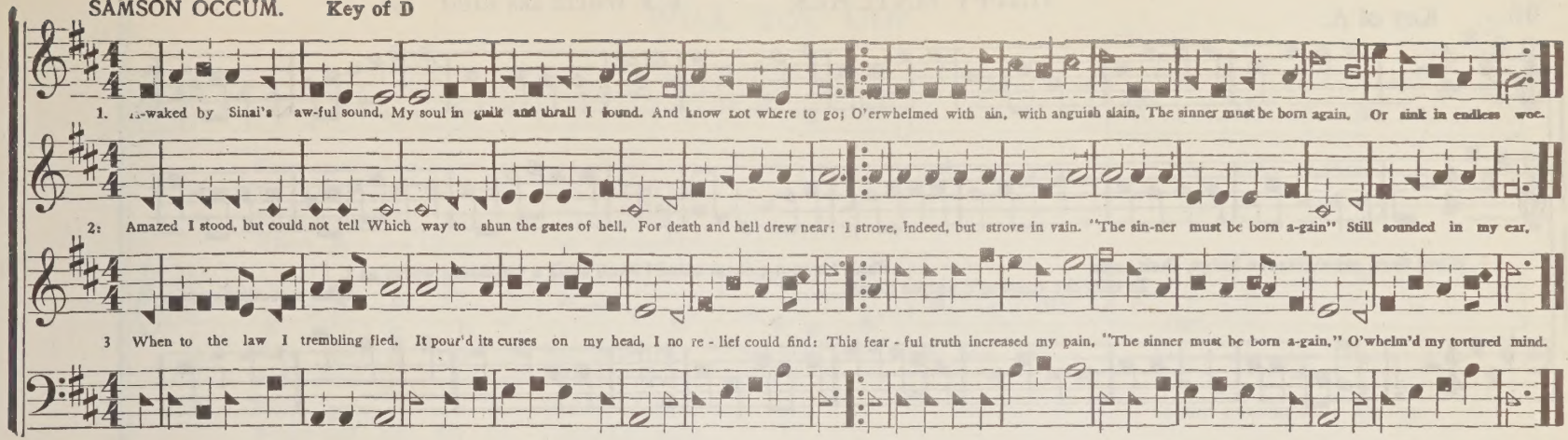
MULBERRY GROVE. L. M.

By J. P. Rees. *Words by H. Wood.*


My sands of life are run - ing fast; I can't re - call one mo - ment past: I've much to do
in lit - tle space. Oh, can I yet be saved by grace? Oh, can I yet one ef - fort make?

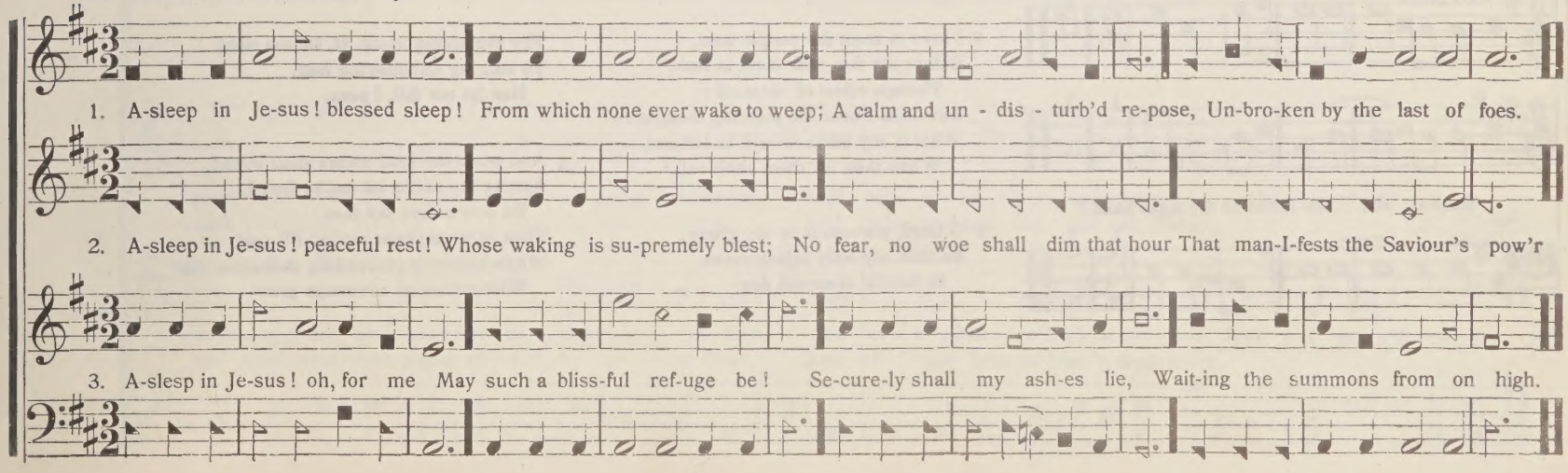
GANGES. C. P. M.

SAMSON OCCUM. Key of D


1. ...-waked by Sinai's aw-ful sound, My soul in guilt and thrall I found. And know not where to go; O'erwhelmed with sin, with anguish slain, The sinner must be born again, Or sink in endless woe.
2. Amazed I stood, but could not tell Which way to shun the gates of hell, For death and hell drew near: I strove, indeed, but strove in vain. "The sin-ner must be born a-gain" Still sounded in my ear.
3 When to the law I trembling fled, It pour'd its curses on my head, I no re - lief could find: This fear - ful truth increased my pain, "The sinner must be born a-gain," O'whelm'd my tortured mind.

REST. L. M.

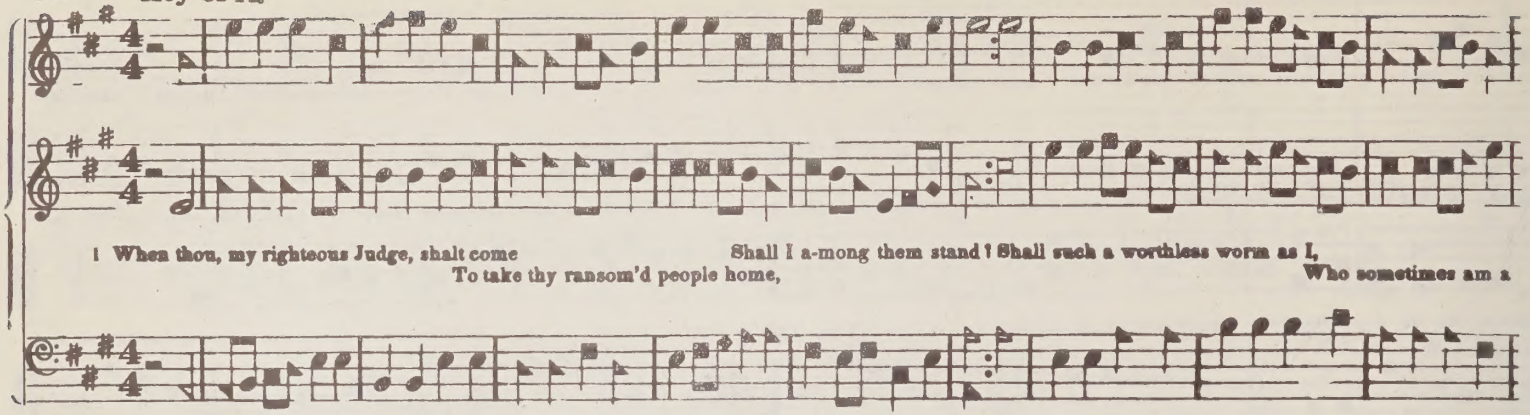
MARGARET MACKAY. Key of D. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. A-sleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wake to weep; A calm and un - dis - turb'd re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.
2. A-sleep in Je-sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is su-premely blest; No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That man-I-fests the Saviour's pow'r
3. A-slesp in Je-sus! oh, for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be! Se-cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high.

Key of A.

HAPPY MATCHES.

B. F. WHITE and KING. Arr.


1 When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I a-mong them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am a
fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand!

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day.
Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 And when the final trump shall sound,
Among thy saints let me be found,
To bow before thy face:
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With praise of sovereign grace.

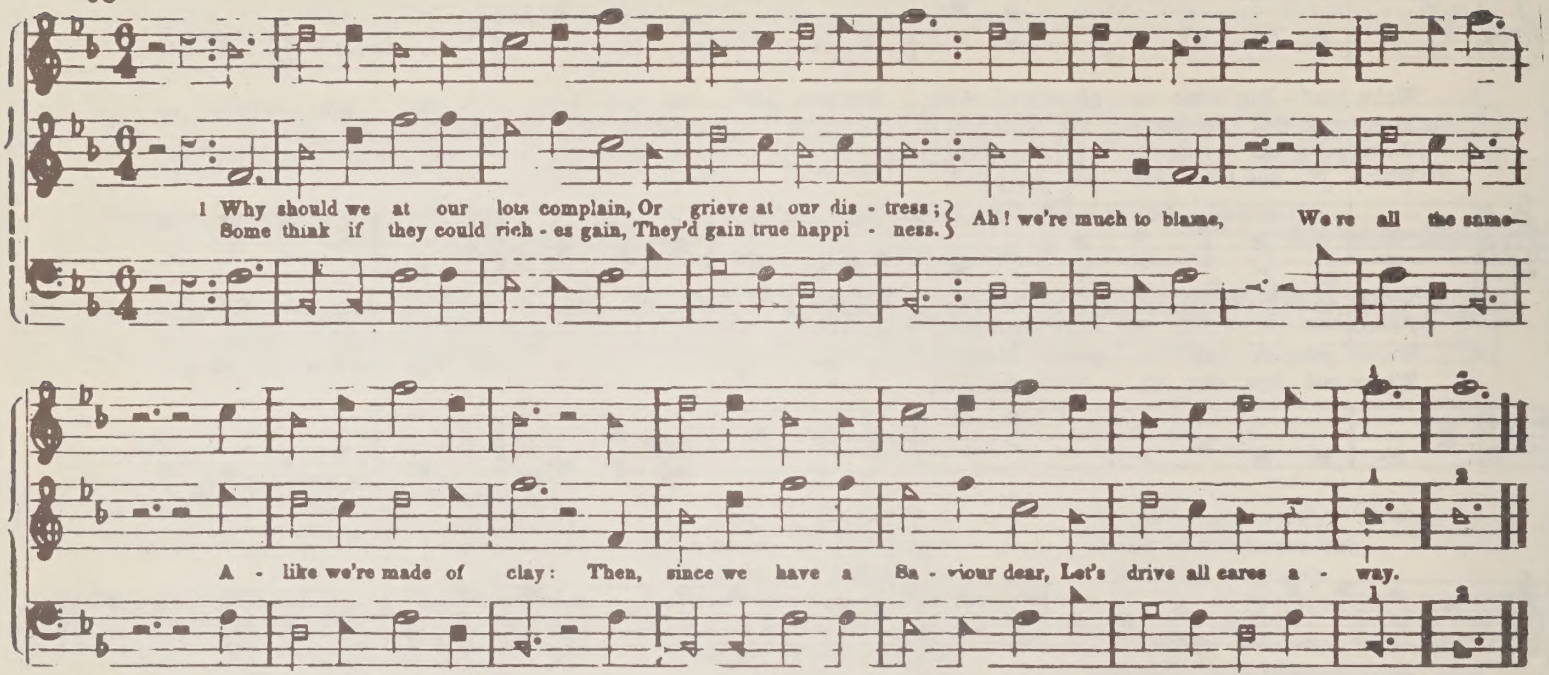
WILL YOU GO?

B. F. WHITE.

1. We're trav' - ling home to heav'n a - bove, Will you go? will you go? Our sun shall then no
To sing our Sa-viour's dy - ing love,
2. We're going to reap the great re-ward, A rich sup - ply of
Which Je - sus Christ for us pre-pared,
3. We're going to strike the gol - den lyre, Will you go? will you go? And sing our God's re-
And shout in strains of heav'nly fire,
4, We're going to walk in plains of light, There crowns of glo - ry
Where end - less day ex - cludes the night,
more go down, Our moon shall be no more withdrawn, Our days of mourn-ing past and gone, Will you go? will you go?
milk and wine, And ev - er - last - ing joys di - vine, And robes that will the sun out shine,
deem-ing grace, And see our Sa - viour face to face, And ev - er - more we'll shout his grace, Will you go? will you go?
we shall wear, And palms of vict' - ry ev - er bear, And all the joys of heav'n shall share,

DULL CARE.

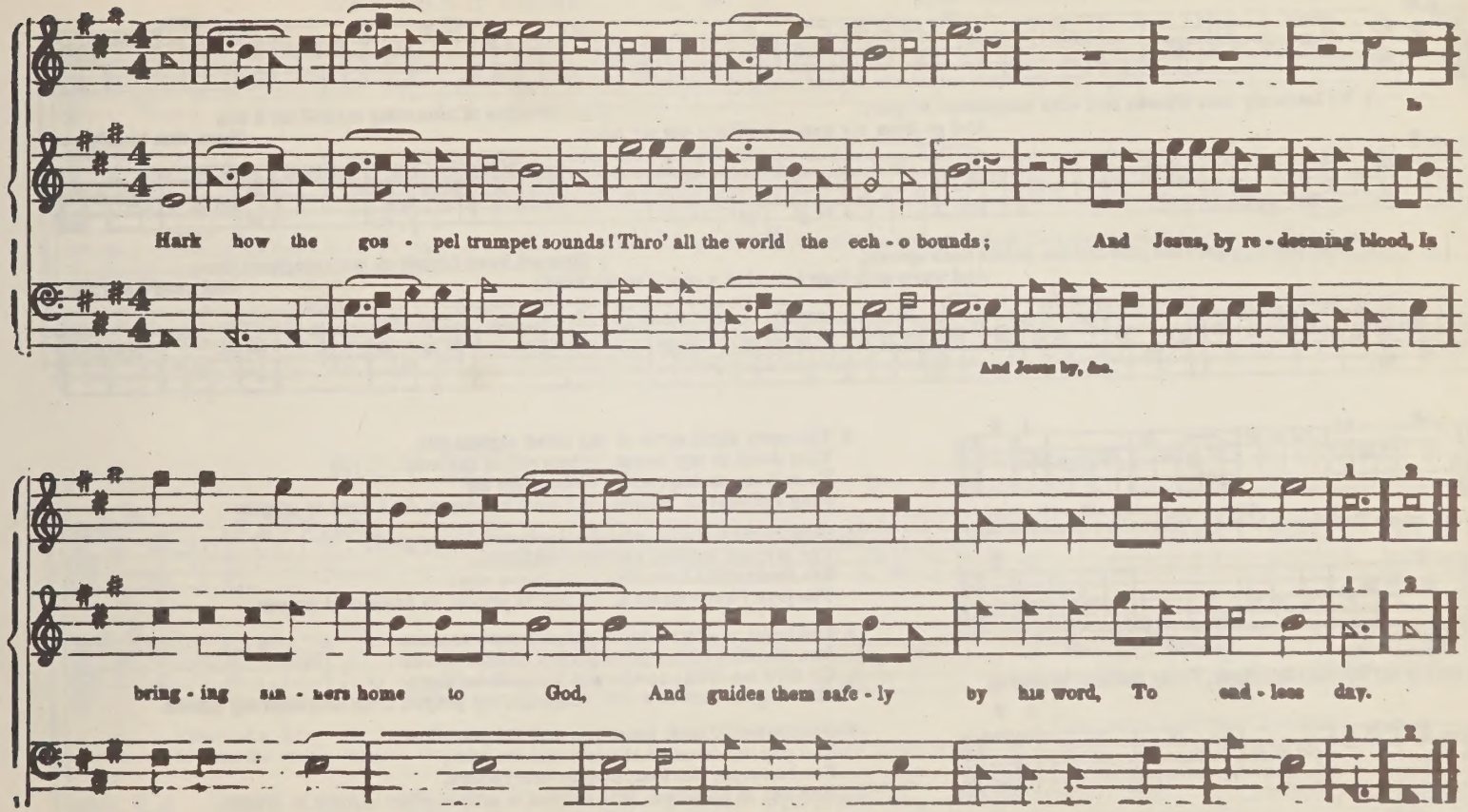
K. J. King.

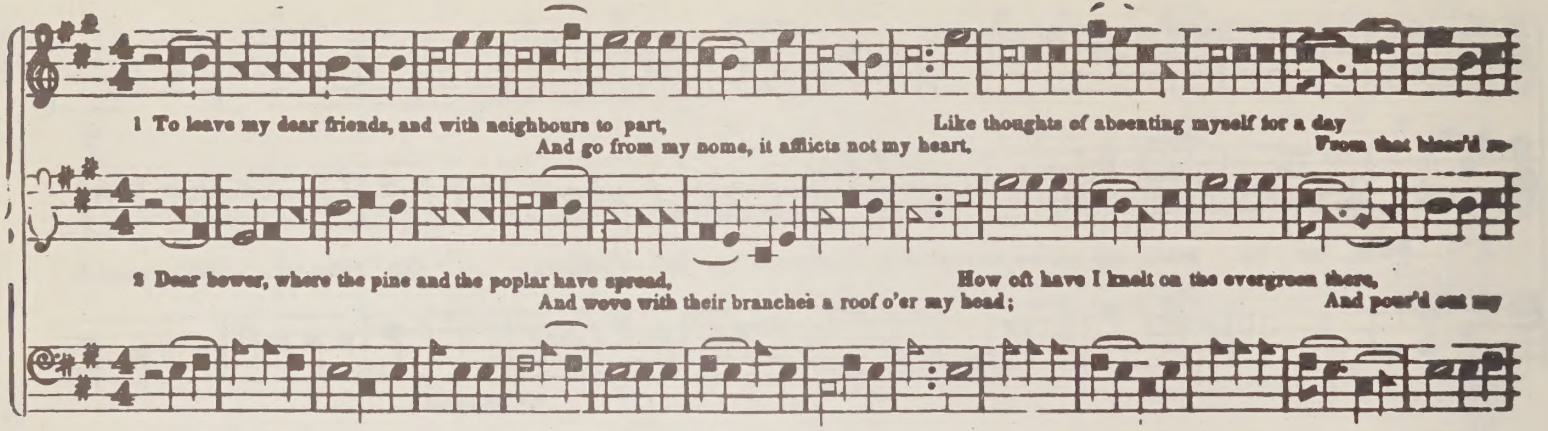

1 Why should we at our lots complain, Or grieve at our dis - tress;
Some think if they could rich - es gain, They'd gain true happi - ness.
Ah! we're much to blame, We're all the same—
A - like we're made of clay: Then, since we have a Sa - viour dear, Let's drive all cares a - way.

2 Why should the rich despise the poor?
Why should the poor repine?
A little time will make us all
In equal friendship join.
Ah! we're much to blame,—
We're all the same,
Alike, we're made of clay:
Then, since we have a Saviour dear,
Let's drive all cares away.

3 The only circumstance of life
That ever I could find
To soften cares and temper strife
Was a contented mind:
When we've this in store,
We have much more
Than wealth could e'er convey;
Then, since we have a Saviour dear,
Let's drive all cares away.

4 When age, old creeping age comes on,
And we are young no more
Let's all repent the sins we've done,
Nor grieve that youth is o'er;
More faithful be
Than formerly,
And constantly to pray:
Then, since we have a Saviour dear
Let's drive all cares away.


Hark how the gos - pel trumpet sounds! Thro' all the world the ech - o bounds; And Jesus, by re - deeming blood, Is
And Jesus by, &c.
bring - ing san - ners home to God, And guides them safe - ly by his word, To end - less day.


1 To leave my dear friends, and with neighbours to part,
And go from my home, it afflicts not my heart,
Like thoughts of absenting myself for a day
From that blest'd re-
2 Dear bower, where the pine and the poplar have spread,
And wove with their branches a roof o'er my head;
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And pour'd out my
1 2
treat, where I've chosen to pray, Where I've chosen to pray.
1 2
soul to my Saviour in prayer, To my Saviour in prayer.
1 2

3 The early shrill notes of the loved nightingale,
That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty, while birds of the air
Sang anthems of praises, as I went to prayer, As I went to prayer.

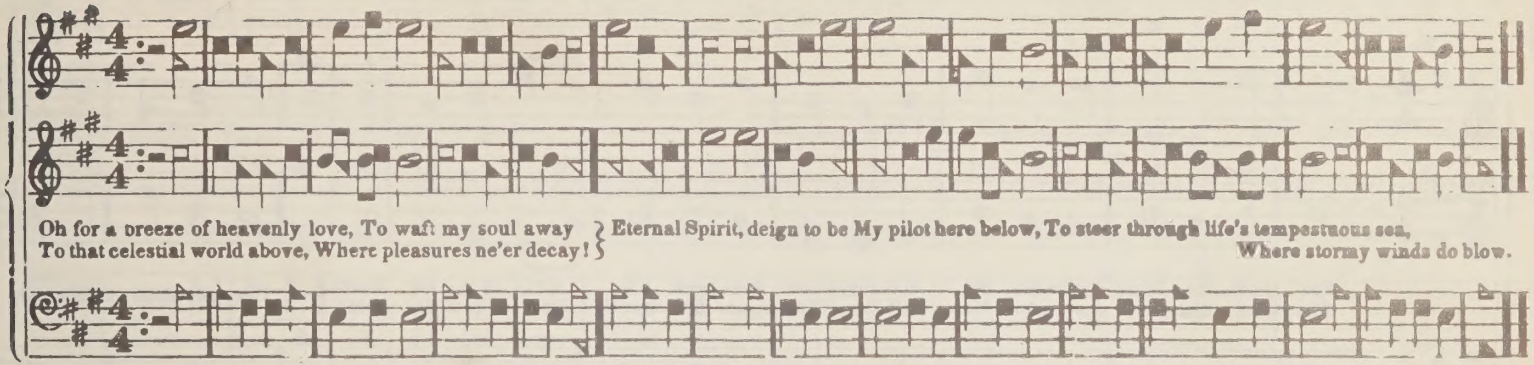
4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine;
But sweeter, ah! sweeter, superlative were
The joys I have tasted in answer to prayer, In answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deign'd there to meet,
And bless'd with his presence my humble retreat;
Oft fill'd me with rapture and blessedness there,
Indicting, in heaven's own language, my prayer, Own language my prayer.

6 Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotion in parts that are new;
For Jesus, my Saviour, resides everywhere,
And can in all places give answer to prayer, Give answer to prayer

CANAAN'S LAND. C. M. D.

Zion Songster, p. 155. *E. J. King.*


Oh for a breeze of heavenly love, To waft my soul away
To that celestial world above, Where pleasures ne'er decay!
Eternal Spirit, deign to be My pilot here below, To steer through life's tempestuous sea,
Where stormy winds do blow.

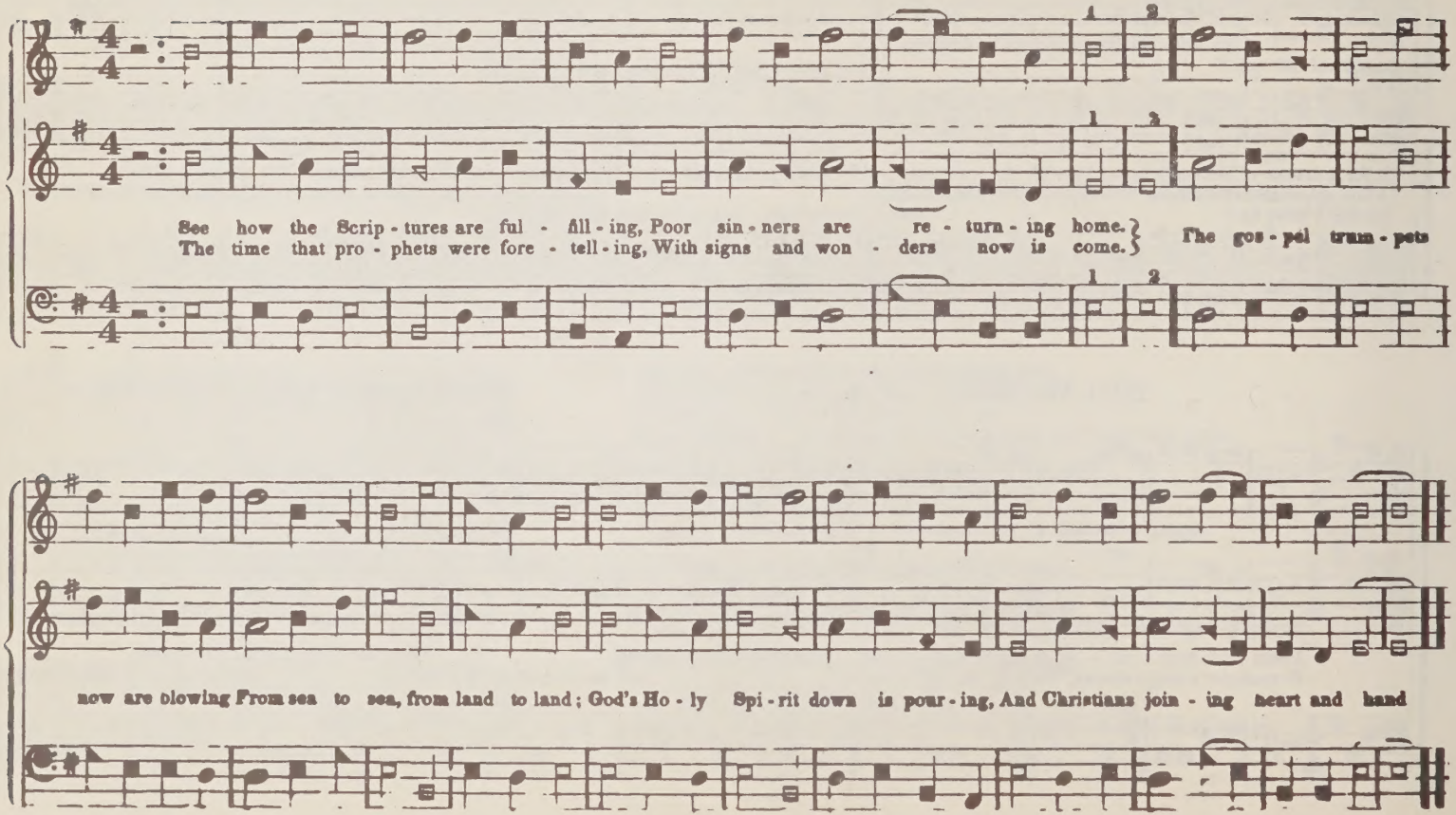
HOLY CITY. 7, 6.

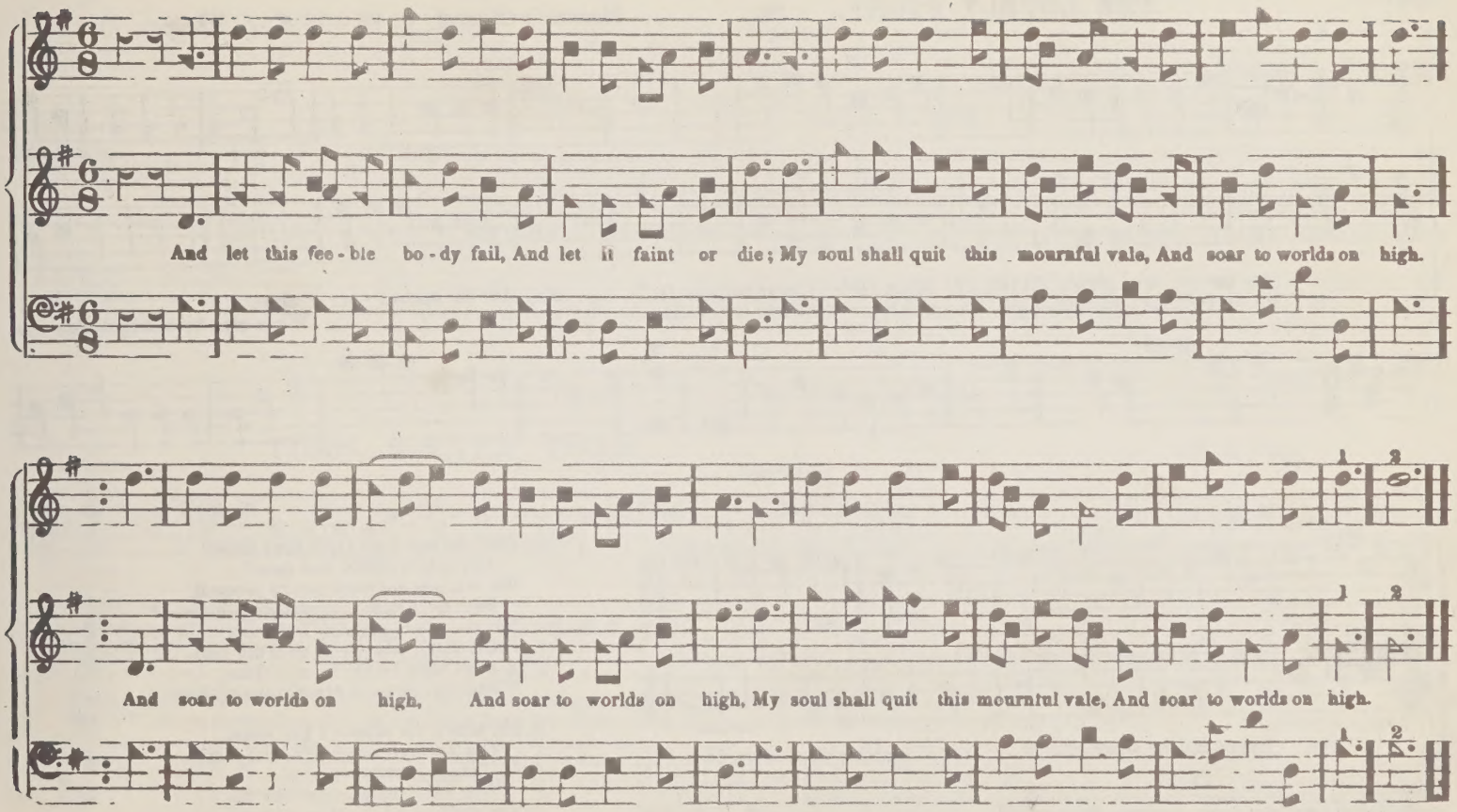
Zion Songster, p. 140. *B. F. White.*

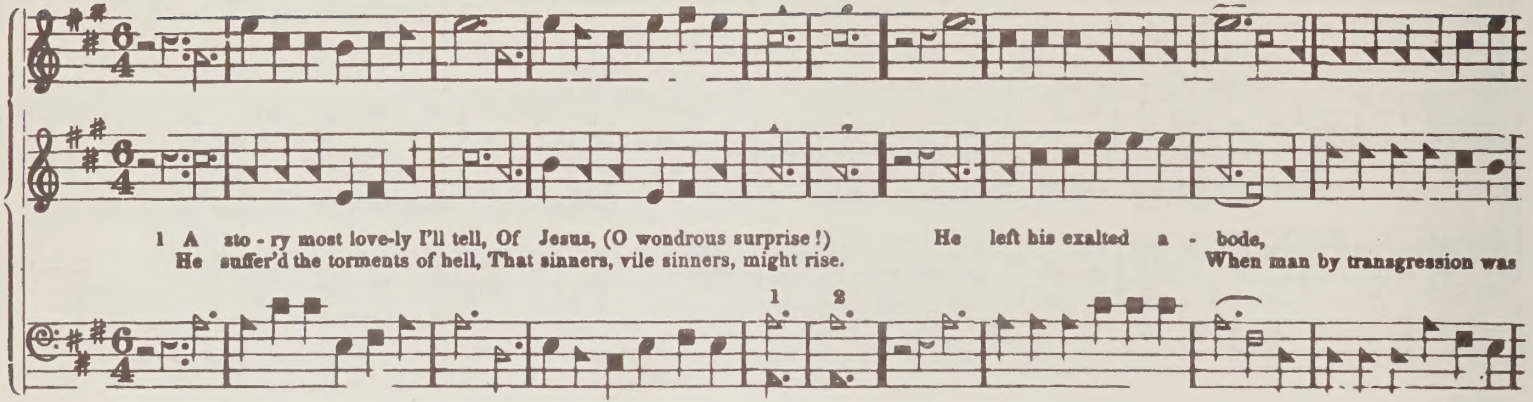
1 2
There is a holy ci - ty, A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions, Built by the God of love.
An everlasting temple,
And saints array'd in white;
They serve their great Redeemer,
And dwell with him in light.

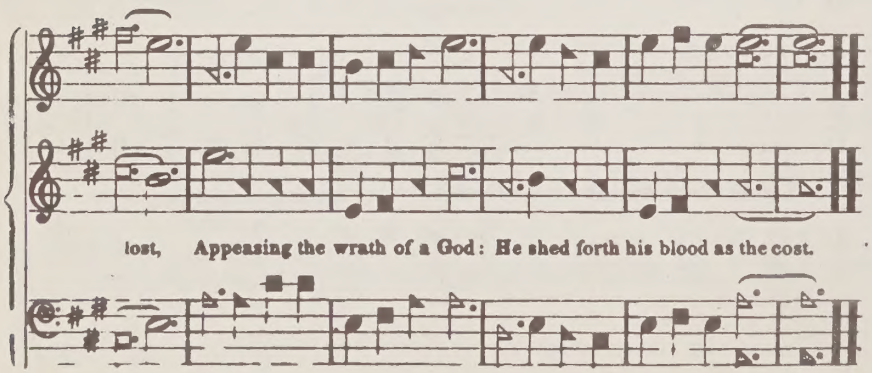
FULFILMENT. 9, 8.

Zion Songster, p. 129.——*E. J. King.*


See how the Scrip - tures are ful - fill - ing, Poor sin - ners are re - turn - ing home.
The time that pro - phets were fore - tell - ing, With signs and won - ders now is come.
The gos - pel trum - pets
now are blowing From sea to sea, from land to land; God's Ho - ly Spi - rit down is pour - ing, And Christians join - ing heart and hand

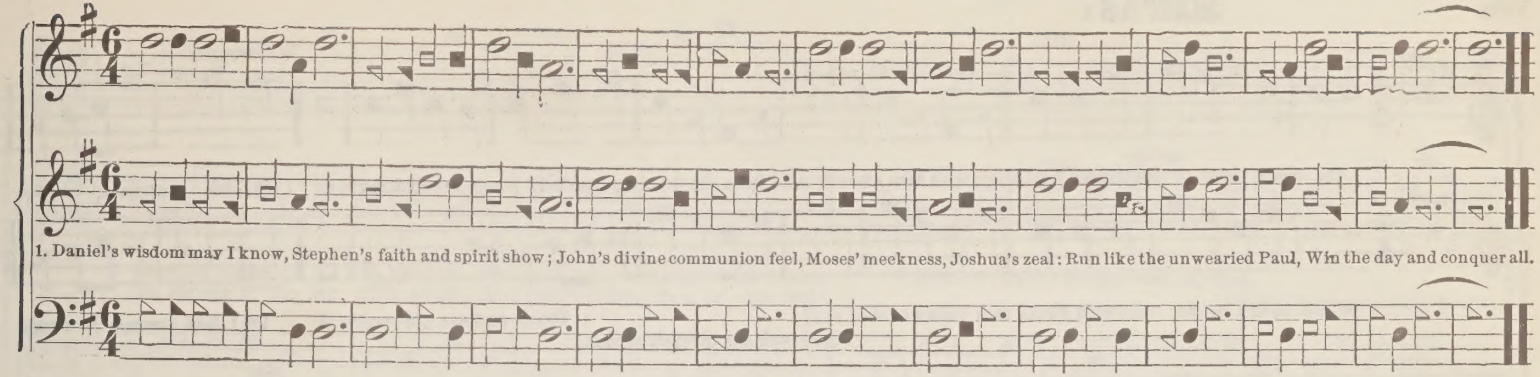

And let this fee - ble bo - dy fail, And let it faint or die; My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high.
And soar to worlds on high, And soar to worlds on high, My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high.


1 A sto - ry most love-ly I'll tell, Of Jesus, (O wondrous surprise!)
He suffer'd the torments of hell, That sinners, vile sinners, might rise.
He left his exalted a - bode,
When man by transgression was
1
2



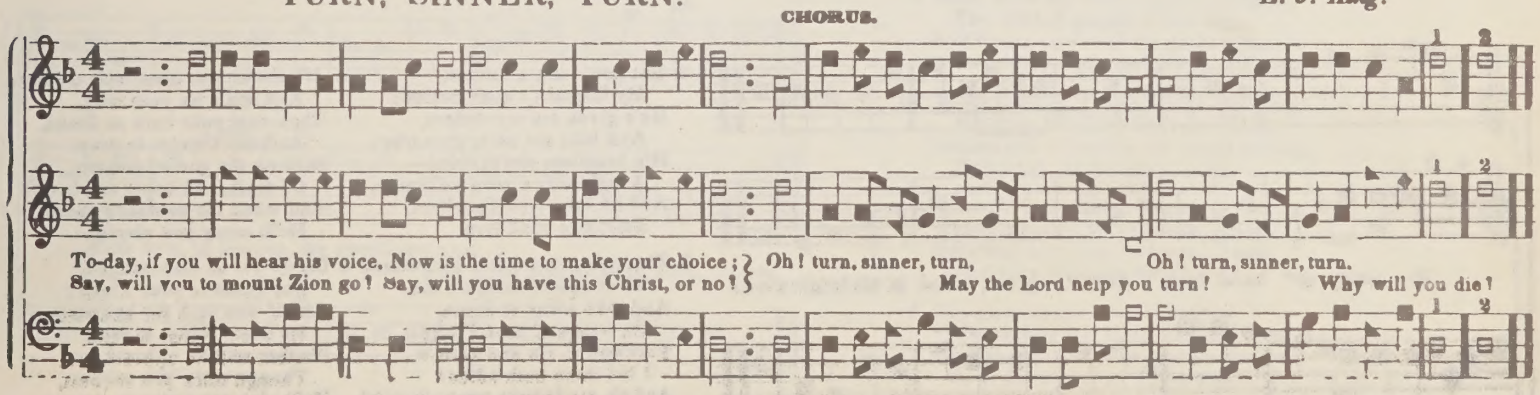
2 Oh! did my dear Jesus thus bleed,
And pity a ruin'd, lost race?
Oh, whence did such mercy proceed,
Such boundless compassion and grace?
His body bore anguish and pain,
His spirit most sunk with the load,
A short time before he was slain,
His sweat was as great drops of blood.

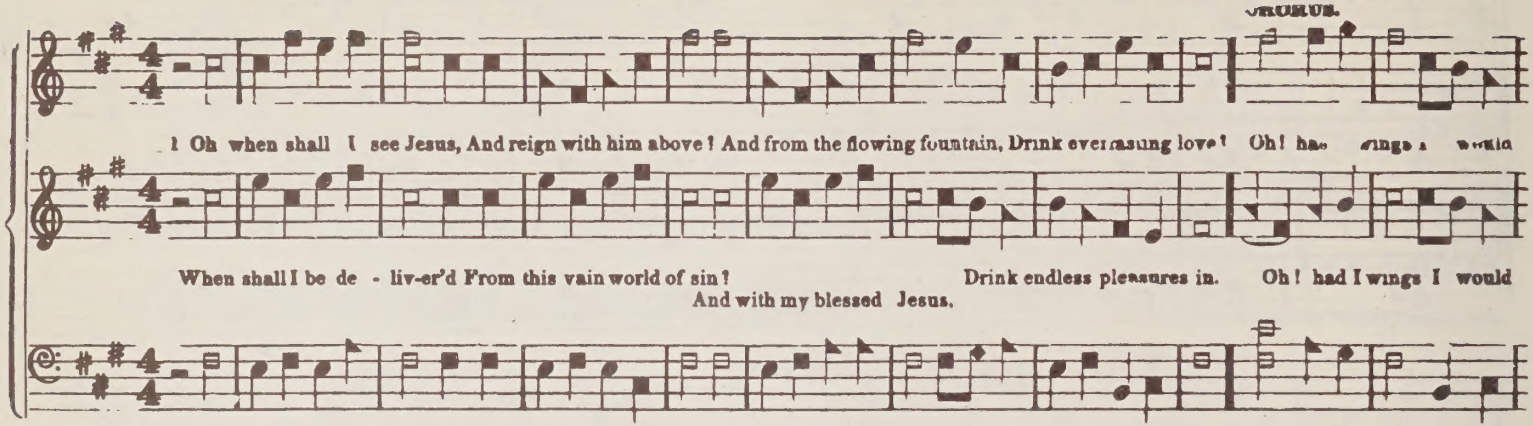
3 Oh, was it for crimes I had done,
The Saviour was hail'd with a kiss,
By Judas the traitor alone?
Was ever compassion like this?
The ruffians all join'd in a band,
Confined him, and led him away;
The cords wrapp'd around his sweet hands
Oh, sinners, look at him I pray

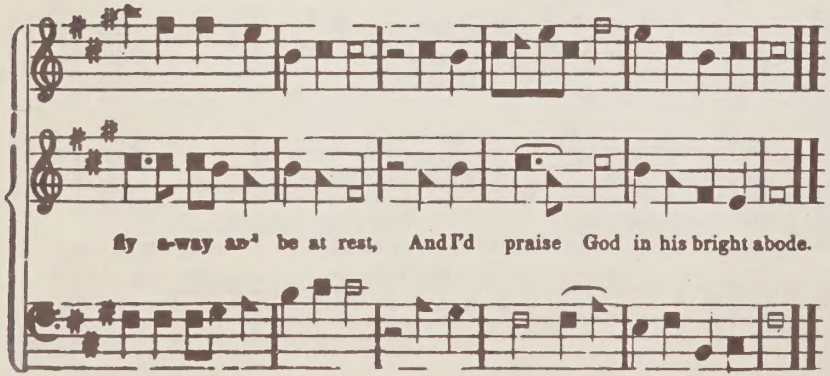

1. Daniel's wisdom may I know, Stephen's faith and spirit show; John's divine communion feel, Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal: Run like the unwearied Paul, Win the day and conquer all.

TURN, SINNER, TURN.

E. J. King.


CHORUS.
To-day, if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to mount Zion go? Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
Oh! turn, sinner, turn, May the Lord help you turn!
Oh! turn, sinner, turn. Why will you die?


CHORUS.
1 Oh when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above? And from the flowing fountain, Drink everlasting love? Oh! had I wings a dove
When shall I be de - liv-er'd From this vain world of sin? Drink endless pleasures in. Oh! had I wings I would
And with my blessed Jesus.

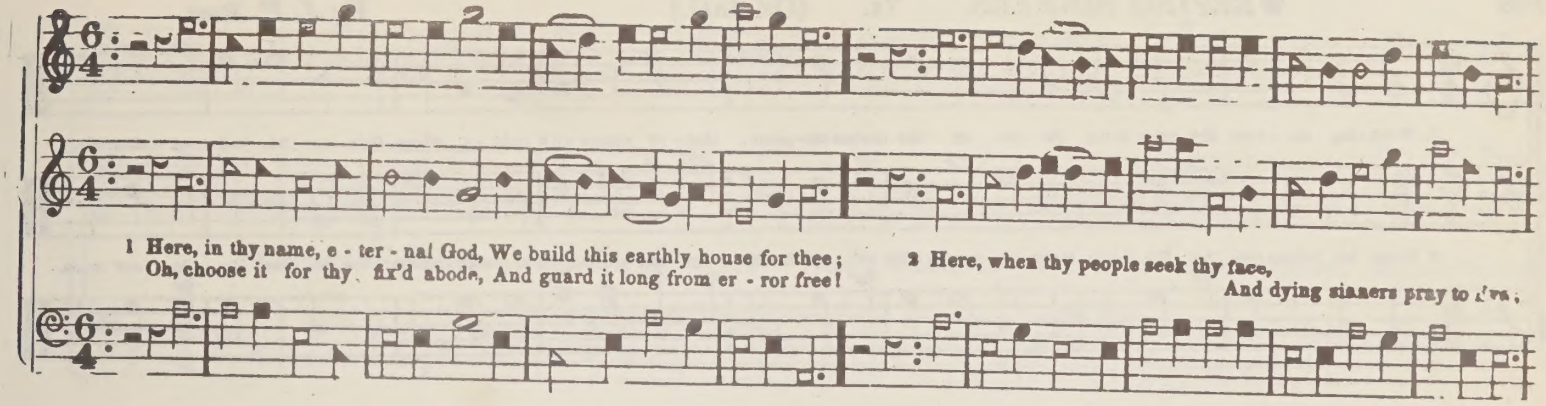


2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bids me ne'er give o'er;
His promises are faithful—
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.

3 Through grace I feel determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow
I bid them both adieu!
And oh, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the gospel armour
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

5 Oh do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge
He'll not refuse to lend.
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer
And take you home to rest.


1 Here, in thy name, e - ter - nal God, We build this earthly house for thee;
Oh, choose it for thy fix'd abode, And guard it long from er - ror free!
2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live;
Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

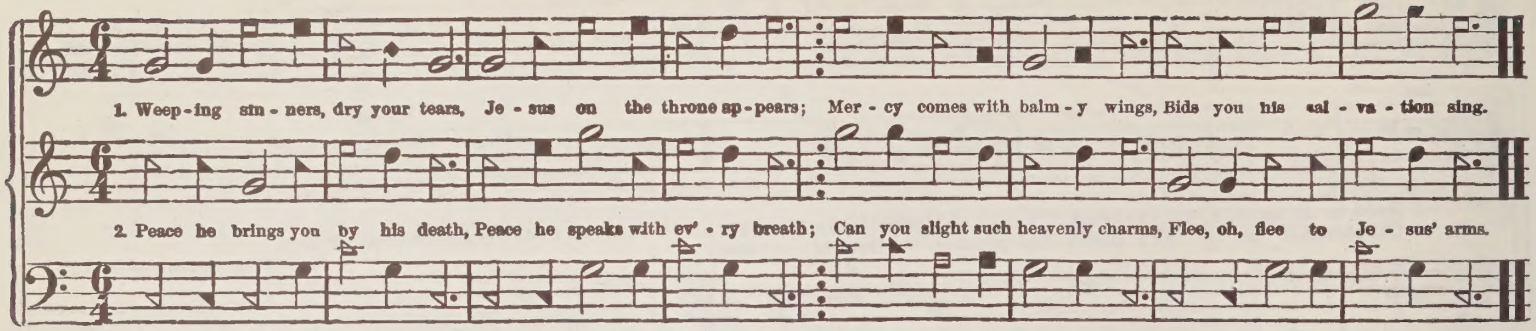
4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong
Hosanna! let the angels sing.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 Thy glory never hence depart,
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart:
In every bosom fix thy throne.

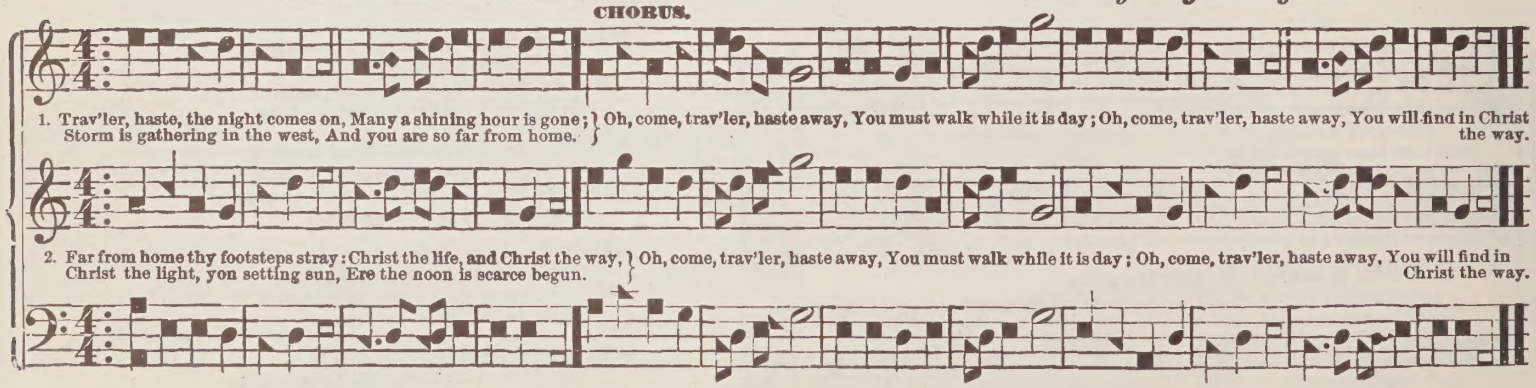
WEEPING SINNERS. 7s. (Original.)

By J. P. Rees.


1. Weep-ing sin-ners, dry your tears, Je-sus on the throne ap-pears; Mer-cy comes with balm-y wings, Bids you his sal-va-tion sing.
2. Peace he brings you by his death, Peace he speaks with ev'-ry breath; Can you slight such heavenly charms, Flee, oh, flee to Je-sus' arms.

THE TRAVELLER. 7s.

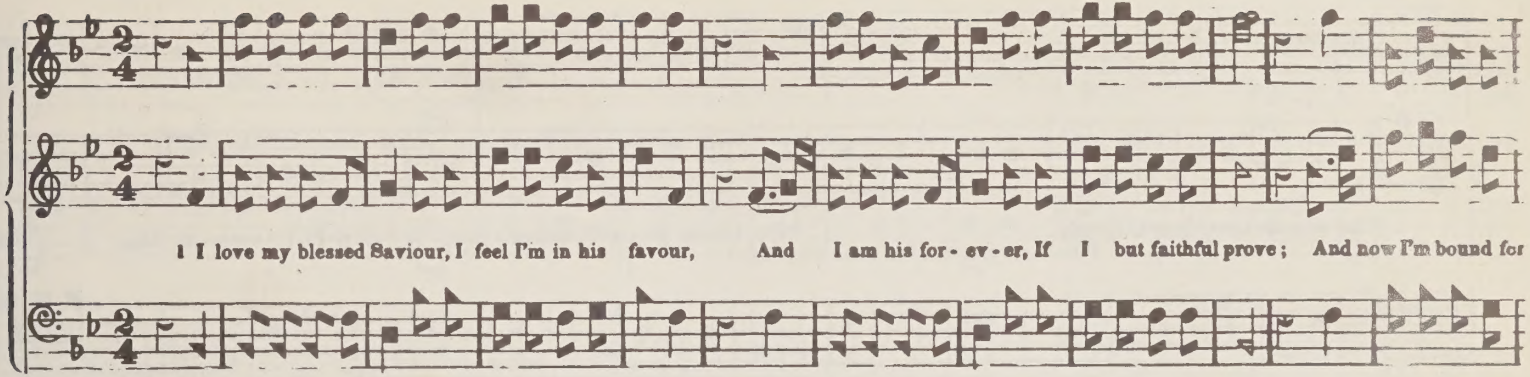
Arranged by A. Ogletree.


CHORUS.
1. Trav'ler, haste, the night comes on, Many a shining hour is gone; Storm is gathering in the west, And you are so far from home.
Oh, come, trav'ler, haste away, You must walk while it is day; Oh, come, trav'ler, haste away, You will find in Christ the way.
2. Far from home thy footsteps stray: Christ the life, and Christ the way, Christ the light, yon setting sun, Ere the noon is scarce begun.
Oh, come, trav'ler, haste away, You must walk while it is day; Oh, come, trav'ler, haste away, You will find in Christ the way.

3. Rising tempest sweeps the sky,
Rains descend, the winds are high,
Waters swell, and death and fear,
Sets thy path, no refuge near.
CHO.—Oh, come, trav'ler. &c.

4. Yes, a shelter you may gain,
Cover from the wind and rain,
A hiding place, a rest, a home,
Refuge from the wrath to come.
CHO.—Oh, come, trav'ler, &c.

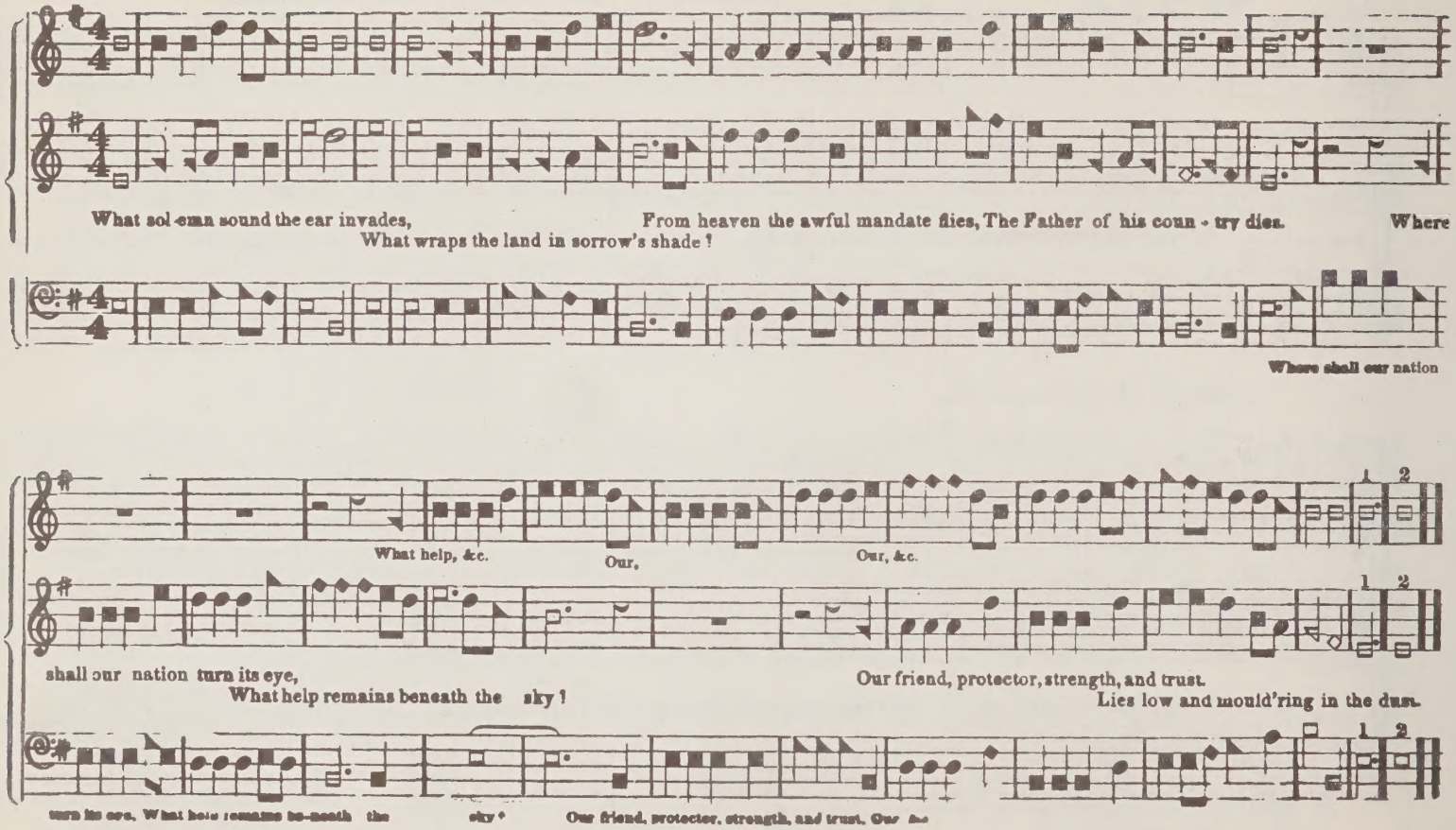
5. Then linger not in all the plain;
For thy life the mountain gain:
Look not behind, make no delay,
Speed thee, speed thee on thy way.
CHO.—Oh, come, trav'ler, &c.


1 I love my blessed Saviour, I feel I'm in his favour, And I am his for - ev - er, If I but faithful prove; And now I'm bound for
Canaan, I feel my sins for - giv - en, And soon shall get to heaven, To sing redeeming love

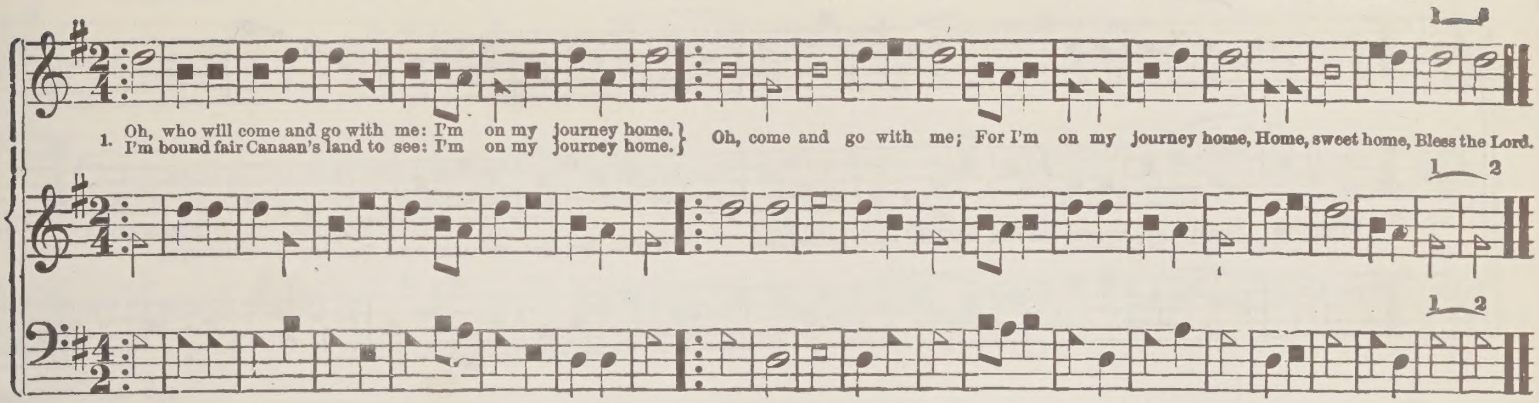
2 Poor sinners may deride me,
And unbelievers chide me,
But nothing shall divide me
From Jesus, my best friend?
Supported by his power,
I long to see the hour
That bids my spirit tower,
And all my troubles end.

3 The pleasing time is hast'ning,
My tott'ring frame is wasting,
Whilst I'm engaged in praising,
Impelled by his love.
When yonder shining orders,
Who sing on Canaan's borders,
Shall bear me to the Lord there,
To praise his name above.

MOUNT VERNON. L. M. D.


What sol-emn sound the ear invades,
What wraps the land in sorrow's shade?
From heaven the awful mandate flies, The Father of his coun-try dies.
Where
Where shall our nation
What help, &c.
Our,
Our, &c.
1
2
shall our nation turn its eye,
What help remains beneath the sky?
Our friend, protector, strength, and trust.
Lies low and mould'ring in the dust.
turn its eye. What help remains be-neath the sky?
Our friend, protector, strength, and trust. Our &c.

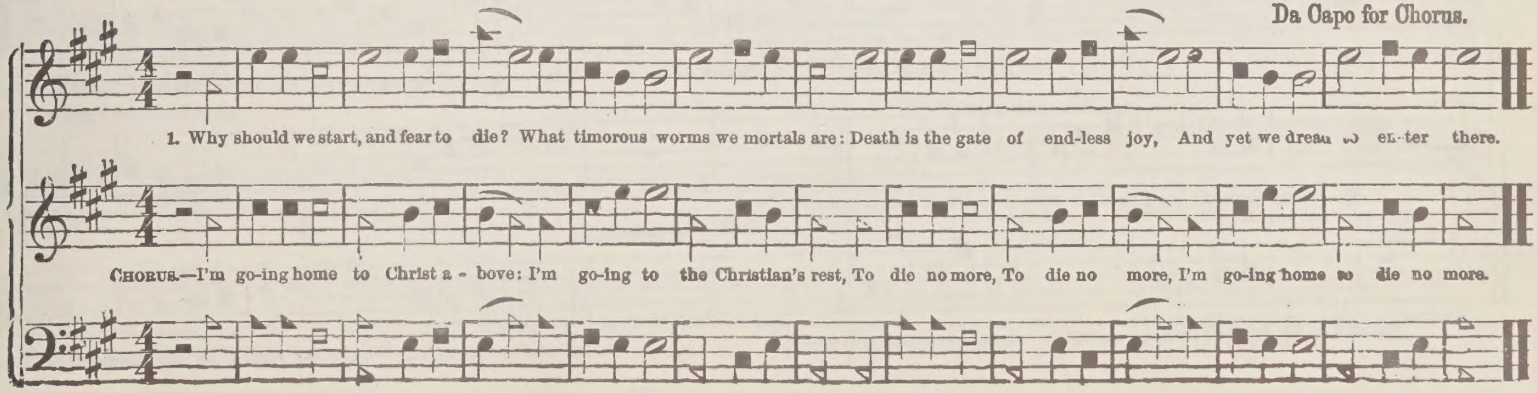
JOURNEY HOME. L. M. (Original.) *By R. F. M. Mann.* Nov. 25, 1859.


1. Oh, who will come and go with me: I'm on my journey home.
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see: I'm on my journey home.
Oh, come and go with me; For I'm on my journey home, Home, sweet home, Bless the Lord.
1
2
1
2

TO DIE NO MORE. L. M.

Set to music *by E'd. E. Dumas,* in 1856.

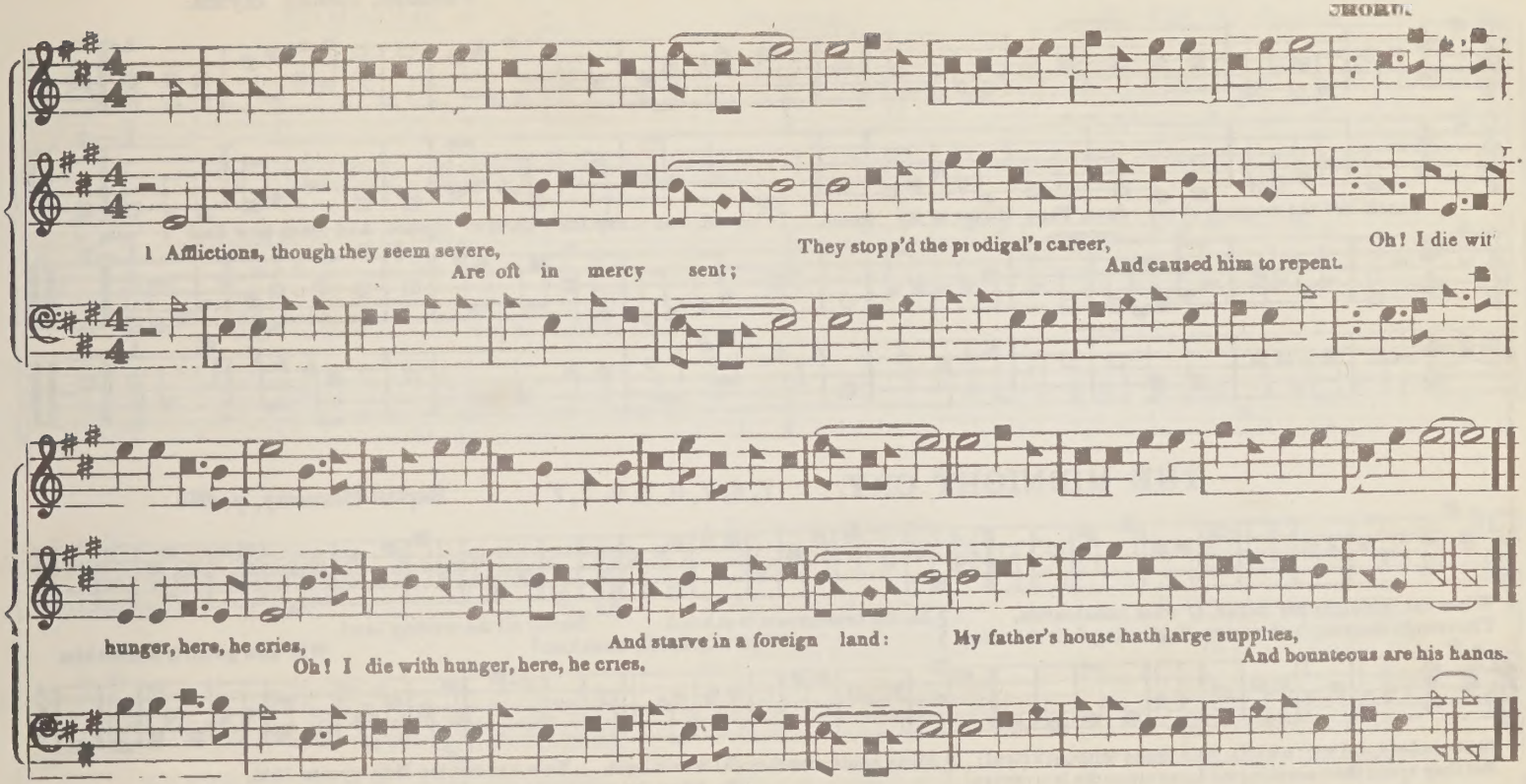
Da Capo for Chorus.


1. Why should we start, and fear to die? What timorous worms we mortals are: Death is the gate of end-less joy, And yet we dread to en-ter there.
Chorus.—I'm go-ing home to Christ a - bove: I'm go-ing to the Christian's rest, To die no more, To die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.

THE LAST WORDS OF COPERNICUS. C. M. (Original.)

For the Organ, by Miss Sarah Lancaster.

Ye gold-en lamps of Heav'n, farewell, With all your feeble light: Fare-well, thou ever changing moon, Pale empress of the night.
And thou re-ful-gent
1 2
And thou refulgent orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed; My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere, No more demands thy aid.
1 2
And thou refulgent orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed;
1 2
orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed: In brighter flames arrayed. My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere, No more demands thy aid.


CHORUS.
1 Afflictions, though they seem severe,
Are oft in mercy sent;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And caused him to repent.
Oh! I die wit
hunger, here, he cries,
Oh! I die with hunger, here, he cries.
And starve in a foreign land:
My father's house hath large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

2 Although he no relenting felt
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinch'd him sore

3 What have I gain'd by sin, he said
But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread
Whilst I am starving here.

4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face;
Not worthy to be called his son,
I'll ask a servant's place.

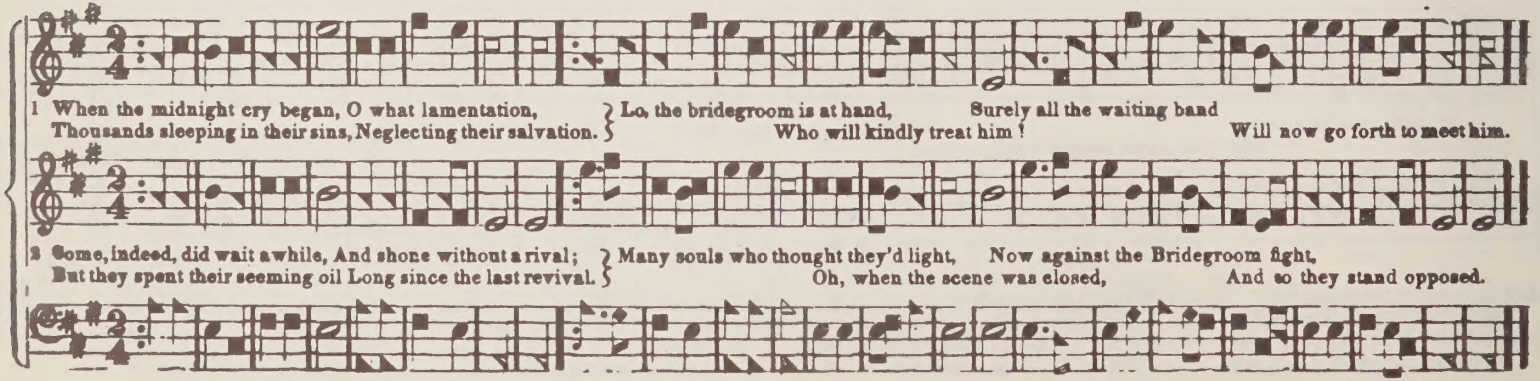
5 He saw his son returning back,
He look'd, he ran, he smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

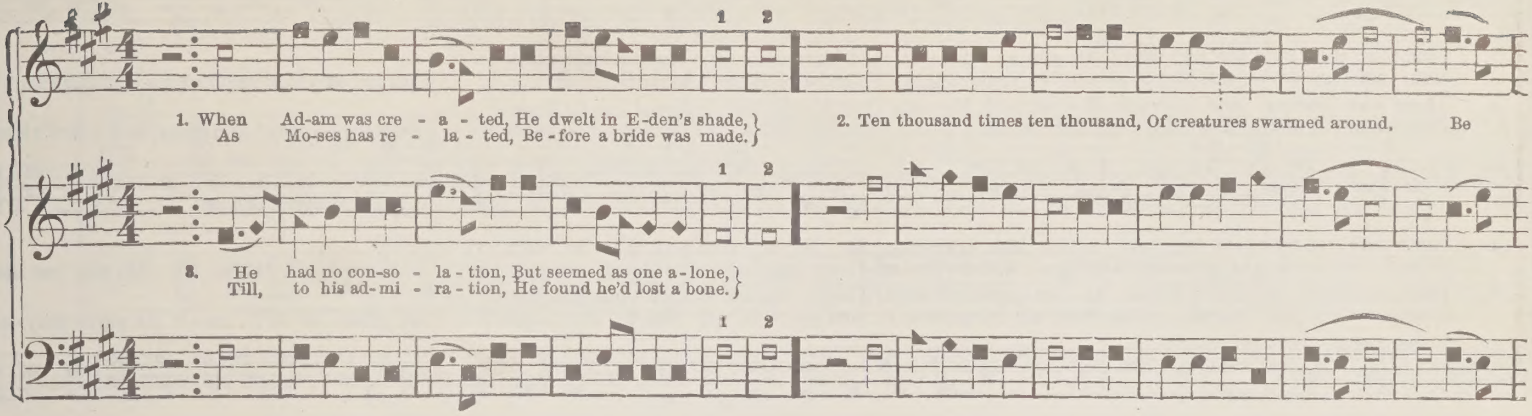
SUFFIELD C. M.

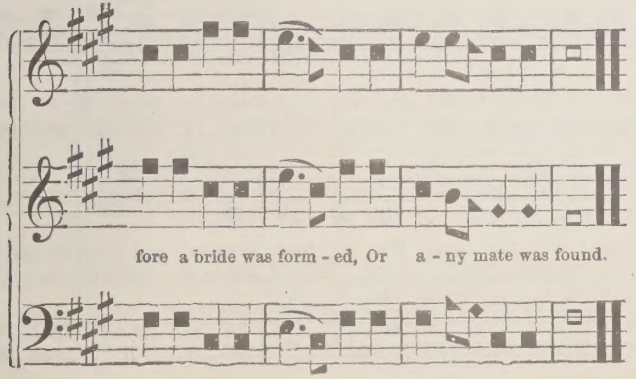
Psalmist, 1055th Hymn.

THE MIDNIGHT CRY. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7

Baptist Harmony, p. 483.


1 When the midnight cry began, O what lamentation,
Thousands sleeping in their sins, Neglecting their salvation.
Lo, the bridegroom is at hand, Surely all the waiting band
Who will kindly treat him! Will now go forth to meet him.
2 Some, indeed, did wait awhile, And shone without a rival;
But they spent their seeming oil Long since the last revival.
Many souls who thought they'd light, Now against the Bridegroom fight,
Oh, when the scene was closed, And so they stand opposed.


1. When Ad-am was cre - a - ted, He dwelt in E-den's shade,
As Mo-ses has re - la - ted, Be-fore a bride was made.
2. Ten thousand times ten thousand, Of creatures swarmed around, Be
3. He had no con-so - la-tion, But seemed as one a-lone,
Till, to his ad-mi - ra-tion, He found he'd lost a bone.
1 2



In honor of TROUP EDMONDS.

4. This woman was not taken
From Adam's head, we know;
And she must not rule o'er him,
It's evidently so.

5. This woman she was taken
From near to Adam's heart,
By which we are directed
That they should never part.

6. The book that's called the Bible,
Be sure you don't neglect;
For in every sense of duty,
It will you both direct.

7. The woman is commanded
To do her husband's will,
In every thing that's lawful,
Her duty to fulfill.

8. Great was his exultation,
To see her by his side;
Great was his elevation,
To have a loving bride.

9. This woman she was taken
From under Adam's arm;
And she must be protected
From injury and harm.

10. This woman was not taken
From Adam's feet, we see;
And she must not be abused,
The meaning seems to be.

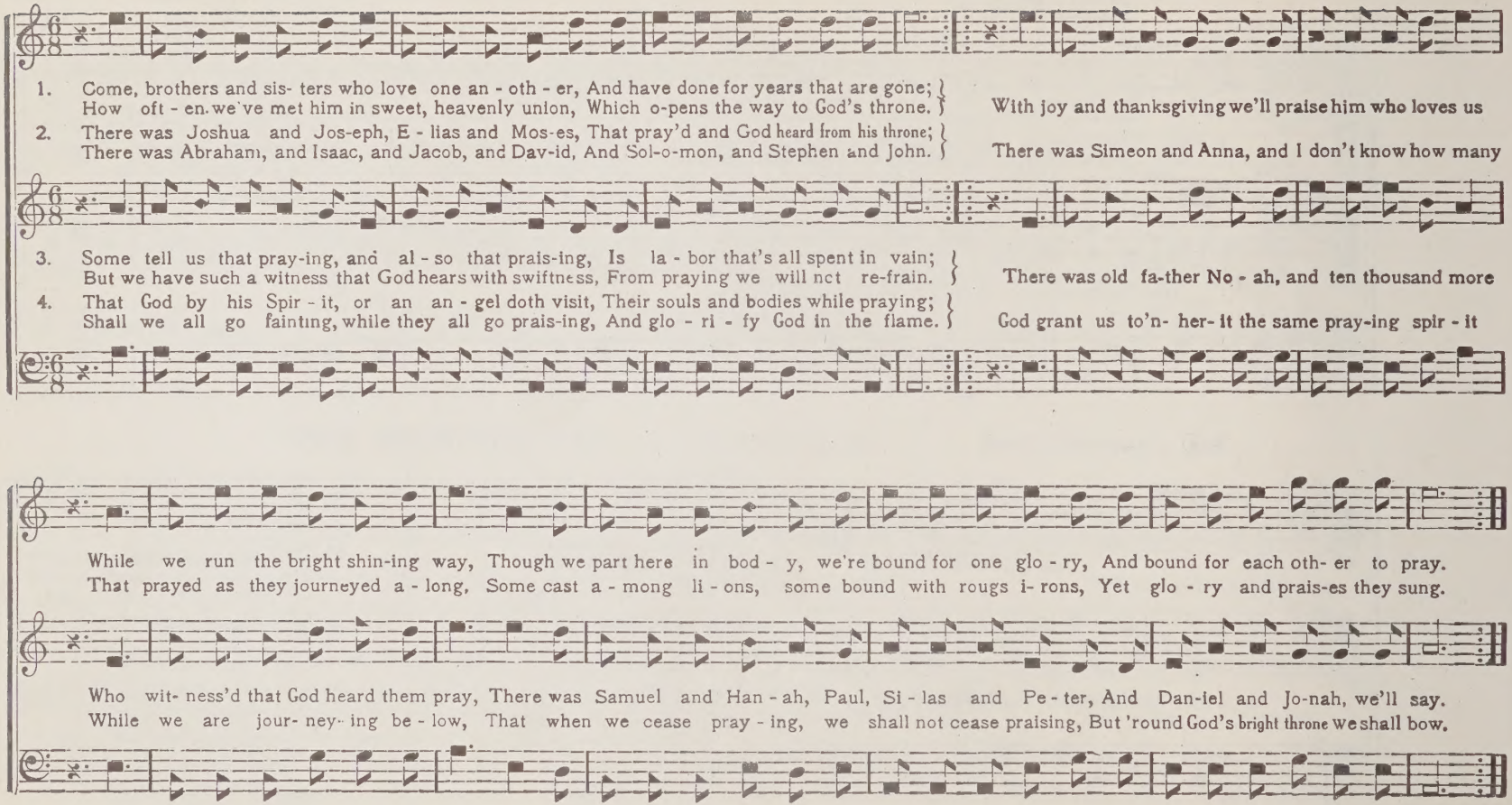
11. The husband is commanded
To love his loving bride;
And live as does a Christian.
And for his house provide.

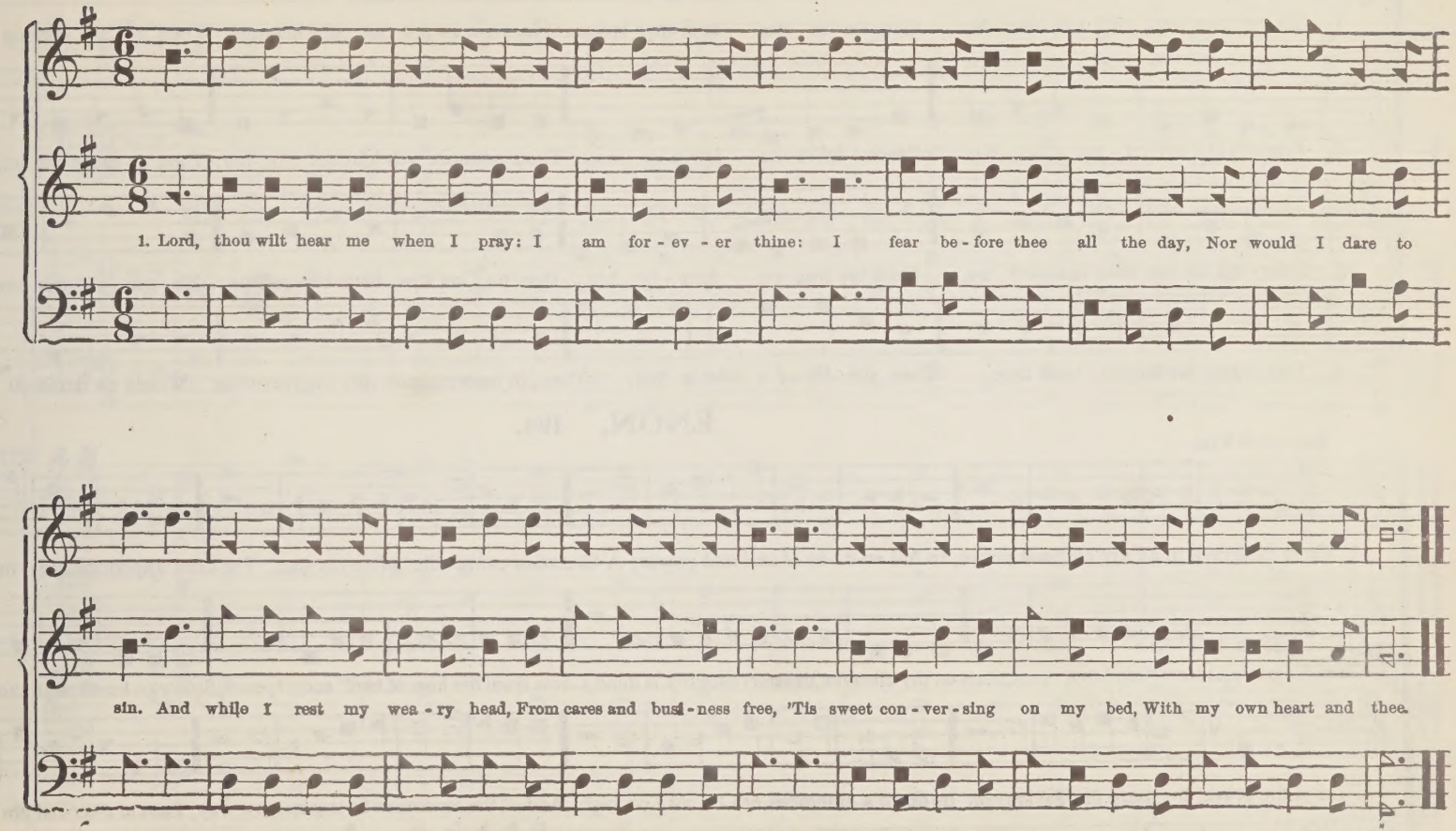
12. The woman is commanded
Her husband to obey,
In every thing that's lawful.
Until her dying day.

13. Avoiding all offences
Nor sow the seeds of strife,
These are the solemn duties
Of every man and wife.

UNION. P. M.

Zion Songster, p 54. E. J. KING.


1. Come, brothers and sis- ters who love one an - oth - er, And have done for years that are gone;
How oft - en we've met him in sweet, heavenly union, Which o-pens the way to God's throne.
With joy and thanksgiving we'll praise him who loves us
2. There was Joshua and Jos-eph, E - lias and Mos-es, That pray'd and God heard from his throne;
There was Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Dav-id, And Sol-o-mon, and Stephen and John.
There was Simeon and Anna, and I don't know how many
3. Some tell us that pray-ing, and al - so that prais-ing, Is la - bor that's all spent in vain;
But we have such a witness that God hears with swiftness, From praying we will not re-frain.
There was old fa-ther No - ah, and ten thousand more
4. That God by his Spir - it, or an an - gel doth visit, Their souls and bodies while praying;
Shall we all go fainting, while they all go prais-ing, And glo - ri - fy God in the flame.
God grant us to'n- her- it the same pray-ing spir - it
While we run the bright shin-ing way, Though we part here in bod - y, we're bound for one glo - ry, And bound for each oth- er to pray.
That prayed as they journeyed a - long, Some cast a - mong li - ons, some bound with rougs i- rons, Yet glo - ry and prais-es they sung.
Who wit- ness'd that God heard them pray, There was Samuel and Han - ah, Paul, Si - las and Pe - ter, And Dan-iel and Jo-nah, we'll say.
While we are jour- ney- ing be - low, That when we cease pray - ing, we shall not cease praising, But 'round God's bright throne we shall bow.


1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray: I am for - ev - er thine: I fear be - fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to
sin. And while I rest my wea - ry head, From cares and busi - ness free, 'Tis sweet con - ver - sing on my bed, With my own heart and thee.

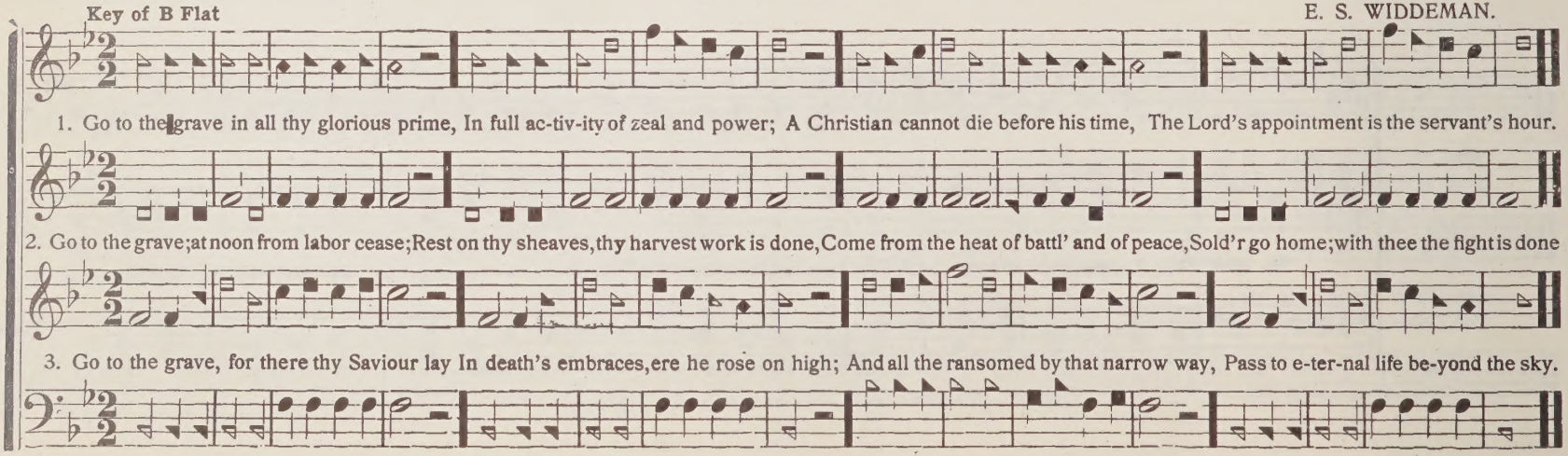
MOUNT VERNON. 8s and 7s.

Key of C. LOWELL MASON.

1. Sis-ter thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen-tle as the sum-mer breeze, Pleas-ant as the air of even-ing When it floats a-mong the trees.
2. Peace-ful be thy sil - ent slum - ber, Peace - ful in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our num-ber, Thou no more our songs shall know.
3. Dear - est sis-ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep - ly feel, But 'tis God that hath be - reft us, He can all our sor - row heal.
4. Yet a-gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled; Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee. Where no fare-well tear is shed.

ENON. 10s.

Key of B Flat E. S. WIDDEMAN.


1. Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime, In full ac-tiv-ity of zeal and power; A Christian cannot die before his time, The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.
2. Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease; Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest work is done, Come from the heat of battl' and of peace, Sold'r go home; with thee the fight is done
3. Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay In death's embraces, ere he rose on high; And all the ransomed by that narrow way, Pass to e-ter-nal life be-yond the sky.

Come, all my dear breth'-ren and help me to sing; I'm go - ing to Je - sus, he's hea - ven's great King,
He died to a - tone for the sins of the world; His ban - ner is fly - ing, his sails are un - furled.
Heaven's my home, Heaven's my home, I am go - ing to Je - sus, for heaven's my home.

CHAMBERS. P. M.

Key of C. Arr.

The Lord Je - ho-vah reigns, And roy-al state main-tains;His head with aw-ful glo-ries crowned, Array'd in robes of light, Be-girt with sov'reign might, And

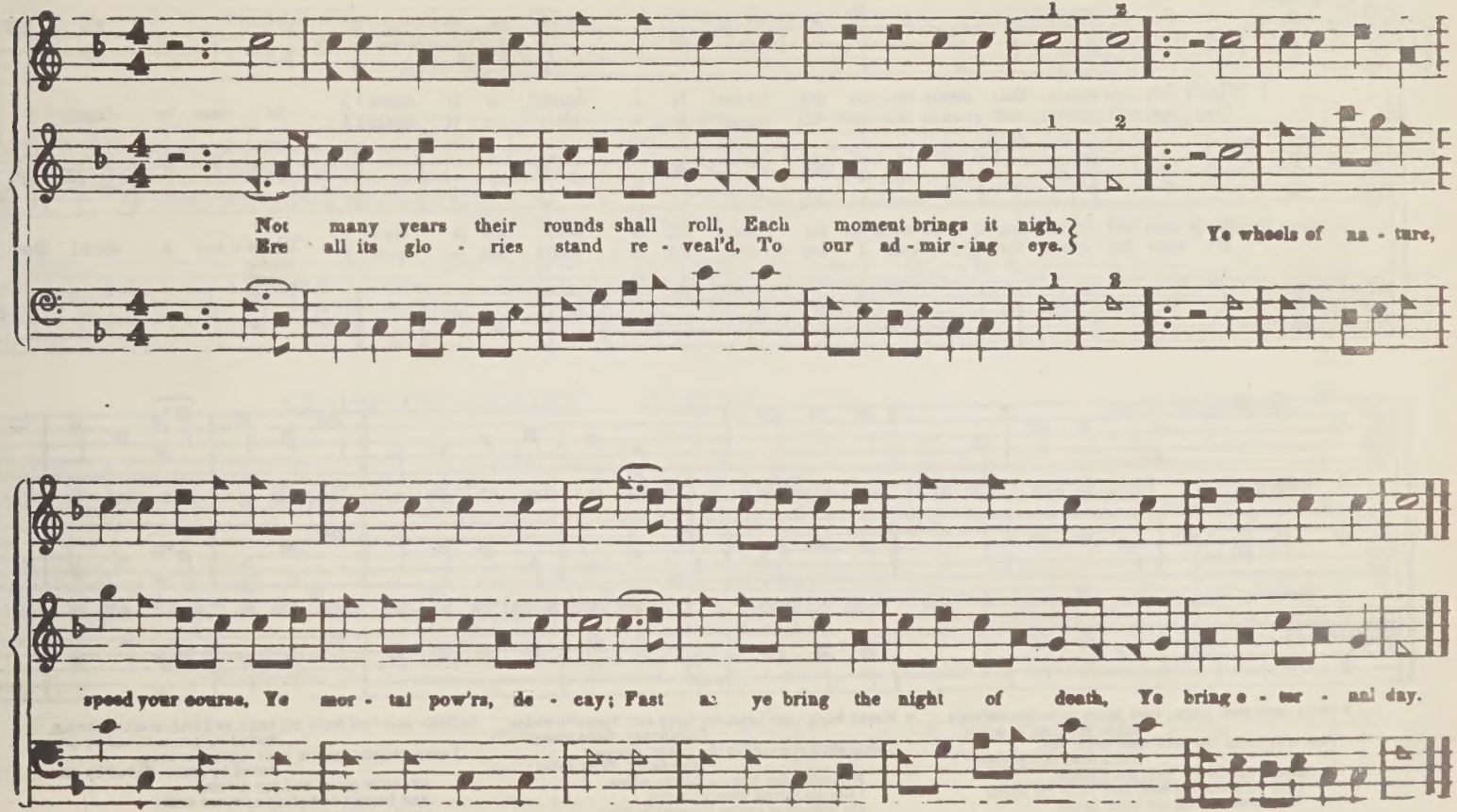
The Lord Je - ho-vah reigns, And roy-al state main-tains; His head with aw-ful glo-ries crowned, Be-girt with sov'reign might, And

And

rays of ma - jes - ty a-round, Ar-ray'd in robes of light, And rays of ma - jes - ty a-round, And rays of ma-jes-ty a - round.

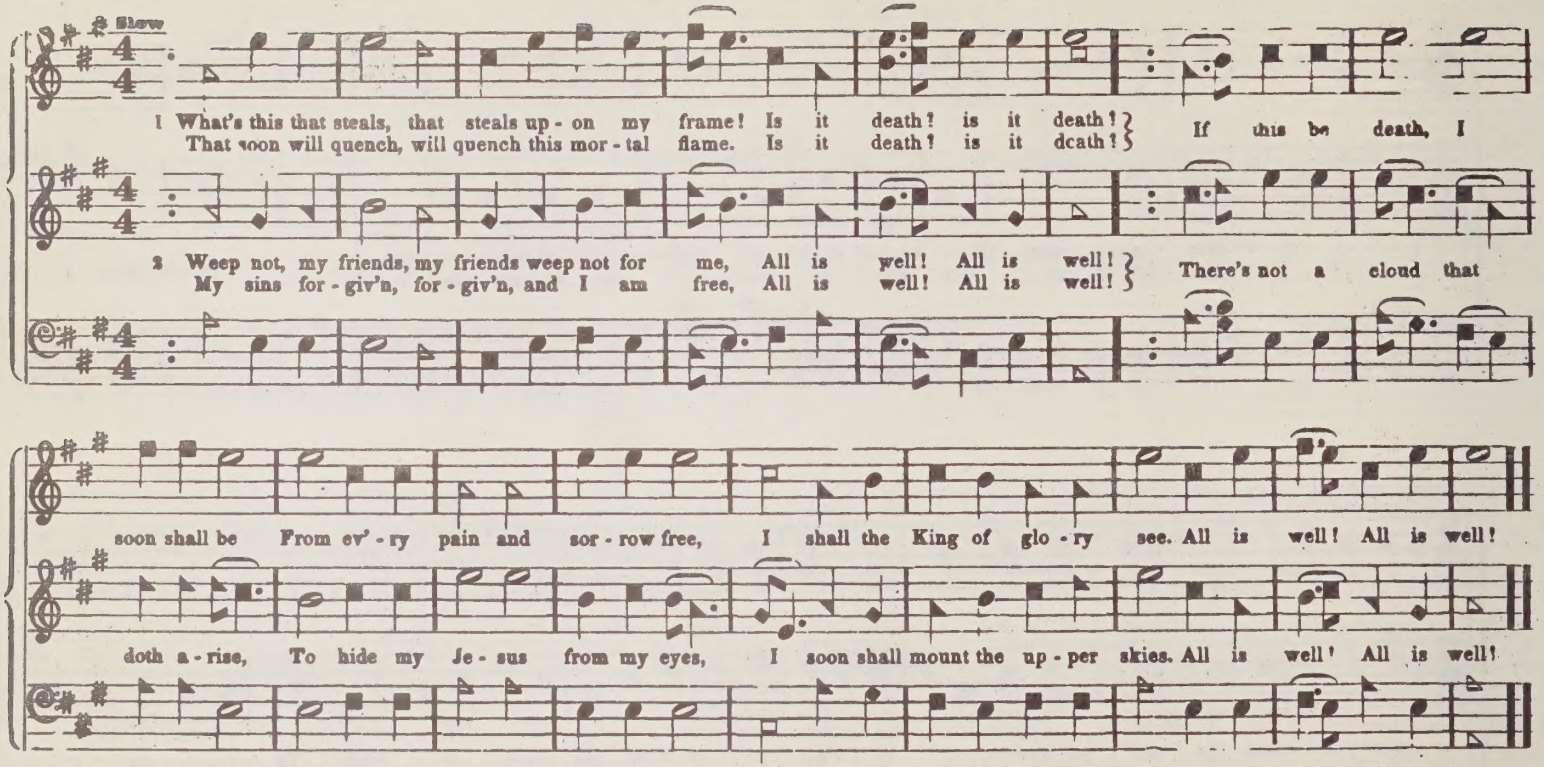
rays of ma - jes - ty a - round, Ar-ray'd in robes of light, And rays of ma-jes-ty a - round, And rays of ma-jes-ty a - round.

rays of ma - jes - ty a - round, Ar-ray'd in robes of light. And rays of ma - jes - ty a - round, And rays of ma-jes-ty a - round.


Not many years their rounds shall roll, Each moment brings it nigh,
Ere all its glo - ries stand re - veal'd, To our ad - mir - ing eye.
Ye wheels of na - ture,
speed your course, Ye mor - tal pow'rs, de - cay; Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring e - ter - nal day.

ALL IS WELL P. M.

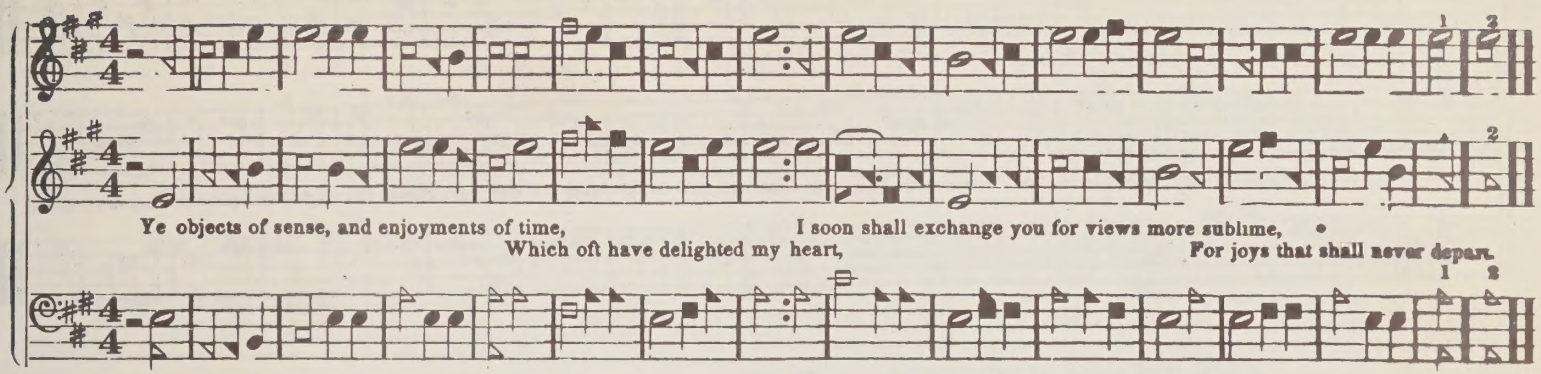
J. T. White.


Slow
1 What's this that steals, that steals up - on my frame! Is it death! is it death!
That soon will quench, will quench this mor - tal flame. Is it death! is it death!
If this be death, I
2 Weep not, my friends, my friends weep not for me, All is well! All is well!
My sins for - giv'n, for - giv'n, and I am free, All is well! All is well!
There's not a cloud that
soon shall be From ev' - ry pain and sor - row free, I shall the King of glo - ry see. All is well! All is well!
doth a - rise, To hide my Je - sus from my eyes, I soon shall mount the up - per skies. All is well! All is well!

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps ye saints on high.
All is well, All is well!
I too will strike my harp with equal joy.
All is well, All is well!
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to wait my spirit home.
All is well. All is well.

4 Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master's voice,
Calls away, Calls away!
I soon shall see—enjoy my happy choice,
Why delay, Why delay!
Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu.
I can no longer stay with you
My glittering crown appears in view.
All is well All is well!

5 Hail! hail! all hail! all hail! ye blood-wash'd throng,
Saved by grace, Saved by grace—
I come to join, to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace, Saved by grace
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heaven and glory now are mine.
Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb
All is well. All is well.


Ye objects of sense, and enjoyments of time,
Which oft have delighted my heart,
I soon shall exchange you for views more sublime,
For joys that shall never depart.

CROSS OF CHRIST. C. M. D.

L. P. Broadbent.

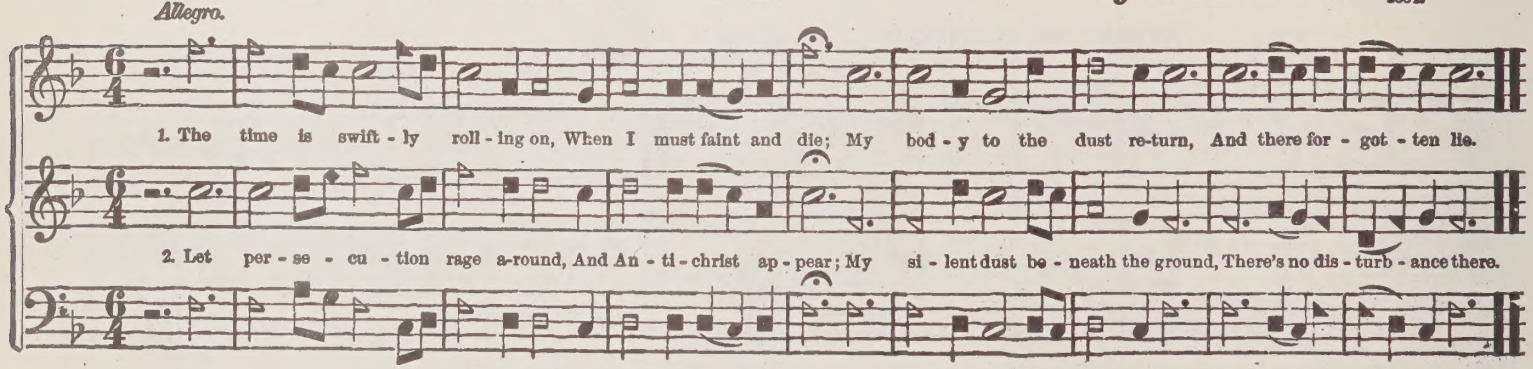
Da Capo.
D. C.
The cross of Christ inspires my heart, To sing redeeming grace;
A - wake, my soul, and bear a part, In my Redeemer's praise.
Oh, who can be compar'd to him Who died upon the tree!
D. C.
This is my dear de - light - ful theme. That Jesus died for me

HEAVENLY LAND. C. M

By R. F. M. Mann. July 19, 1859.

THE DYING MINISTER. C. M.

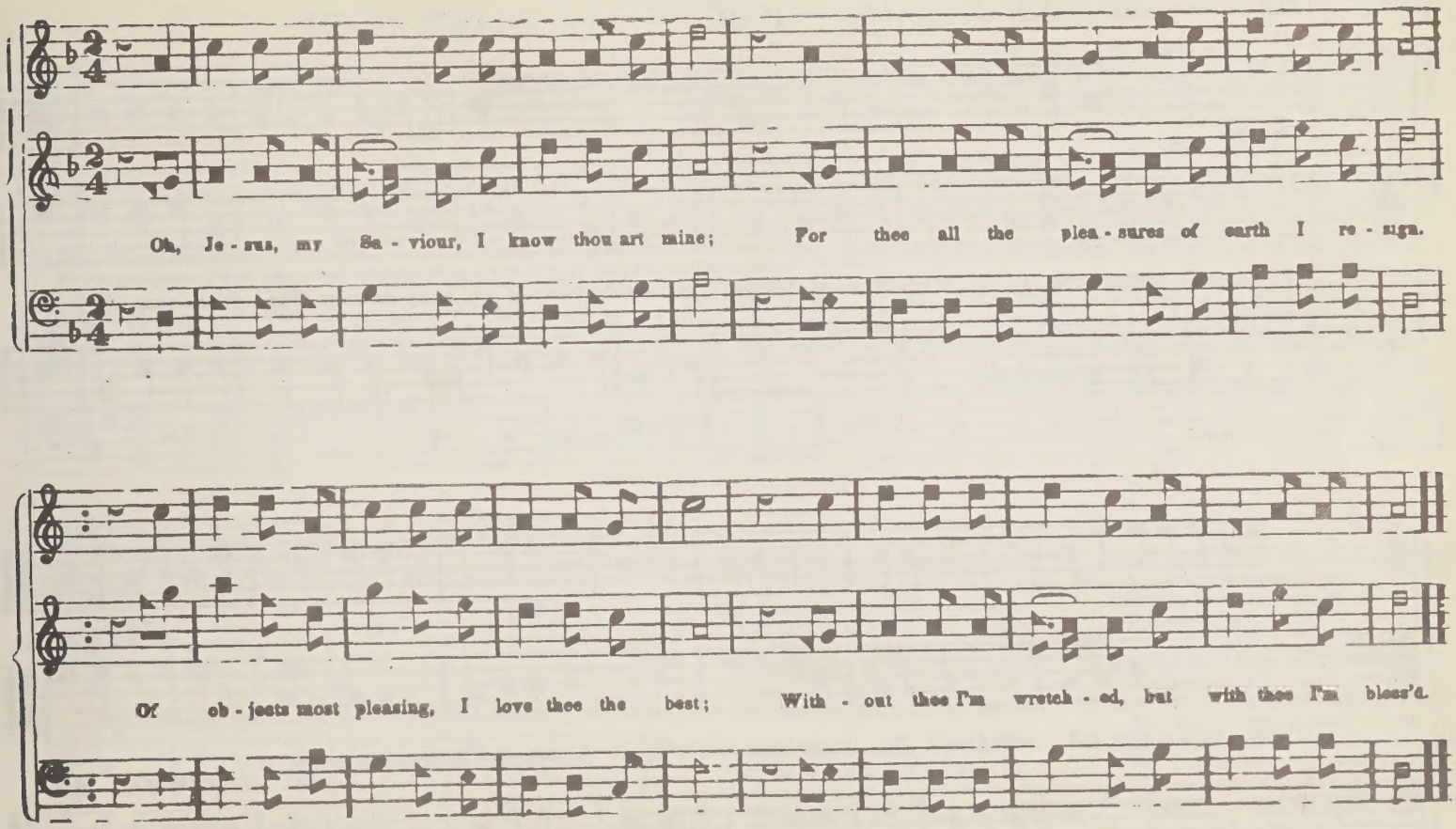
By Eld. E. Dumas. 1854.


Allegro.
1. The time is swift - ly roll - ing on, When I must faint and die; My bod - y to the dust re-turn, And there for - got - ten lie.
2. Let per - se - cu - tion rage a-round, And An - ti - christ ap - pear; My si - lent dust be - neath the ground, There's no dis - turb - ance there.

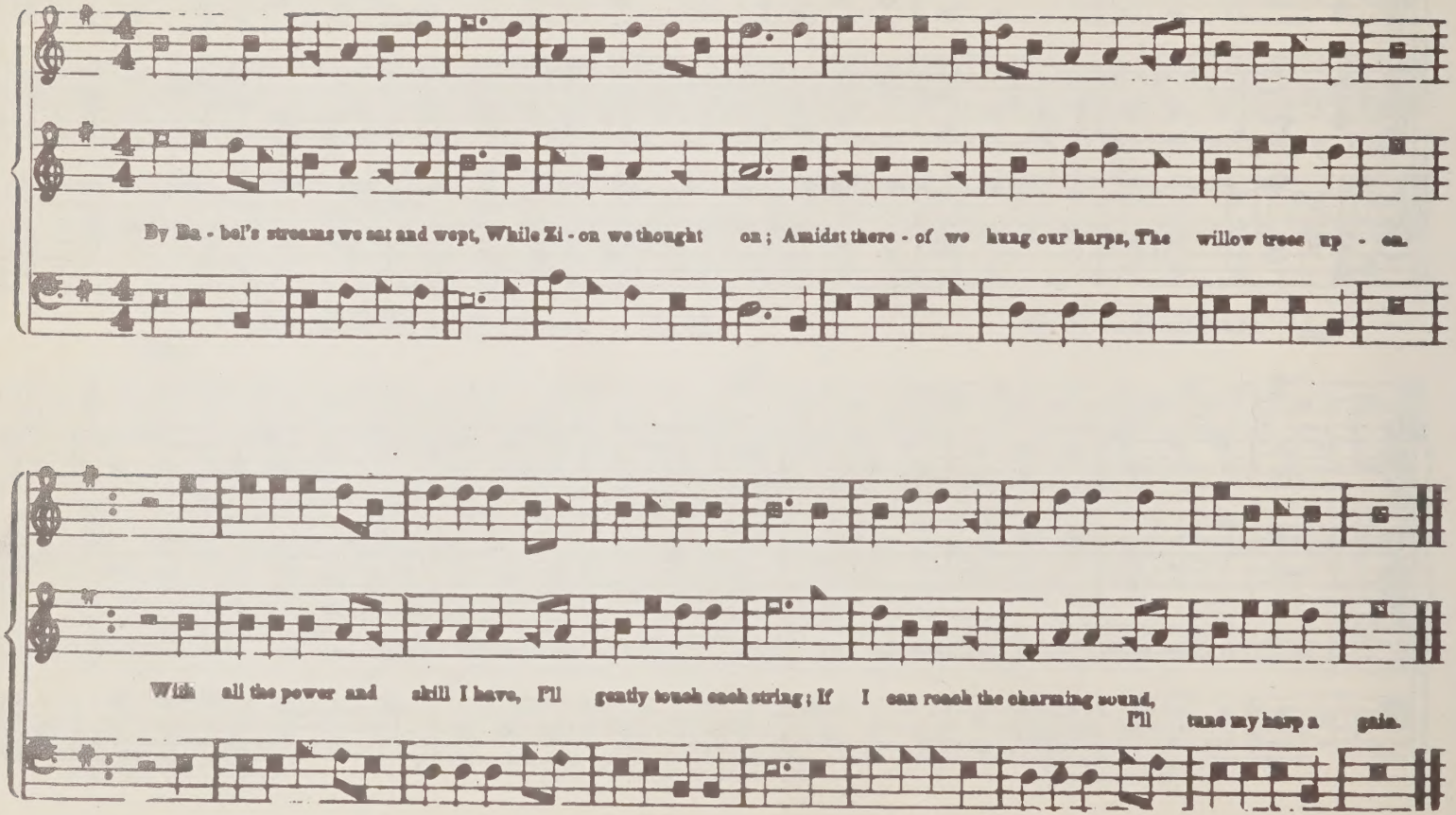
3. Through heats and colds my way I've bent,
And wandered in despair,
To call poor sinners to repent,
And seek the Saviour dear.

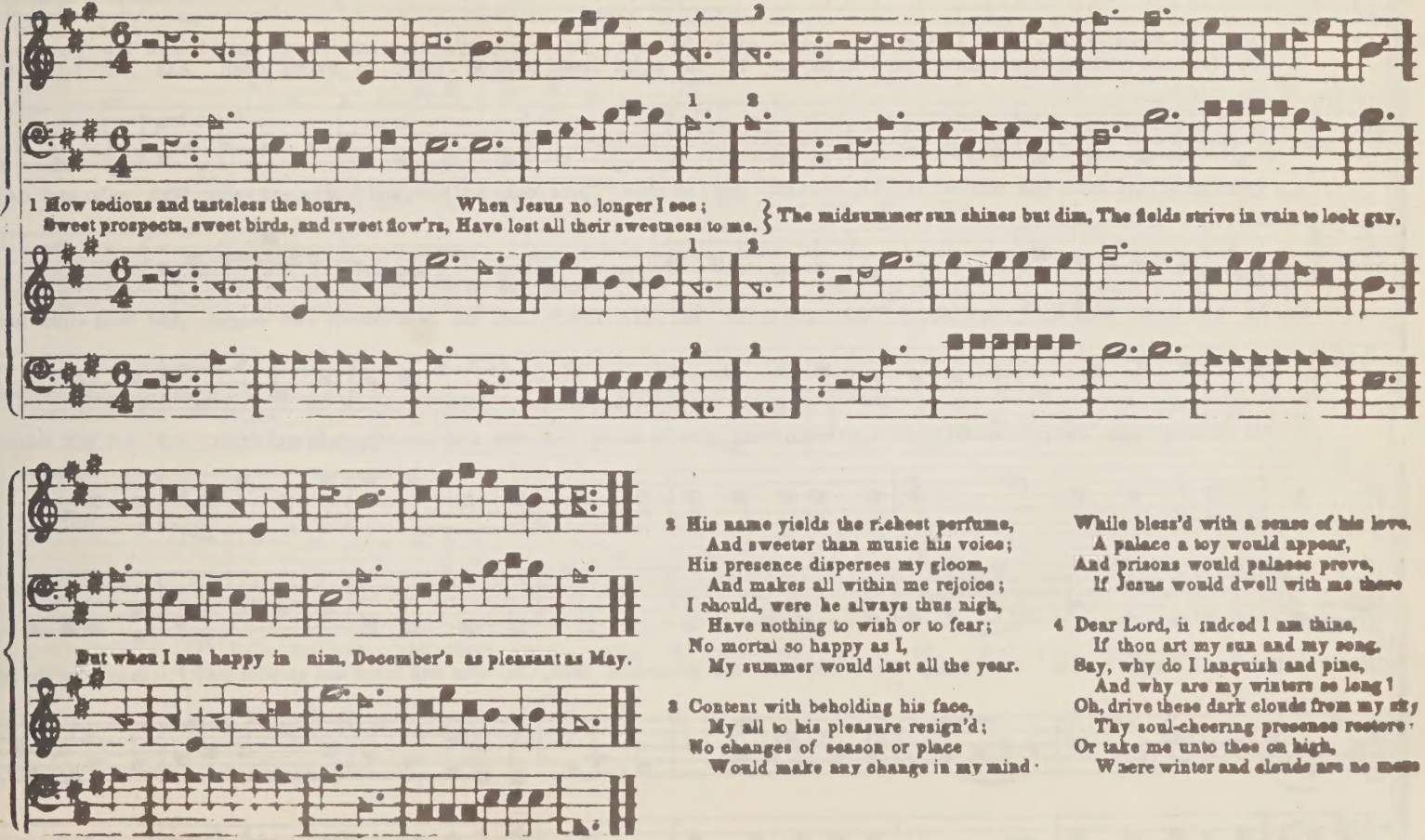
4. My brother preachers, boldly speak,
And stand on Zion's wall,
Uphold the strong, confirm the weak,
And after sinners call.

5. My brother preachers, fare you well,
Your fellowship I love;
In time no more, I shall you see,
And soon we'll meet above.


Oh, Je - sus, my Sa - viour, I know thou art mine; For thee all the plea - sures of earth I re - sign.
Of ob - jects most pleasing, I love thee the best; With - out thee I'm wretch - ed, but with thee I'm bless'd.

BABEL'S STREAMS C M


By Ba - bel's streams we sat and wept, While Zi - on we thought on; Amidst there - of we hung our harps, The willow trees up - on.
With all the power and skill I have, I'll gently touch each string; If I can reach the charming sound,
I'll tune my harp a gain.


1 How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness to me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay,
But when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While blest'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

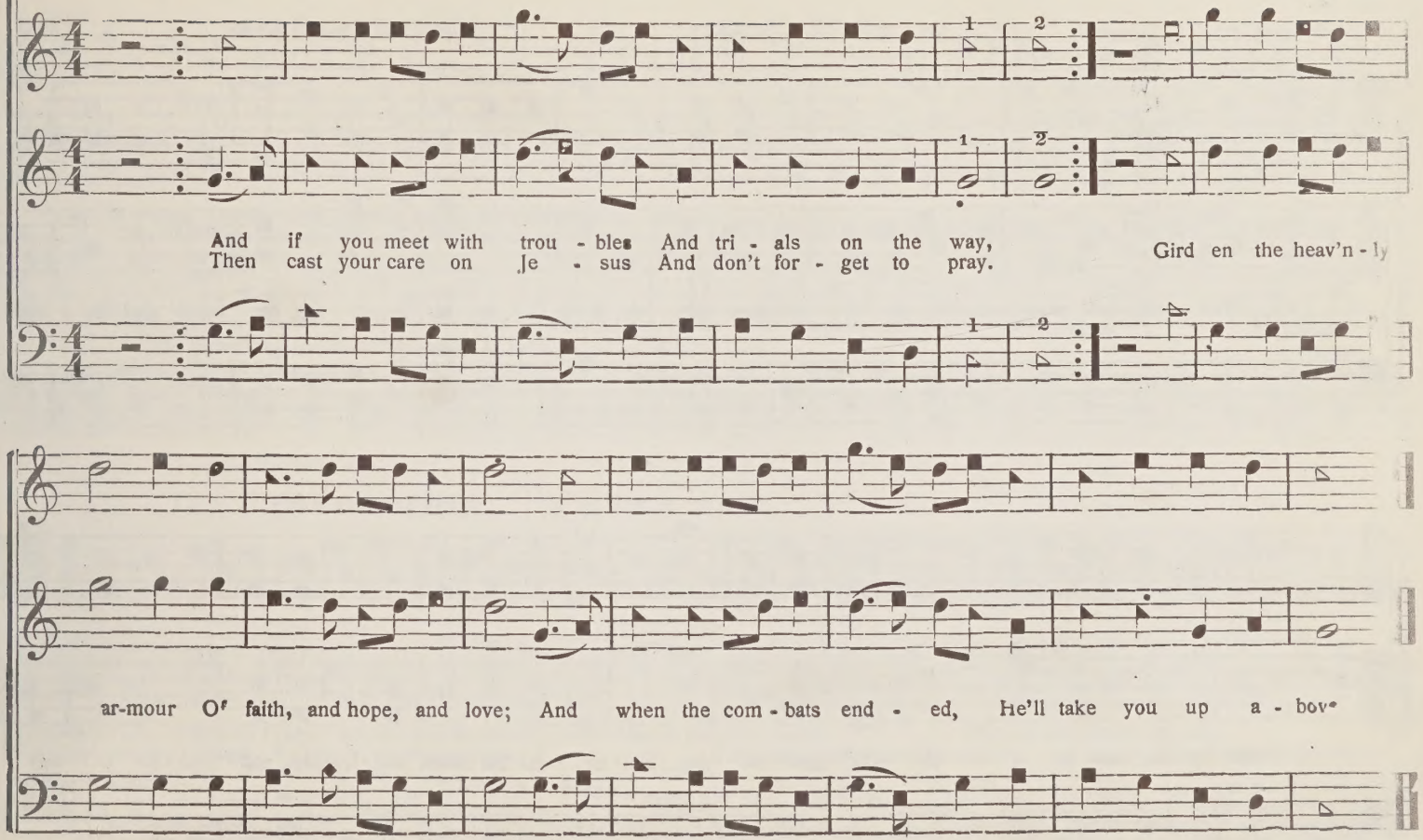
4 Dear Lord, is indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

THE PROMISED LAND. C. M.

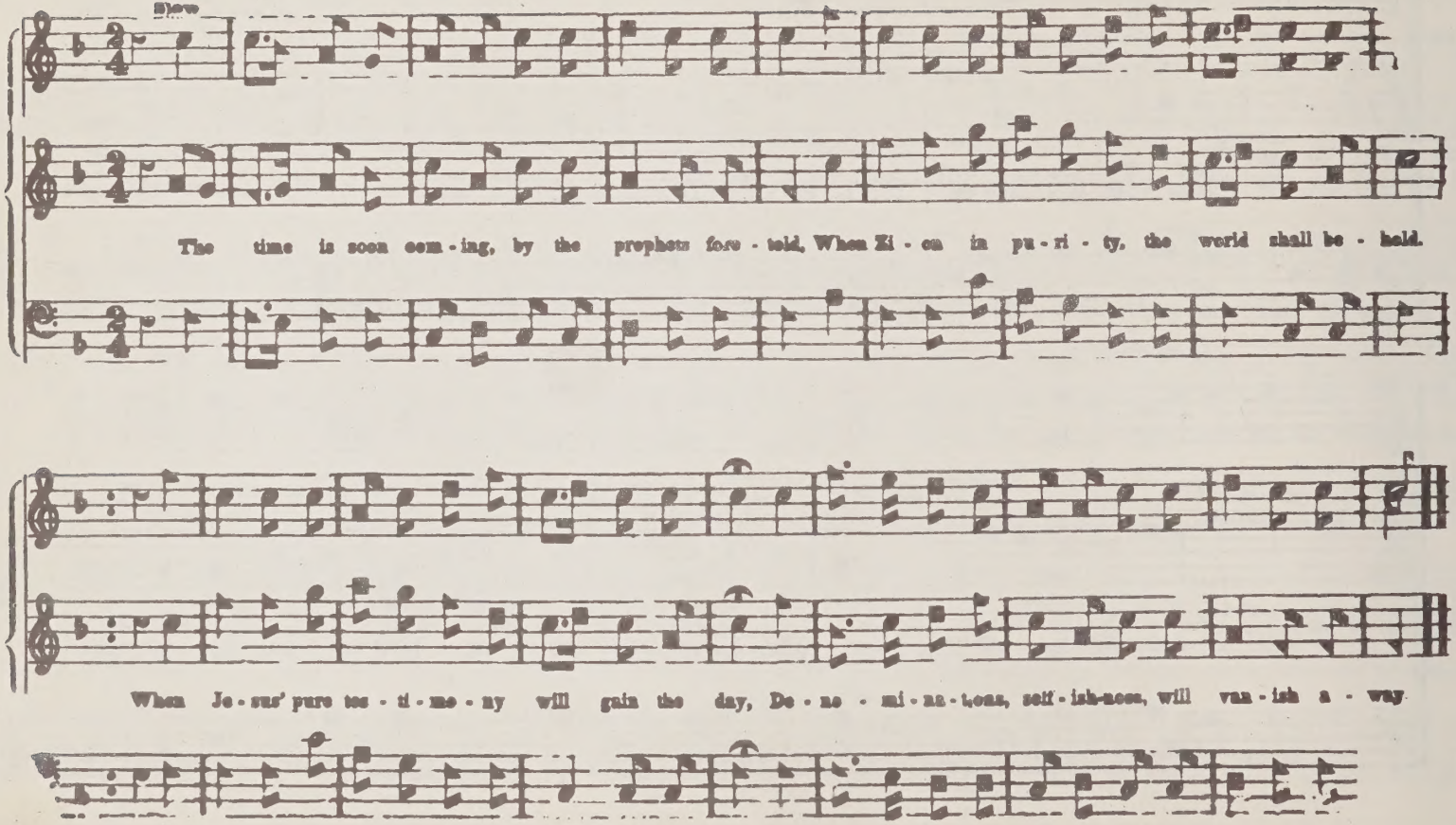
SAMUEL STENNETT. Key of E Minor. MISS M. DURHAM.

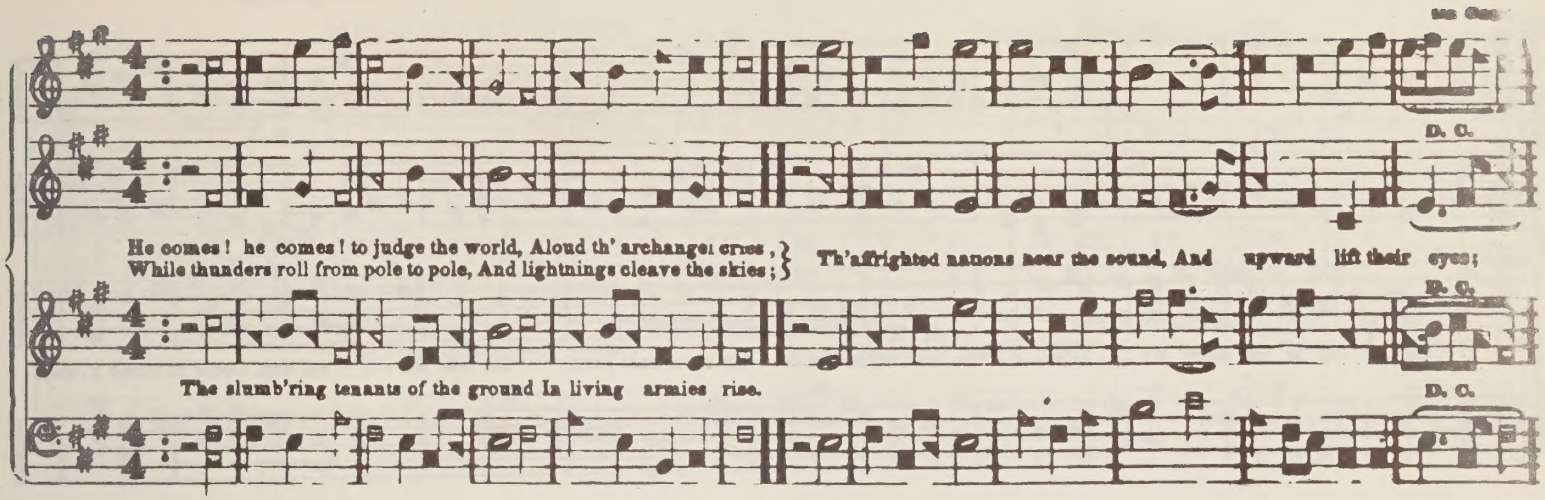
1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
2. On the trans-port-ing, rapt'-rous scene, That ris - es to my sight! Sweet fields ar - rayed in liv-ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.
3. There gen-'rous fruits that nev - er fail, On trees im - mor - tal grow; There rocks,and hills, and brooks,and vales, With milk and hon - ey flow.
4. All o'er those wide ex-ten-ded plains Shines one e - ter - nal dav! There God, the Son, for ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
5. No chill-ing winds, nor pois-on-ous breath Can reach that health-ful shore; Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
CHORUS—I'm bound for the prom - ised land, I'm bound for the prom-ised land, Oh, who will come and go with me? I'm bound for the prom-ised land.

HEAVENLY ARMOUR. Baptist Harmony, p. 463.

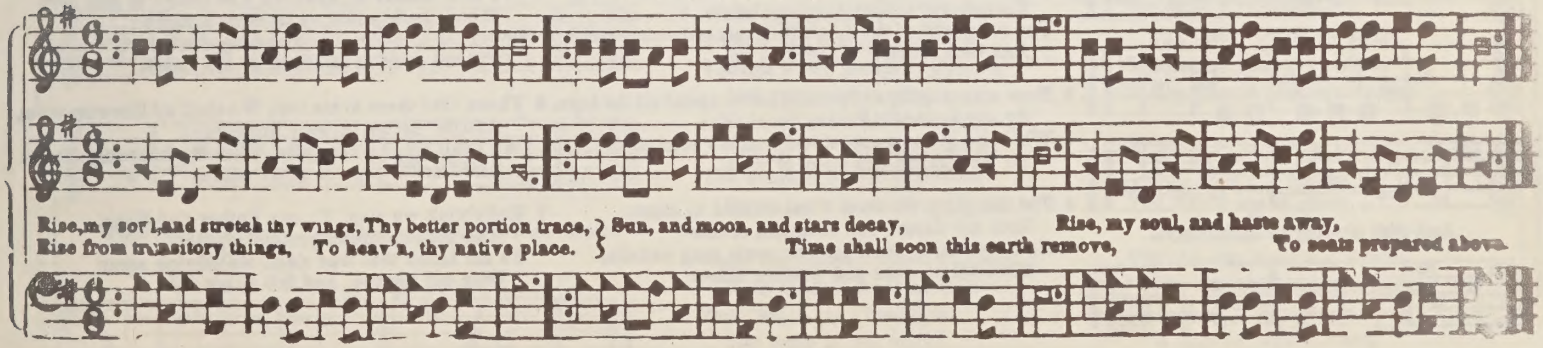

And if you meet with trou - bles And tri - als on the way,
Then cast your care on Je - sus And don't for - get to pray.
Gird en the heav'n - ly
ar-mour Of faith, and hope, and love; And when the com - bats end - ed, He'll take you up a - bove

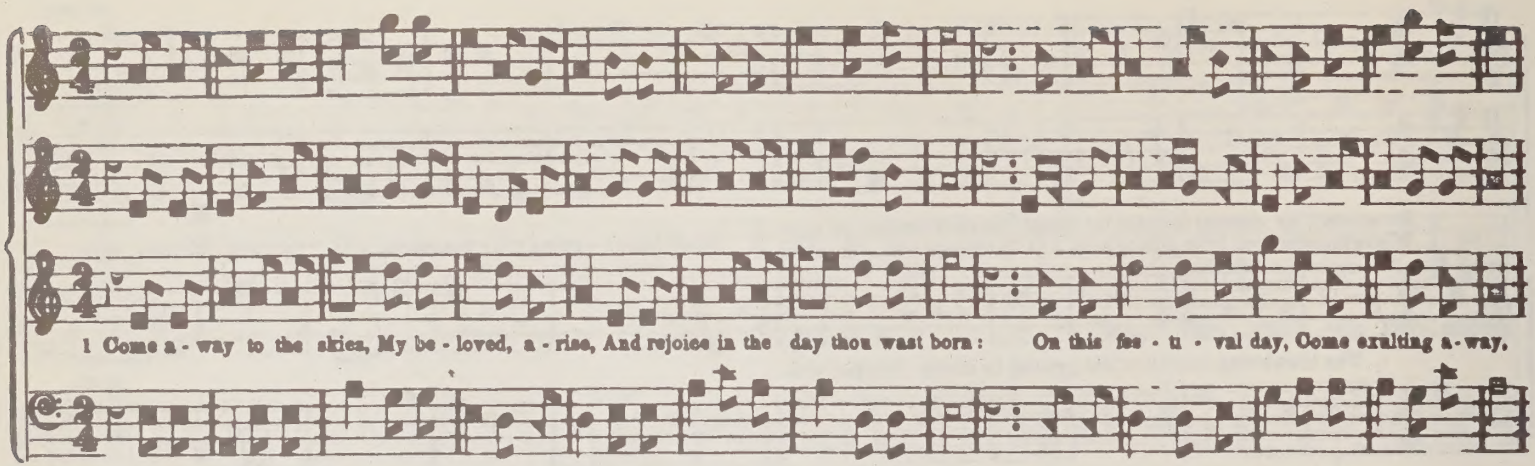
12, 12, 12, 13. Zion Songster, p. 53.

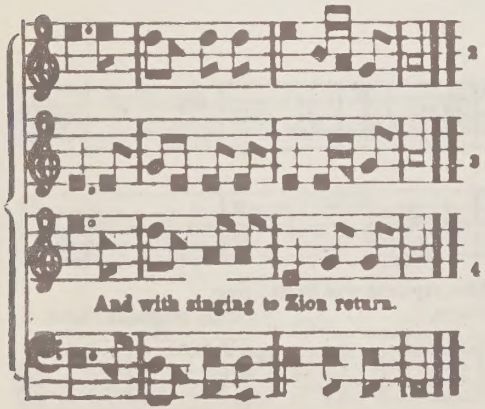

Slow
The time is soon com-ing, by the prophets fore-told, When Zi-on in pu-ri-ty, the world shall be-hold.
When Je-sus' pure tes-ti-mo-ny will gain the day, De-no-mi-na-tions, self-ish-ness, will van-ish a-way


He comes! he comes! to judge the world, Aloud th' archangel cries;
While thunders roll from pole to pole, And lightnings cleave the skies;
Th'affrighted nations hear the sound, And upward lift their eyes;
The slumb'ring tenants of the ground In living armies rise.
D. C.
D. C.
D. C.

INVOCATION. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.


Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace,
Rise from transitory things, To heav'n, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove,
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.





2 We have laid up our love And our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below,
The redeem'd of the Lord Will remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.

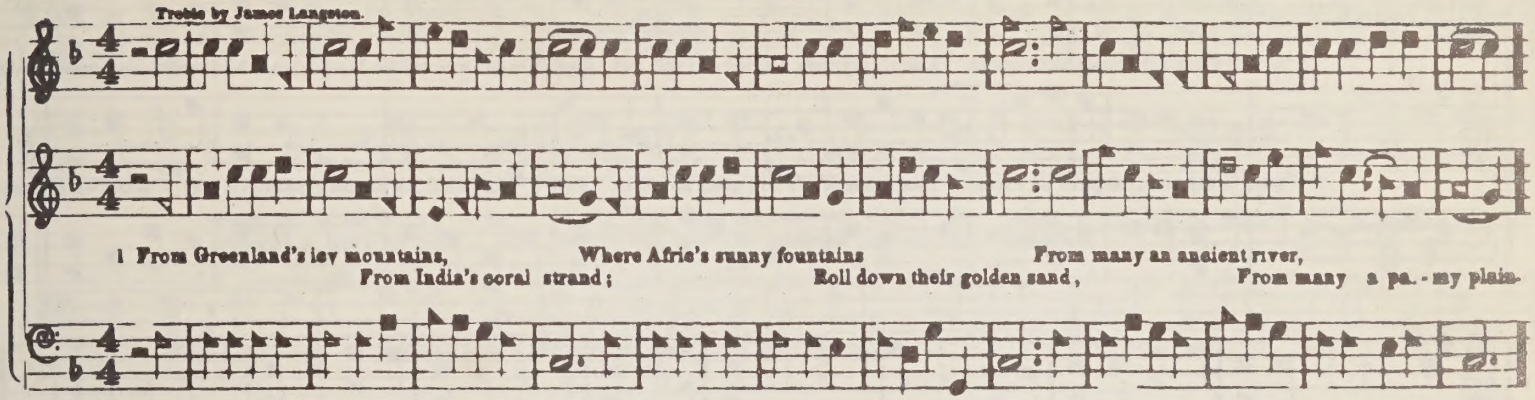
3 Now with singing and praise, Let us spend all the days,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd,
While his grace we receive From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

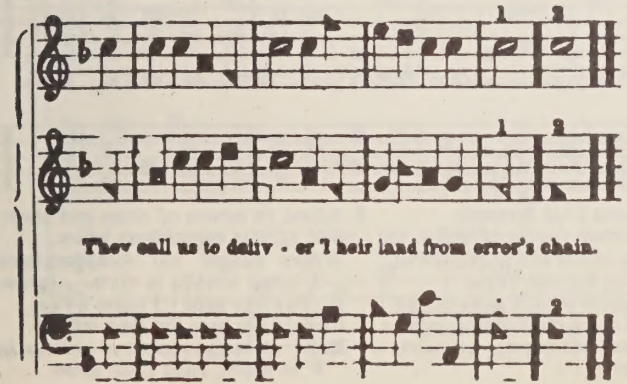
4 For the glory we were First created to share,
Both the nature and kingdom divine!
Now created again That our souls may remain,
Throughout time and eternity thine.

5 We with thanks do approve, The design of that love
Which hath join'd us to Jesus's name;
So united in heart, Let us never more part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, Oh! there at his feet, We shall all likewise meet,
And be parted in body no more;
We shall sing to our lyres, With the heavenly choirs
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we sing, To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat,
To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujah again
Sing, all heaven, and fall at his feet

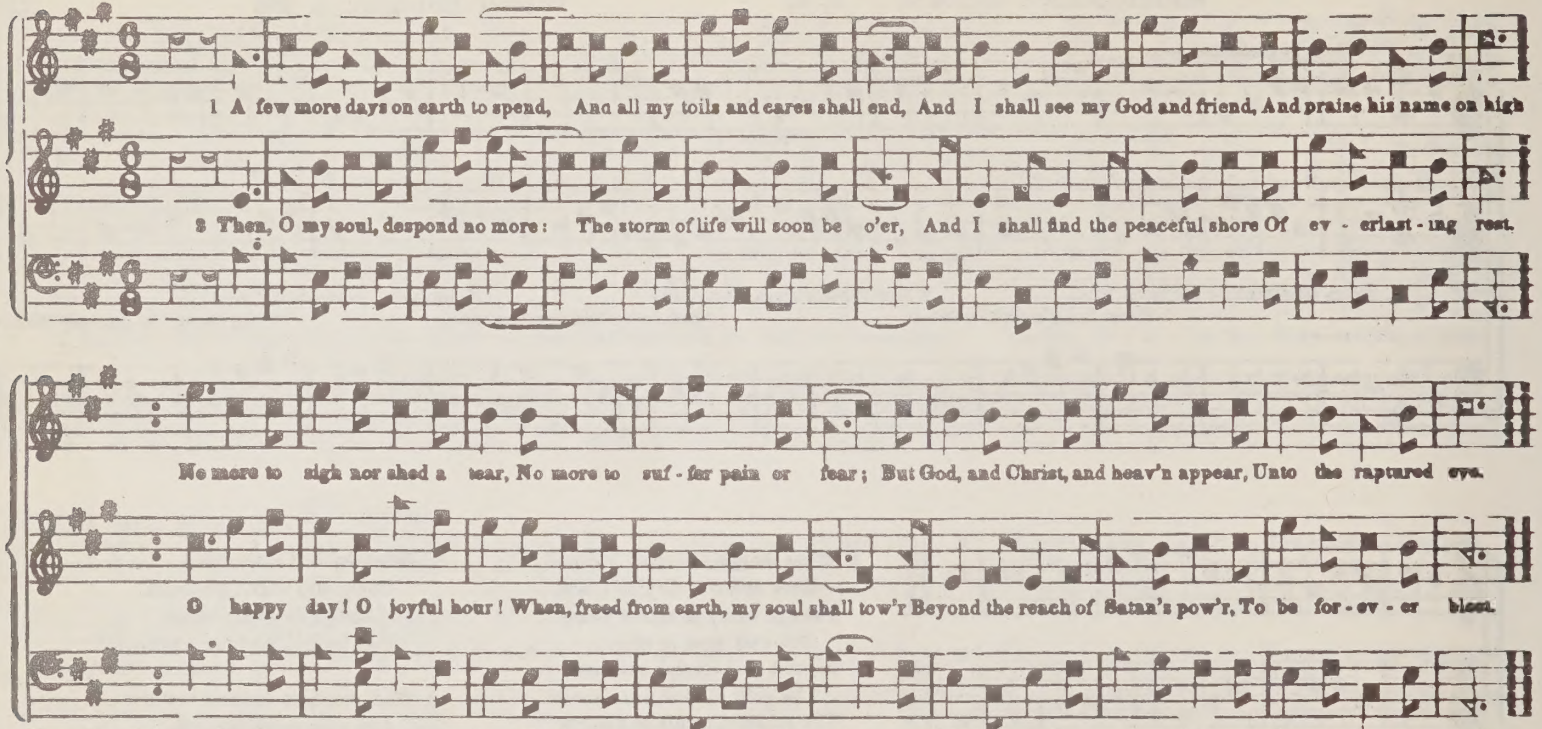

Treble by James Langston.
1 From Greenland's icy mountains, Where Afric's sunny fountains From many an ancient river,
From India's coral strand; Roll down their golden sand, From many a pa. - my plain.



2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole,
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinner's slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

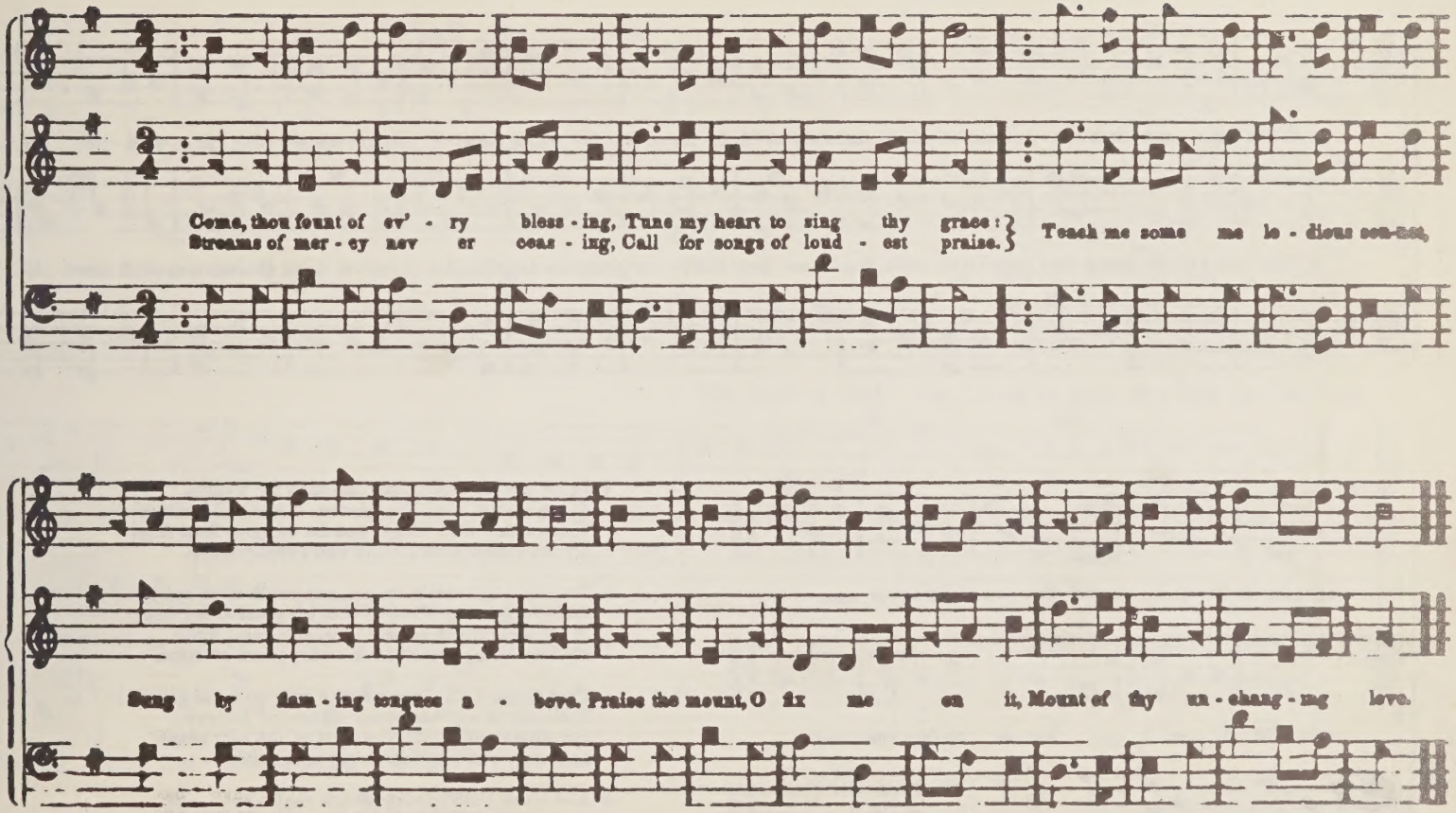

1 A few more days on earth to spend, And all my toils and cares shall end, And I shall see my God and friend, And praise his name on high
2 Then, O my soul, despond no more: The storm of life will soon be o'er, And I shall find the peaceful shore Of ev - erlast - ing rest.
No more to sigh nor shed a tear, No more to suf - fer pain or fear; But God, and Christ, and heav'n appear, Unto the raptured eye.
O happy day! O joyful hour! When, freed from earth, my soul shall tow'r Beyond the reach of Satan's pow'r, To be for - ev - er blest.

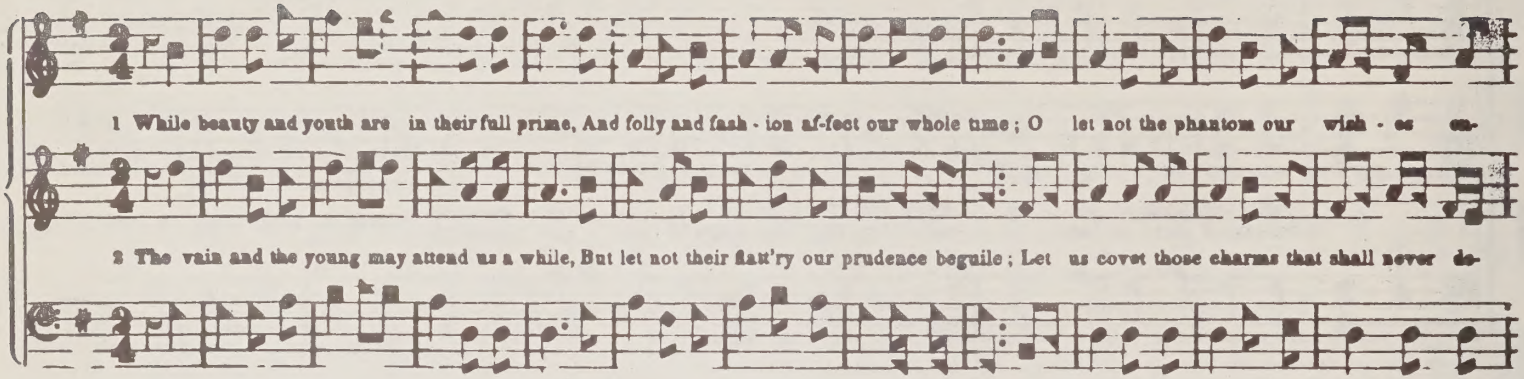
3 My soul anticipates the day,—
I'll joyfully the call obey,
Which comes to summon me away
To seats prepared above.
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in his beloved embrace,
And taste the fulness of his grace
And sing redeeming love.

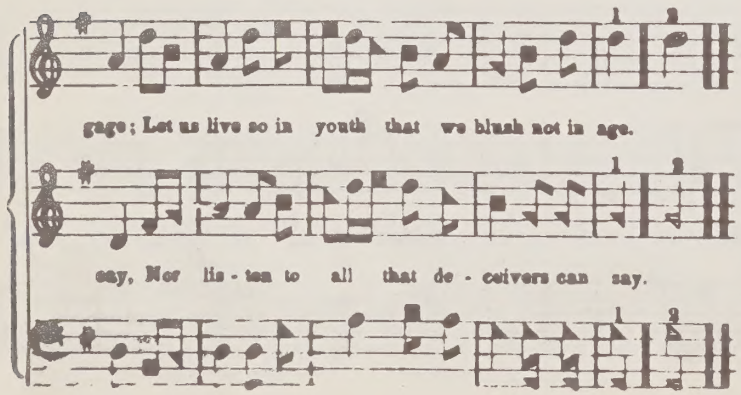
4 Though dire afflictions press me sore,
And death's dark billows roll before,
Yet still by faith I see the shore
Beyond the rolling flood:
The banks of Canaan, sweet and fair,
Before my raptured eyes appear:
It makes me think I'm almost there,—
In yonder bright abode.

5 To earthly cares I bid farewell,
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise th' Eternal Three.
I'll join with those who're gone before,
Who sing and shout their sufferings o'er,
Where pain and parting are no more,
To all eternity.

6 Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show
And all this region here below,
Where naught but disappointment grow-
A better world's in view. [ing
My Saviour calls! I haste away,
I would not here for ever stay.
Hail! ye bright realms of endless day
Ye world, once more adieu


Come, thou fount of ev' - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mer - cy nev er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
Teach me some me lo - dious son-net,
Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the mount, O fix me on it, Mount of thy un - chang - ing love.


1 While beauty and youth are in their full prime, And folly and fash - ion af-fect our whole time; O let not the phantom our wish - es en-
2 The vain and the young may attend us a while, But let not their flat'ry our prudence beguile; Let us covet those charms that shall never de-



3 I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health;
Then, richer than kings, and far happier than they,
My days shall pass swiftly and sweetly away.

4 For when age steals on me, and youth is no more,
And the moralist Time shakes his glass at my door,
What pleasure in beauty or wealth can I find?
My beauty, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.

5 That peace! I'll preserve it as pure as 'twas given
Shall last in my bosom an earnest of heaven;
For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold sense,
And sixty can flourish as gay as sixteen.

6 And when I the burden of life shall have borne,
And death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn,
Reascend to my God without murmur or sigh,
I'll bless the kind summons and lie down and die.

LIBERTY. C. M.

Key of F.

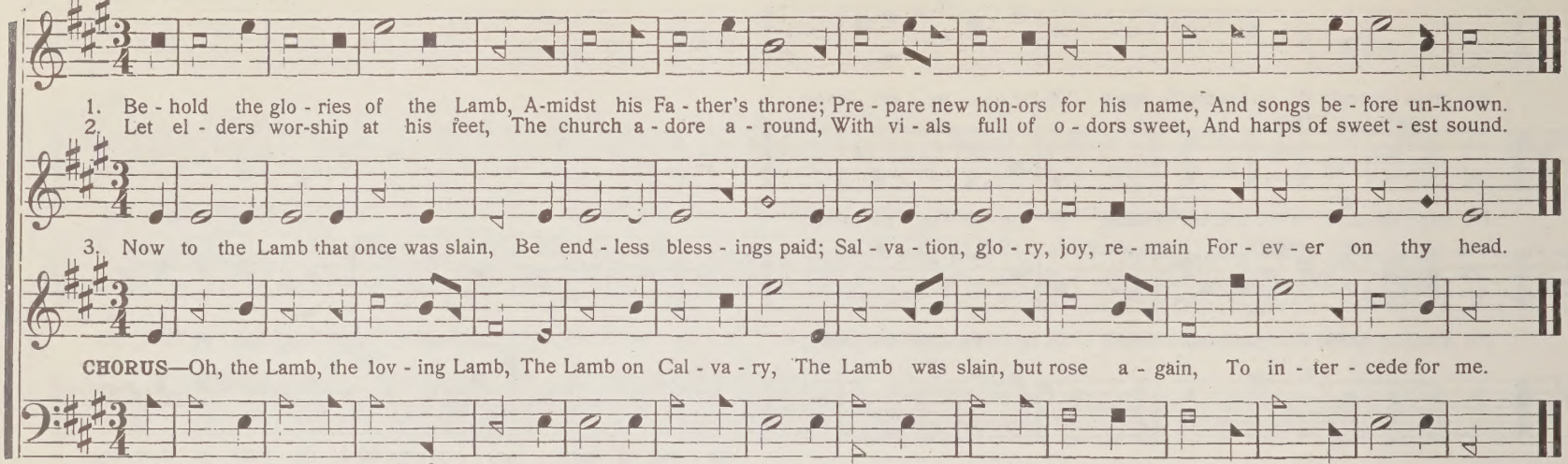
STEPHEN JENKS.

No more be-neath th' op-pressor's hand Of tyr - an - ny we groan; Be-
No more be-neath th' op-pressor's hand Of tyr - an - ny we groan, Be - hold a smil - ing,
No more be-neath th' op-pressor's hand Of tyr - an - ny we groan, Be - hold a smil - ing, hap - py land, Be-
Be - hold a smil - ing, hap-py land, Be - hold a smil-ing,
hold a smil - ing, hap-py land, Be-hold a smil - ing, hap - py land, That free-dom calls her own, 1 2
hap-py land, Be - hold a smil-ing, hap-py land, That free - dom calls her own. That free - dom calls her own.
hold a smil - ing, hap-py land, That free-dom calls her own. 1 2
hap-py land, That free - dom calls her own, ... That free - dom calls her own.

SONG TO THE LAMB.* C. M.

Key of A

D. P. WHITE.

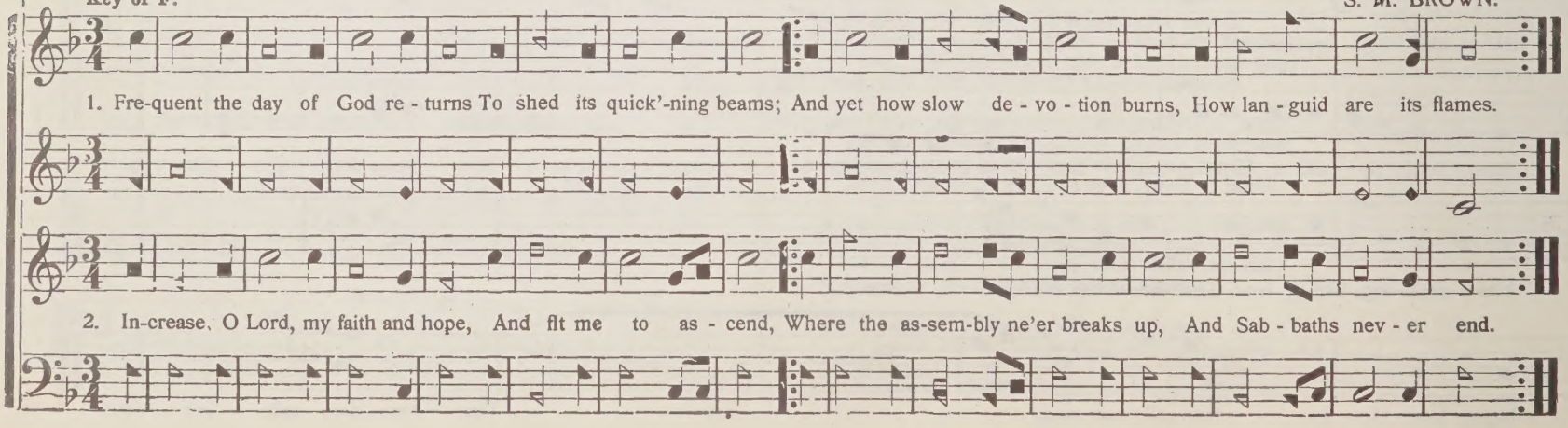

1. Be - hold the glo - ries of the Lamb, A-midst his Fa - ther's throne; Pre - pare new hon-ors for his name, And songs be - fore un-known.
2. Let el - ders wor-ship at his feet, The church a - dore a - round, With vi - als full of o - dors sweet, And harps of sweet - est sound.
3. Now to the Lamb that once was slain, Be end - less bless - ings paid; Sal - va - tion, glo - ry, joy, re - main For - ev - er on thy head.
CHORUS—Oh, the Lamb, the lov - ing Lamb, The Lamb on Cal - va - ry, The Lamb was slain, but rose a - gain, To in - ter - cede for me.

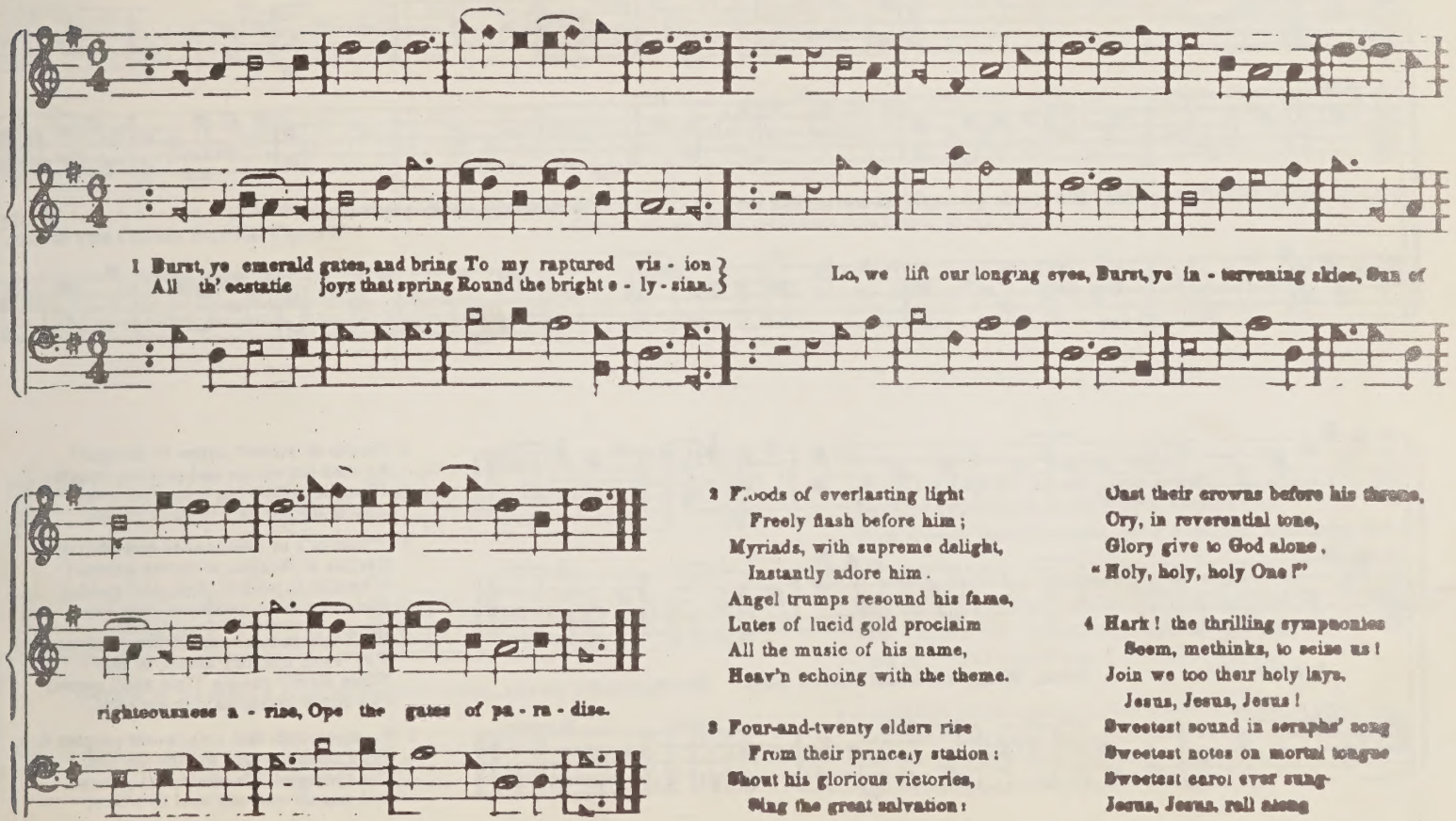
x In singing Chorus, omit the first note.

OGLETREE. C. M.

Key of F.

S. M. BROWN.


1. Fre-quent the day of God re - turns To shed its quick'-ning beams; And yet how slow de - vo - tion burns, How lan - guid are its flames.
2. In-crease, O Lord, my faith and hope, And flt me to as - cend, Where the as-sem-bly ne'er breaks up, And Sab - baths nev - er end.

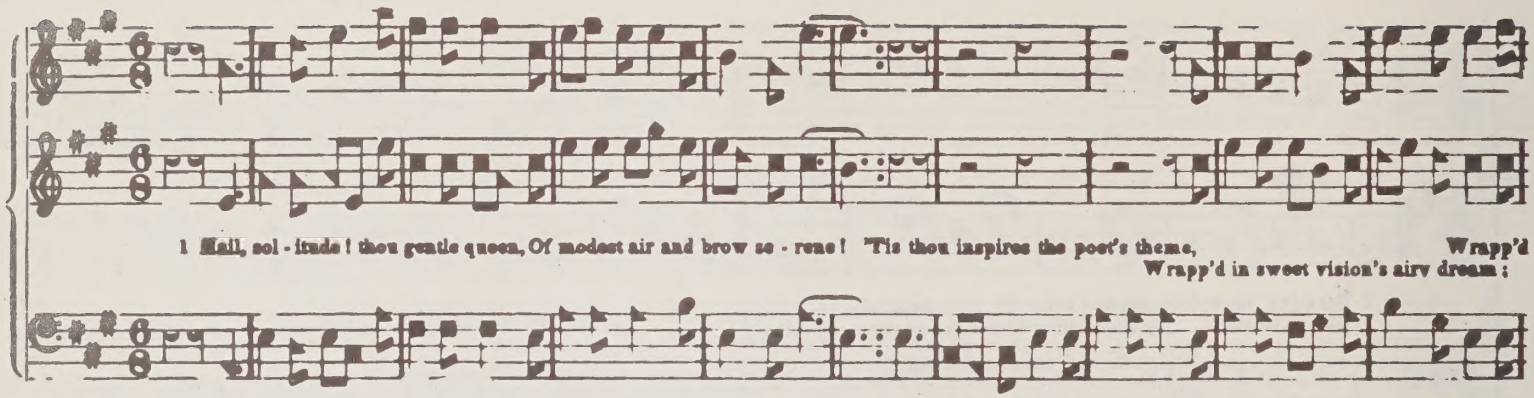

1 Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring To my raptured vis - ion
All th' ecstatic joys that spring Round the bright e - ly - sian.
Lo, we lift our longing eyes, Burst, ye in - tervening skies, Sun of
righteousness a - rise, Ope the gates of pa - ra - dise.

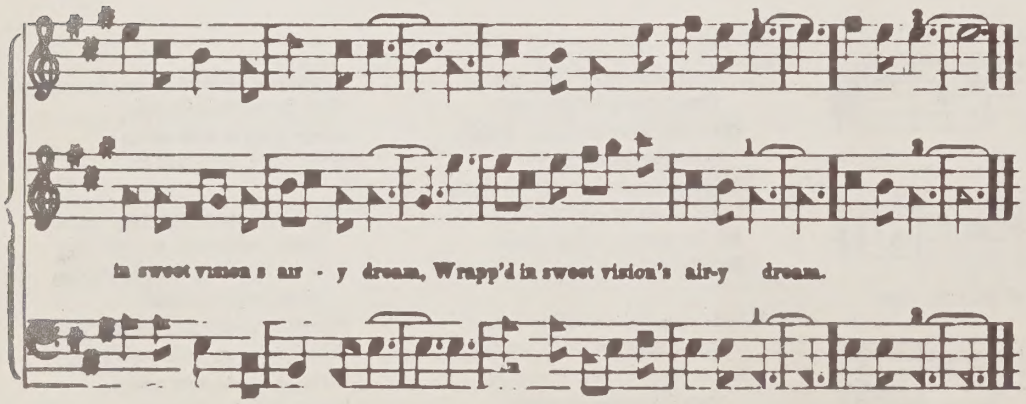
2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him.
Angel trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name,
Heav'n echoing with the theme.

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise
From their princely station:
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation:
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry, in reverential tone,
Glory give to God alone,
"Holy, holy, holy One!"

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us!
Join we too their holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraphs' song
Sweetest notes on mortal tongue
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, Jesus, roll along

SWEET SOLITUDE. L. M.


1 Hail, sol - itude! thou gentle queen, Of modest air and brow se - rene! 'Tis thou inspires the poet's theme, Wrapp'd
Wrapp'd in sweet vision's airy dream;

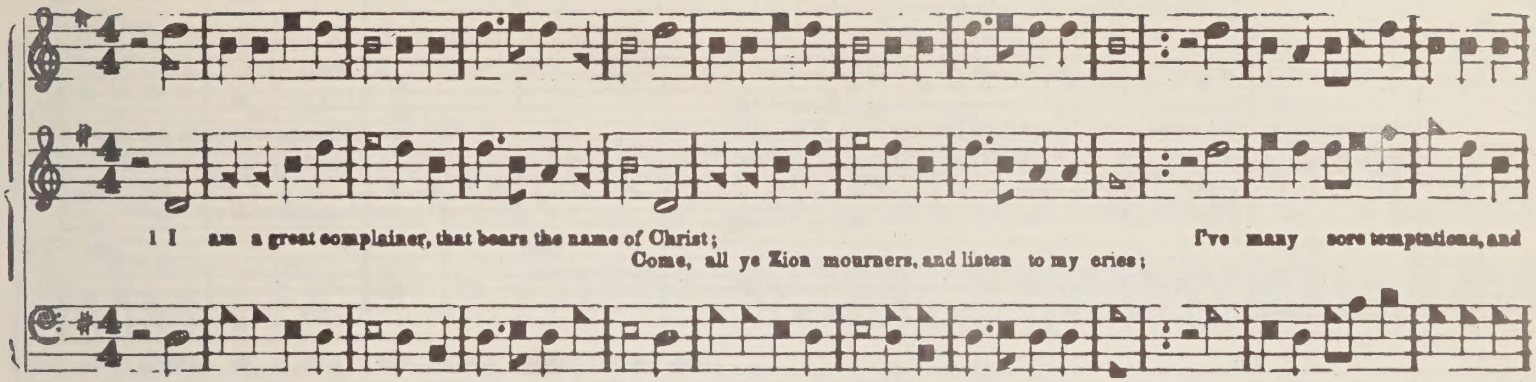


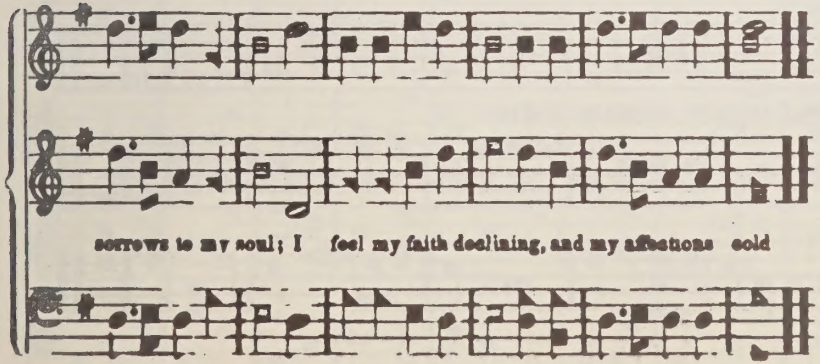
2 Parent of virtue! muse of thought!
By thee are saints and patriots taught;
Wisdom to thee her treasures owes,
And in thy lap fair science grows.

3 Whate'er's in thee refines and charms
Excites to thought, to virtue warms;
Whate'er is perfect, firm, and good,
We owe to thee, sweet solitude.

4 With thee the charms of life shall last,
E'en when the rosy bloom is past,
When slowly pacing Time shall spread
Thy silver blossoms o'er my head.

5 No more with this vain world perplex'd,
Thou shalt prepare me for the next:
The spring of life shall gently cease,
And angels waft my soul to peace.

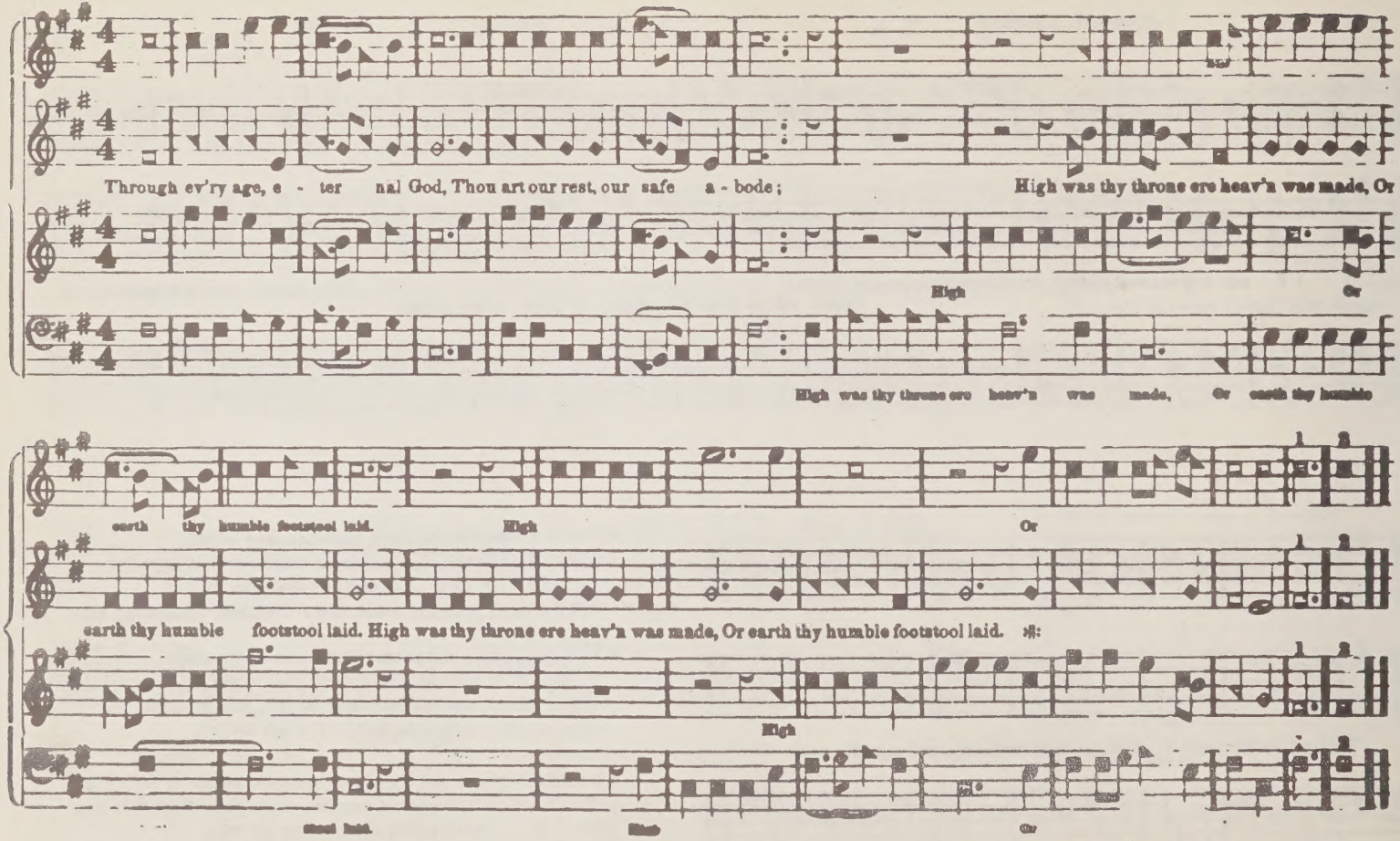

1 I am a great complainer, that bears the name of Christ;
Come, all ye Zion mourners, and listen to my cries;
I've many sore temptations, and

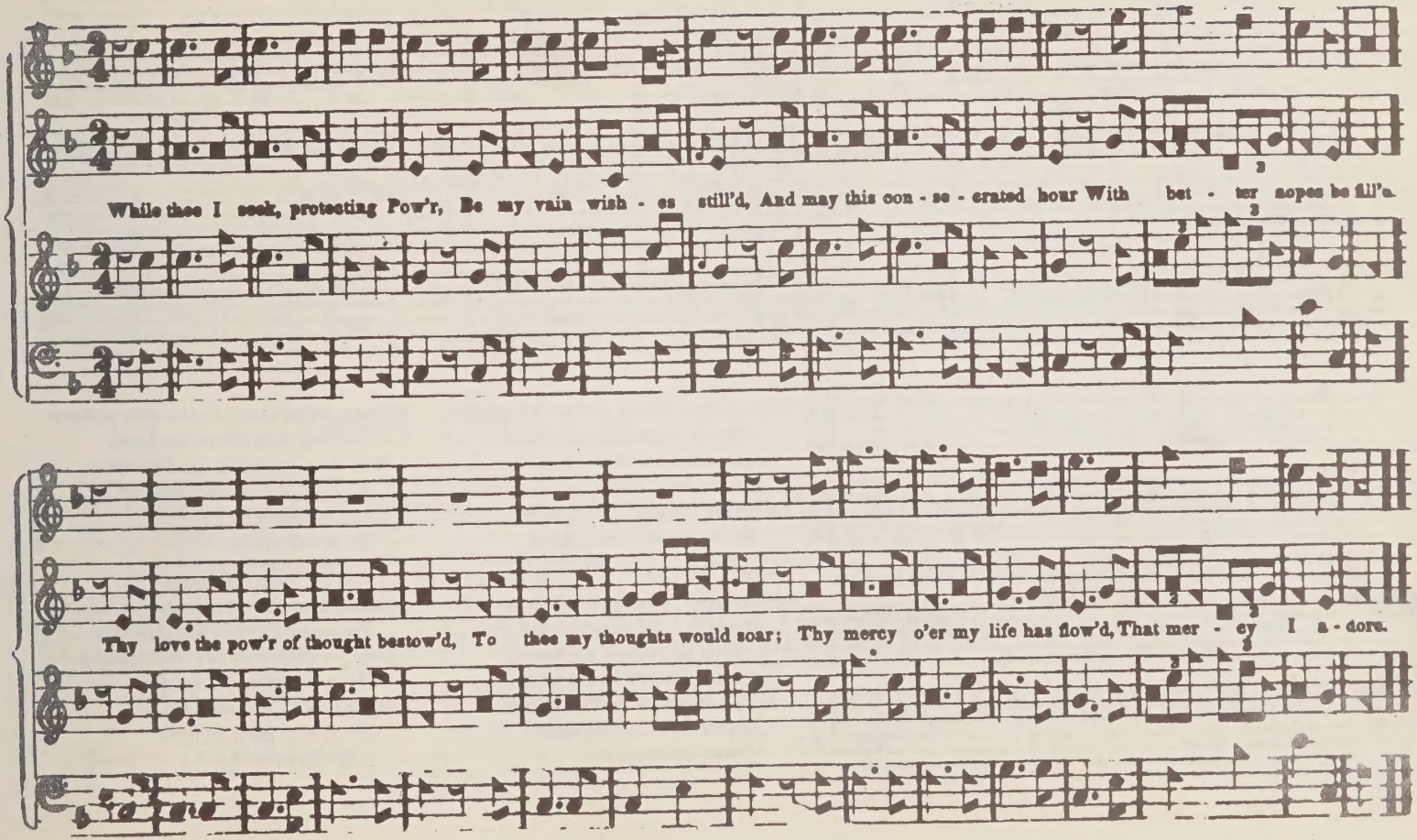


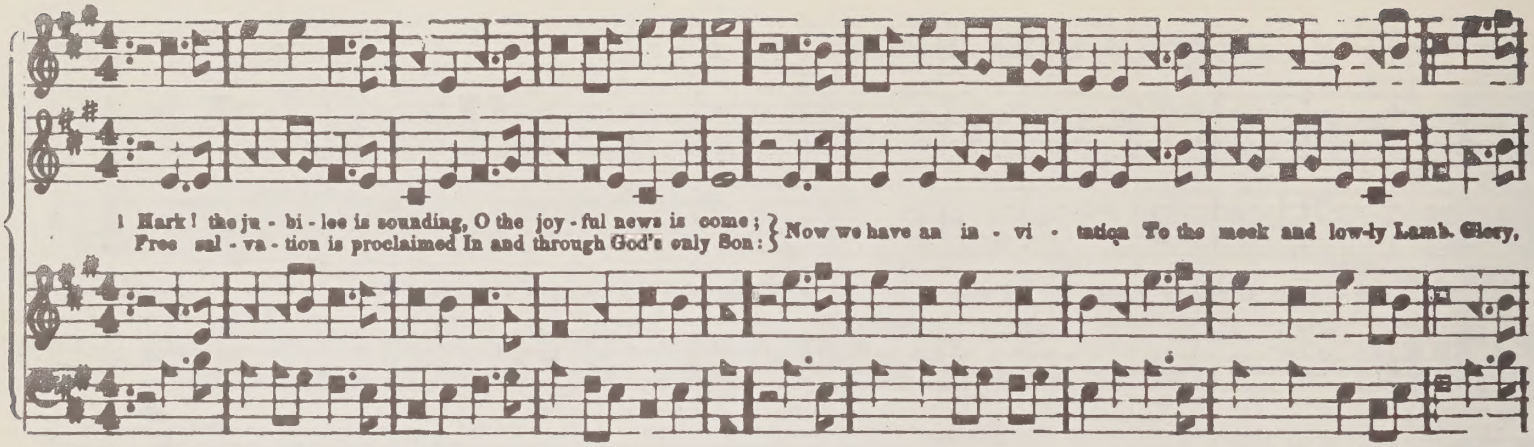
2 I wish it was with me now, as in the days of old,
When the glorious light of Jesus was flowing in my soul
But now I am distressed, and no relief can find,
With a hard, deceitful heart, and a wretched, wandering mind

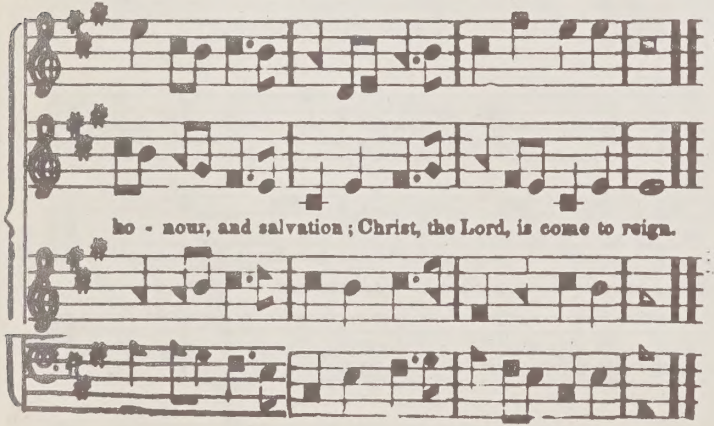
3 It is great pride and passion beset me on my way,
So I am fill'd with folly, and so neglect to pray;
While others run rejoicing, and seem to lose no time,
I am so weak I stumble, and so I'm left behind.

4 I read that peace and happiness meet Christians in their way,
That bear their cross with meekness, and don't neglect to pray
But I, a thousand objects beset me in my way,
So I am fill'd with folly, and so neglect to pray


Through ev'ry age, e - ter nal God, Thou art our rest, our safe a - bode;
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, Or
High
Or
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, Or earth thy humble
earth thy humble footstool laid.
High
Or
earth thy humble footstool laid. High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, Or earth thy humble footstool laid.
High
Or


While thee I seek, protecting Pow'r, Be my vain wish - es still'd, And may this con - se - crated hour With bet - ter hopes be fill'd.
Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd, To thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer - cy I a - dore.


1 Mark! the ju - bi - lee is sounding, O the joy - ful news is come;
Free sal - va - tion is proclaimed In and through God's only Son:
Now we have an in - vi - tation To the meek and low-ly Lamb. Glory,

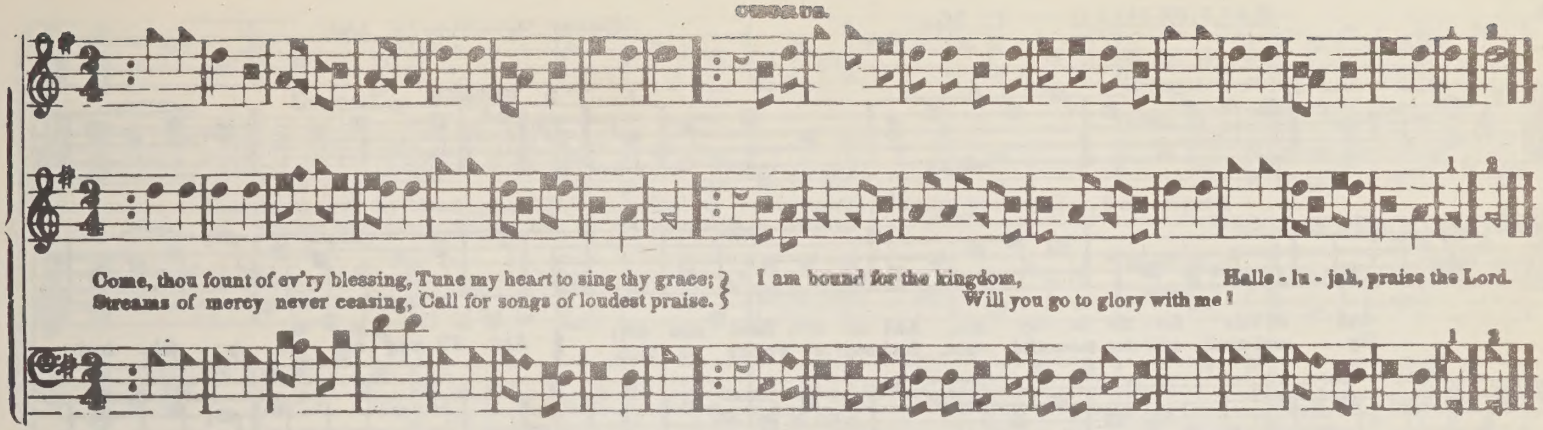


2 Come, dear friends, and don't neglect it.
Come to Jesus in your prime;
Great salvation, don't reject it,
O receive it, now's your time;
Now the Saviour is beginning
To revive his work again.
Glory, honour, &c.

3 Now let each one cease from sinning,
Come and follow Christ the way;
We shall all receive a blessing,
If from him we do not stray;
Golden moments we've neglected,
Yet the Lord invites again!
Glory, honour, &c.

4 Come, let us run our race with patience
Looking unto Christ the Lord,
Who doth live and reign for ever,
With his Father and our God;
He is worthy to be praised,
He is our exalted King.
Glory, honour, &c.

5 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,
Praise him, praise him evermore
May his great love now constrain us
His great name for to adore.
O then let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain.
Glory, honour, &c.


CHORUS.
Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
I am bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me?
Halle - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

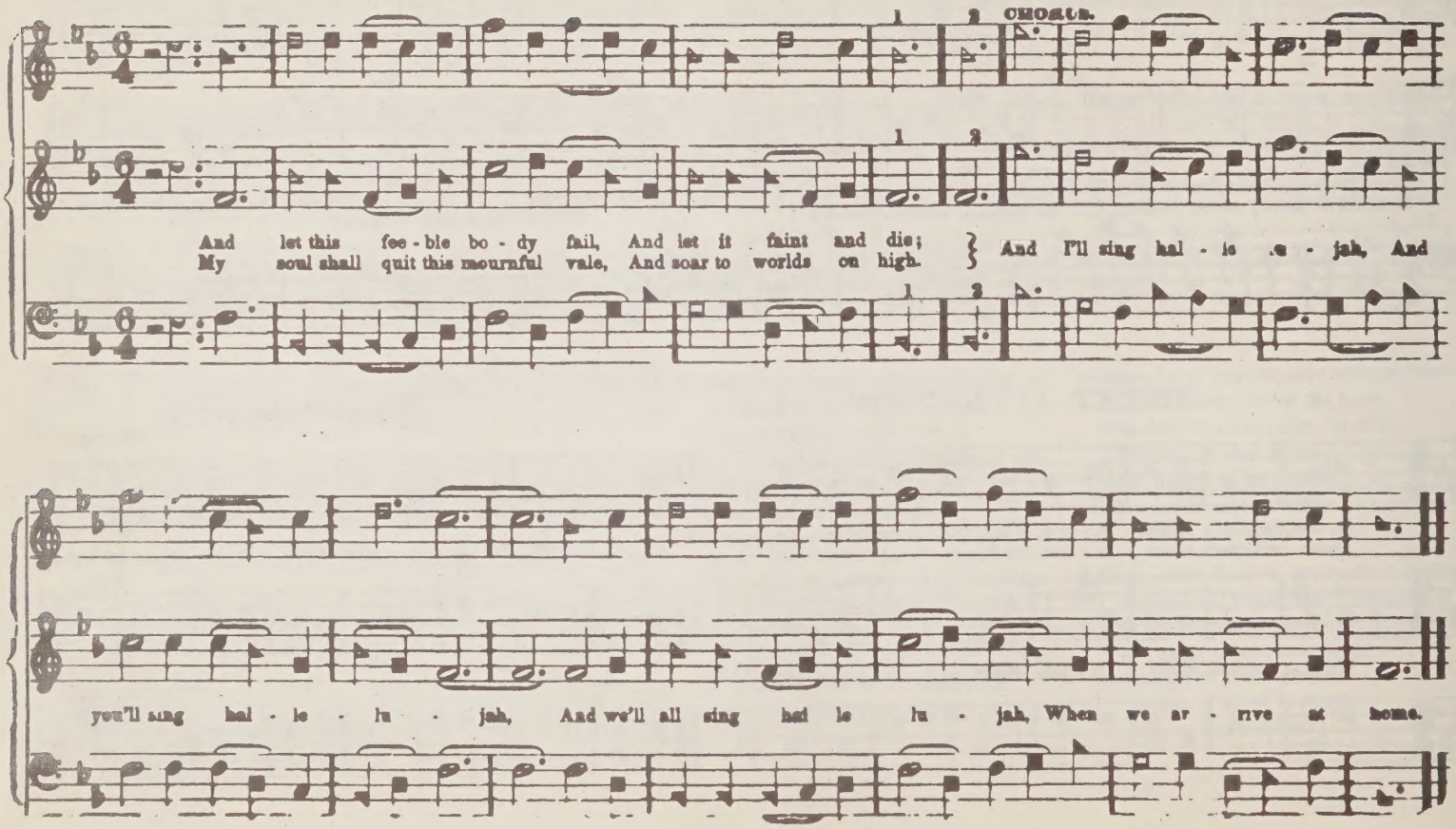
SWEET AFFLICTION. 8, 7.

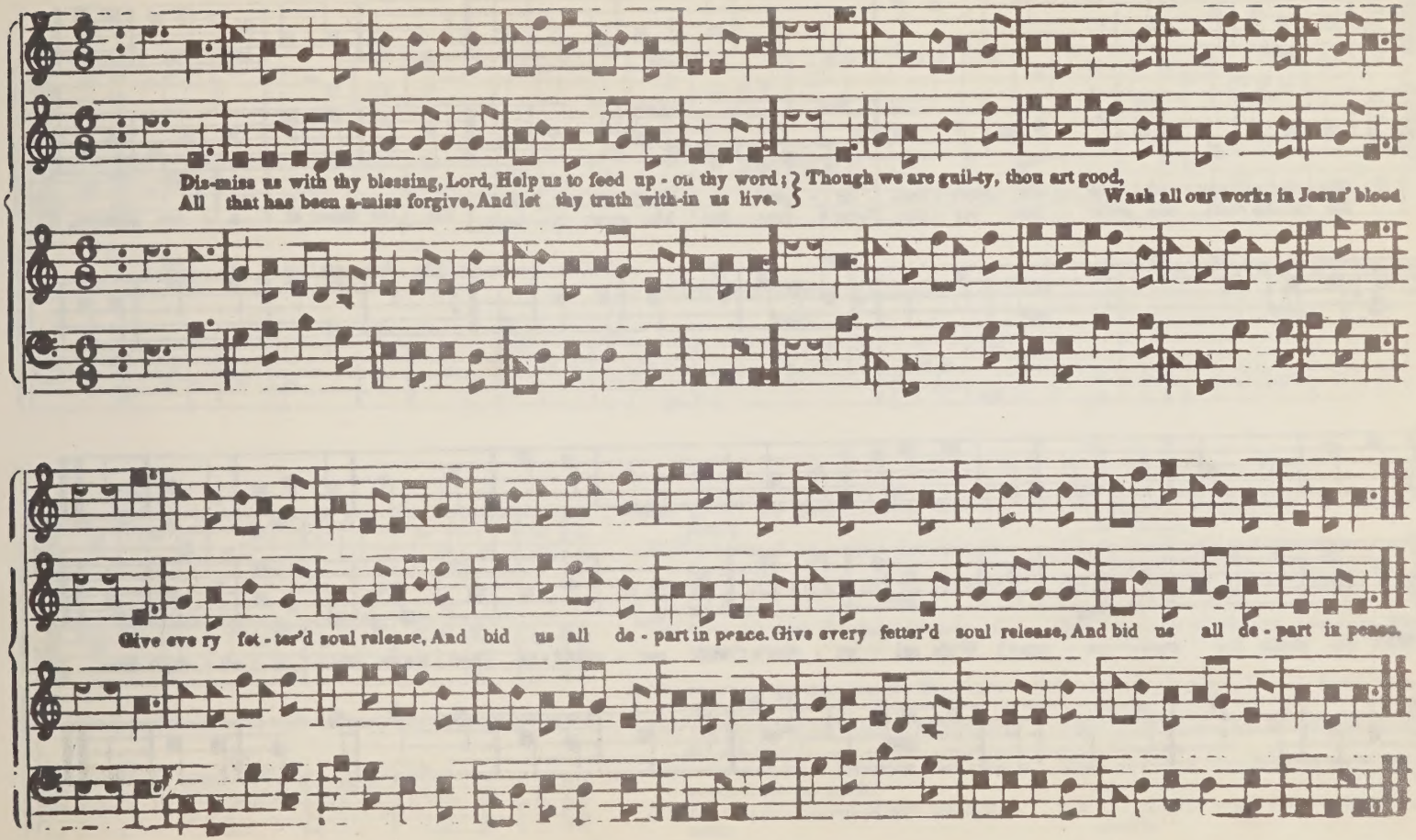
Rippon's Hymns, p. 541.

Da Capo.
In the floods of tribu - la - tion, While the billows o'er me roll,
Je-sus whispers conso - la - tion, And supports my faint - ing soul.
Hal - le - lujah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, praise the Lord.
D. C.
Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, praise the Lord.
D. C.

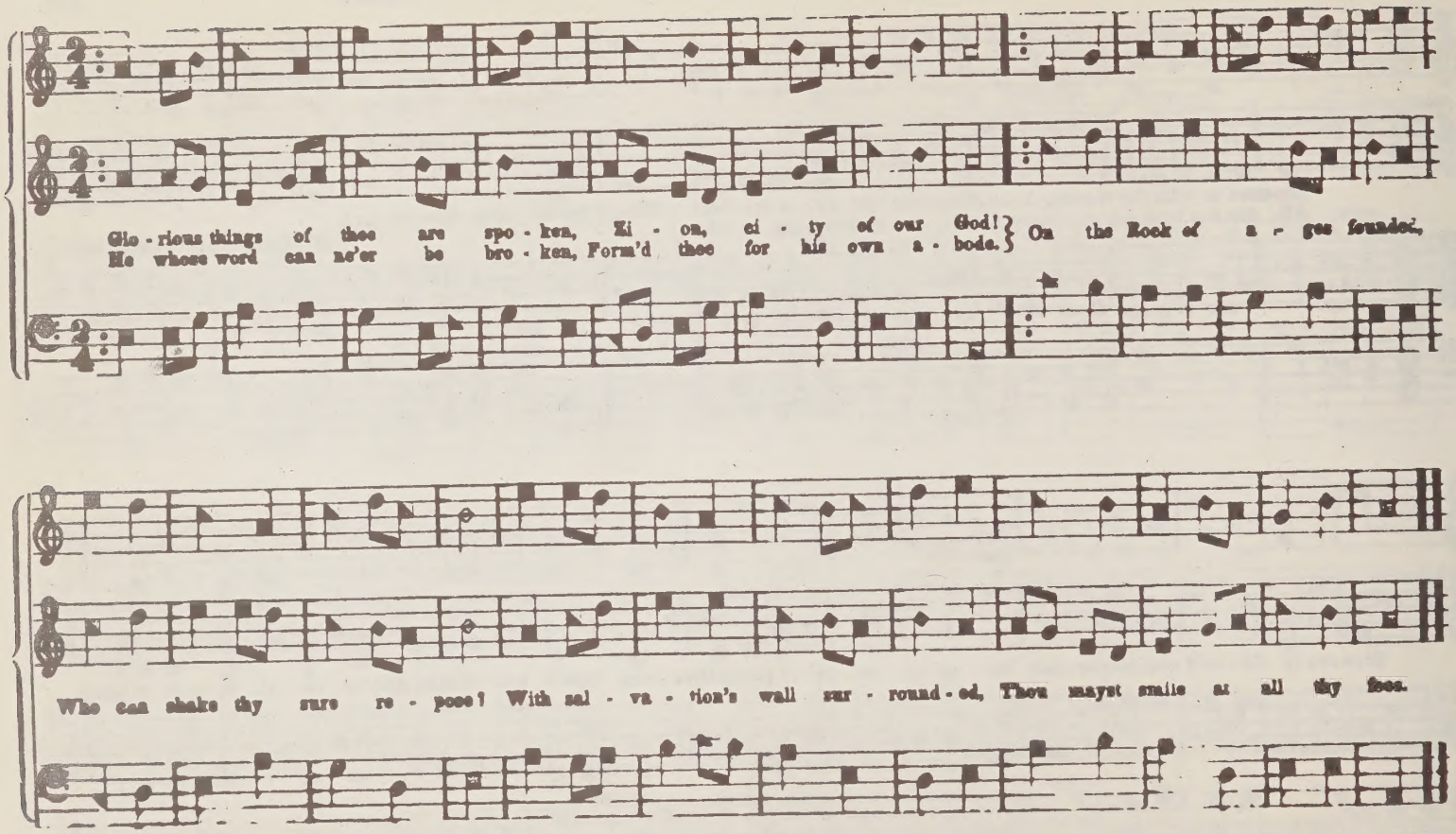
HALLELUJAH. C. M.

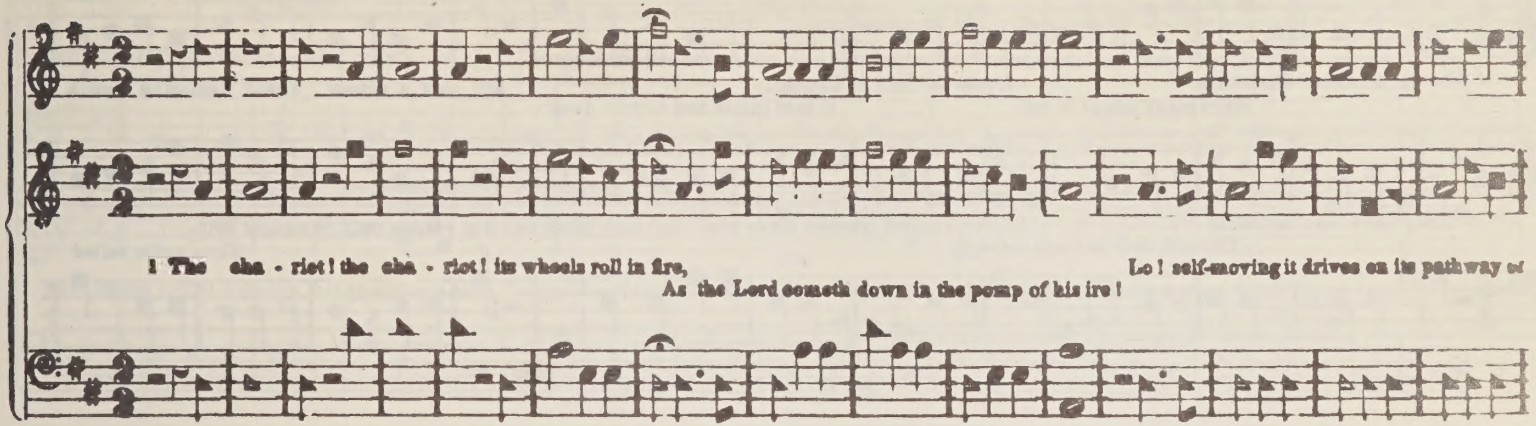
Dover Selection, p. 169.

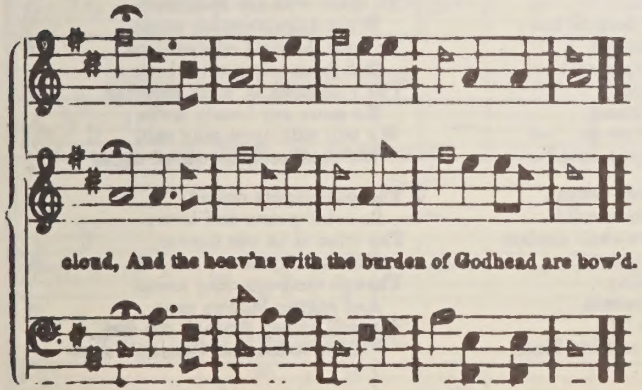

CHORUS.
And let this fee - ble bo - dy fail, And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high.
And I'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And
you'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And we'll all sing hal le lu - jah, When we ar - rive at home.


Dis-miss us with thy blessing, Lord, Help us to feed up - on thy word;
All that has been a-miss forgive, And let thy truth with-in us live.
Though we are guil-ty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood
Give ev e ry fet - ter'd soul release, And bid us all de - part in peace. Give every fetter'd soul release, And bid us all de - part in peace.

JEFFERSON. 8, 7


Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God!
He whose word can ne'er be bro - ken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode.
On the Rock of a - ges founded,
Who can shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - va - tion's wall sur - round - ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.


1 The cha - riot! the cha - riot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire!
Lo! self-moving it drives on its pathway of

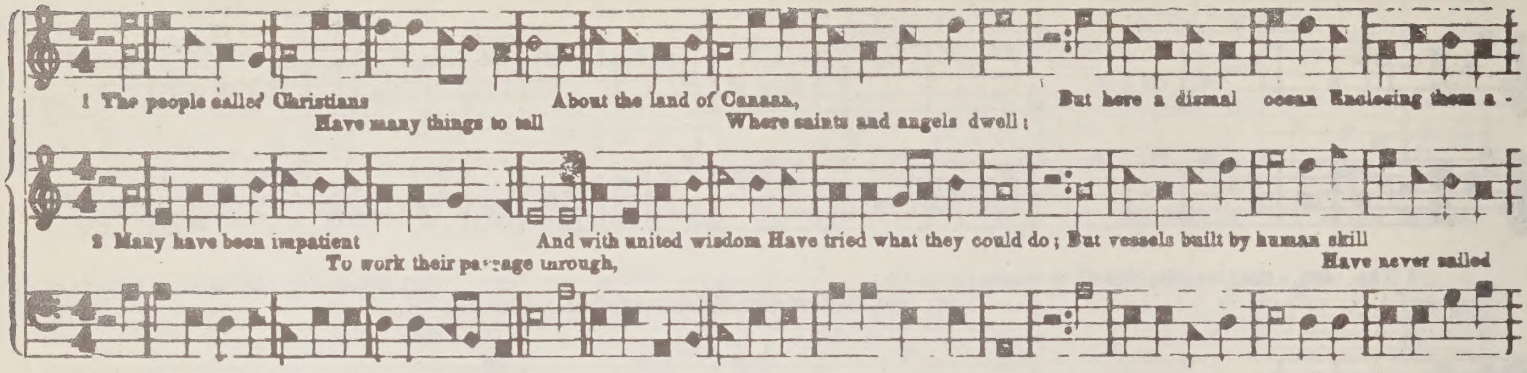


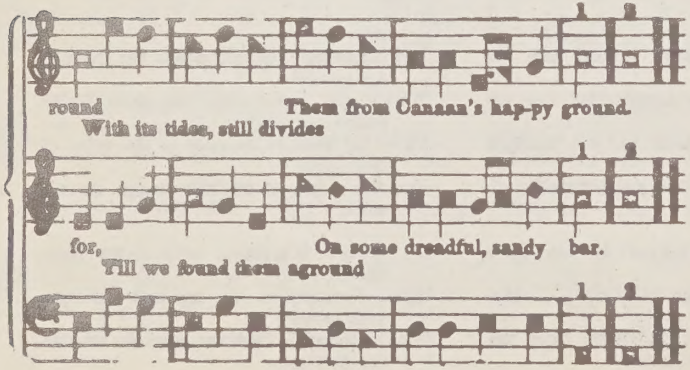
2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard,
Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd channel are stirr'd;
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
And the vast generations of man are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driv'n,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heav'n.


1 The people called Christians About the land of Canaan, But here a dismal ocean Enclosing them a -
Have many things to tell Where saints and angels dwell;
2 Many have been impatient And with united wisdom Have tried what they could do; But vessels built by human skill
To work their passage through, Have never sailed


round Them from Canaan's hap-py ground.
With its tides, still divides
for, On some dreadful, sandy bar.
Till we found them aground

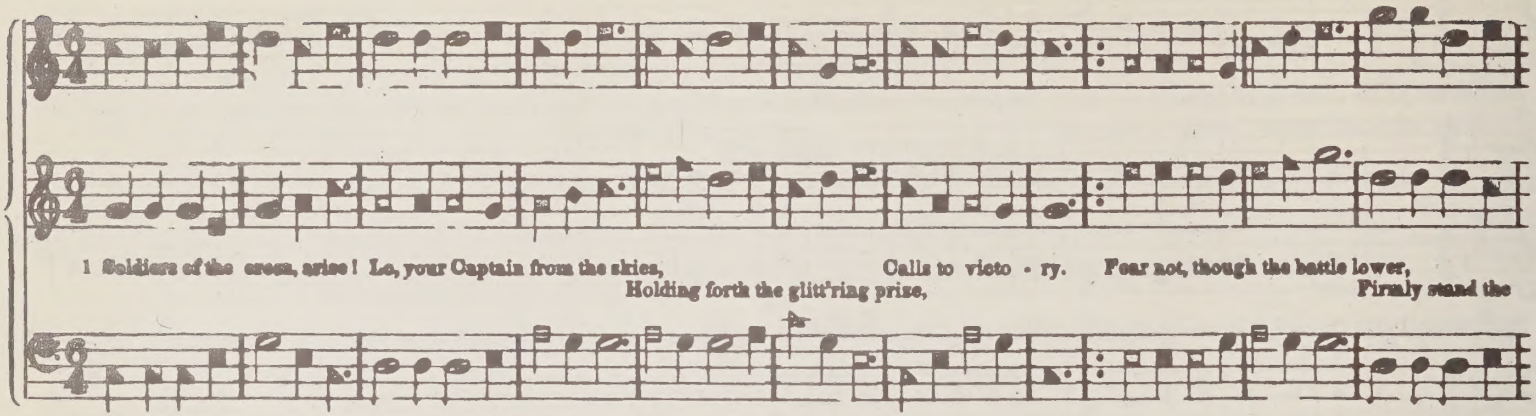
3 The everlasting gospe.
Hath launch'd the deep at last;
Behold the sails expanded
Around the tow'ring mast!
Along the deck in order
The joyful sailors stand,
Crying, "Ho!—here we go
To Immanuel's happy land."

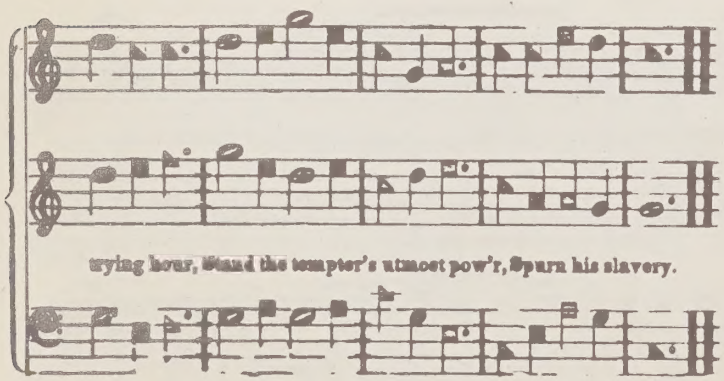
4 We're now on the wide ocean;
We bid the world farewell!
And though where we shall anchor
No human tongue can tell;
About our future destiny
There need be no debate,
While we ride on the tide,
With our Captain and his Mate.

5 To those who are spectators,
What anguish must ensue,
To hear their old companions
Bid them a last adieu!
The pleasures of your paradise
No more our hearts invite;
We will sail—you may rail,
We shall soon be out of sight.

6 The passengers united
In order peace and love,—
The wind is in our favour,
How swiftly do we move!
Though tempests may assail
And raging billows roar
We will sweep through the deep,
Till we reach fair Canaan's shore.

Behold the Judge decends, his guards are nigh; Tempest and fire attend him down the sky; 'eav'n, earth, and hell draw near, let all things come To hear his
Behold the Judge decends, his guards are nigh; Tempest and fire attend him down the sky; Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near, let all things come To hear hi
justice, And the sinners' doom: But gather first my saints, the Judge commands, Bring them ye an - gels, from their distant lands.
jus-tice and the sinners doom; Bring them ye an - - gels from their distant lands.

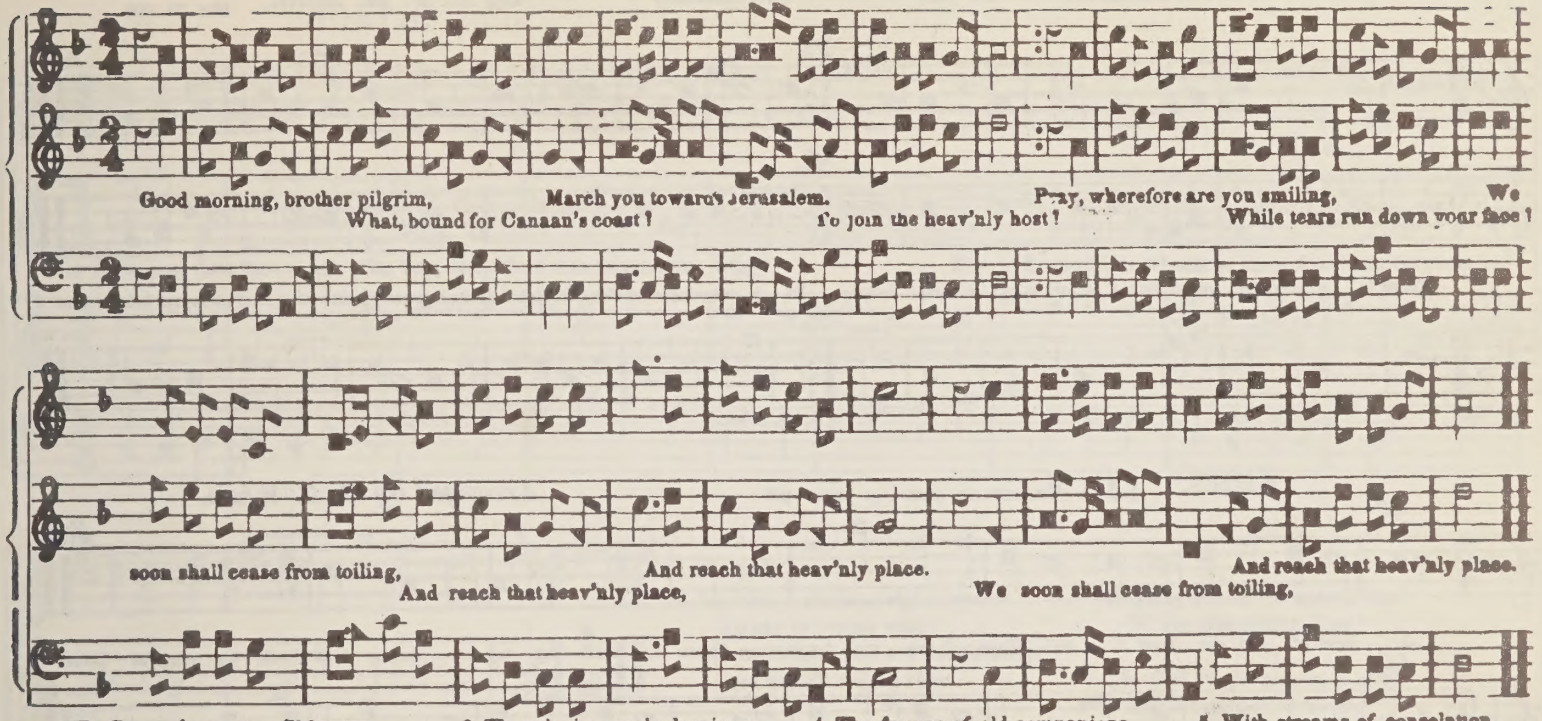

1 Soldiers of the cross, arise! Lo, your Captain from the skies,
Calls to victo - ry. Fear not, though the battle lower,
Holding forth the glitt'ring prize,
Firmly stand the



2 Who the cause of Christ would yield?
Who would leave the battle-field?
Who would cast away his shield?—
Let him basely go:
Who for Zion's King will stand?
Who will join the faithful band?
Let him come with heart and hand,
Let him face the foe.

3 By the mercies of our God,
By Emmanuel's streaming blood,
When alone for us he stood
Ne'er give up the strife:
Ever to the latest breath,
Hark to what your Captain saith;—
"Be thou faithful unto death;
Take the crown of life."

4 By the woes which rebels prove,
By the bliss of holy love,
Sinners, seek the joys above;
Sinners, turn and live!
Here is freedom worth the name
Tyrant sin is put to shame;
Grace inspires the hallow'd flame
God the crown will give.


Good morning, brother pilgrim, What, bound for Canaan's coast?
March you towards Jerusalem.
Pray, wherefore are you smiling, To join the heav'nly host?
We While tears run down your face?
soon shall cease from toiling, And reach that heav'nly place.
And reach that heav'nly place,
And reach that heav'nly place.
We soon shall cease from toiling,

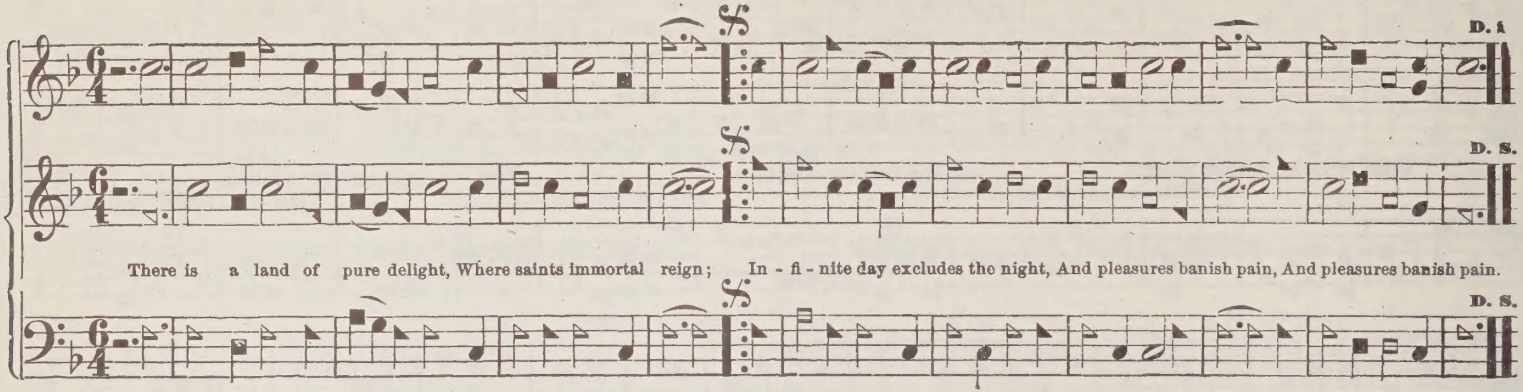
2 To Canaan's coast we'll hasten,
To join the heavenly throng,
Mark! from the banks of Jordan,
How sweet the pilgrims' song!
Their Jesus they are viewing,
By faith we see him too.
We smile, and weep, and praise him
And on our way pursue

3 Though sinners do despise us,
And treat us with disdain,
Our former comrades slight us,
Esteem us low and mean:
No earthly joy shall charm us
While marching on our way,
Our Jesus will defend us
In the distressing day

4 The frowns of old companions
We're willing to sustain,
And, in divine compassion,
To pray for them again;
For Christ, our loving Saviour,
Our Comforter and Friend,
Will bless us with his favour,
And guide us to the end.

5 With streams of consolation,
We're fill'd as with new wine,
We die to transient pleasures
And live to things divine:
We sink in holy raptures,
While viewing things above.
Why glory to my Saviour,
My soul is full of love

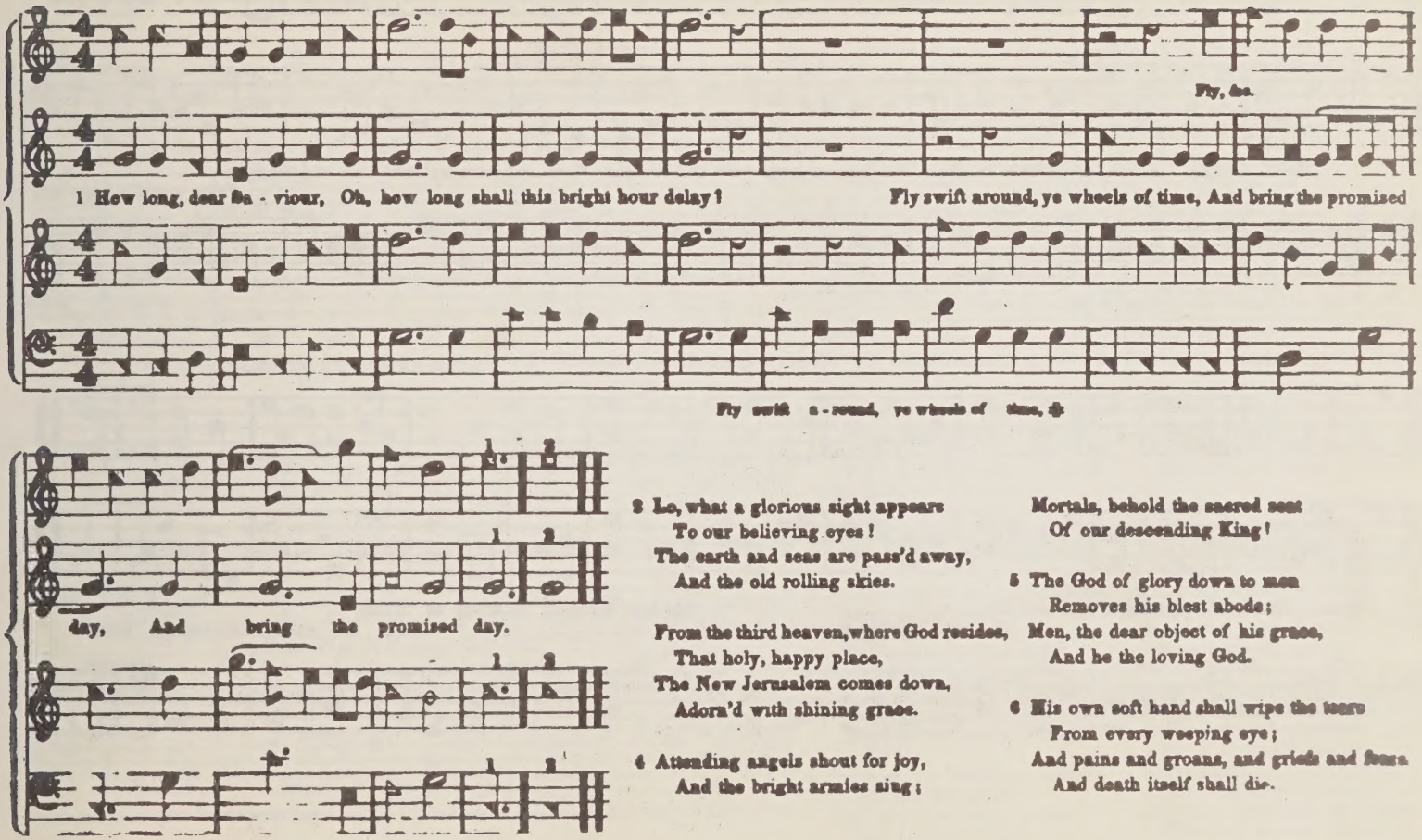
HOLY LAND. C. M. (Original.) *By R. F. M. Mann.* Nov. 20, 1869.


D. S.
D. S.
There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; In - fi - nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain, And pleasures banish pain.
D. S.

EDEN. C. M. *Arranged by B. F. White.*

D. S.
Fine.
O land of rest! for thee I sigh; When will the mo - ments come When I shall lay my ar - mor by And dwell in peace at home?
D. S.
Chorus.— O E - den is a land of rest, O E - den is my home; I'll launch my bark on E - den's shore, For E - den is my home.
D. S.

NORTHFIELD


Fly, &c.
1 How long, dear Sa - viour, Oh, how long shall this bright hour delay? Fly swift around, ye wheels of time, And bring the promised
Fly swift a - round, ye wheels of time, &
day, And bring the promised day.

2 Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.

From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

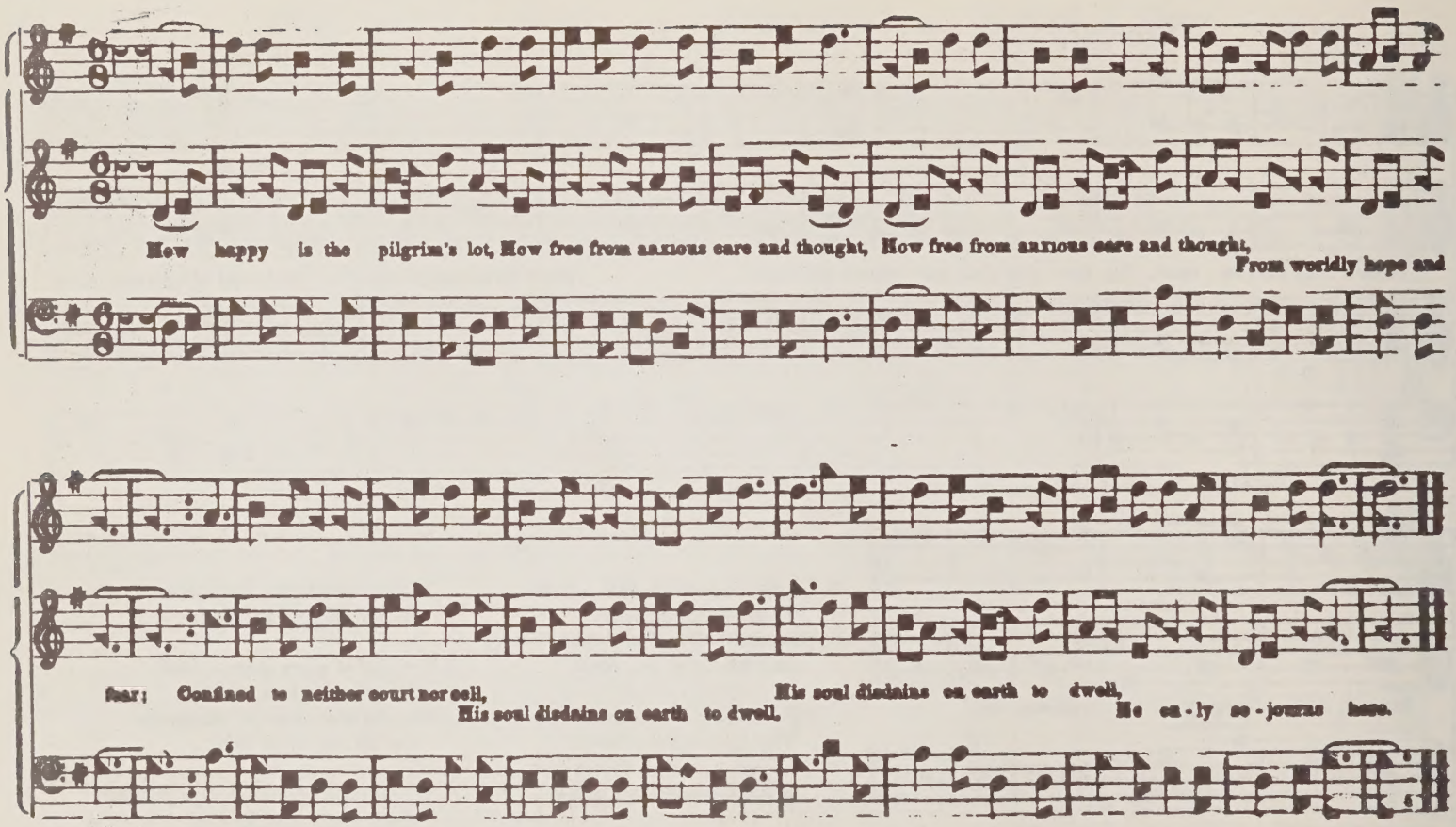
4 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing;
Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of our descending King!

5 The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear object of his grace,
And he the loving God.

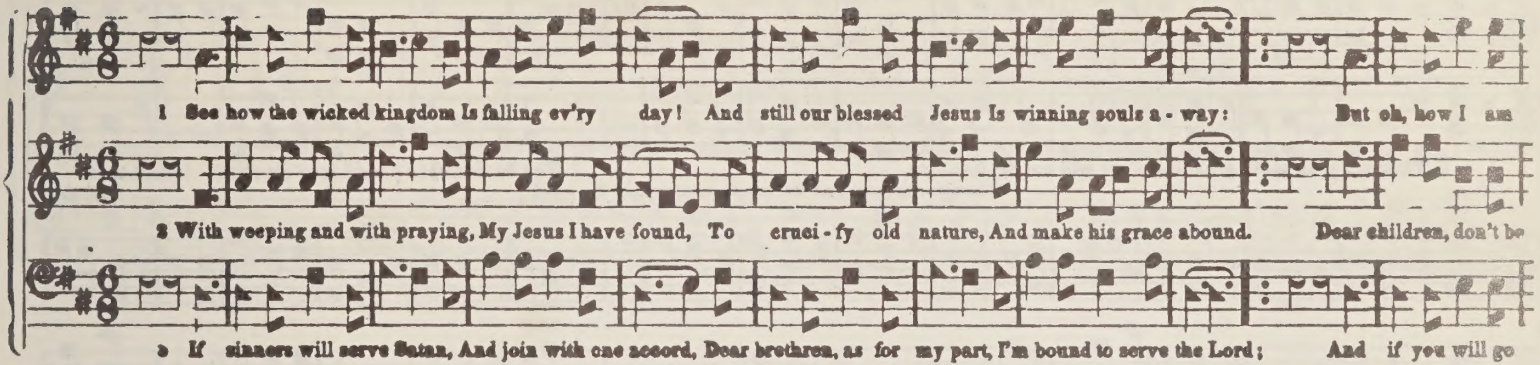
6 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears
And death itself shall die.

THE PILGRIM'S LOT. 8, 8, 6.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 224. *A. Grambtin.*


How happy is the pilgrim's lot, How free from anxious care and thought, How free from anxious care and thought,
From worldly hope and
fear; Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He on-ly so-journs here.

ESSAY. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6 — Baptist Harmony, p. 455. *A. C. Clark*


1 See how the wicked kingdom Is falling ev'ry day! And still our blessed Jesus Is winning souls a - way: But oh, how I am
2 With weeping and with praying, My Jesus I have found, To crucі - fy old nature, And make his grace abound. Dear children, don't be
3 If sinners will serve Satan, And join with one accord, Dear brethren, as for my part, I'm bound to serve the Lord; And if you will go
tempted, No mortal tongue can tell! So often I'm surrounded With enemies from hell.
weary, But march on in the way; For Jesus will stand by you, And be your guard and stay.
with me, Pray give to me your hand, And we'll march on together, Unto the promised land.

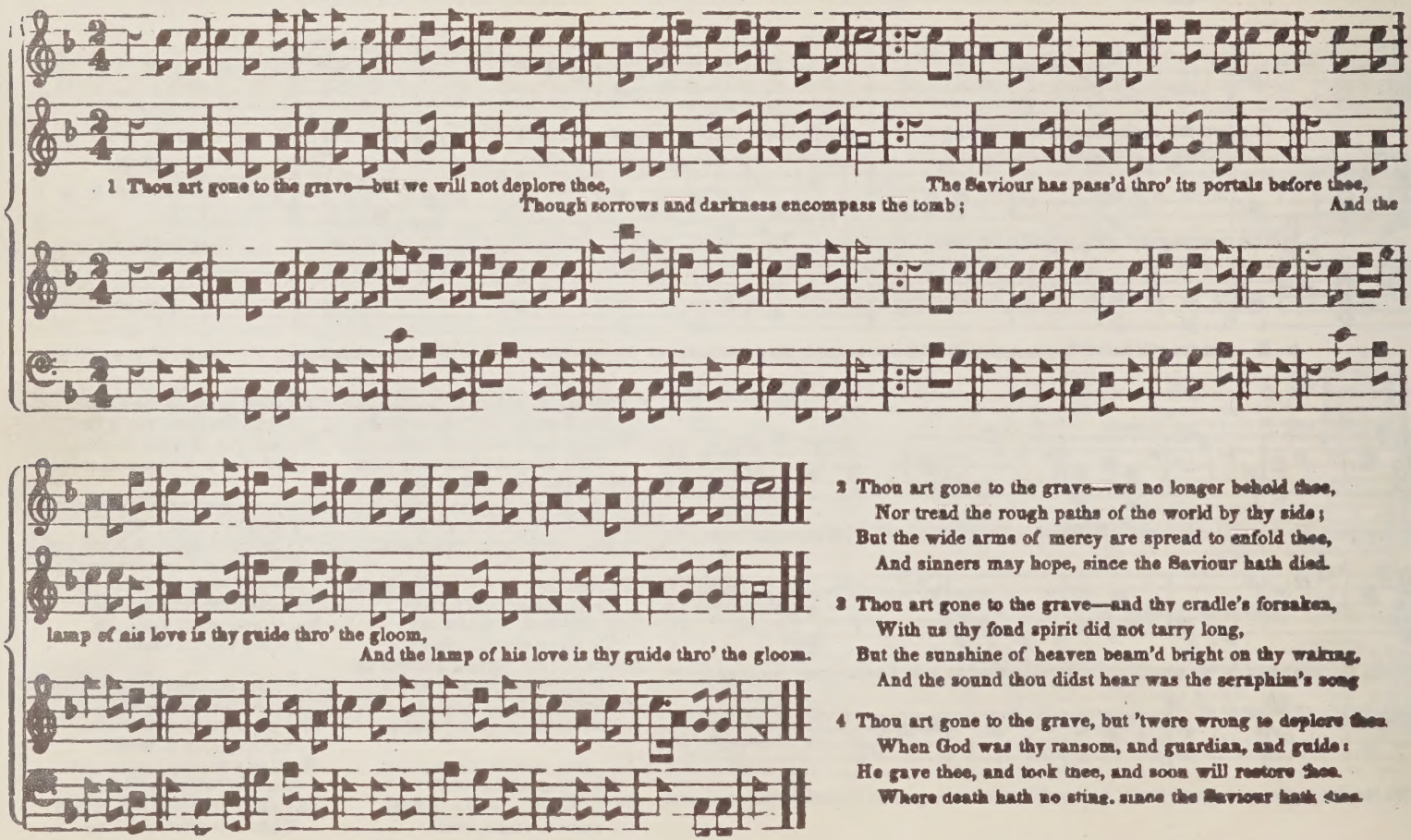
4 Through troubles and distresses,
We'll make our way to God;
Though earth and hell oppose us,
We'll keep the heavenly road
Our Jesus went before us,
And many sorrows bore,
And we who follow after,
Can never meet with more.

5 Though dear to me, my brethren,
Each one of you I find;
My duty now compels me
To leave you all behind:
But while the parting grieves us,
I humbly ask your prayers,
To bear me up in trouble,
And conquer all my fears.

6 And now, my loving brothers,
I bid you all farewell!
With you, my loving sisters,
I can no longer dwell.
Farewell to every mourner!
I hope the Lord you'll find,
To ease you of your burden,
And give you peace of mind.

7 Farewell, poor careless sinners!
I love you dearly well;
I've labour'd much to bring you
With Jesus Christ to dwell;
I now am bound to leave you—
Oh, tell me, will you go?
But if you won't decide it,
I'll bid you all adieu!

8 We'll bid farewell to sorrow,
To sickness, care, and pain;
And mount aloft with Jesus,
For evermore to reign:
We'll join to sing his praises,
Above in ethereal blue;
And then, poor careless sinners
What will become of you?

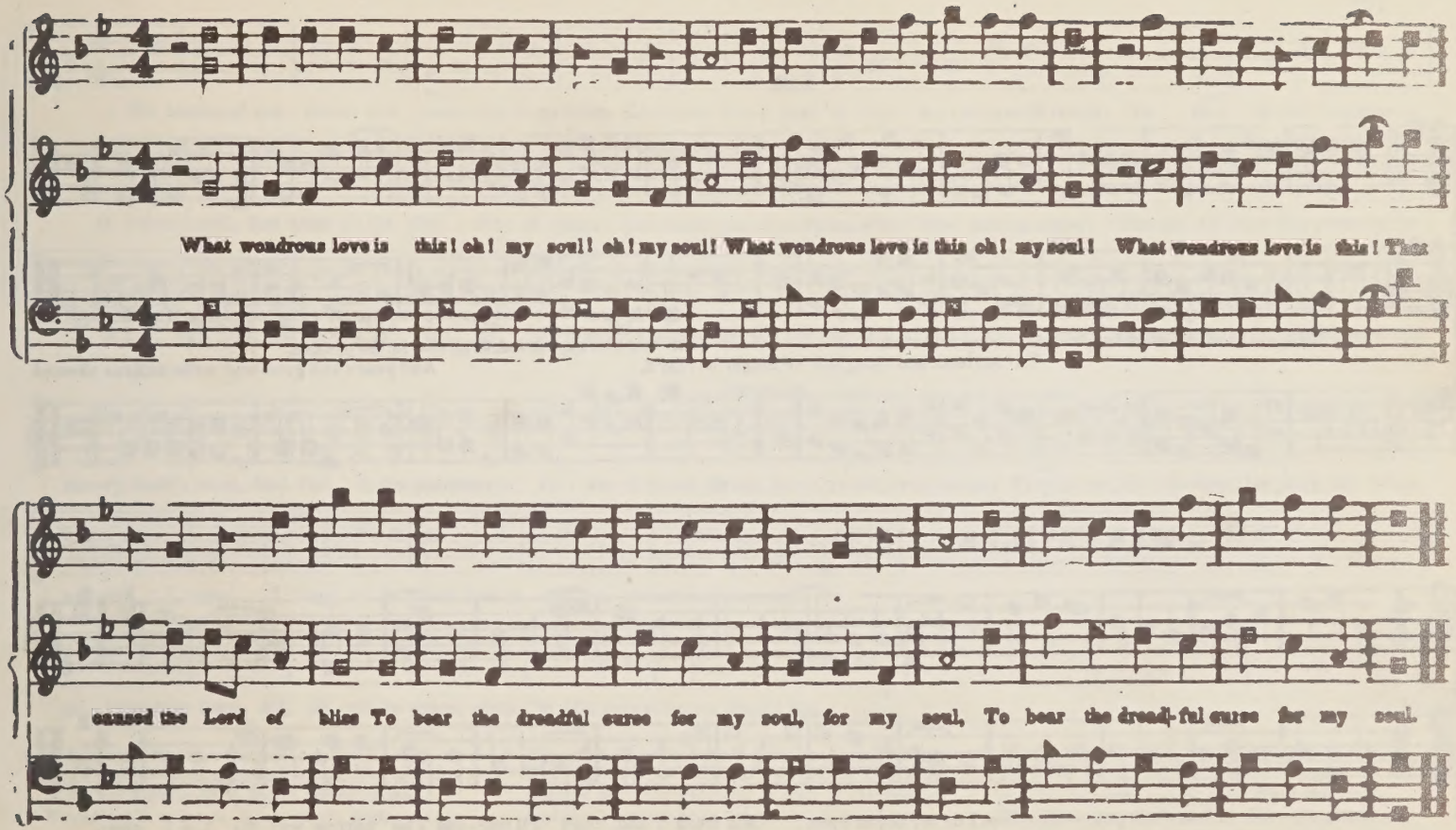

1 Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has pass'd thro' its portals before thee,
And the
lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

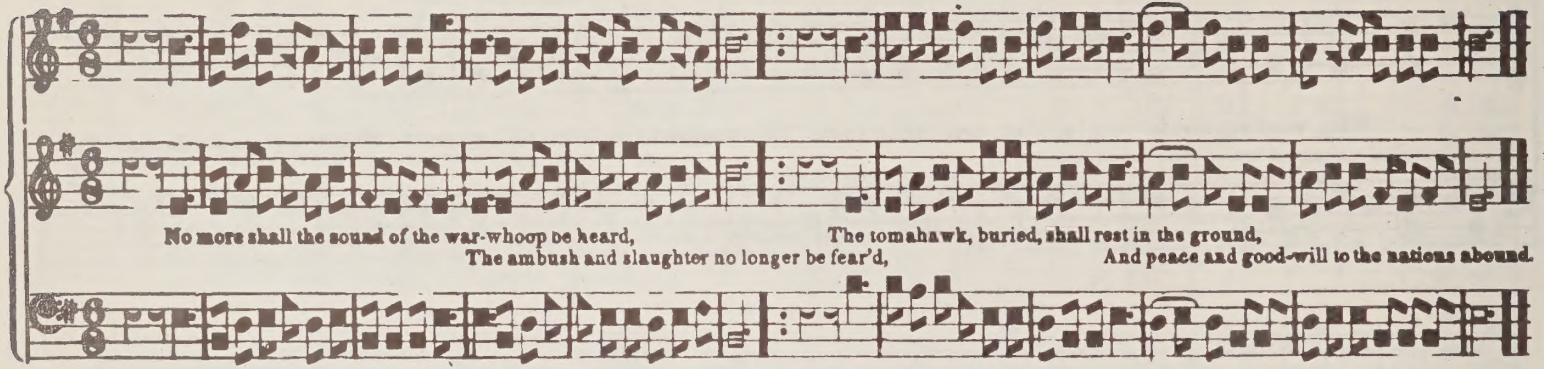
2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave—and thy cradle's forsaken,
With us thy fond spirit did not tarry long,
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song

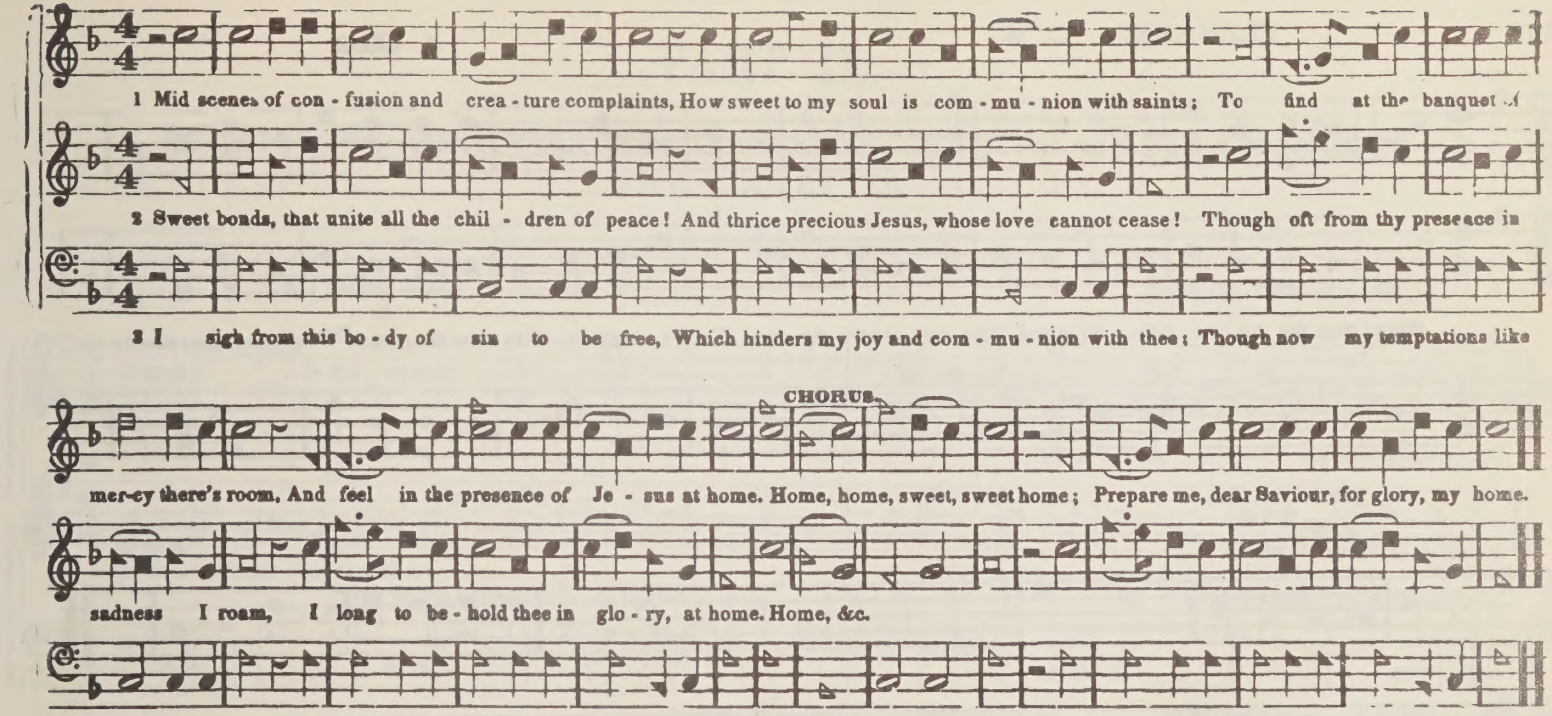
4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee
When God was thy ransom, and guardian, and guide:
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee.
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

WONDROUS LOVE. 12, 9, 6, 6, 12, 9


What wondrous love is this! oh! my soul! oh! my soul! What wondrous love is this oh! my soul! What wondrous love is this! That
caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul.


No more shall the sound of the war-whoop be heard,
The tomahawk, buried, shall rest in the ground,
The ambush and slaughter no longer be fear'd,
And peace and good-will to the nations abound.

MARYSVILLE. L. M.


1 Mid scenes of con - fusion and crea - ture complaints, How sweet to my soul is com - mu - nion with saints; To find at the banquet of
2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the chil - dren of peace! And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease! Though oft from thy presence in
3 I sigh from this bo - dy of sin to be free, Which hinders my joy and com - mu - nion with thee; Though now my temptations like
CHORUS.
mer-cy there's room, And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.
sadness I roam, I long to be - hold thee in glo - ry, at home. Home, &c.
bil - lows may foam, All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home. Home, &c.

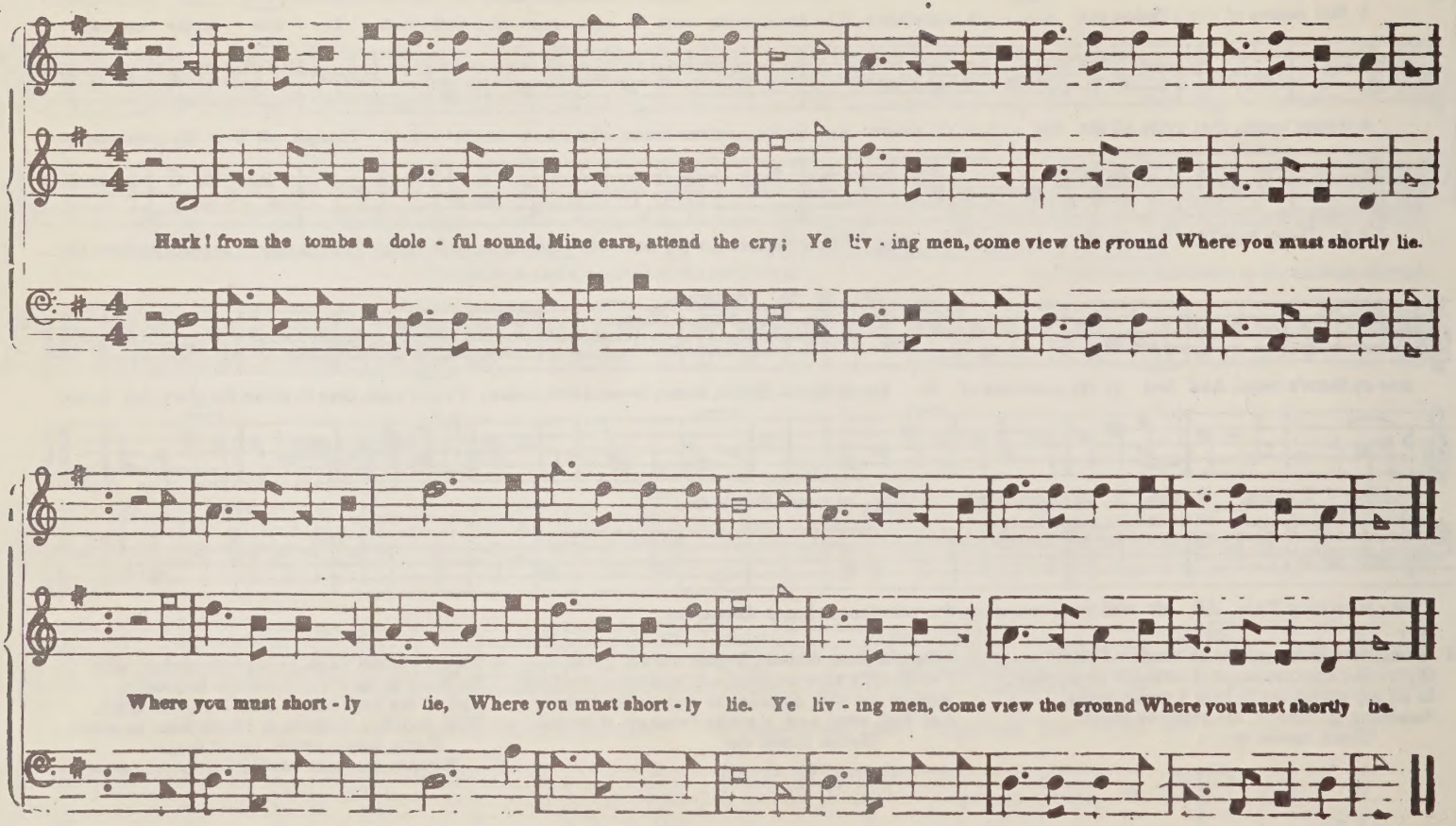
4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, home, &c.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.
Home, home, &c.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home:
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.

PLENARY. C. M.

A. Clark.


Hark! from the tombs a dole - ful sound, Mine ears, attend the cry; Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.
Where you must short - ly lie, Where you must short - ly lie. Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

PART II.

CONSISTING PRINCIPALLY OF PIECES USED IN SINGING SCHOOLS AND SOCIETIES.

MORNING. L. M.

Psalmist, 232d Hyman.

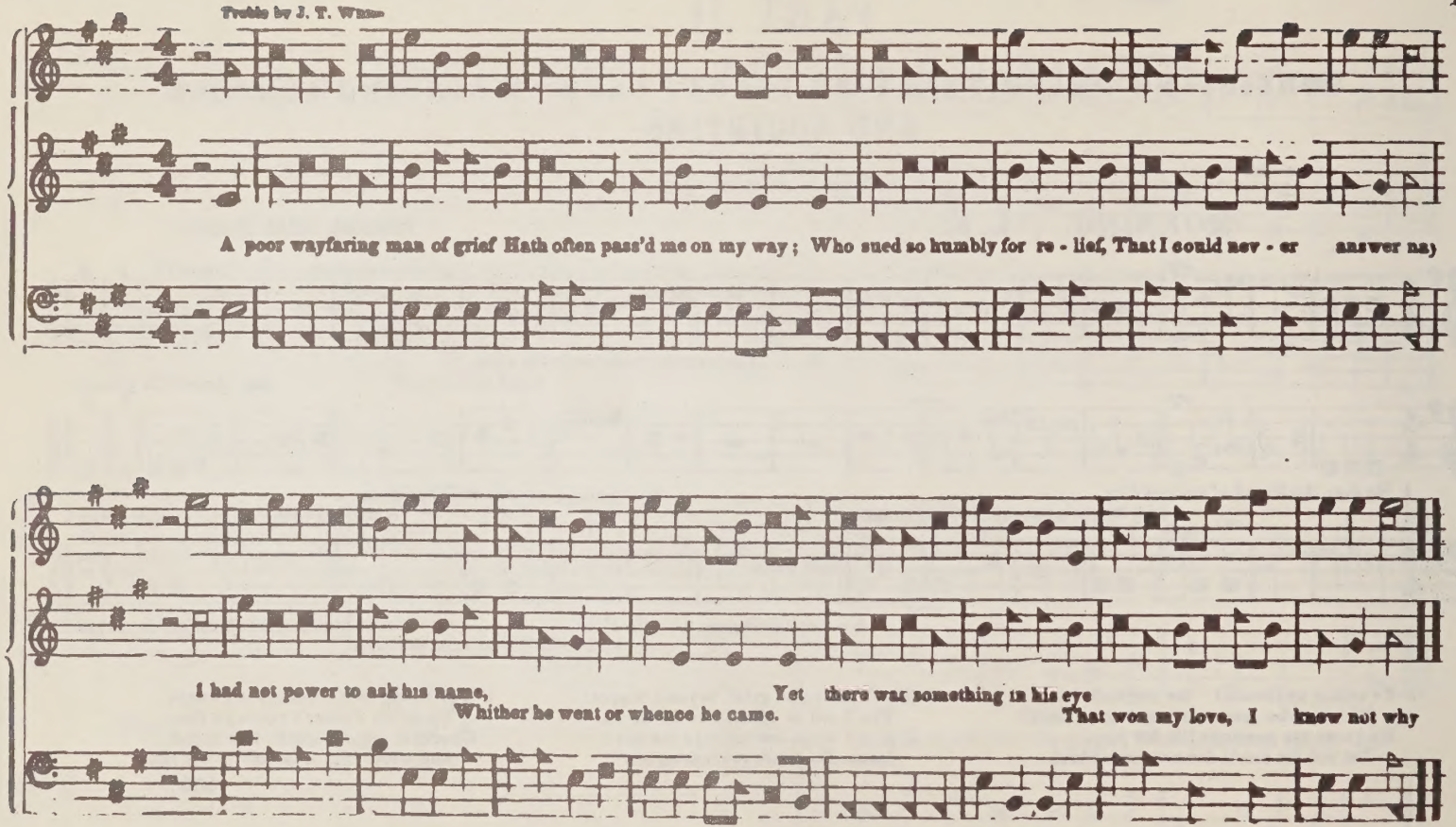
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden tremb - - ling shakes the ground.
1 He dies, the friend of sinners dies,
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
A solemn darkness veils the skies.

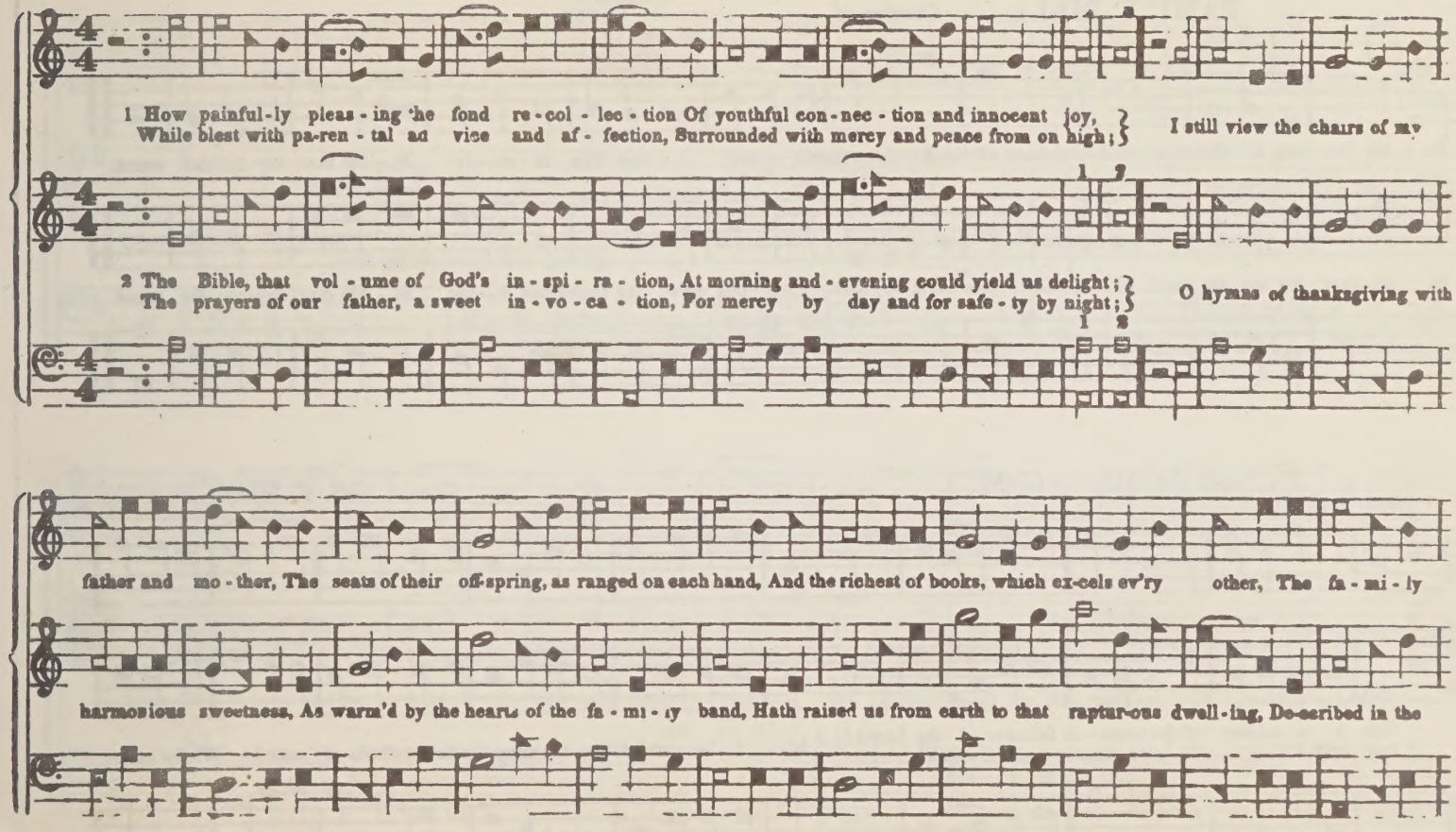
2 Ye saints approach! the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load;
He gives his precious life for you,
For you he sheds his precious blood

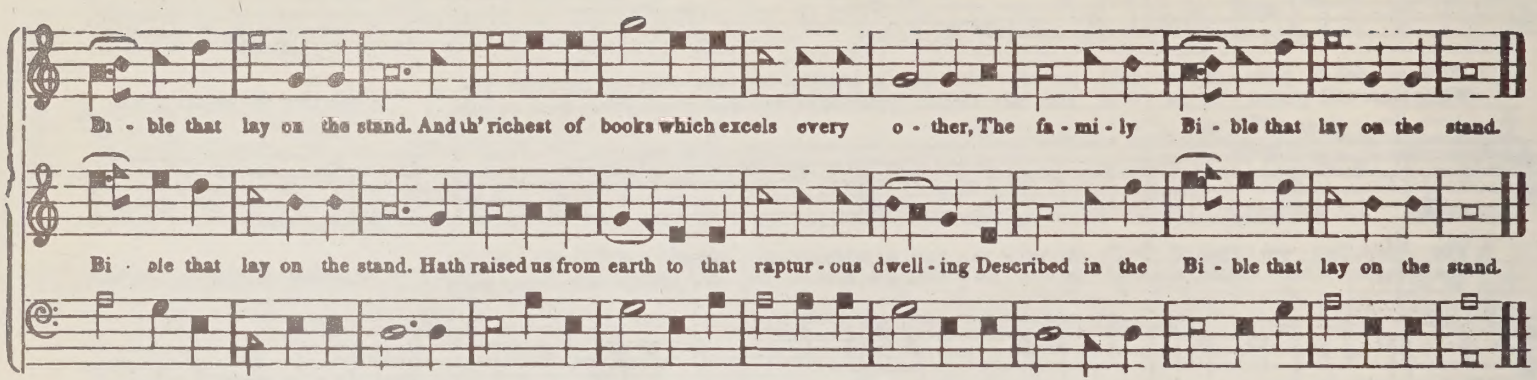
3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

DUANE STREET. L. M. D


Treble by J. T. White
A poor wayfaring man of grief Hath often pass'd me on my way; Who sued so humbly for re - lief, That I could nev - er answer nay
I had not power to ask his name, Whither he went or whence he came.
Yet there was something in his eye That won my love, I know not why

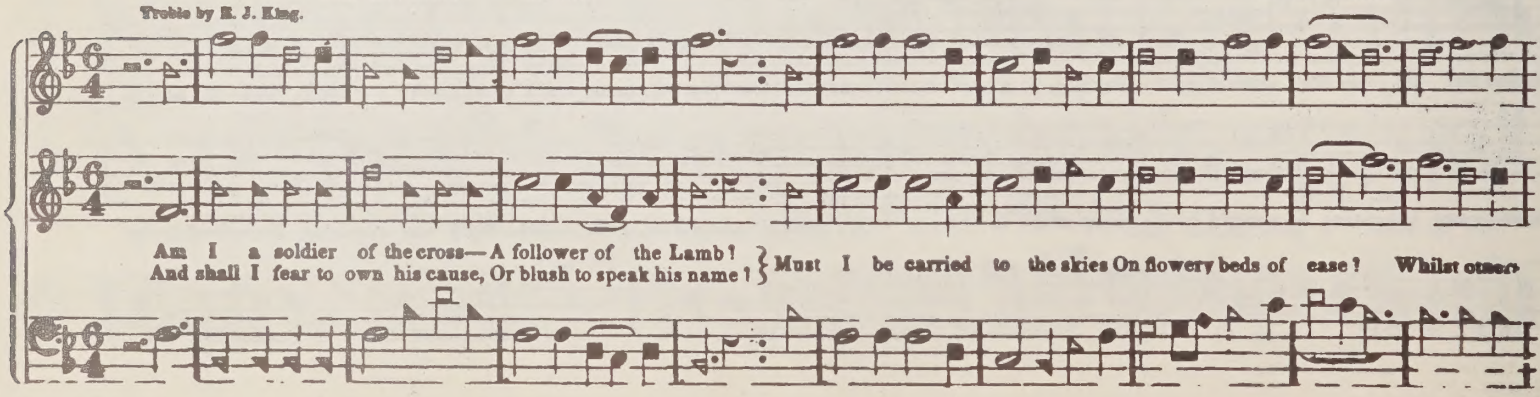

1 How painful-ly pleas - ing the fond re - col - lec - tion Of youthful con - nec - tion and innocent joy,
While blest with pa-ren - tal ad vice and af - fection, Surrounded with mercy and peace from on high;
I still view the chairs of my
2 The Bible, that vol - ume of God's in - spi - ra - tion, At morning and - evening could yield us delight;
The prayers of our father, a sweet in - vo - ca - tion, For mercy by day and for safe - ty by night;
O hymns of thanksgiving with
father and mo - ther, The seats of their off-spring, as ranged on each hand, And the richest of books, which ex-cels ev'ry other, The fa - mi - ly
harmonious sweetness, As warm'd by the hearts of the fa - mi - ly band, Hath raised us from earth to that raptur-ous dwell - ing, De-scribed in the


Bi - ble that lay on the stand. And th' richest of books which excels every o - ther, The fa - mi - ly Bi - ble that lay on the stand.
Bi - ble that lay on the stand. Hath raised us from earth to that raptur - ous dwell - ing Described in the Bi - ble that lay on the stand.

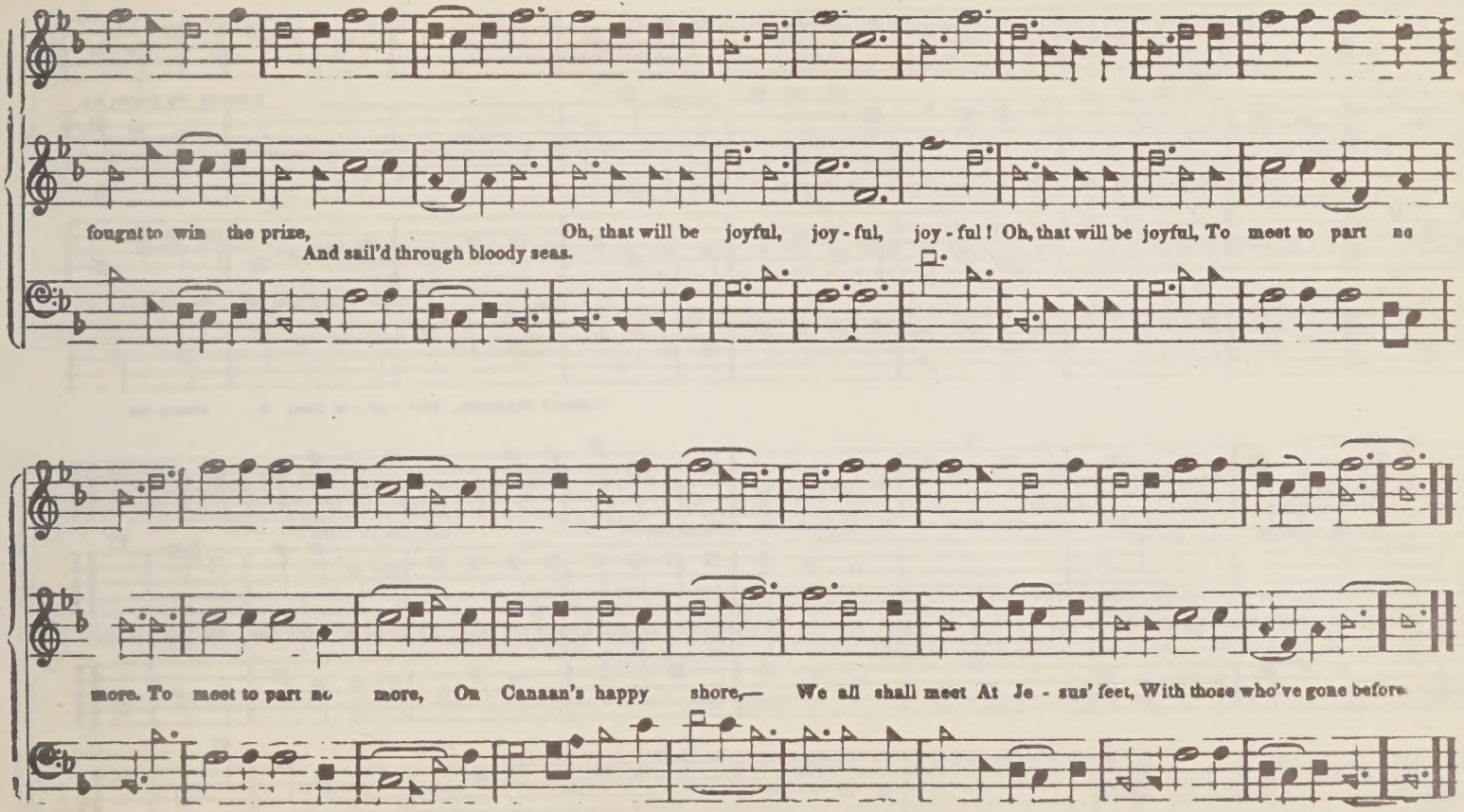
JOYFUL. C. M.

B. F. White.

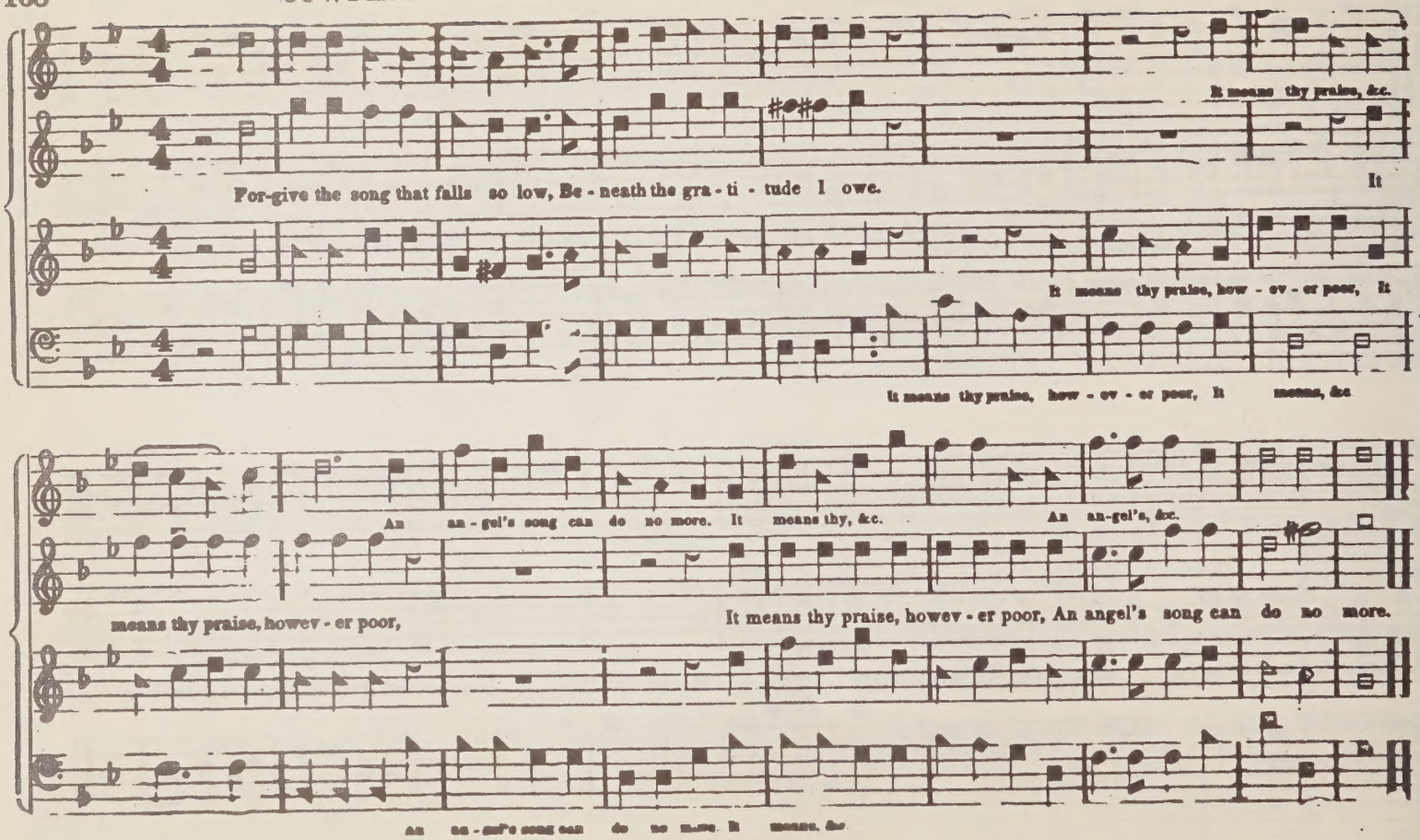
Treble by E. J. King.

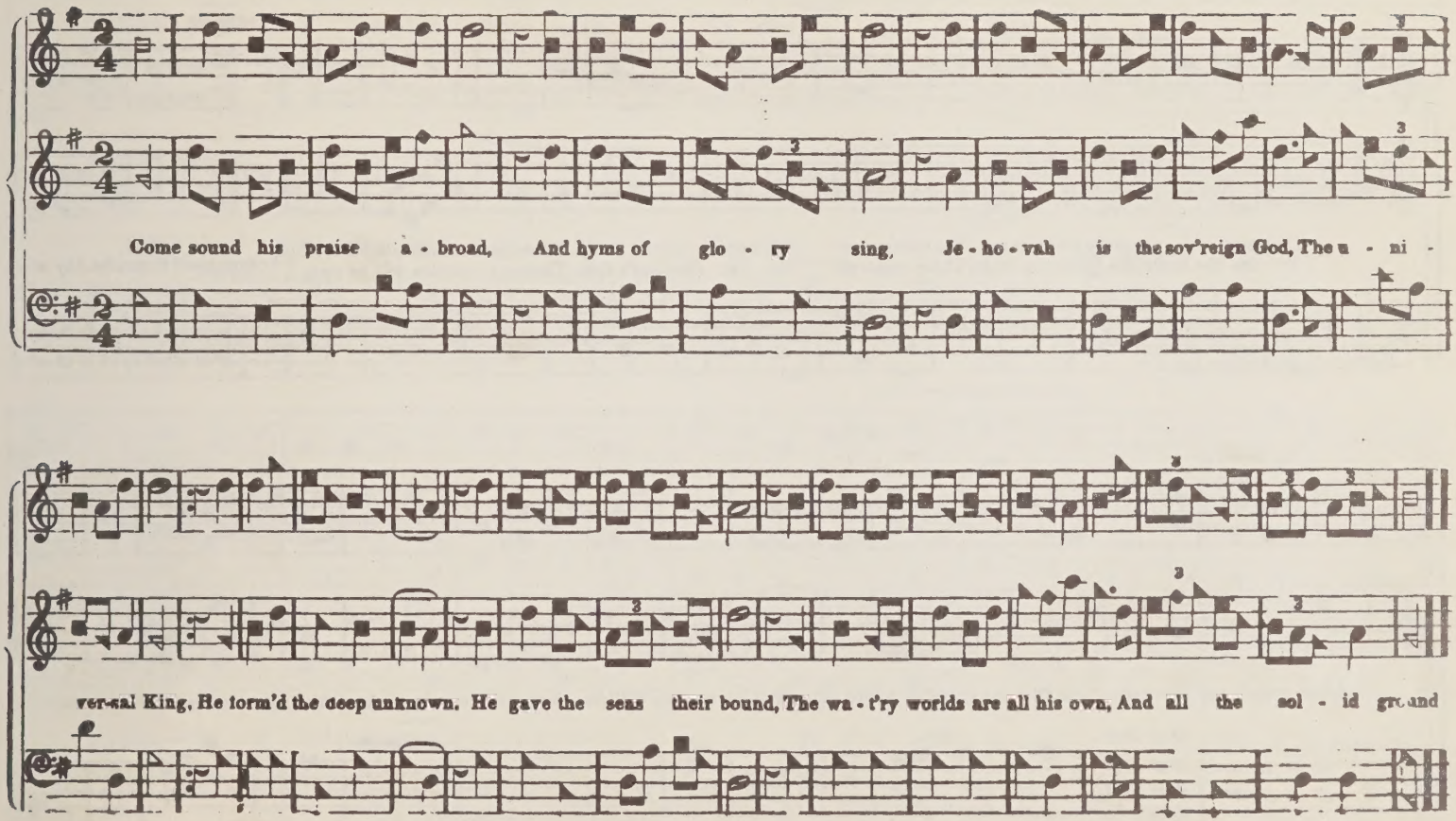

Am I a soldier of the cross—A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease? Whilst others

CHORUS


fought to win the prize, Oh, that will be joyful, joy - ful, joy - ful! Oh, that will be joyful, To meet to part no
And sail'd through bloody seas.
more. To meet to part no more, On Canaan's happy shore,— We all shall meet At Je - sus' feet, With those who've gone before

COWPER. L. M.

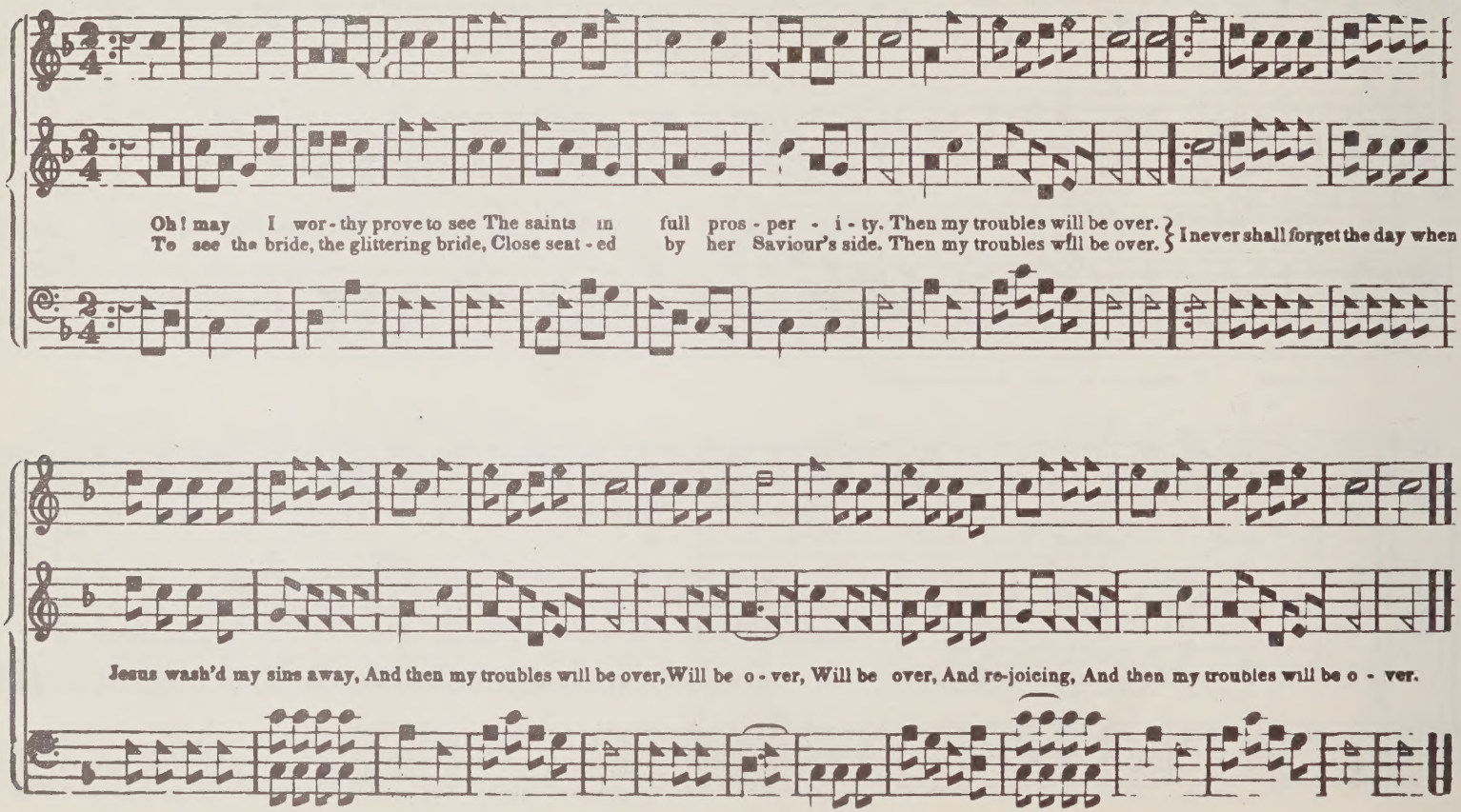

It means thy praise, &c.
For-give the song that falls so low, Be - neath the gra - ti - tude I owe.
It
It means thy praise, how - ev - er poor, It
It means thy praise, how - ev - er poor, It means, &c
An an - gel's song can do no more. It means thy, &c.
An an-gel's, &c.
means thy praise, howev - er poor,
It means thy praise, howev - er poor, An angel's song can do no more.


Come sound his praise a - broad, And hyms of glo - ry sing, Je - ho - vah is the sov'reign God, The u - ni -
ver-sal King, He form'd the deep unknown. He gave the seas their bound, The wa - t'ry worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground

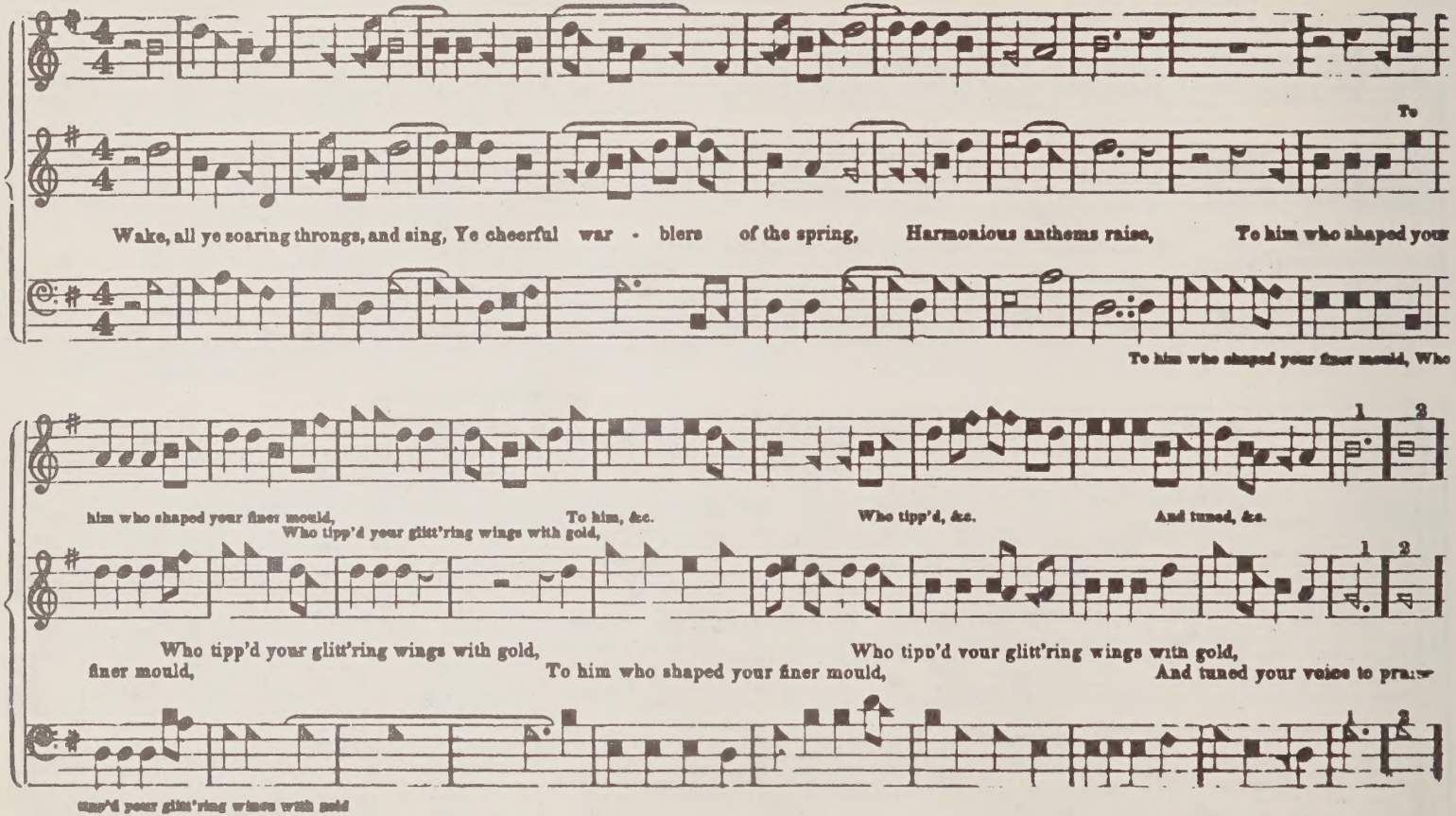
EXHILARATION. L. M.

Dr. T. W. Coles

CHORUS


Oh! may I wor-thy prove to see The saints in full pros-per-i-ty. Then my troubles will be over.
To see the bride, the glittering bride, Close seat-ed by her Saviour's side. Then my troubles will be over.
I never shall forget the day when
Jesus wash'd my sins away, And then my troubles will be over, Will be o-ver, Will be over, And re-joicing, And then my troubles will be o-ver.

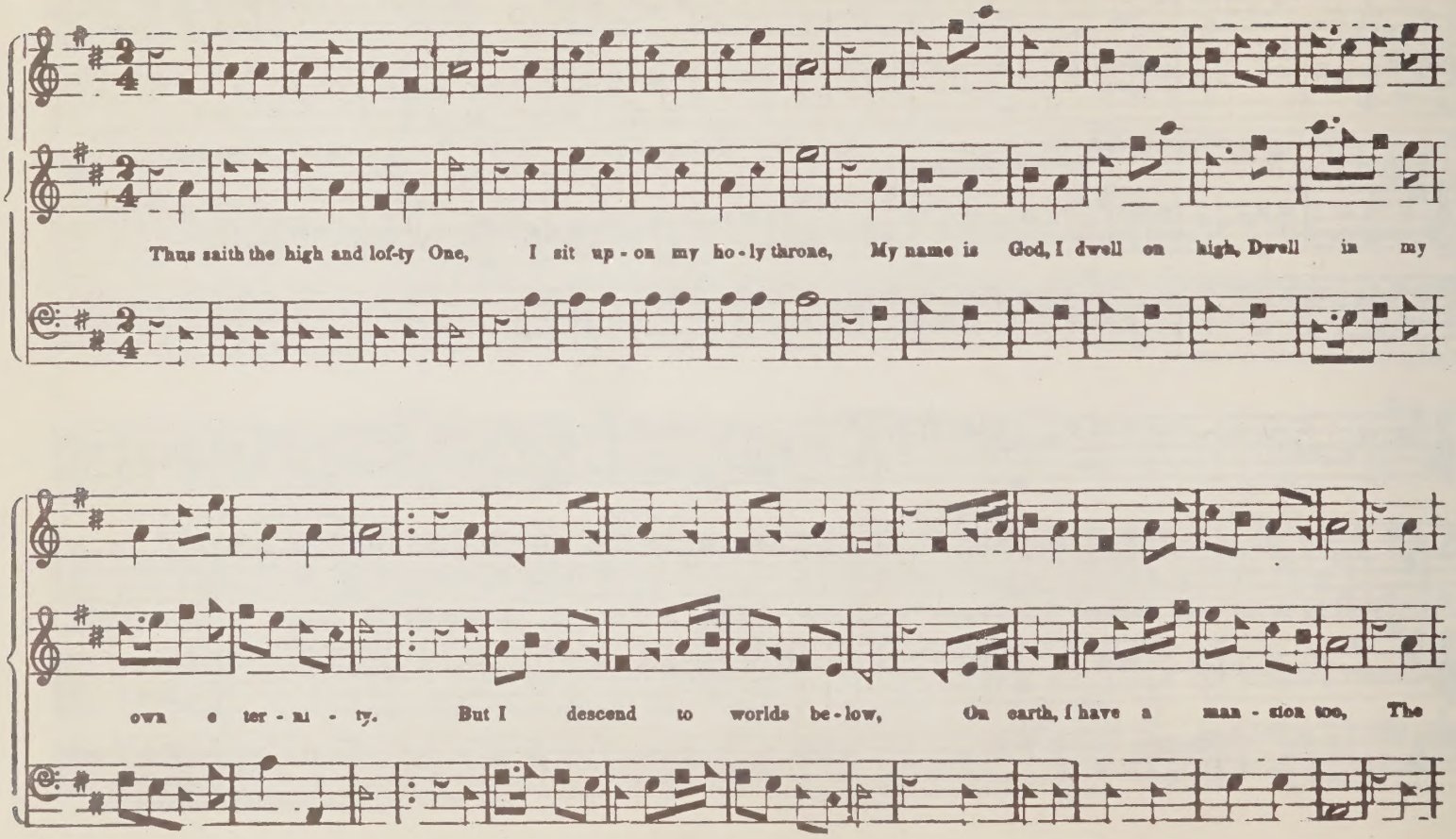
Lord in the morn-ing thou shalt hear, My voice as - cend - ing high;
Lord in the morn-ing thou shalt hear, My voice as - cend - ing high; to
To thee will I di-
To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye..... To thee lift up mine eye.
To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye..... To thee lift up mine eye.
thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye. To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.
rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye..... To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.

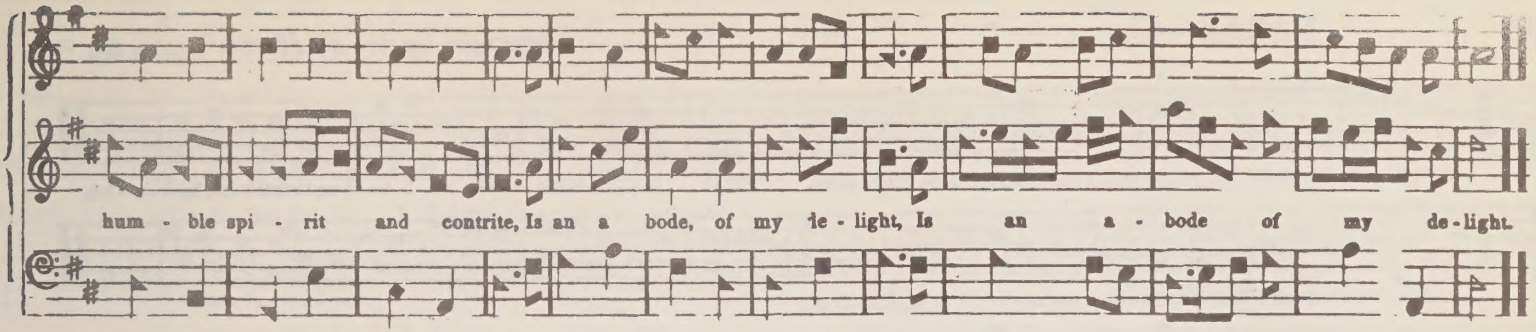

To
Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing, Ye cheerful war - blers of the spring, Harmonious anthems raise, To him who shaped your
To him who shaped your finer mould, Who
1 2
him who shaped your finer mould, To him, &c. Who tipp'd, &c. And tuned, &c.
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
1 2
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold, Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
finer mould, To him who shaped your finer mould, And tuned your voice to prai-
2
tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold

PHŒBUS. C. M.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye;—
Up to the hills where Christ is gone To
plead for all his saints, Presenting at his Father's throne, Pre - sent - ing at his Fa - ther's throne Our songs and our complaints.

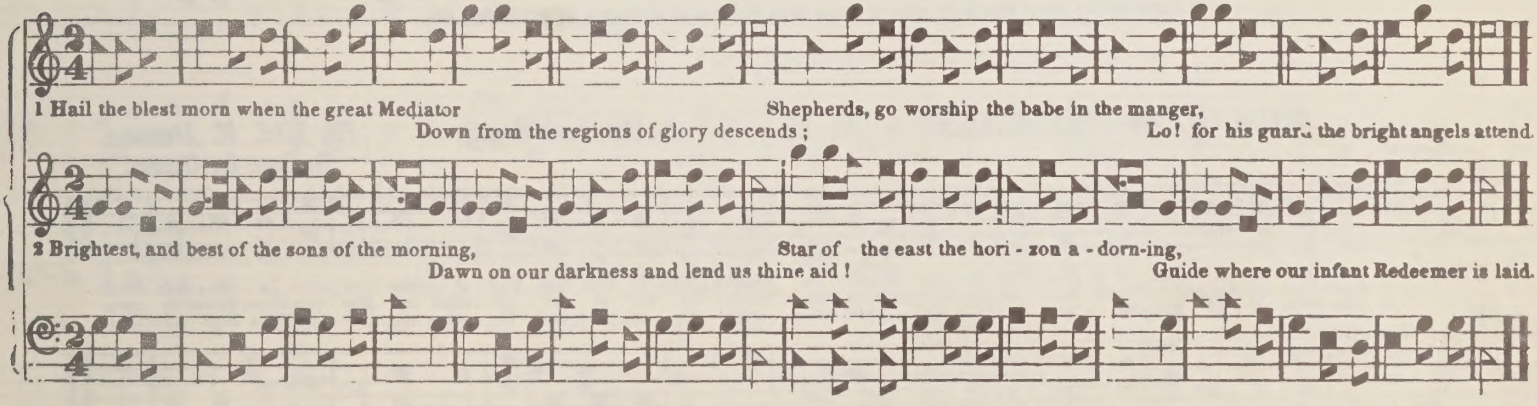
PETERSBURG. L. M.


Thus saith the high and lof-ty One, I sit up-on my ho-ly throne, My name is God, I dwell on high, Dwell in my
own e ter-ni-ty. But I descend to worlds be-low, On earth, I have a man-sion too, The



STAR IN THE EAST. 11s & 10s.

R. Herron.


1 Hail the blest morn when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends ;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.
2 Brightest, and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid !
Star of the east the hori - zon a - dorn-ing,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

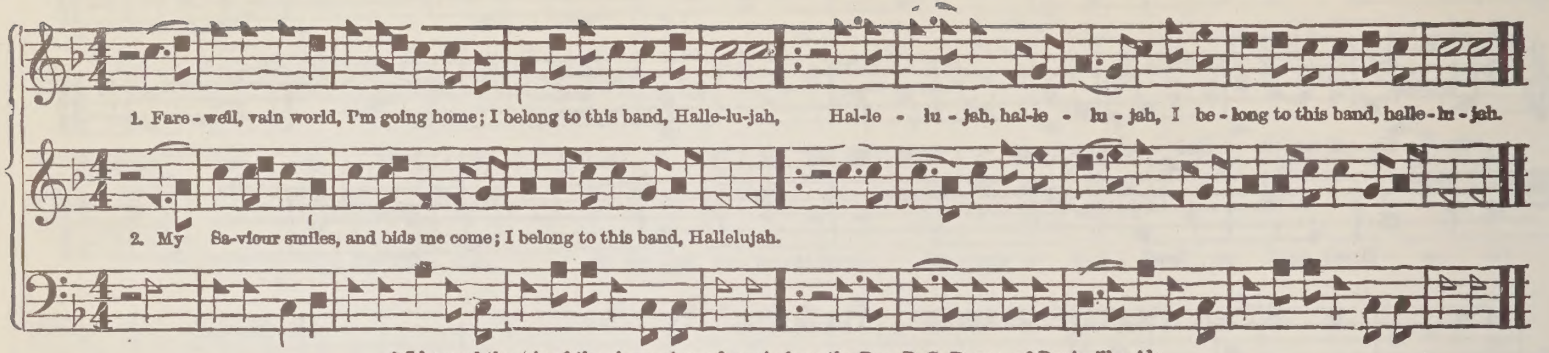
3 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch and Saviour of all.

4 Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine ;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine.

5 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favour secure
Richer by far is the heart's adoration.
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

RAGAN.*

Arranged by W. F. Moore. Oct. 12, 1883.


1. Fare - well, vain world, I'm going home; I belong to this band, Halle-lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, I be - long to this band, halle - lu - jah.
2. My Sa-viour smiles, and bids me come; I belong to this band, Hallelujah.

* I learned the Air of the above piece of music from the Rev. R. G. Ragan, of Davisville, Ala.

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN. P. M. A Revival Song.

By Eld. E. Dumas.

Adagio. Da Capo for Chorus.

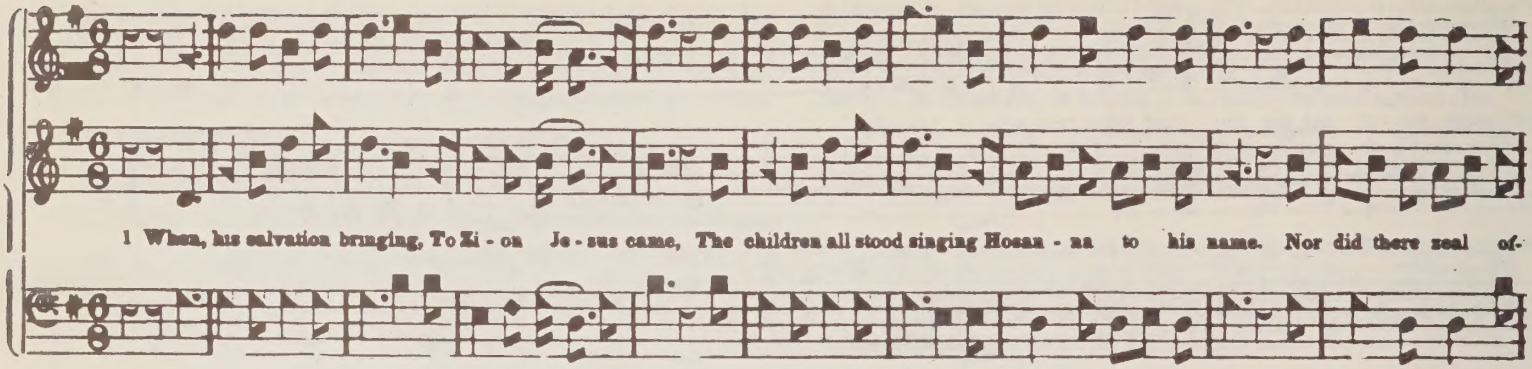
1. How lost was my con - di - tion, Till Je - sus made me whole; There is but one Phy - si - cian Can cure a sin - sick soul.
2. Next door to death he found me. And snatch'd me from the grave; To tell to all a - round me His won-drous power to save.
3. The worst of all dis - eas - es Is light com - pared with sin; On ev'-ry part it sei - zes, But ra - ges most with - in.
Chorus.—Poor sin - ners, come to Je - sus, Oh, come with - out de - lay, For Je - sus is in - vi - ting, Oh, come, oh, come to - day.

RAYMOND. C. M.

Key of E Flat.

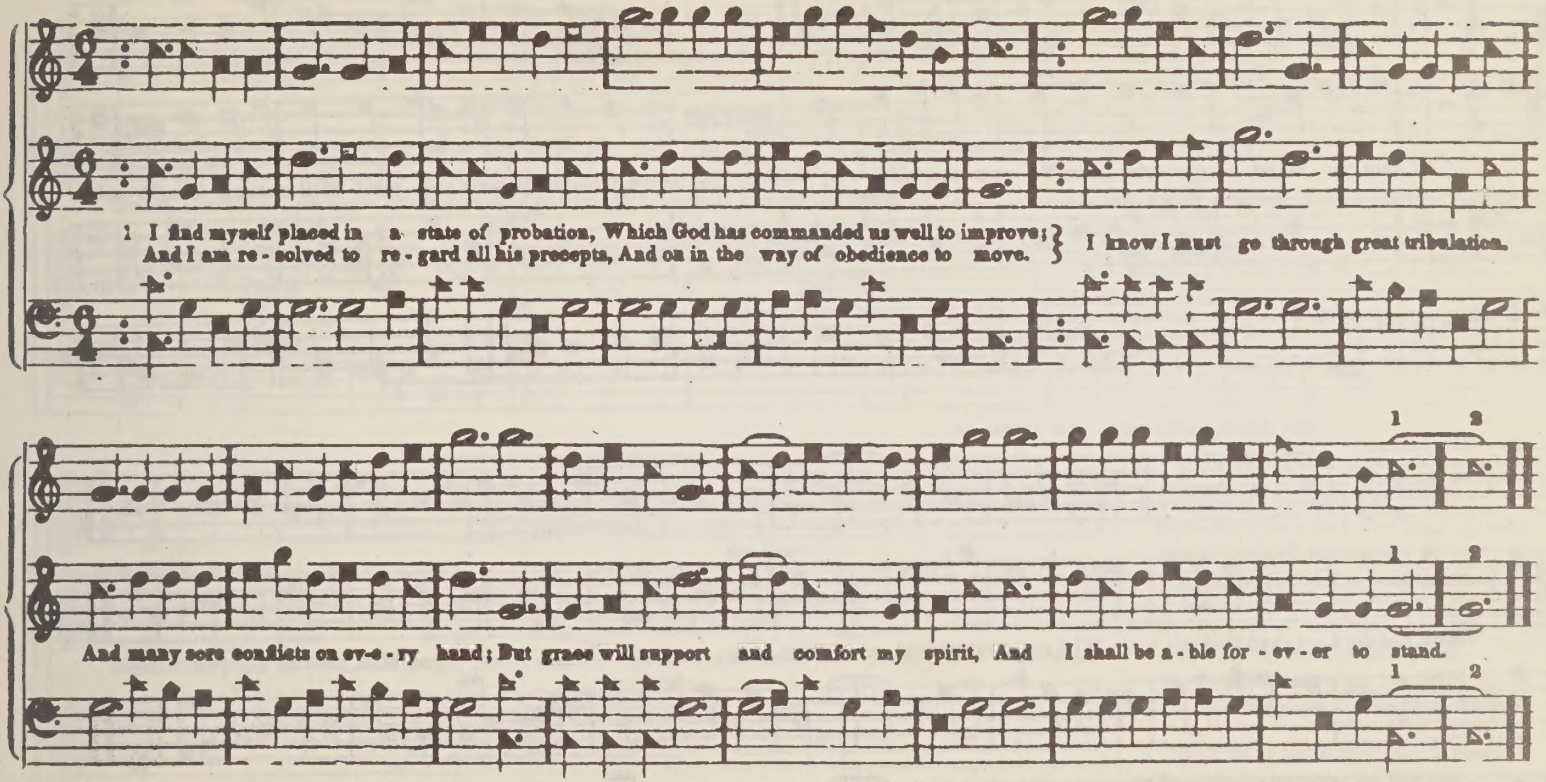
JOHN G. McCURRY.

1. My soul, come, me - di - tate the day, And think how near it stands, When thou must quit this house of clay, And
My soul, come, me - di - tate the day, And think how near it stands, When thou must quit this
My soul, come, me - di - tate the day, And think how near it stands, When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to
When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown la -
fly to unknown lands..... And fly to unknown lands. When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands.
house of clay, And fly to unknown lands. And fly to unknown lands. When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands.
unknown lands, And fly, &c.
When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands,
nds, And fly to unknown lands.....


1 When, his salvation bringing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The children all stood singing Hosan - na to his name. Nor did there seal of-
fend him, But as he rode a - long, He let them still attend him, And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill:
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud "Hosanna
To David's royal son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosanna raise
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender
They too shall be the Lord's

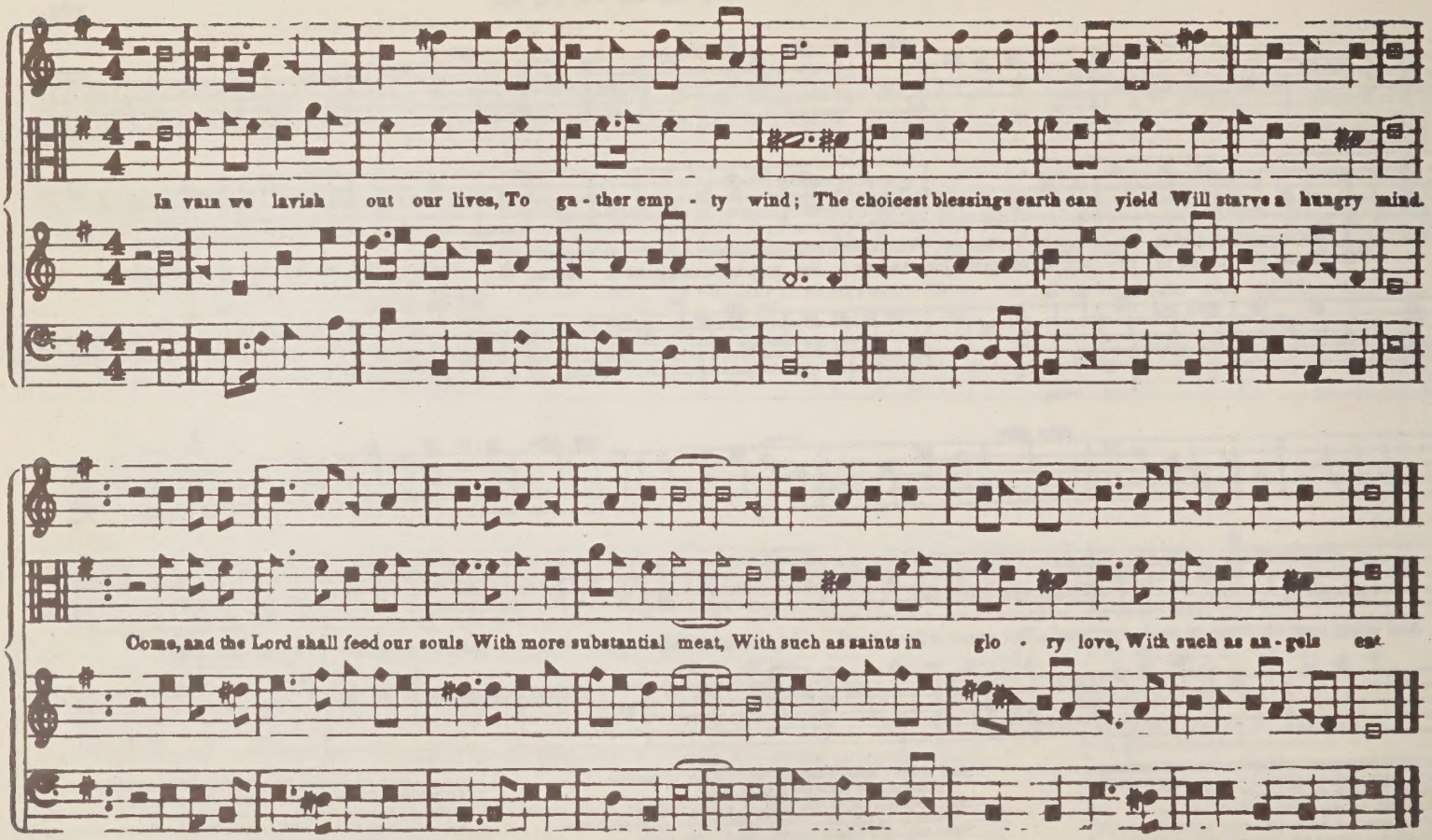

1 I find myself placed in a state of probation, Which God has commanded us well to improve;
And I am re-solved to re-gard all his precepts, And on in the way of obedience to move.
I know I must go through great tribulation.
And many sore conflicts on ev-e-ry hand; But grace will support and comfort my spirit, And I shall be a-ble for-ev-er to stand.
1 2

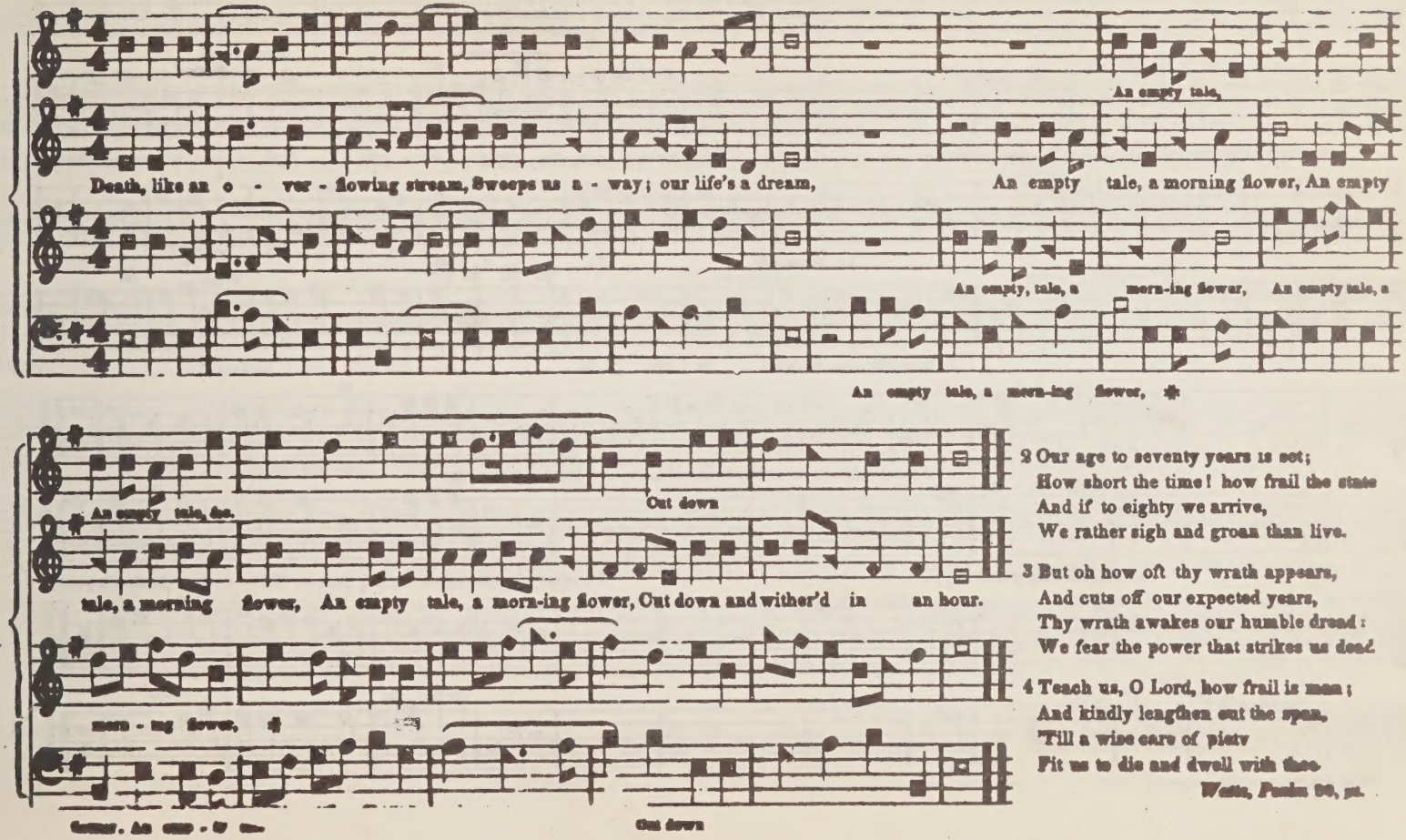
2 I'm call'd to contend with the powers of darkness,
And many sore conflicts I have to pass through;
O Jesus, be with me in every battle
And help me my enemies all to subdue.
If thou, gracious Lord, will only go with me,
To aid and direct me, then all will be right;
Apollyon, with all his powerful forces,
In thy name and thy strength I shall soon put to flight.

3 And when I must cross the cold stream of Jordan
I'll bid all my sorrows a final adieu
And hasten away to the land of sweet Canaan,
Where, Christians, I hope I shall there meet with you.
That rest into which my soul shall then enter,
Is perfectly glorious, and never shall end;
A rest of exemption from warfare and labour,
A rest in the bosom of Jesus, my friend.

4 And more than exemption from fighting and hardship,
My gracious Redeemer will grant unto me;
A portion of bliss he has promised to give me,
And true to that promise he surely will be.
Yes, I shall receive and always inherit
A happy reception and truly divine,
For which all the praises and glory, my Saviour,
Are due unto thee, and shall ever be thine.

VERMONT. C. M. D.


In vain we lavish out our lives, To ga - ther emp - ty wind; The choicest blessings earth can yield Will starve a hungry mind.
Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls With more substantial meat, With such as saints in glo - ry love, With such as an - gels eat.

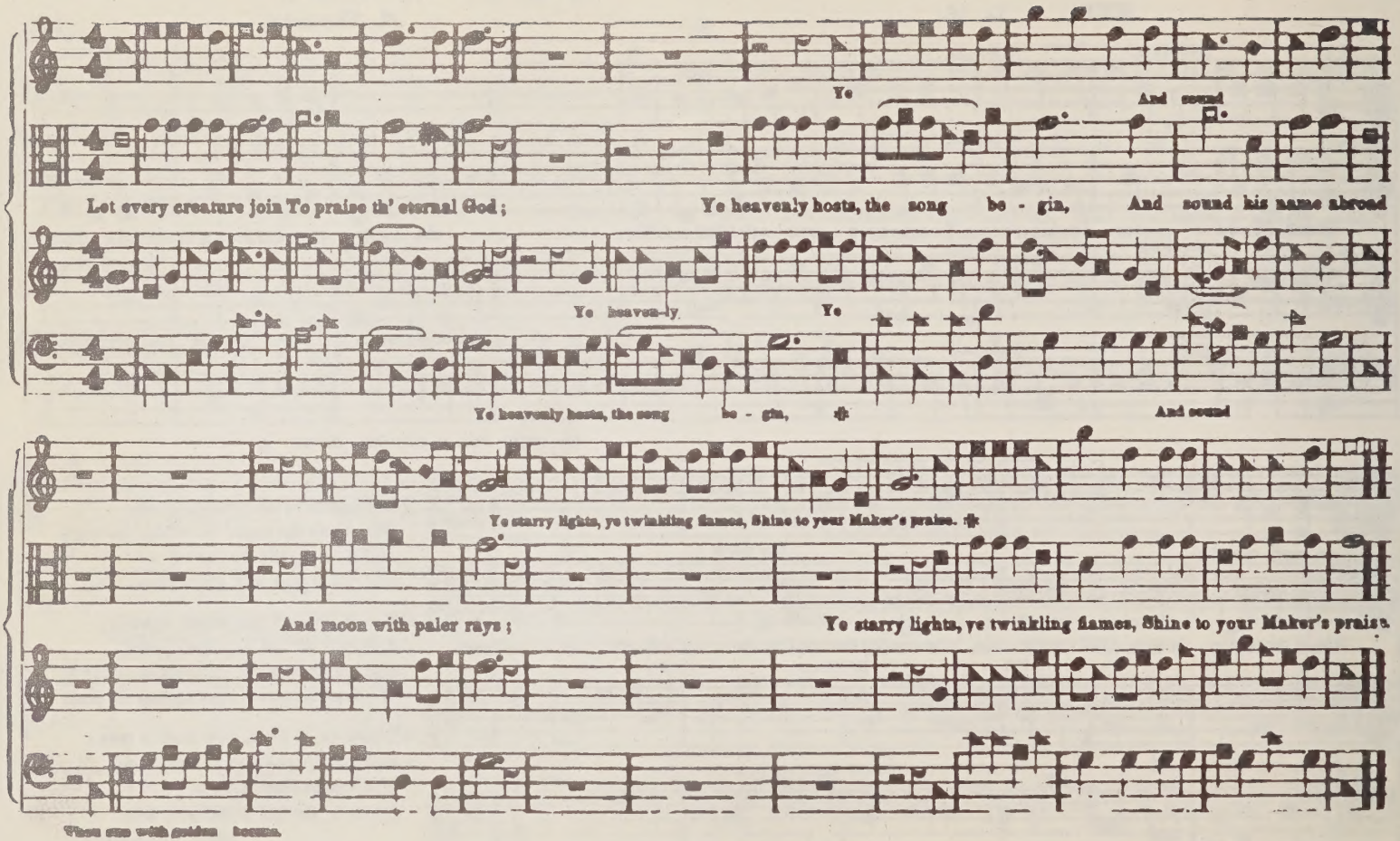

An empty tale,
Death, like an o - ver - flowing stream, Sweeps us a - way; our life's a dream, An empty tale, a morning flower, An empty
An empty, tale, a morn-ing flower, An empty tale, a
An empty tale, a morn-ing flower,
An empty tale, &c.
Cut down
tale, a morning flower, An empty tale, a morn-ing flower, Cut down and wither'd in an hour.
morn - ing flower,
Cut down

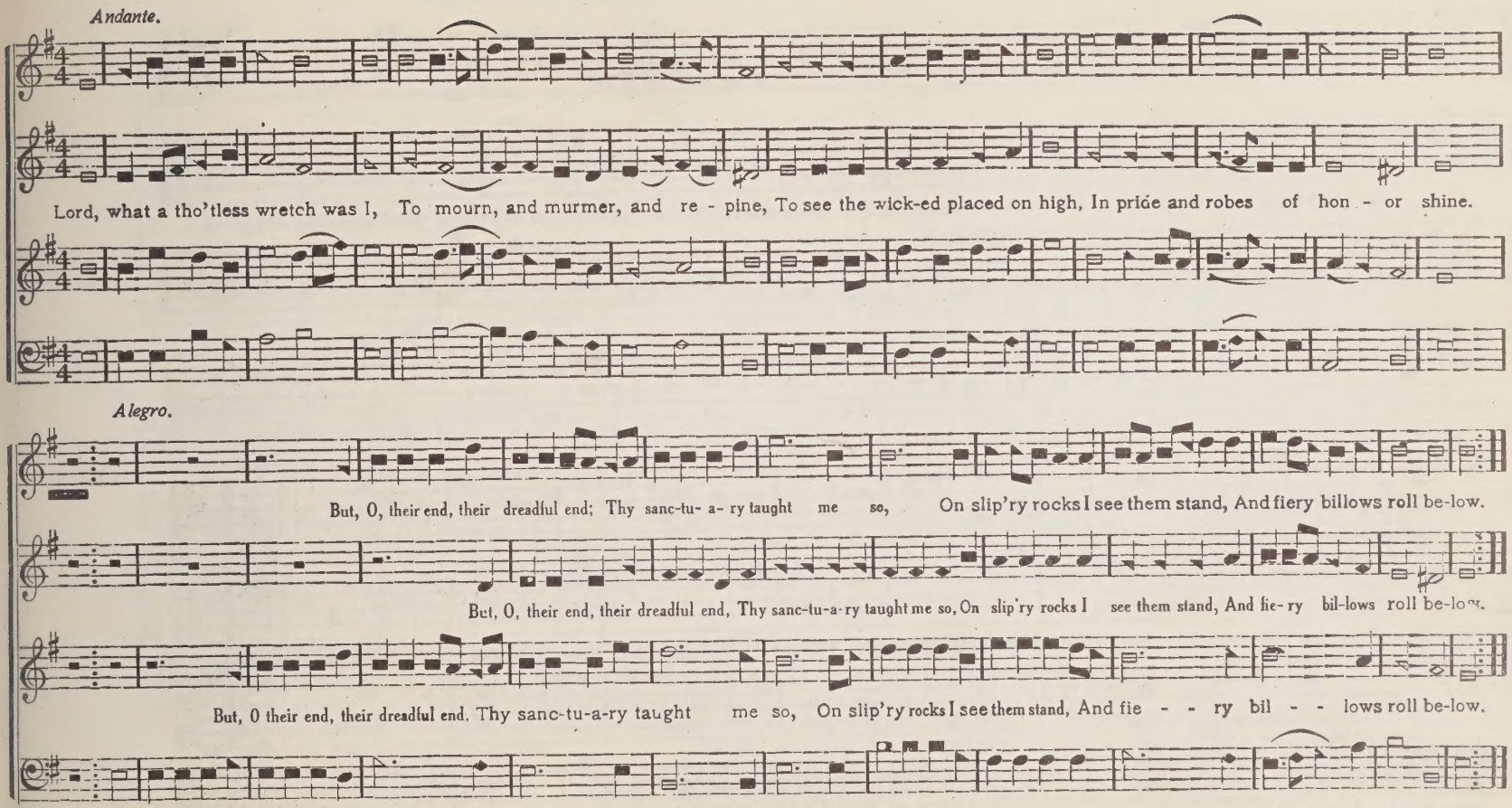
2 Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the time! how frail the state
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.

3 But oh how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years,
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread:
We fear the power that strikes us dead.

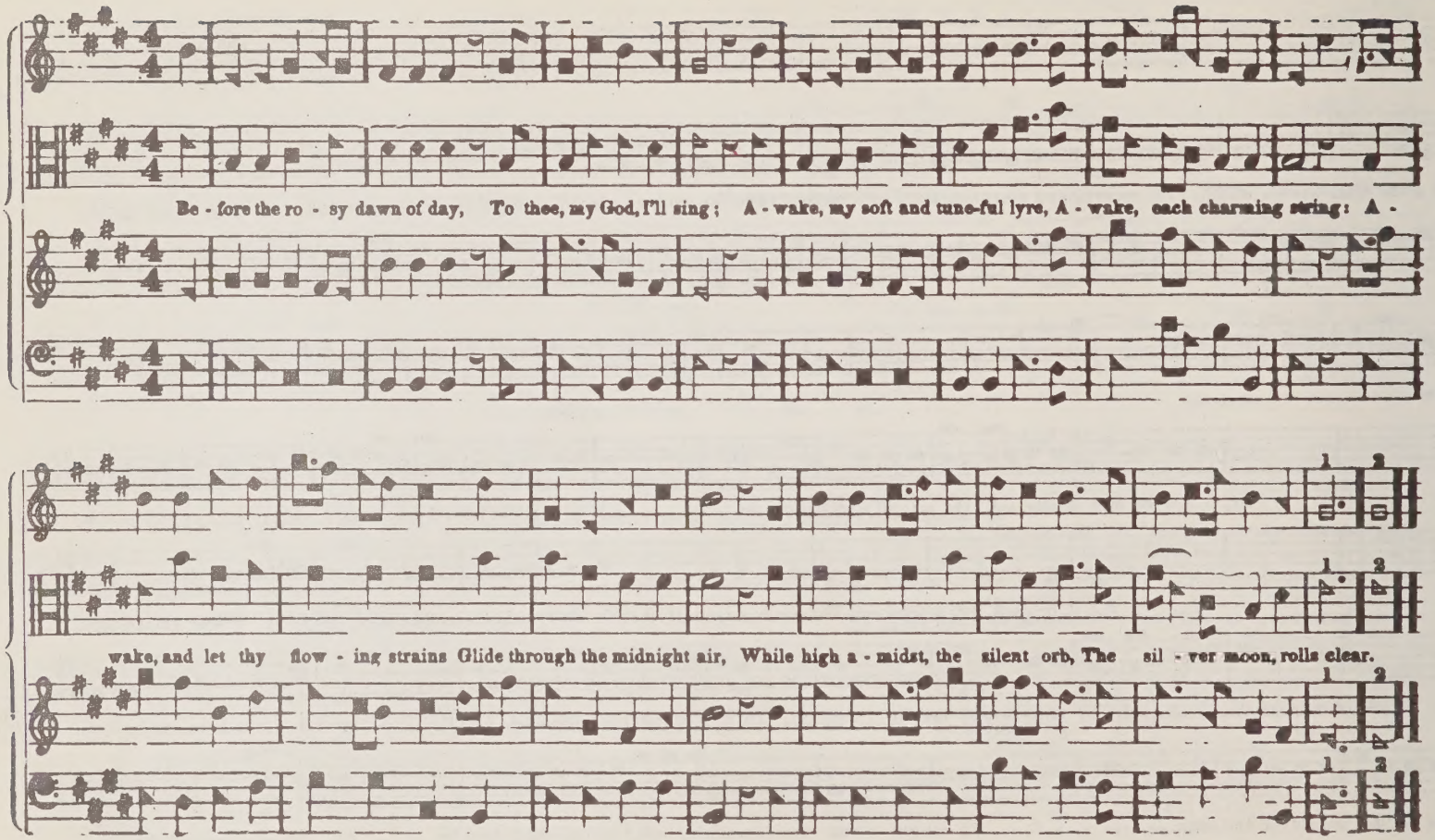
4 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out the span,
'Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

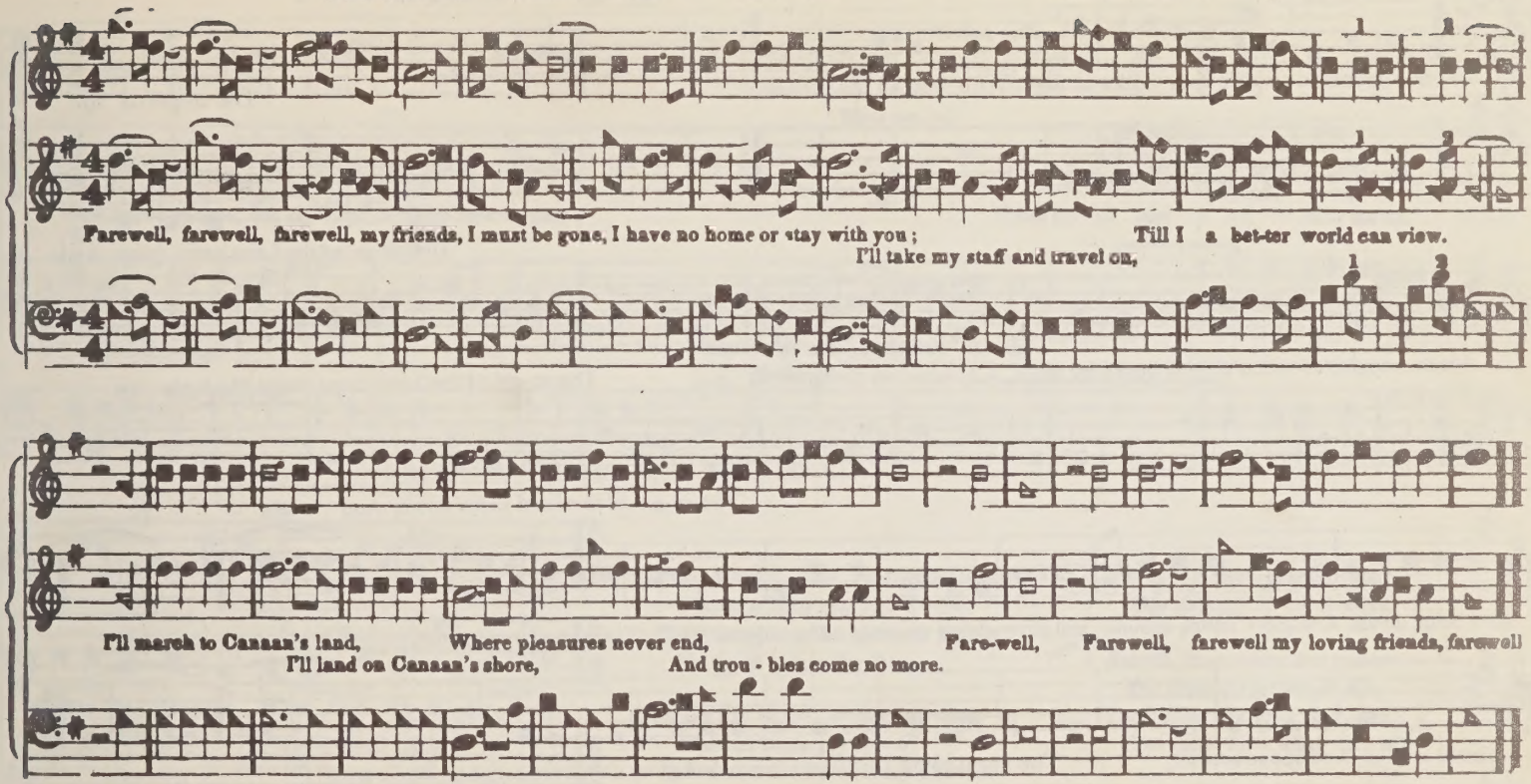
Watts, Psalm 90, pt.


Ye
And sound
Let every creature join To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song be - gin, And sound his name abroad
Ye heaven-ly
Ye
Ye heavenly hosts, the song be - gin,
And sound
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise.
And moon with paler rays;
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise.


Andante.
Lord, what a tho'tless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmer, and re - pine, To see the wick-ed placed on high, In pride and robes of hon - or shine.
Alegro.
But, O, their end, their dreadful end; Thy sanc-tu- a- ry taught me so, On slip'ry rocks I see them stand, And fiery billows roll be-low.
But, O, their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanc-tu-a-ry taught me so, On slip'ry rocks I see them stand, And fie- ry bil-lows roll be-low.
But, O their end, their dreadful end. Thy sanc-tu-a-ry taught me so, On slip'ry rocks I see them stand, And fie - - ry bil - - lows roll be-low.
But, O, their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanc - tu - a - ry taught me so, On slip'ry rocks I see them stand, And fie - - ry bil - lows roll be-low.

ENFIELD. C. M.


Be - fore the ro - sy dawn of day, To thee, my God, I'll sing; A - wake, my soft and tune-ful lyre, A - wake, each charming string: A -
wake, and let thy flow - ing strains Glide through the midnight air, While high a - midst, the silent orb, The sil - ver moon, rolls clear.


Farewell, farewell, farewell, my friends, I must be gone, I have no home or stay with you;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a bet-ter world can view.
I'll march to Canaan's land,
I'll land on Canaan's shore,
Where pleasures never end,
And trou - bles come no more.
Fare-well, Farewell, farewell my loving friends, farewell

2 Farewell, &c. my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal cares or bliss;
I'll leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
I'll march, &c
Farewell. &c

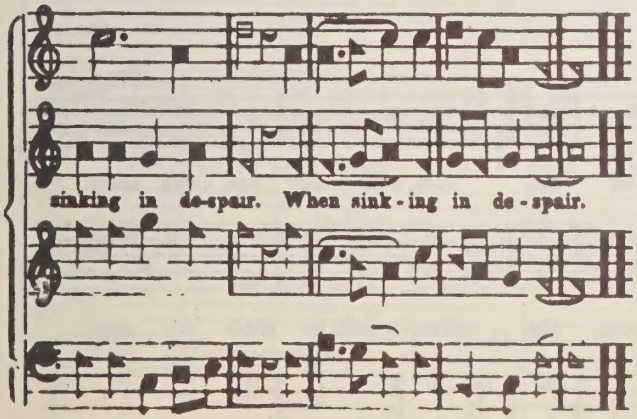
3 Farewell, &c. dear brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound with cords of love;
But we believe his gracious word,
We all ere long shall meet above.
I'll march, &c.
Farewell. &c

4 Farewell, &c. ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet remain for you;
But dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy shore you view
I'll march, &c.
Farewell &c

SHERBURNE. C. M.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The an-gel of the
The an-gel of the Lord came down, And
While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry
The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - ry
Lord came down, And glory shone around, and glory shone around, The angel of the Lord came down and glo-ry shone around. (shone around.)
shone around, And shone around, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And shone around. (round.)
shone around, And glory shone around, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And glory shone around. (shone around.)
shone around, And glo - ry shone around, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around. (round.)

Thine arm, &c.
God, my supporter, and my hope, My help forever near ; Thine arm of mer - cy held me up, When
Thine arm of mer - cy held me up,
Thine arm, &c.



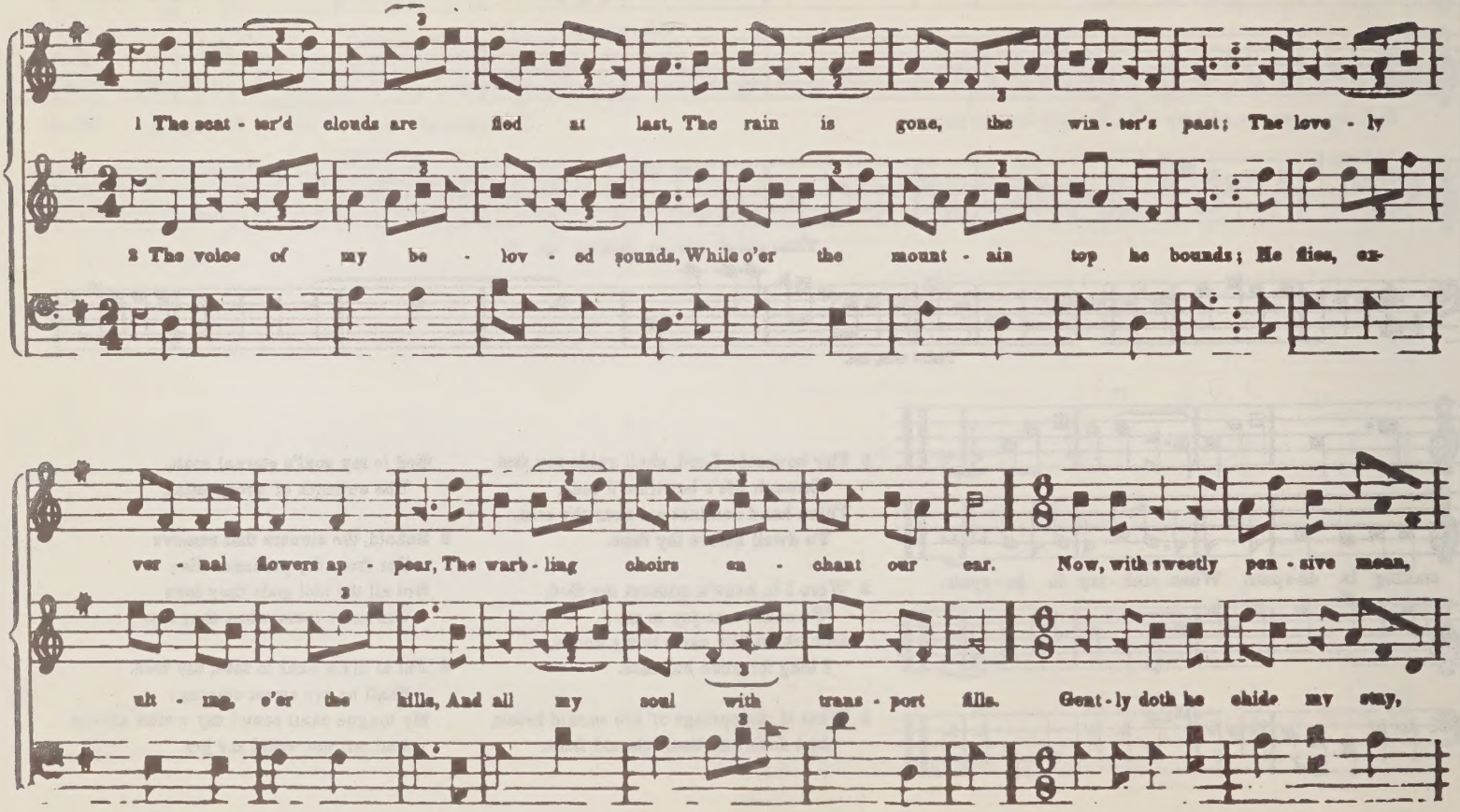
2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through life's bewilder'd race,
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

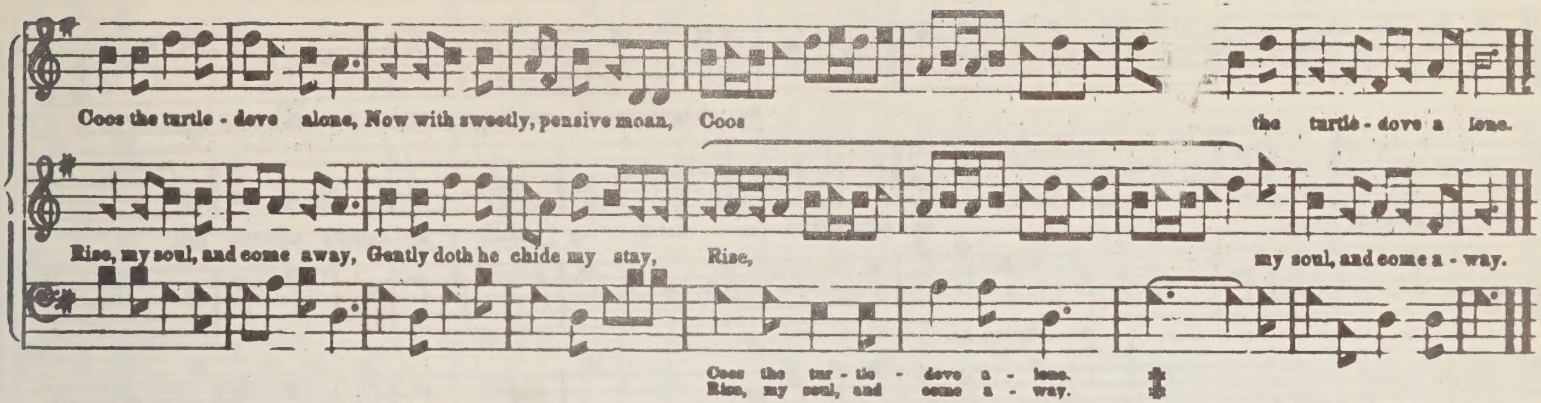
3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life should break,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

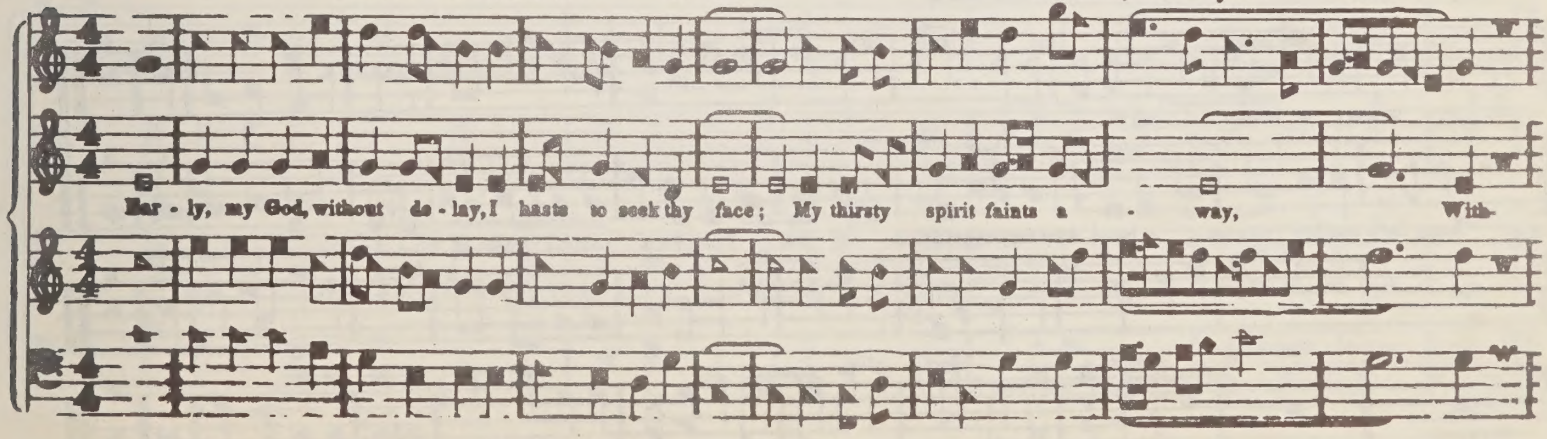
6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ.
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad
And tell the world my joy.

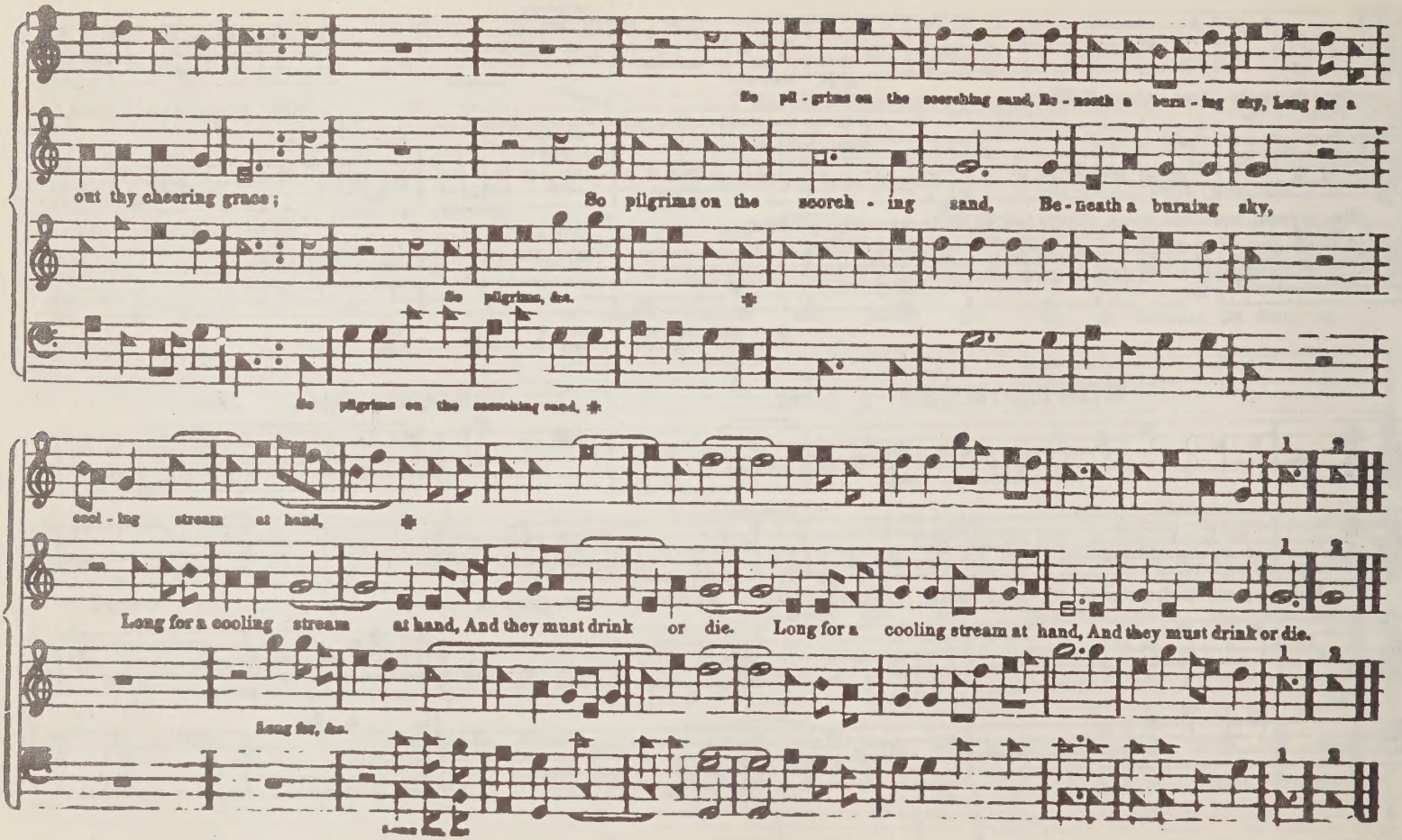

1 The scat - ter'd clouds are fled at last, The rain is gone, the win - ter's past; The love - ly
2 The voice of my be - lov - ed sounds, While o'er the mount - ain top he bounds; He flies, ex-
ver - nal flowers ap - pear, The warb - ling choirs en - chant our ear. Now, with sweetly pen - sive mean,
ult - ing, o'er the hills, And all my soul with trans - port fills. Gent - ly doth he chide my stay,

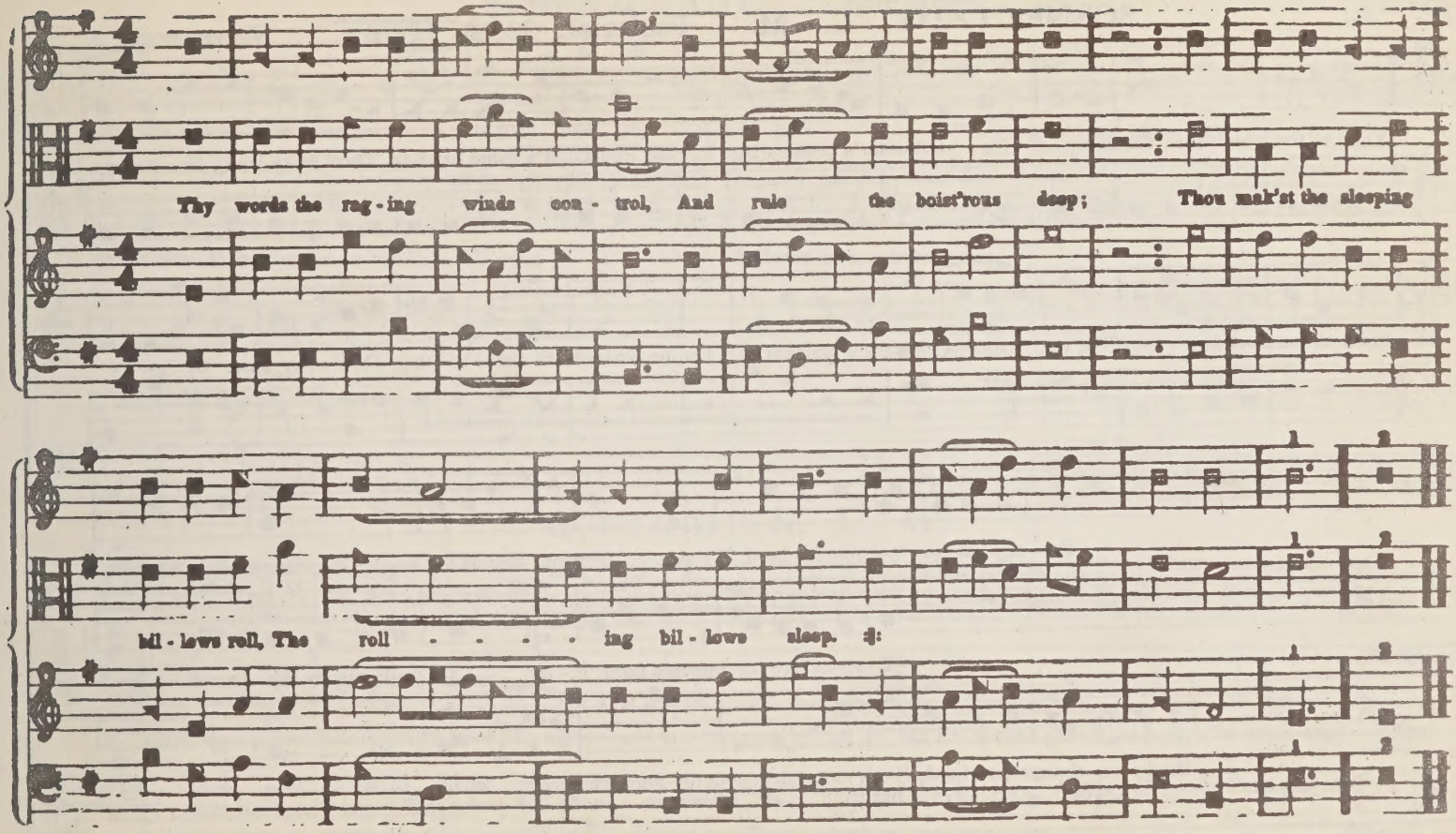

Coos the turtle - dove alone, Now with sweetly, pensive moan, Coos the turtle - dove a lone.
Rise, my soul, and come away, Gently doth he chide my stay, Rise, my soul, and come a - way.
Coos the tur - tle - dove a - lone.
Rise, my soul, and come a - way.

MONTGOMERY. C. M.

Psalmist, 18th Hymn. *More*




So pil - grims on the scorching sand, Be - neath a burn - ing sky, Long for a
out thy cheering grace;
So pilgrims on the scorch - ing sand, Be - neath a burning sky,
So pilgrims, &c.
So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
cool - ing stream at hand,
Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die. Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.
Long for, &c.


Thy words the rag-ing winds con-trol, And rule the hoist'rous deep; Thou mak'st the sleeping
bil-lows roll, The roll - - - - ing bil-lows sleep. :‖:

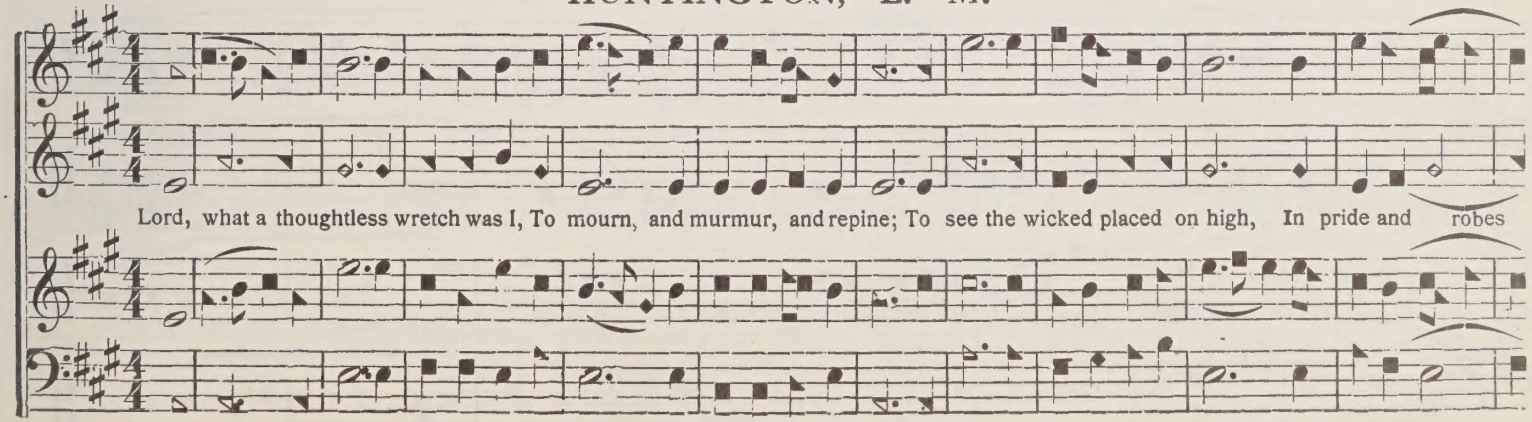
SCENECTADY. L. M. Psalmist, 926th Hymn. Shumwan.

From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'-ry
From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'-ry
E - ter- nal are thy mercies Lord, E - ter - nal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from
tongue
E - ter-nal are thy mercies Lord, E - ter - nal truth attends thy word; thy
E - ter-nal are thy mercies Lord; E - ter nal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to
E-ter-nal are thy mercies Lord, E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till

SCHENECTADY. Concluded.

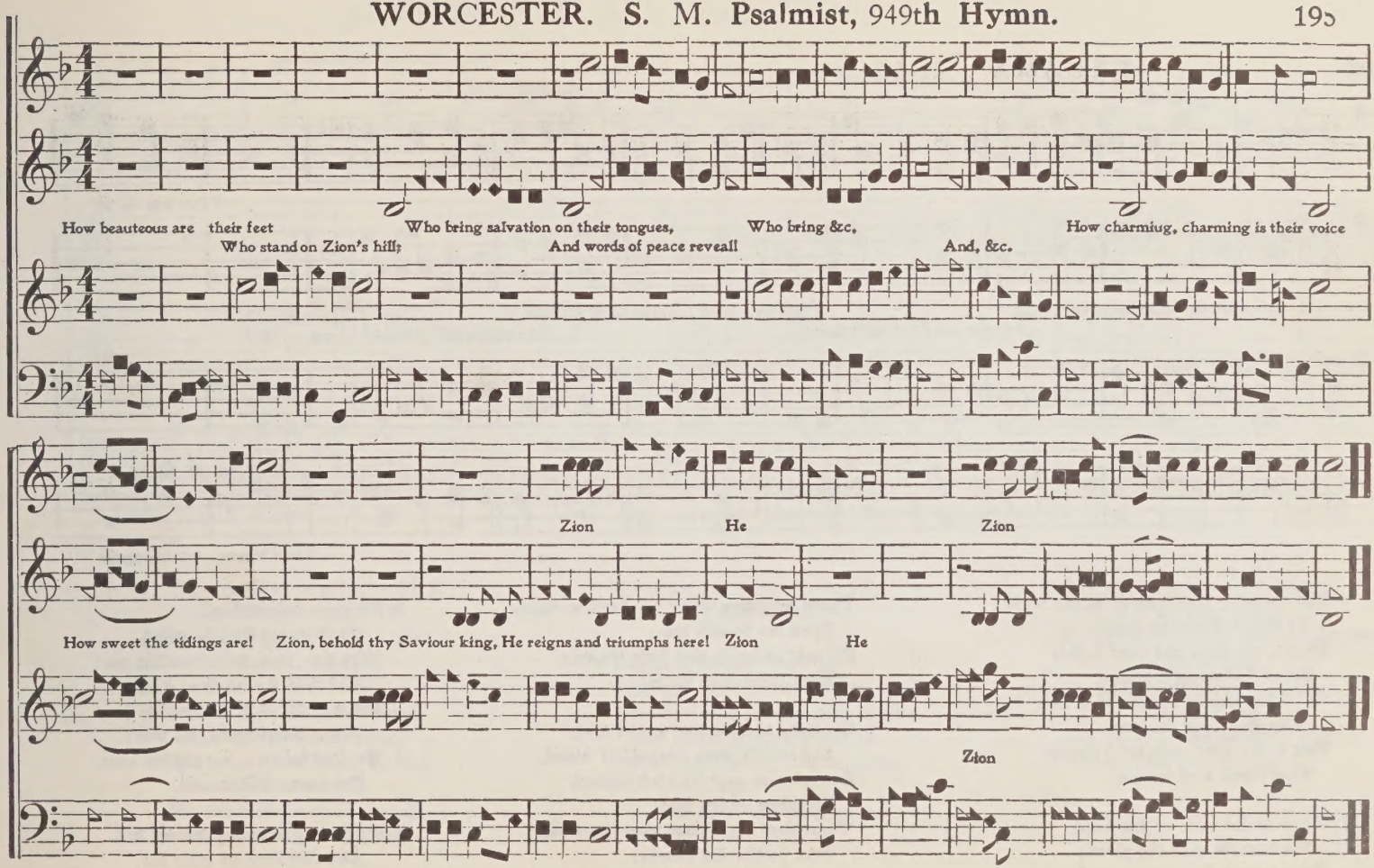
shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more Till suns shall rise and set no more.
praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
shore Till suns shall rise and set no more Till suns shall rise and set no more.
suns shall rise and set no more..... Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HUNTINGTON, L. M.

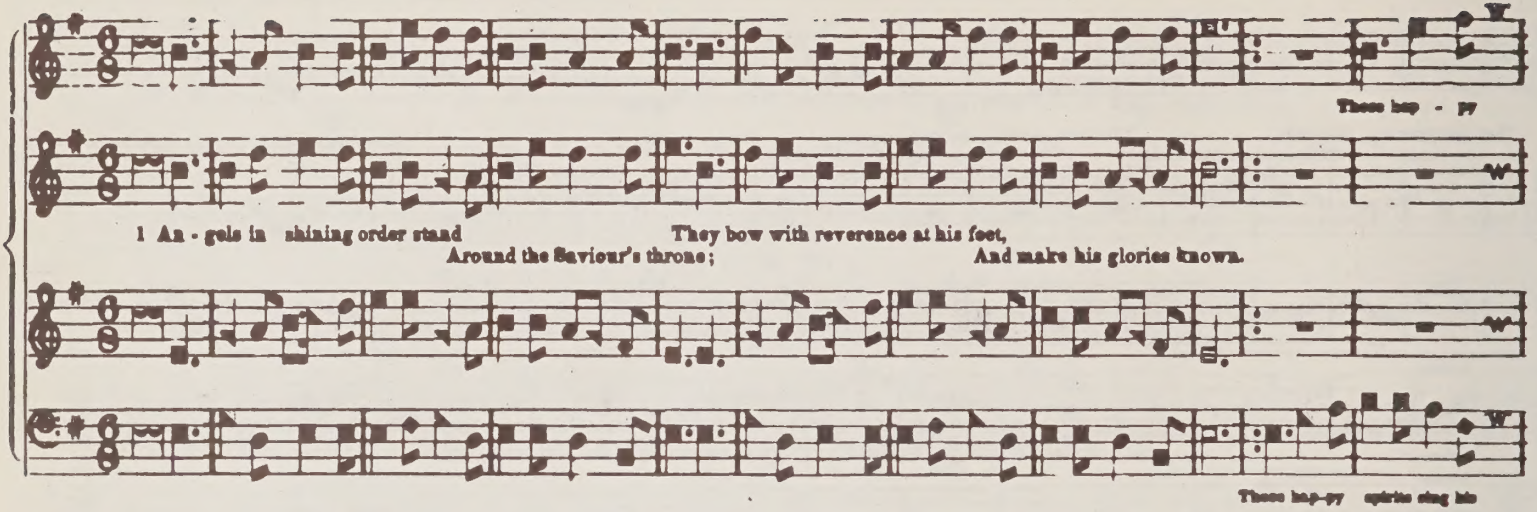


HUNTINGTON. Concluded.

But, oh, their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanc-tu-a-ry taught me so; But, taught me so;
of honour shine.
But, oh, their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanc - tu-a-ry taught me so; But,
But, oh, their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanc - tu-a-ry taught me so; But, taught me so;
But, oh, their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanc-tu--a-ry taguht me so; But, taught me so;
taught me so; On slip - pery rocks I see them stand, And fie - ry bil - lows roll be - low.


How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
Who bring &c,
And, &c.
How charming, charming is their voice
Zion
He
Zion
How sweet the tidings are! Zion, behold thy Saviour king, He reigns and triumphs here! Zion
He
Zion

ALABAMA. C. M.


1 An - gels in shining order stand
Around the Saviour's throne;
They bow with reverence at his feet,
And make his glories known.

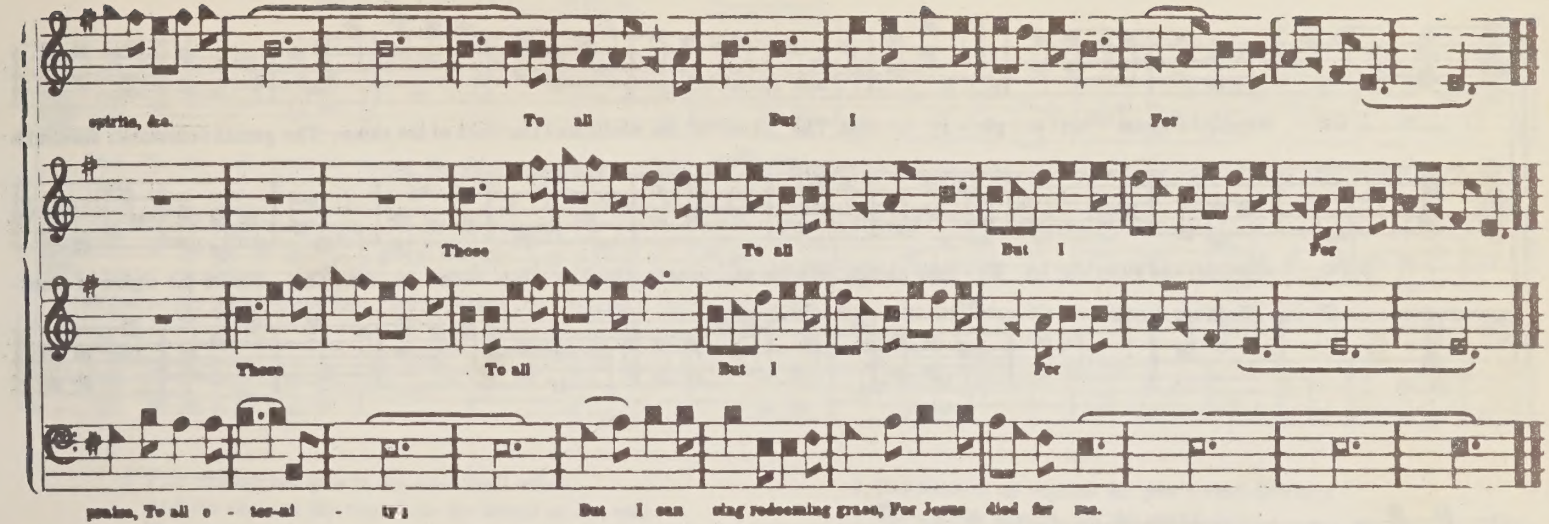
2 The cross of Christ inspires my heart
To sing redeeming grace;
Awake, my soul, and bear a part
In my Redeemer's praise.
Oh! what can be compared to him
Who died upon the tree!
This is my dear, delightful theme,
That Jesus died for me.

3 When at the table of the Lord
We humbly take our place;
The death of Jesus we record,
With love and thankfulness
These emblems bring my Lord to view,
Upon the bloody tree;
My soul believes and feels it's true
That Jesus died for me.

4 His body broken, nail'd, and torn,
And stain'd with streams of blood,
His spotless soul was left forlorn,
Forsaken of his God.
'Twas then his Father gave the stroke
That justice did decree;
All nature felt the dreadful stroke,
When Jesus died for me.

5 Eli lama sabachthani,
My God, my God, he cried,
Why hast thou thus forsaken me!
And thus my Saviour died.
But why did God forsake his Son,
When bleeding on the tree?
He died for sins, but not his own,
For Jesus died for me.

6 My guilt was on my Surety laid.
And therefore he must die:
His soul a sacrifice was made
For such a worm as I.


spirits, &c. To all But I For
Those To all But I For
Those To all But I For
praise, To all e - ter-ni - ty; But I can sing redeeming grace, For Jesus died for me.

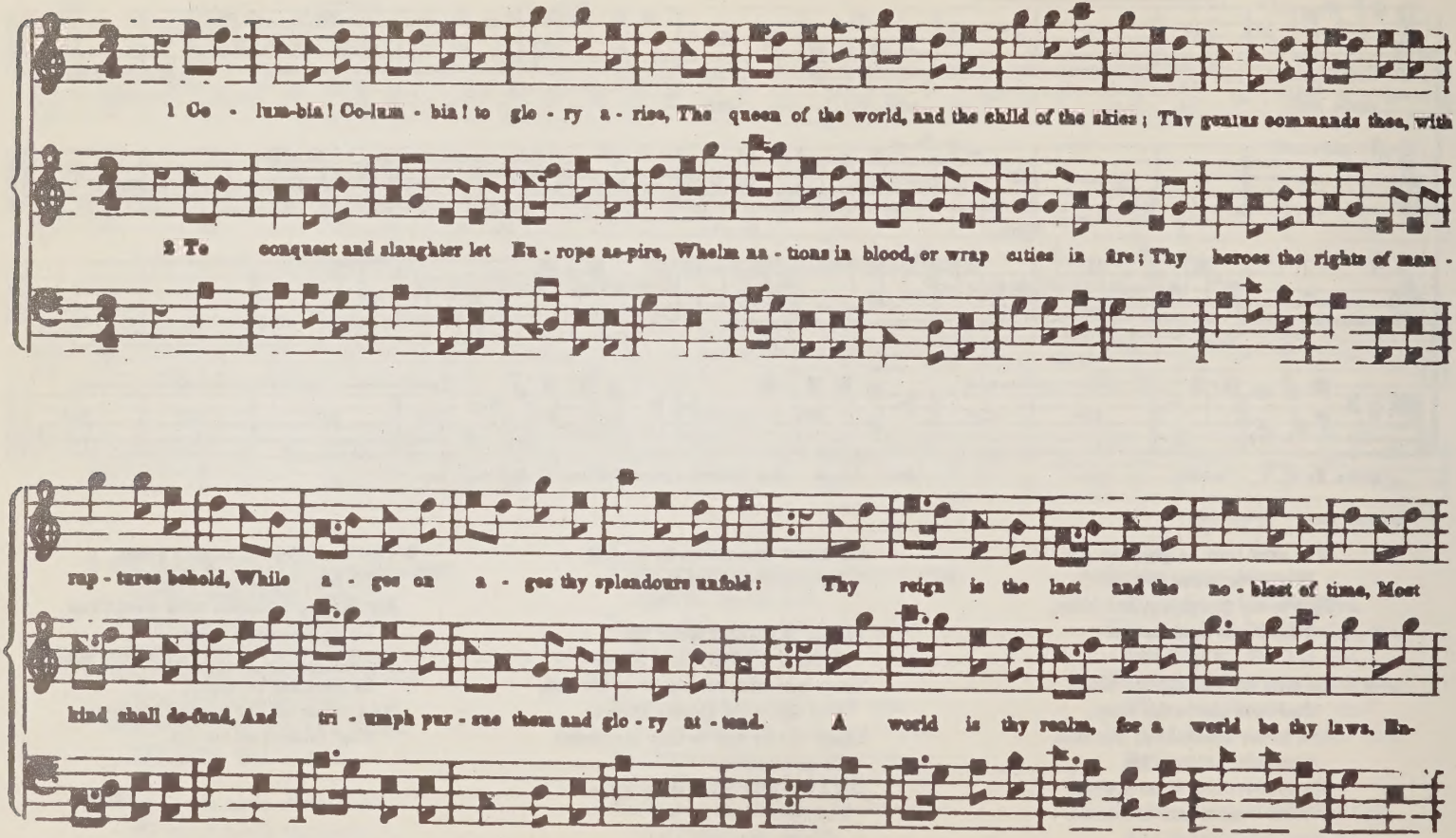
Was ever love so great as this?
Was ever grace so free?
This is my glory, joy, and bliss,
That Jesus died for me.

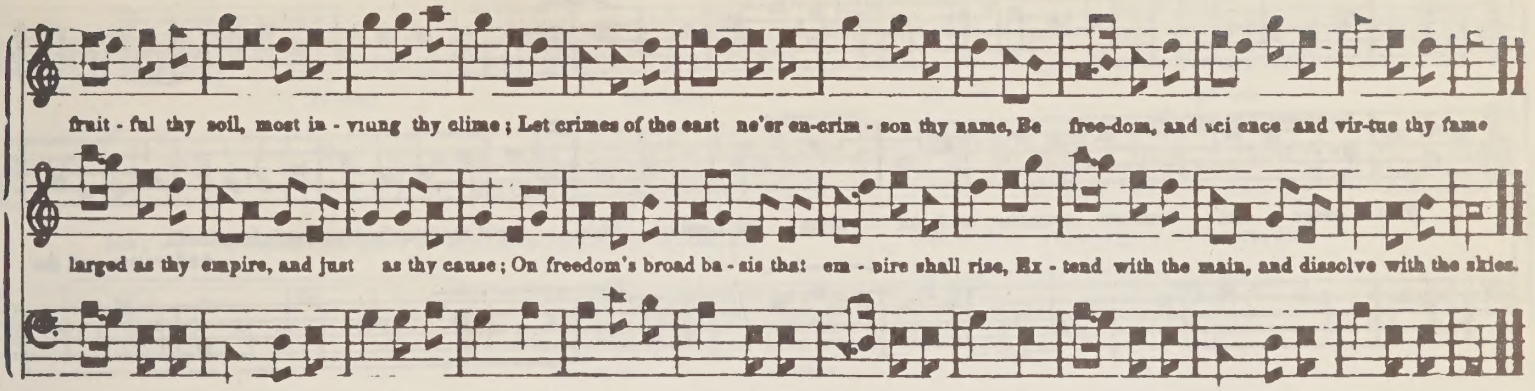
7 He took his meritorious blood,
And rose above the skies,
And in the presence of his God
Presents his sacrifice.
His intercession must prevail
With such a glorious plea:
My cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus died for me.

8 Angels in shining order sit
Around my Saviour's throne;
They bow with reverence at his feet,
And make his glories known.
Those happy spirits sing his praise
To all eternity:
But I can sing redeeming grace,
For Jesus died for me.

9 Oh! had I but an angel's voice
To bear my heart along,
My flowing numbers soon would rise
To an immortal song.
I'd charm their harps and golden lyres
In sweetest harmony,
And tell to all the heavenly choirs
That Jesus died for me.

STAR OF COLUMBIA. 11s. Words by Dr. Dwight. *Miss. M. T. Durham.*


1 Co - lum-bia! Co-lum - bia! to glo - ry a - rise, The queen of the world, and the child of the skies; Thy genius commands thee, with
2 To conquest and slaughter let Eu - rope aspire, Whelm na - tions in blood, or wrap cities in fire; Thy heroes the rights of man -
rap - tures behold, While a - ges on a - ges thy splendours unfold: Thy reign is the last and the no - blest of time, Most
kind shall de-fend, And tri - umph pur - sue them and glo - ry at - tend. A world is thy realm, for a world be thy laws. En-


fruit - ful thy soil, most in - viung thy clime; Let crimes of the east ne'er en-crim - son thy name, Be free-dom, and sci ence and vir-tue thy fame
larged as thy empire, and just as thy cause; On freedom's broad ba - sis that em - pire shall rise, Ex - tend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

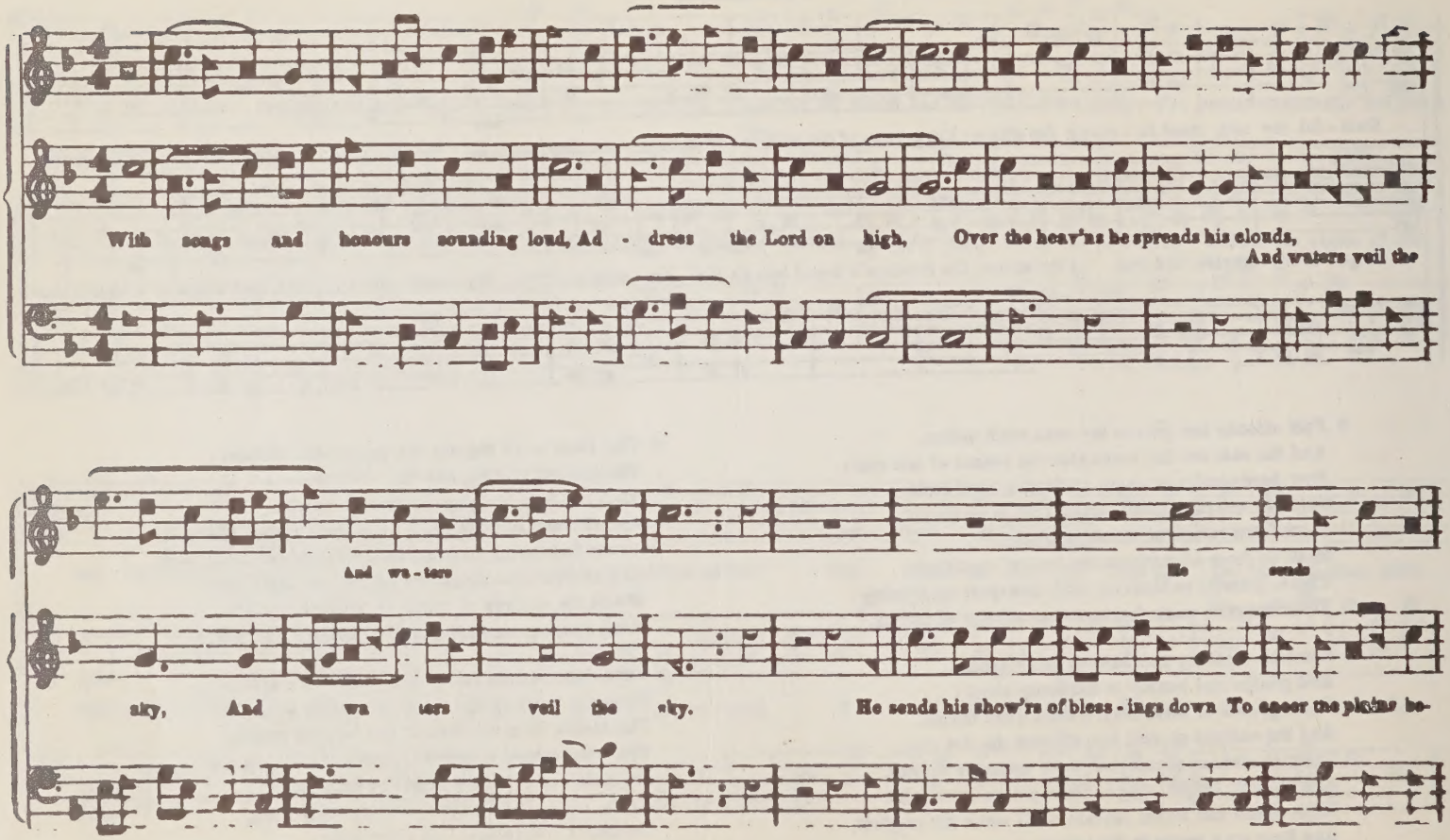
3 Fair science her gate to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star;
New bards and new sages unrivall'd shall soar
To fame unextinguish'd, when time is no more.
To the last refuge of virtue design'd,
Shall fly from all nations, the best of mankind;
There, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odours of spring.

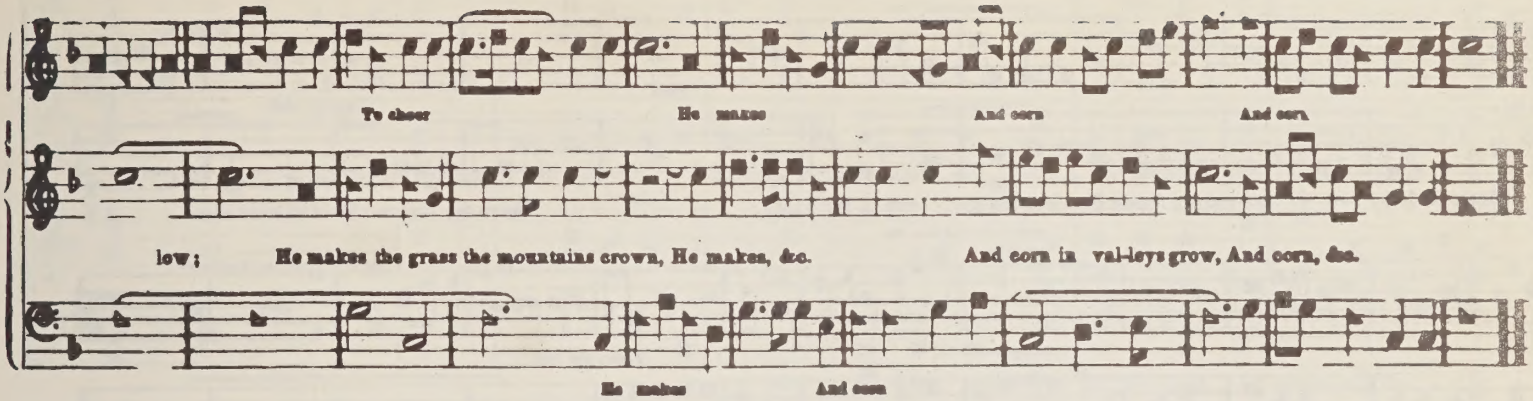
4 Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
Their graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of soul still enliven the fire:
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image enstamp'd on the mind;
With peace and sweet rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of wo

5 Thy fleets to all regions thy pow'r shall display;
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold;
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendours shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union in triumph unfurl'd,
Hush anarchy's sway, and give peace to the world.

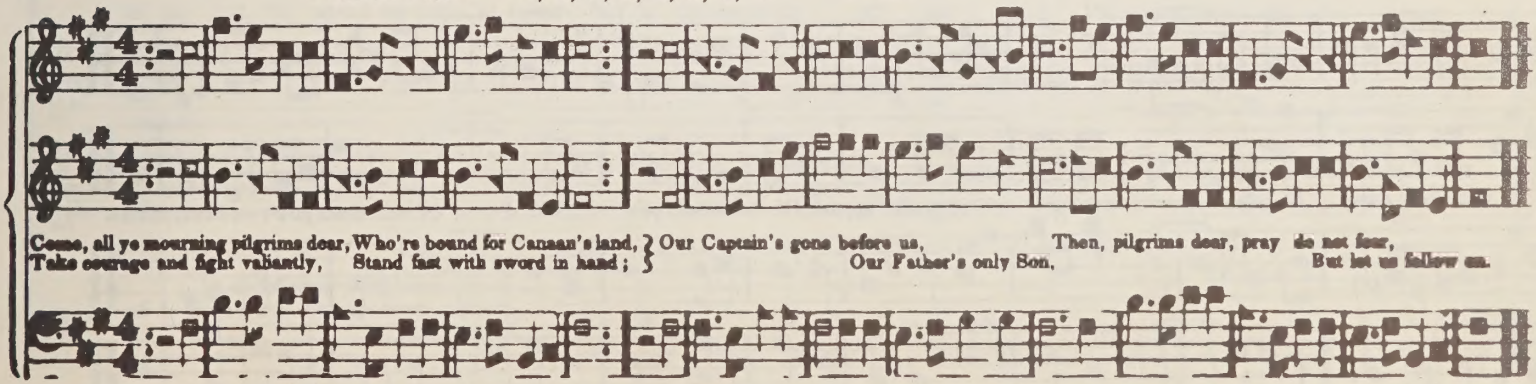
6 Thus down a lone valley with cedars o'erspread,
From the noise of the town I pensively strav'd,
The bloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
The wind ceased to murmur, the thunders expired
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sang,
Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies

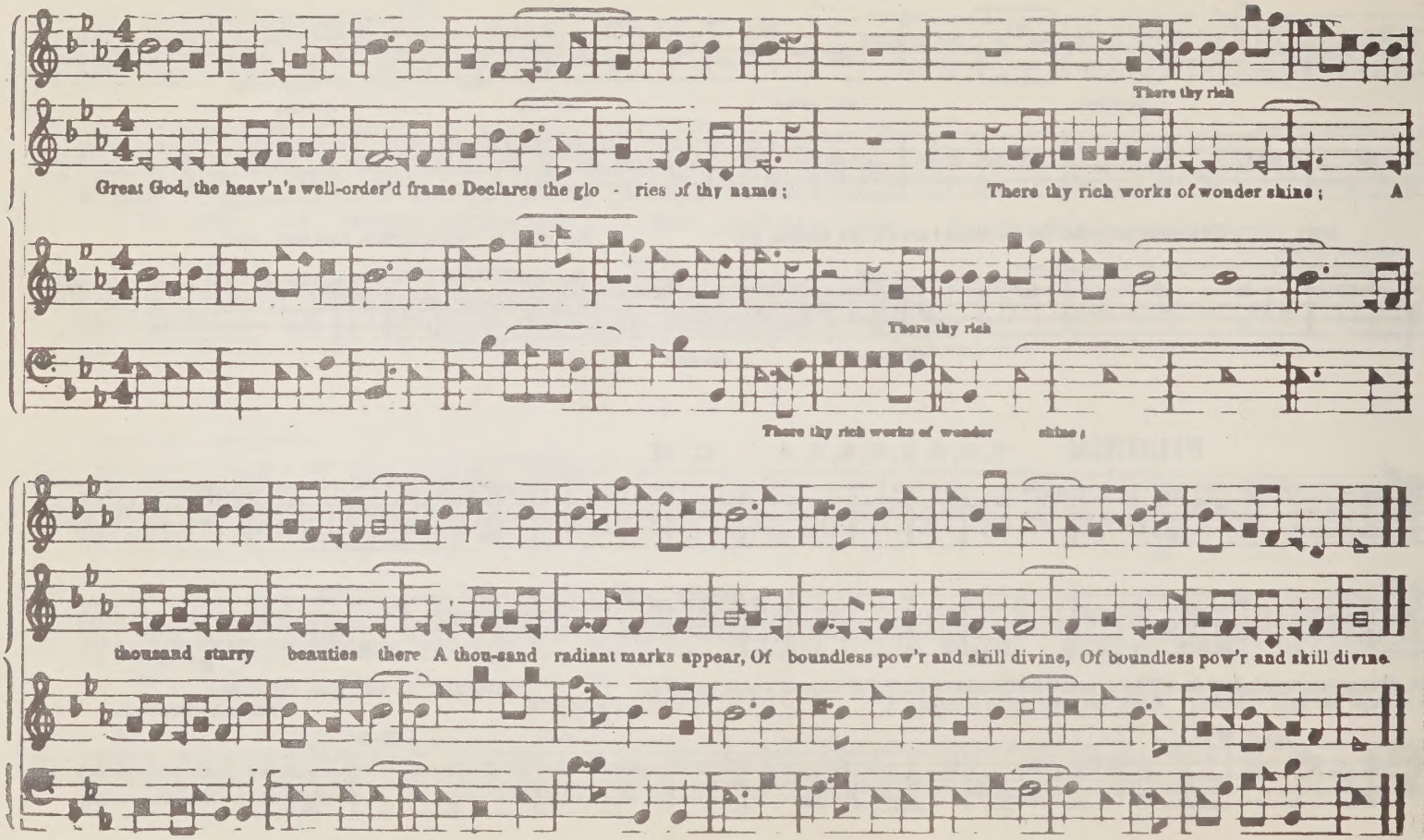
EDOM. C. M.


With songs and honours sounding loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high, Over the heav'ns he spreads his clouds,
And waters veil the
And wa - ters
He sends
sky, And wa ters veil the sky. He sends his show'rs of bless - ings down To cheer the plains be-



PILGRIM. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6. C. M.

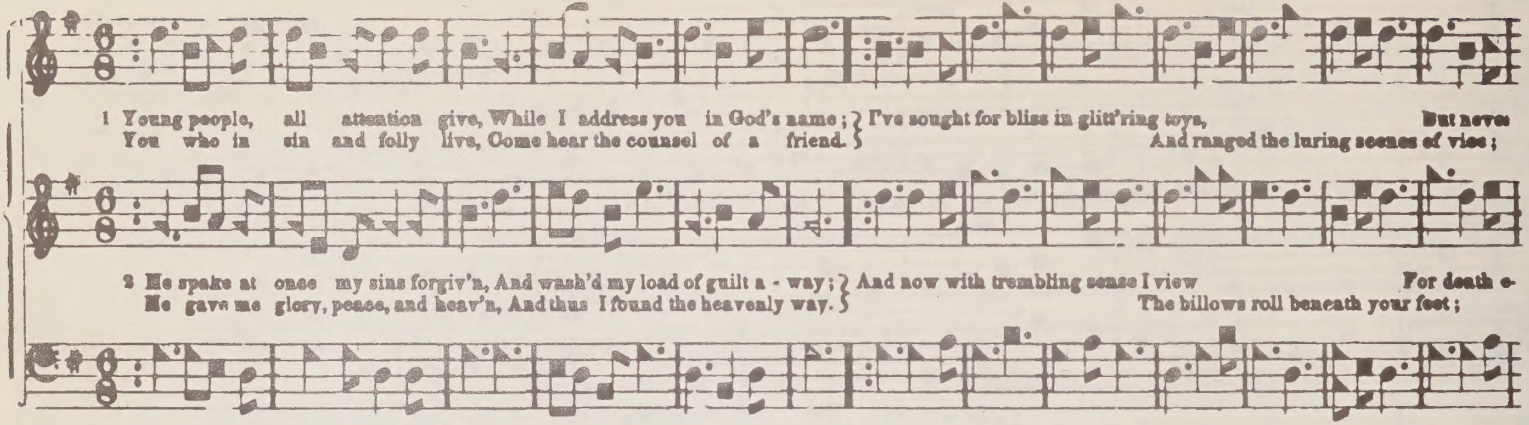

Come, all ye mourning pilgrims dear, Who're bound for Canaan's land,
Take courage and fight valiantly, Stand fast with sword in hand;
Our Captain's gone before us, Our Father's only Son,
Then, pilgrims dear, pray do not fear, But let us follow on.

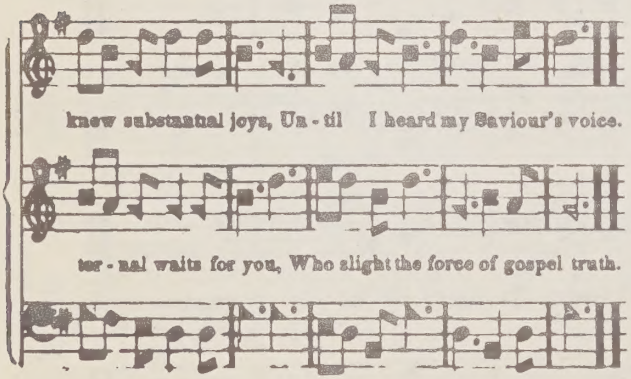

There thy rich
Great God, the heav'n's well-order'd frame Declares the glo - ries of thy name; There thy rich works of wonder shine; A
There thy rich
There thy rich works of wonder shine;
thousand starry beauties there A thou-sand radiant marks appear, Of boundless pow'r and skill divine, Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.

But in the wor - ship
Let sin - ners take their course, And choose the road to death; But in the wor - ship of my God, I'll spend my dai - ly
But in the wor - ship of my God I'll
But in the wor-ship of my God, I'll spend my dai - ly
of my God, I'll spend my dail - ly breath, But in the wor-ship of my God, I'll spend my dai - ly breath.
breath.
spend my dai - ly breath But in the wor - ship of my God, I'll spend my dai - ly breath
breath.

MISSION L. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 266. *A. Grambling*


1 Young people, all attention give, While I address you in God's name;
You who in sin and folly live, Come hear the counsel of a friend.
I've sought for bliss in glitt'ring toys, But never
And ranged the luring scenes of vice;
2 He spake at once my sins forgiv'n, And wash'd my load of guilt a - way;
He gave me glory, peace, and heav'n, And thus I found the heavenly way.
And now with trembling sense I view For death o-
The billows roll beneath your feet;

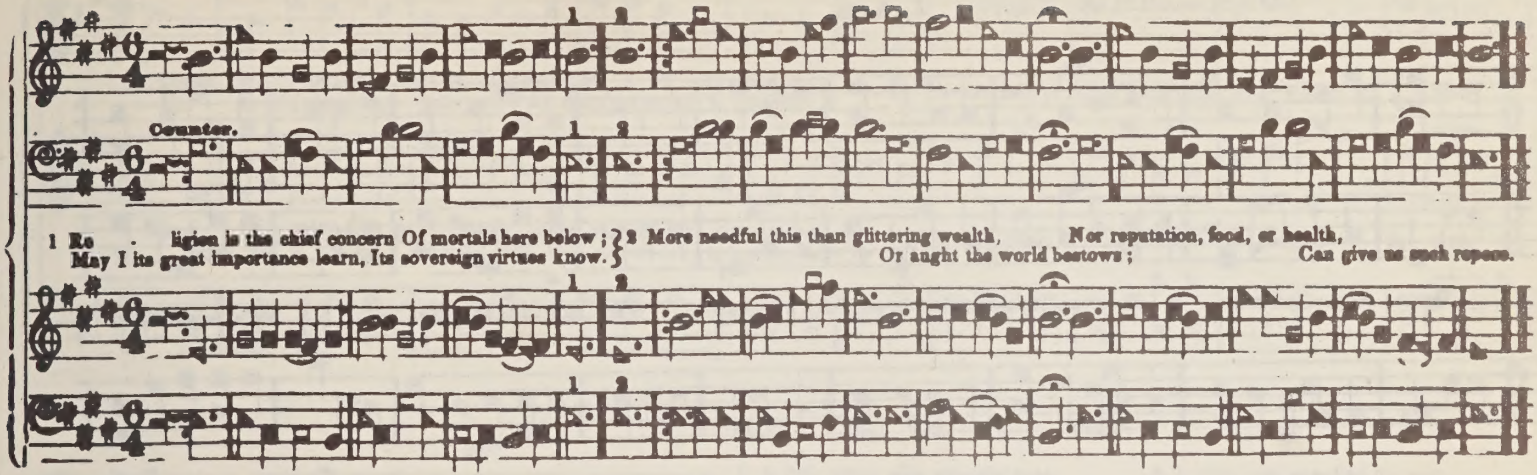


3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
By fleeting time or conquering death;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding-sheet
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

4 Ye heedless ones, that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns, and vapours roll
In solemn darkness round your head.
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slow along;
Still gazing on the spires of grass
With which your graves are overgrown.

5 Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns and billows roar
And roll amid the burning flames,
When thousand thousand years are o'er.
Sunk in the shades of endless night,
To groan and howl in endless pain,
And never more behold the light,
And never, never rise again.

6 Ye blooming youth, this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse;
And soon with you 'twill be too late
The way of life and Christ to choose.
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God;
But with the gospel now comply,
And heav'n shall be your great reward.


Counter.
1 Re - ligion is the chief concern Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn, Its sovereign virtues know.
2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows ;
Nor reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

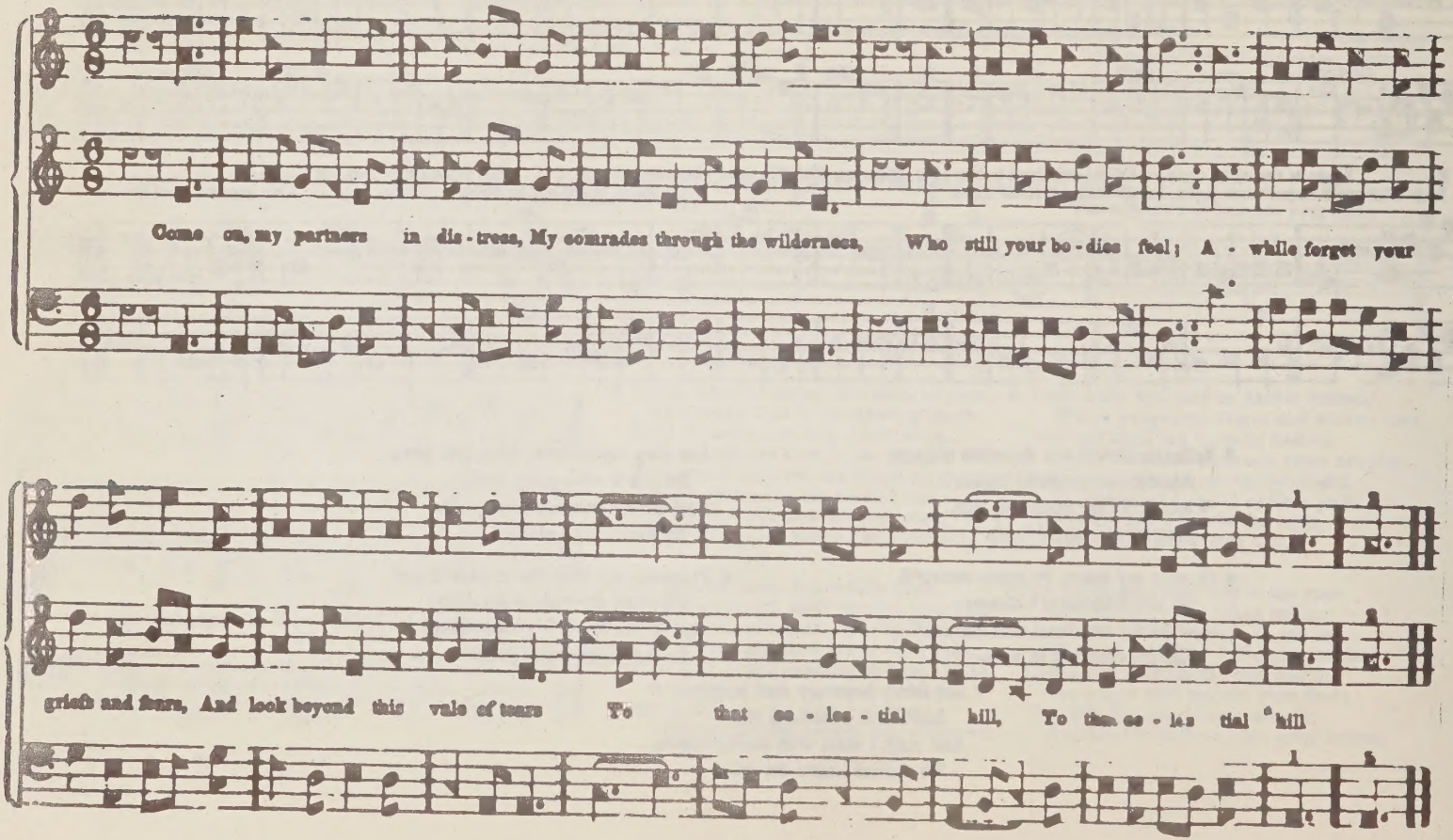
4 O, may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne
And be my stubborn will subdued
His government to own.

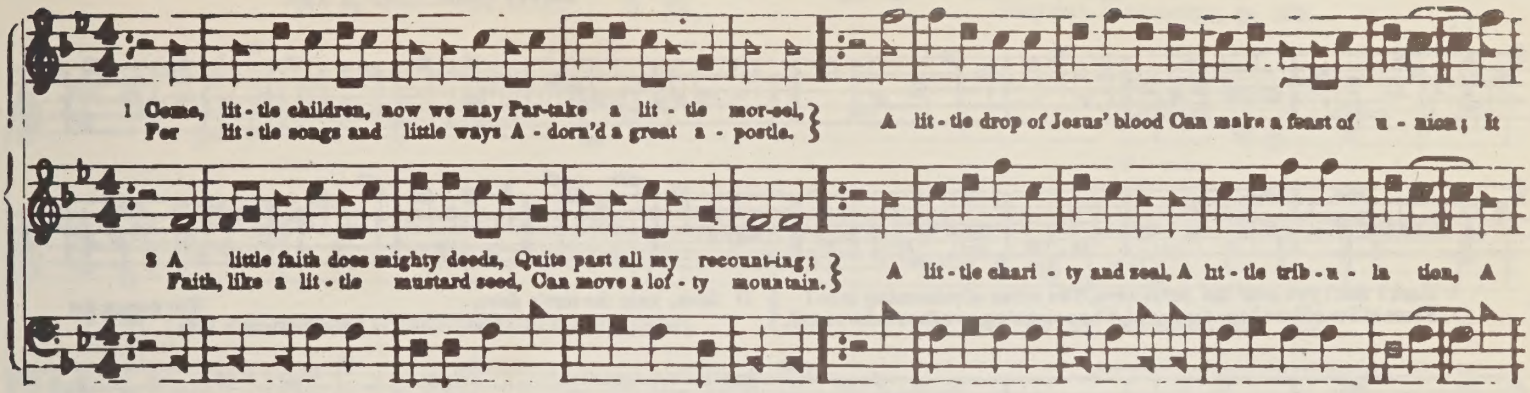
5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin
Through my remaining days ;
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope my soul inspire,
Let warm affections rise ;
And may I wait, with strong desire,
To mount above the skies

CONSOLATION NEW. 8, 8, 6.


Come on, my partners in dis-tress, My comrades through the wilderness, Who still your bo-dies feel; A-while forget your
griefs and fears, And look beyond this vale of tears To that ce-les-tial hill, To that ce-les-tial hill


1 Come, lit - tle children, now we may Par-take a lit - tle mor-sel,
For lit - tle songs and little ways A - dorn'd a great a - postle.
A lit - tle drop of Jesus' blood Can make a feast of u - nion; It
2 A little faith does mighty deeds, Quite past all my recount-ing;
Faith, like a lit - tle mustard seed, Can move a lof - ty mountain.
A lit - tle chari - ty and zeal, A lit - tle trib - u - la tion, A
is by little steps we move In - to a full com - munion.
little patience makes us feel Great peace and conso - la-tion.

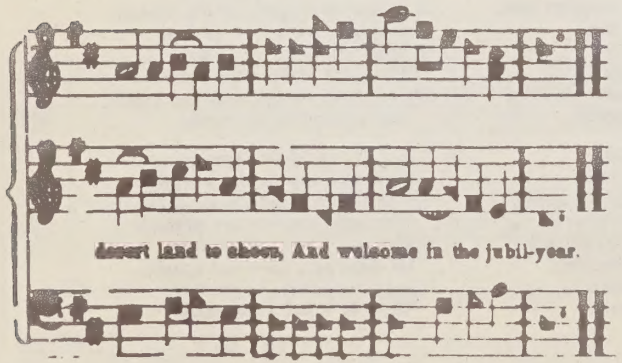
3 A little cross with cheerfulness,
A little self-denial,
Will serve to make our troubles less,
And bear the greatest trial.
The Spirit like a little dove
On Jesus once descended;
To show his meekness and his love,
The emblem was intended.

4 The title of the little Lamb
Unto our Lord was given,
Such was our Saviour's little name,
The Lord of earth and heaven.
A little voice that's small and still
Can rule the whole creation;
A little stone the earth shall fill,
And humble every nation.

5 A little zeal supplies the soul,
It doth the heart inspire;
A little spark lights up the whole,
And sets the crowd on fire.
A little union serves to hold
The good and tender-hearted;
It's stronger than a chain of gold,
And never can be parted.

6 Come, let us labour here below,
And who can be the straitest,
For in God's kingdom, all must know
The least shall be the greatest.
O give us, Lord, a little drop
Of heavenly love and union,
O may we never, never stop
Short of a full communion.

1 Mark! don't you hear the turtle dove, The token of redeeming love!
From hill to hill we hear the sound, The neighb'ring valleys echo round.
O Zion, hear the turtle dove,
The token of your Saviour's love!
She comes the



2 The winter's past, the rain is o'er,
We feel the chilling winds no more;
The spring is come; how sweet the view,
All things appear divinely new
On Zion's mount the watchmen cry,
"The resurrection's drawing nigh:"
Behold, the nations from abroad
Are flocking to the mount of God.

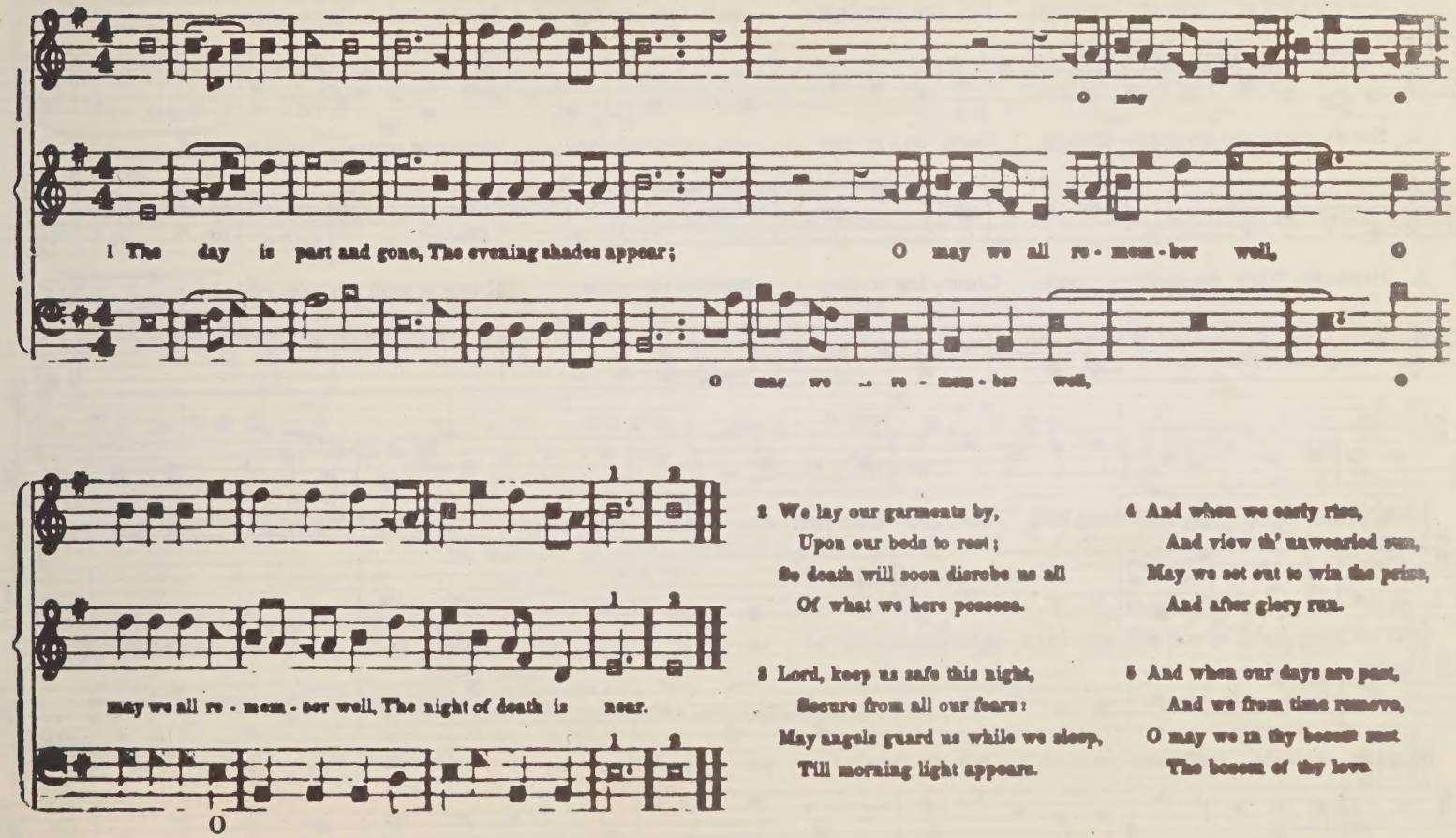
3 The trumpet sounds, both far and nigh;
O sinners, turn! why will ye die?
How can you spurn the gospel charms?
Enlist with Christ, gird on your arms.
These are the days that were foretold,
In ancient times, by prophets old;
They long'd to see this glorious light,
But all have died without the sight.

4 The latter days on us have come,
And fugitives are flocking home;
Behold them crowd the gospel road,
All pressing to the mount of God.
O yes! and I will join that band,
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand
With Satan's band no more I'll be,
But fight for Christ and liberty.

5 His banner soon will be unfurl'd,
And he will come to judge the world;
On Zion's mountain we shall stand,
In Canaan's fair, celestial land.
When sun and moon shall darken'd be,
And flames consume the land and sea;
When worlds on worlds together blaze
We'll shout, and loud hosannas raise

EVENING SHADE. S. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 373.


O may
1 The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear;
O may we all re - mem - ber well,
O may we re - mem - ber well,
may we all re - mem - ber well, The night of death is near.
O

1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death is near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears:
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

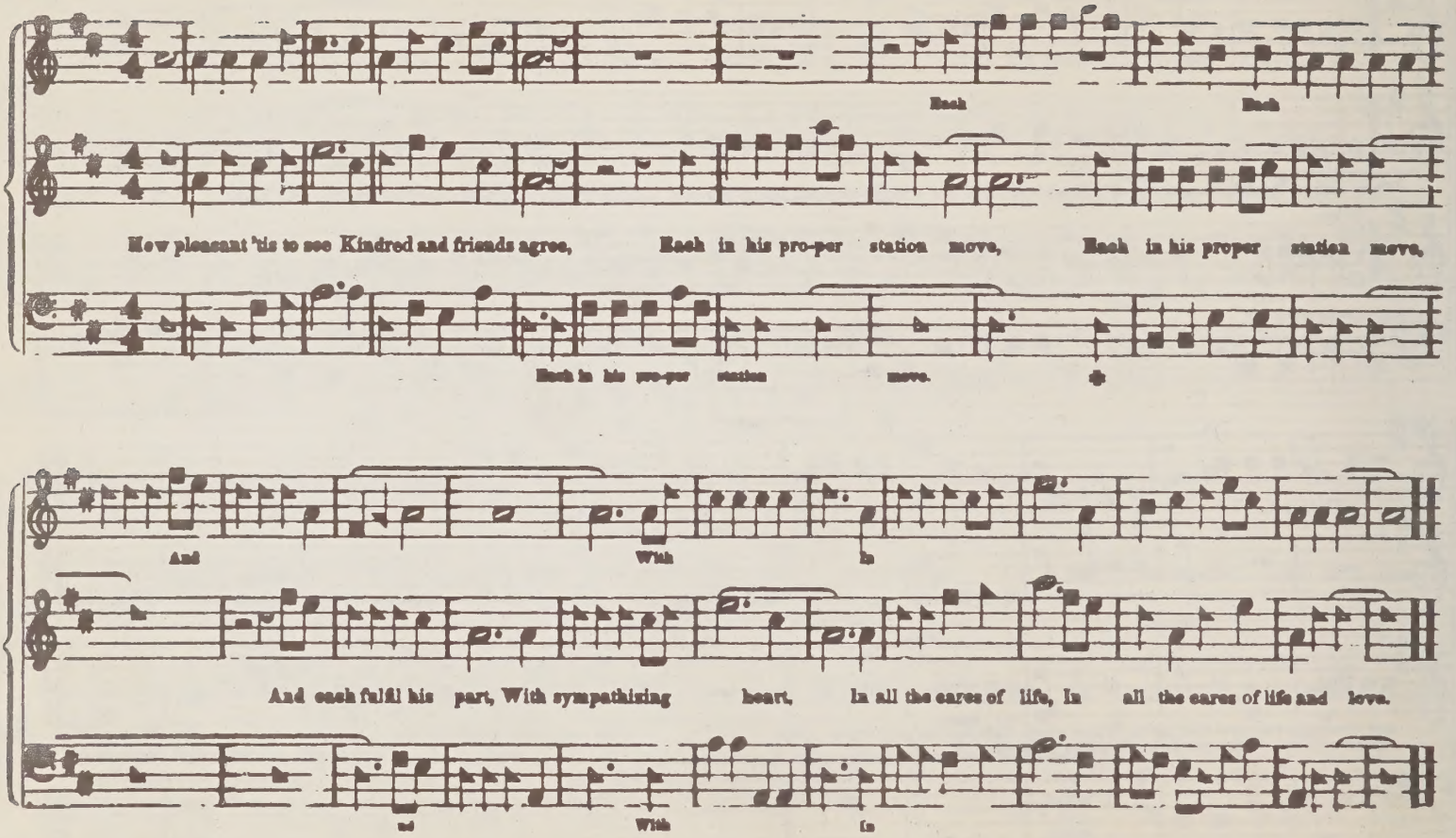
5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

LENA. 8s and 7s. Peculiar.

...ncerely, distinctly. Key of E Minor. BELKNAP.

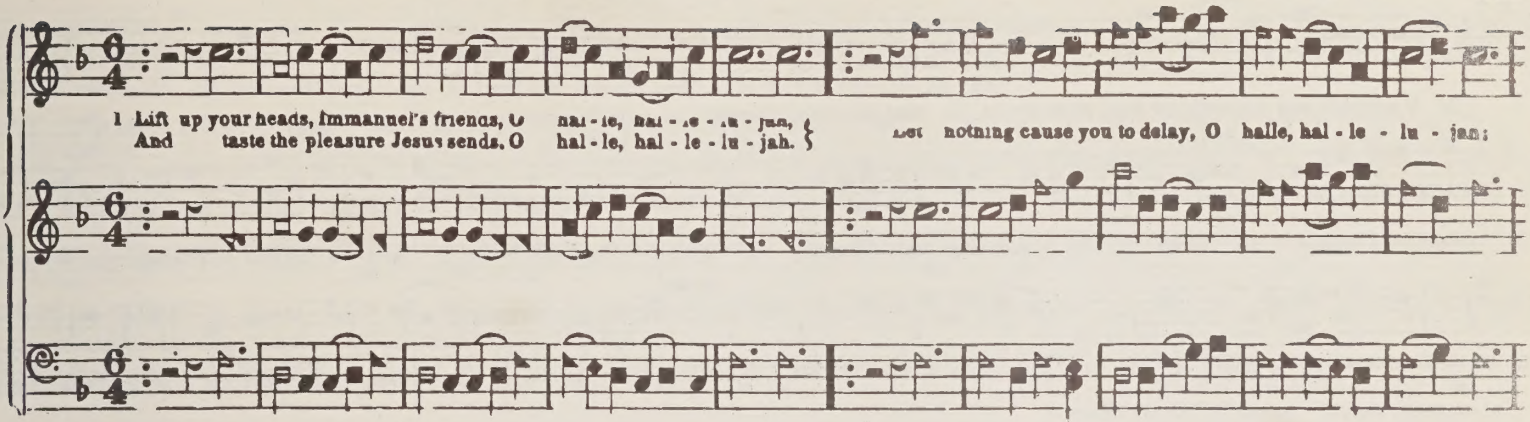
1. See the Lord of glo - ry dy - ing! See him gasp-ing! hear him cry-ing! See his bur-den'd bo-som heave!
2. See the rocks and mountains shaking, Earth un - to her cen - tre quak-ing, Na-ture's groans a-wake the dead;
3. Heav-en's bright, me-lo-dious legions, Chant - ing to the tune-ful re - gions, Cease to thrill the quiv'-ring string;
Look, ye sin - ners, ye that hung him, Look how deep your sins have stung him! Dy - ing sin - ners, look and live.
Look on Phœ-bus, struck with won-der, While the peals of le - gal thun - der Smite the blest Re - deem - er's head.
Songs se - raph - ic all sus - pend-ed, Till the might - y war is end - ed By the all vic to - rious King.

Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey, Or men as fierce and wild as they, He bids th'oppress'd and poor repair, And build them towns and cities there
They
They sow the fields, and
They sow
Whose
Their race
They sow
Their race
sow the fields, and trees they plant, Whose yearly fruit supplies their want.
trees they plant, Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks

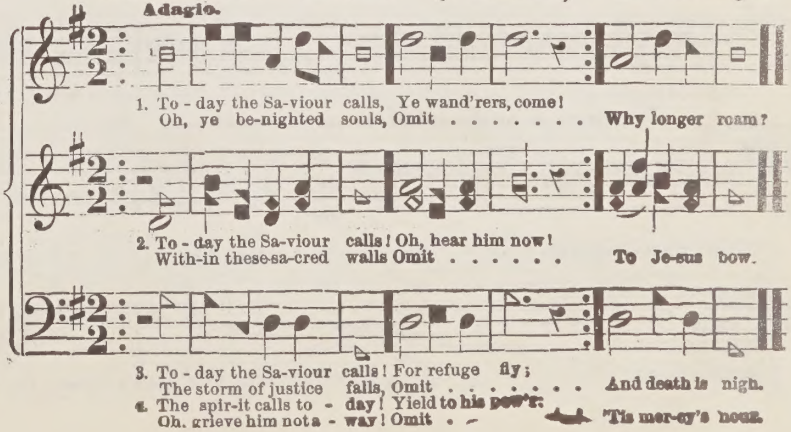

Each
Each
How pleasant 'tis to see Kindred and friends agree, Each in his pro-per station move, Each in his proper station move,
Each in his pro-per station move.
And
With
In
And each fulfil his part, With sympathising heart, In all the cares of life, In all the cares of life and love.
nd
With
In

THE GOOD OLD WAY. L. M.

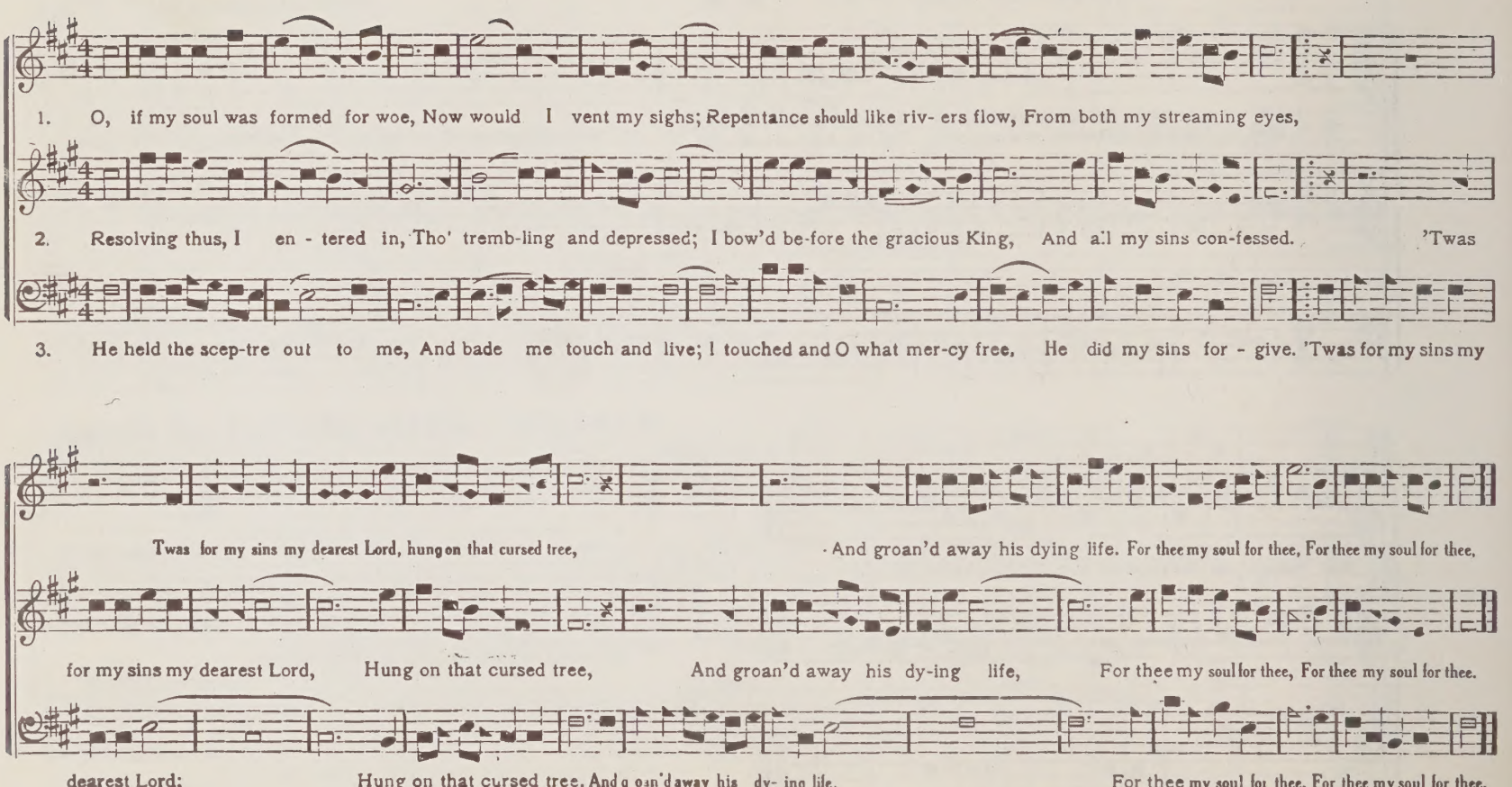
Dover Selections, p. 56


1 Lift up your heads, Immanuel's friends, O hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah,
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends, O hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah.
Let nothing cause you to delay, O halle, hal - le - lu - jah;
But hasten on the good old way, O halle, halle - lu jah!

WARNING. 6s & 4s. (Peculiar.) *E. Heritage.*


Adagio.
1. To - day the Sa-viour calls, Ye wand'rers, come!
Oh, ye be-nighted souls, Omit . . . . . Why longer roam?
2. To - day the Sa-viour calls! Oh, hear him now!
With-in these sa-cred walls Omit . . . . . To Je-sus bow.
3. To - day the Sa-viour calls! For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls, Omit . . . . . And death is nigh.
4. The spir-it calls to - day! Yield to his pow'r;
Oh, grieve him not a - way! Omit . . . . . 'Tis mer-cy's hour.

REPENTANCE. C. M.


1. O, if my soul was formed for woe, Now would I vent my sighs; Repentance should like riv- ers flow, From both my streaming eyes,
2. Resolving thus, I en - tered in, Tho' tremb-ling and depressed; I bow'd be-fore the gracious King, And all my sins con-fessed. 'Twas
3. He held the scep-tre out to me, And bade me touch and live; I touched and O what mer-cy free, He did my sins for - give. 'Twas for my sins my
Twas for my sins my dearest Lord, hung on that cursed tree, And groan'd away his dying life. For thee my soul for thee, For thee my soul for thee,
for my sins my dearest Lord, Hung on that cursed tree, And groan'd away his dy-ing life, For thee my soul for thee, For thee my soul for thee.
dearest Lord; Hung on that cursed tree, And groan'd away his dy- ing life, For thee my soul for thee, For thee my soul for thee.

NEW TOPIA. P. M.

1. Young people all, attention give, And hear what I do say. I want your souls with Christ to live, In ev - er - last-ing day.
2, Death's iron gate you must pass thro, E'er long my dear young friends, With whom then do you thing to go? With saints or fie- ry fiends, Remember you are hast'ning on; To death's dark gloomy
3. Young people all pray then view, The fountain opened wide, The spring of life, o - pened for sin; Which flowed from Jesus' side.
Remember you are hast'ning on, To death's dark gloomy
Remember you are hast'ning on, To death's dark gloomy shade, Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid , Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid.
shade,
Remember you are hast'ning ou, To death's dark gloomy shade, Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid, Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid.
shade,

DELICHT. P. M.

Coan, Guilford, Ct.

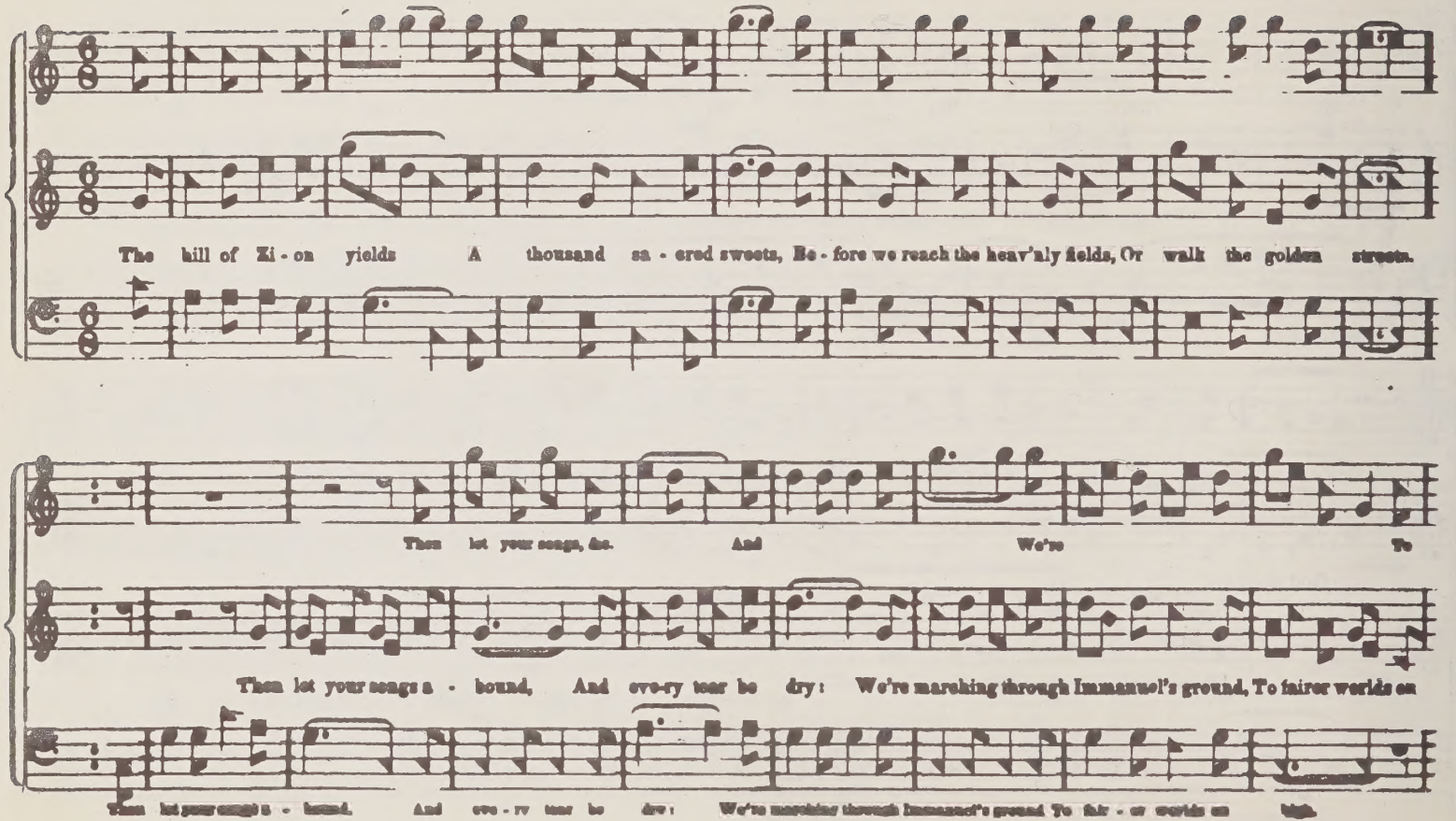
Thou
No burning heats by day, Nor blasts of evening air, Shall take my health a-way, If God be with me there. (Thou art my sun and)
Thou art my sun and thou my shade
art my sun and thou my shade, To guard my head by night or noon, Thou art my sun and thou my shade, To guard my head by night or noon
Thou art my sun and thou my shade, To guard my head by night or noon, by night or noon.
Thou my shade, To guard my head by night or noon. Thou art my sun and thou my shade. To guard my head by night or noon.
guard my head by night or noon.

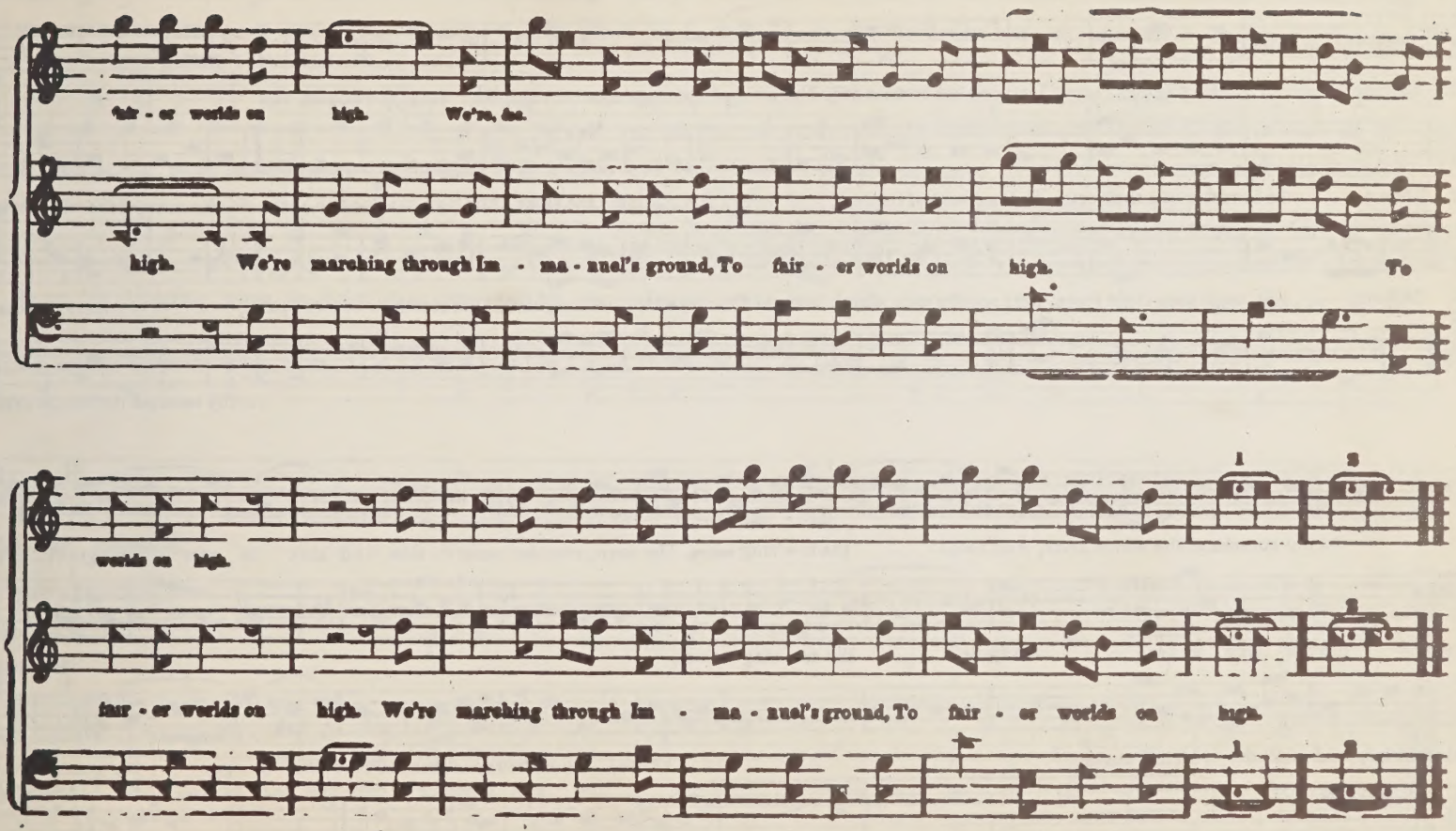
To spend one day with
Great God, attend while Zion sings, The joy that from thy presence springs; To
To spend one day on earth with thee, Ex-
To spend one day with thee on earth Exceeds a thousand
thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth, To spend one day with thee on earth, To spend &c. Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth. To spend one day with thee on earth,
ceeds a thousand days of mirth. To spend one day with thee on earth; To spend one day with thee on earth Exceeds a thousand days of mirth
days of mirth To spend one day with thee on earth.....

MOUNT PLEASANT. C. M.

There is a house not made with hands, Eternal, and on high, And here my waiting spirit stands, Till God shall bid it fly.
There is a house not made with hands, Eternal, and on high. And here my waiting spirit stands, Till God shall bid it fly,
And here my
And here my waiting spirit stands, Till God shall bid it fly, And here my wait - ing spir - it stands, Till
And here my wait-ing spir-it stands, Till God shall bid it fly, Till God shall bid it
And here my waiting spir - it stands, Till God shall bid it fly, Till God shall bid it fly, fly.....
wait-ing spir - it stands, Till God shall bid it fly..... And here my wait - ing spir-it stands, Till God shall bid it

God shall bid it fly, fly, fly,
fly, fly, fly, fly, Till
fly, fly, fly, fly, fly, fly,
fly, fly, fly,
fly, Till God shall bid it fly And here my wait-ing spir - it stands, Till God shall bid it fly.
God shall bid it fly,
fly, And here my wait-ing spir-it stands, Till God shall bid it fly.
fly, fly


The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.
Then let your songs, &c. And We're To
Then let your songs a - bound, And eve-ry tear be dry: We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on
Then let your songs a - bound. And eve - ry tear be dry: We're marching through Immanuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.


fair - er worlds on high. We're, &c.
high. We're marching through Im - ma - nuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high. To
worlds on high.
fair - er worlds on high. We're marching through Im - ma - nuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.
1
2

OCEAN. C. M.

1. Thy works of glo-ry might-y, Lord, That rule the boistrous sea, The sons of cour-age shall record, Who tempt the dangrous way.
2. Then to the Lord they raise their cries, He hears their loud request, And orders silence thro' the skies, And lays the flood to rest. At thy command the winds arise, And
3. Sail-ors rejoice to lose their fears, And see the storm allayed, Now to their eyes the port appears, There let their vows be paid. At thy command the
At thy command the winds arise, And
At thy command the winds arise, And swell the tow'ring waves, The men, astonished mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves. graves.
swell the tow- 'ring waves, And swell the tow'ring waves,
winds arise, And swell the tow'ring waves, The men, astonished mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves. graves.
swel' the tow-'ring waves,

PORTUGUESE HYMN. P. M.

Key of A.

Arr.

1. Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph, To Beth-le-hem haste, the Lord of life to meet; To you this day is born a Prince and
2. O Jesus, for such wondrous con-de-scen-sion, Our praises and rev-erence are an offer-ing meet; Now is the Word made flesh and dwells a-
3. Shout his al-might-y name, ye choirs of an-gels, And let the ce-les-tial courts his praise re - peat; Un - to our God be glo - ry in the
Sav-iour: CHORUS.
mong us:
high-est: O come, and let us wor-ship, O come, and let us wor-ship, O come, and let us wor - ship at his feet.

SAVE, LORD, OR WE PERISH. 12s. (Original.)

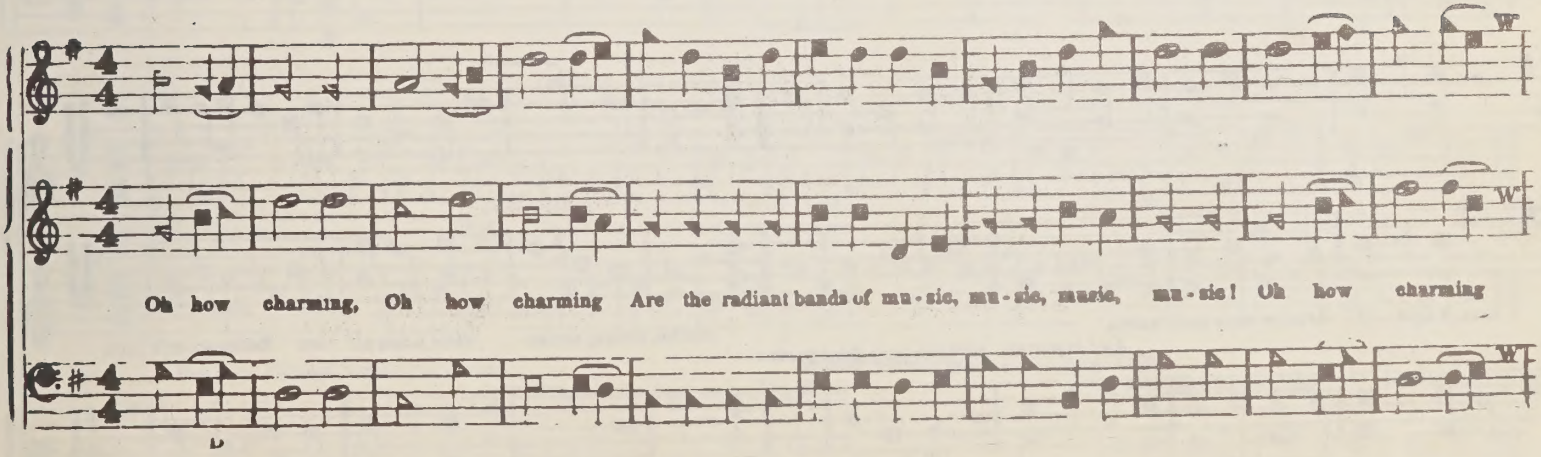
By M. Mark Wynn.

1. When thro' the torn sail the wild tem - pest is stream - ing, When o'er the dark wave the red light - ning is gleam - ing,
Nor hope lends a
Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea - - - - man to cher-ish, We fly . . . . . to our Maker, Save, Lord, or we per - ish.
Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea-man to cher-ish, We fly to our Maker, Save, Lord, or we per - ish.
Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea - - - - - - - - man to cher-ish, We fly . . . . to our Maker, Save, Lord, or we per - ish.
y the poor sea - - man to cher - - - - ish, We fly . . . . to our Ma - - - - - - ker, Save, Lord, ... or we per - ish

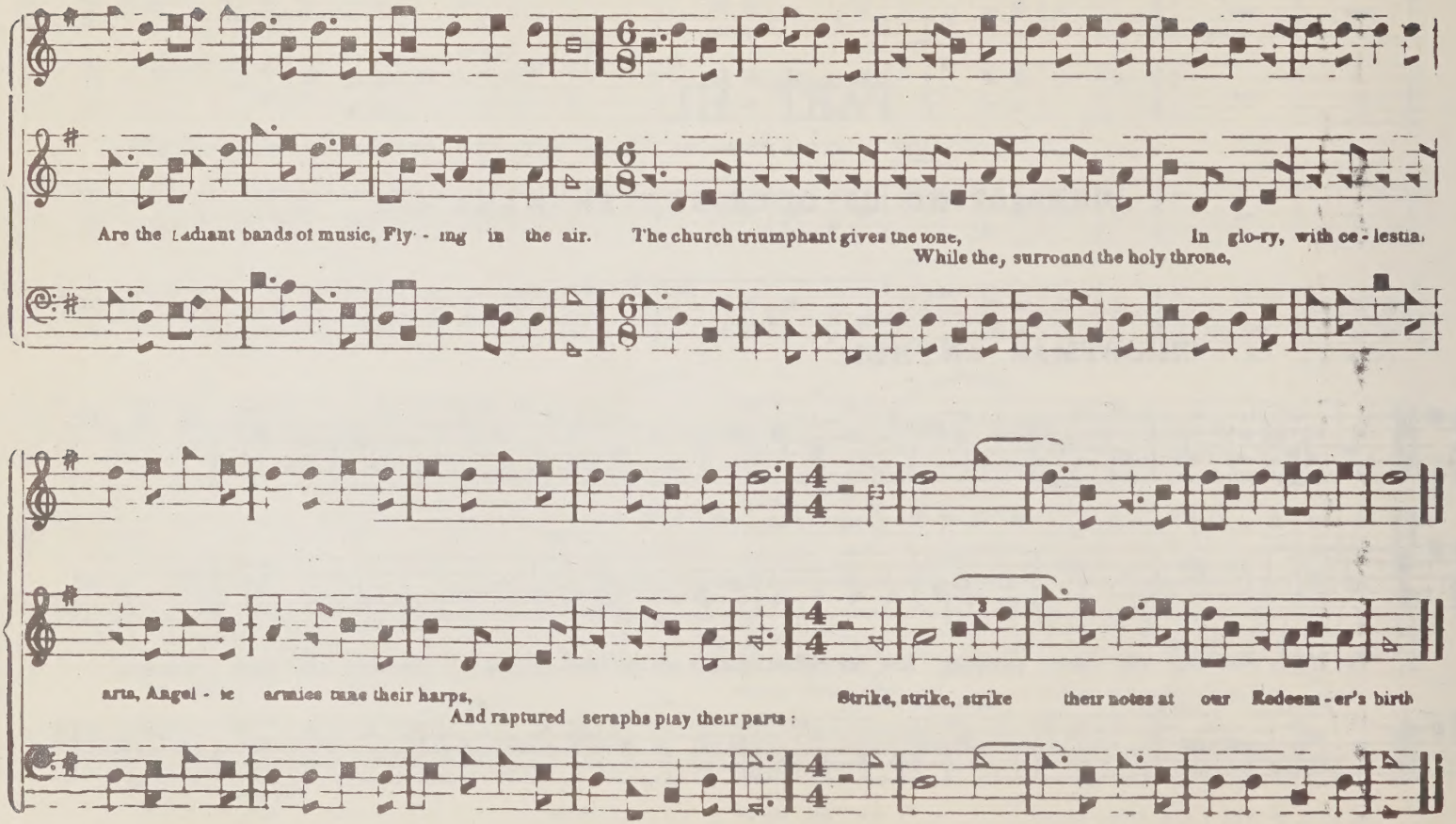
PART III.

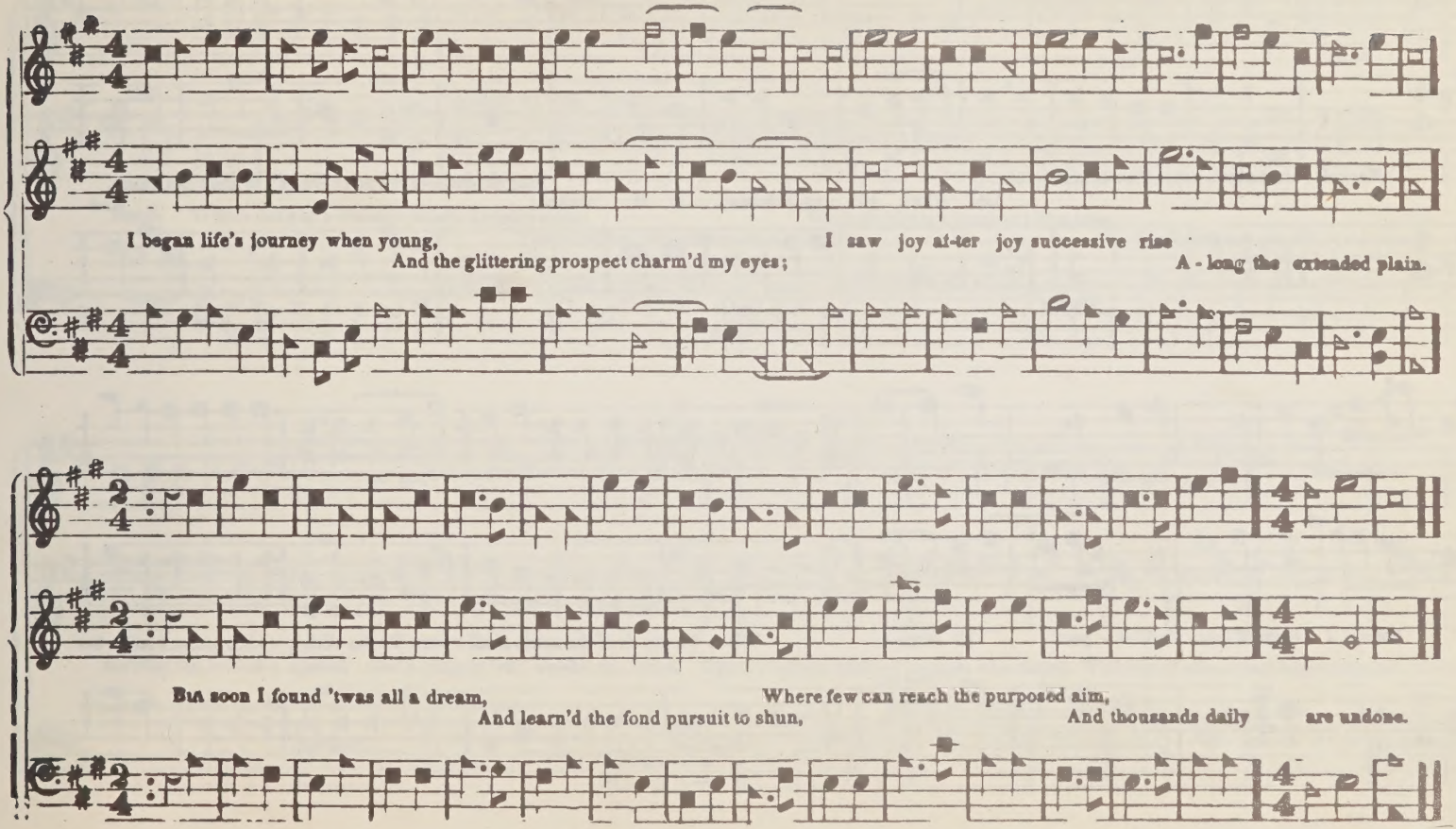
CONSISTING OF ODES AND ANTHEMS.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.



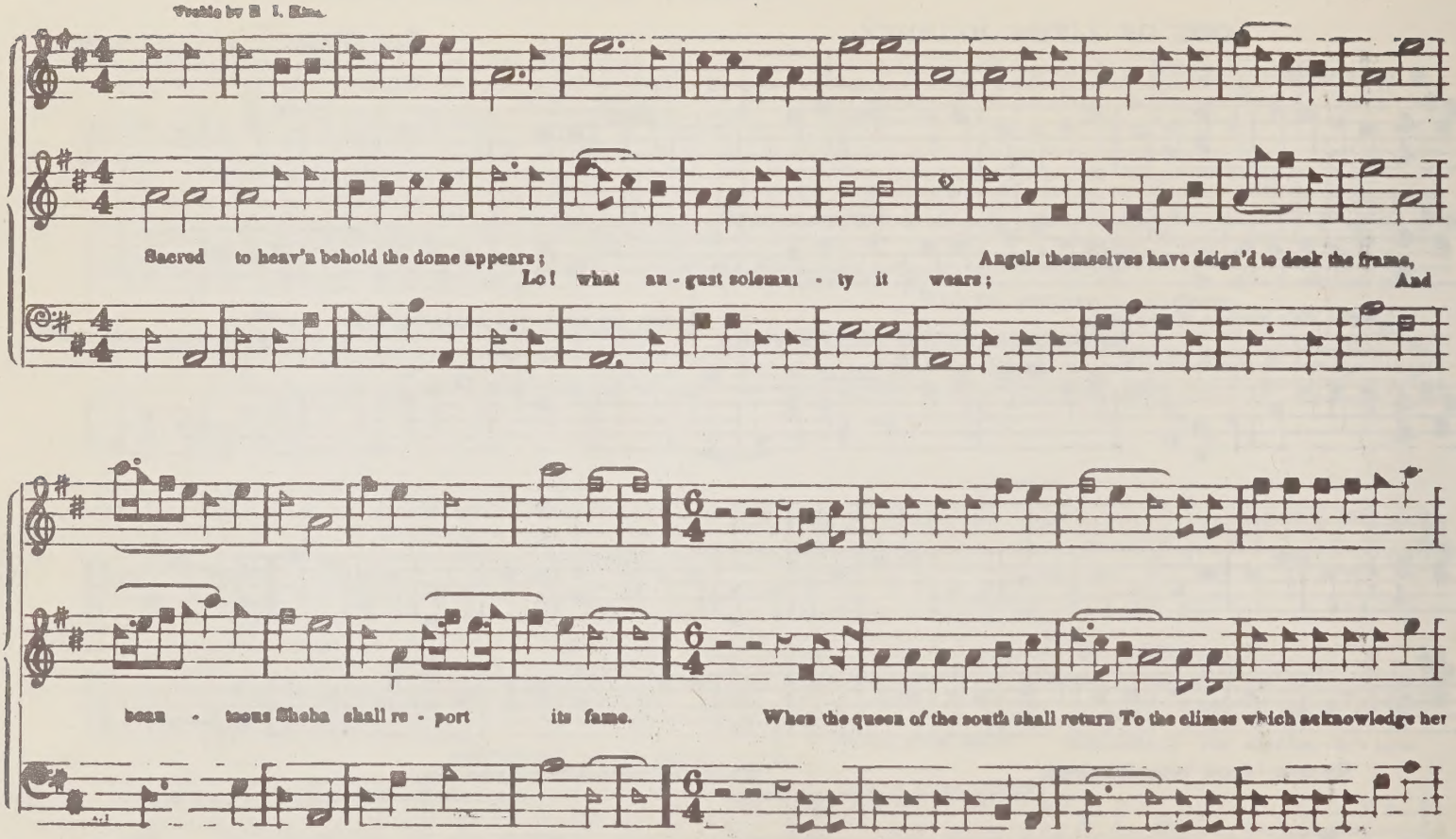
CHRISTMAS ANTHEM. *Continued.*

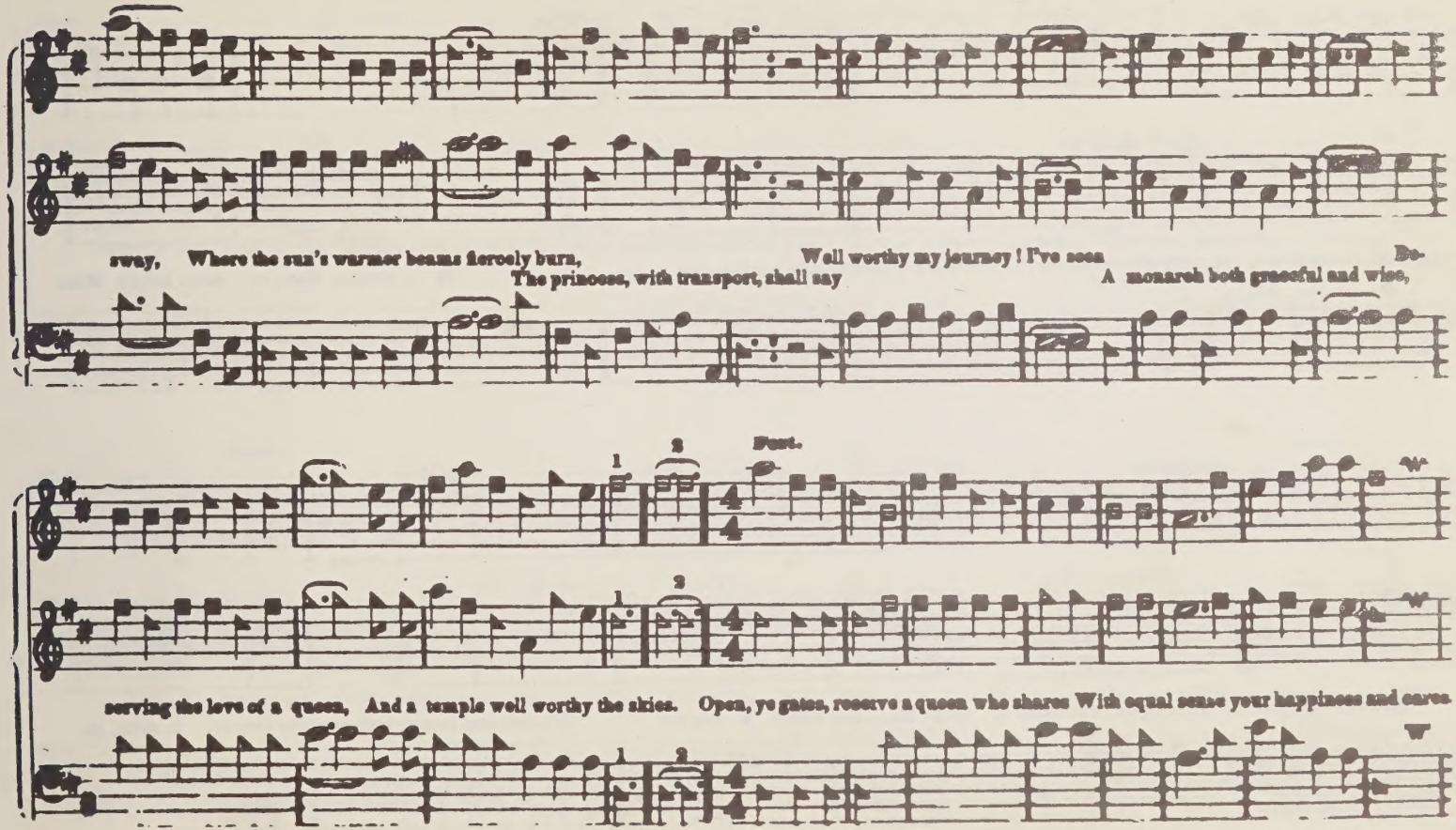

Are the radiant bands of music, Fly - ing in the air. The church triumphant gives the tone, In glo-ry, with ce - lestia.
While the, surround the holy throne,
arts, Angel - ic armies tune their harps, Strike, strike, strike their notes at our Redeem - er's birth
And raptured seraphs play their parts :

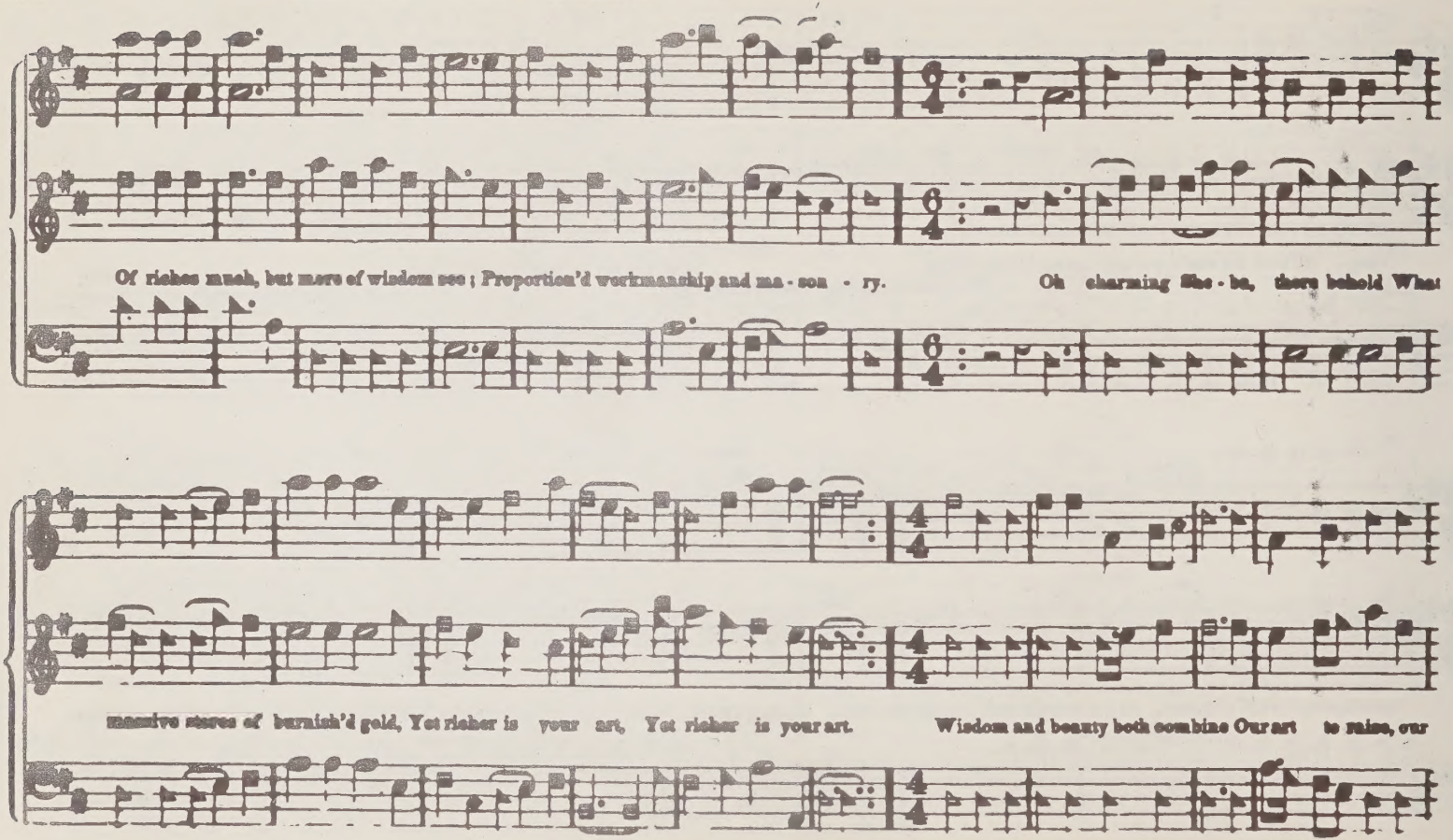

I began life's journey when young,
And the glittering prospect charm'd my eyes;
I saw joy af-ter joy successive rise
A - long the extended plain.
But soon I found 'twas all a dream,
And learn'd the fond pursuit to shun,
Where few can reach the purposed aim,
And thousands daily are undone.

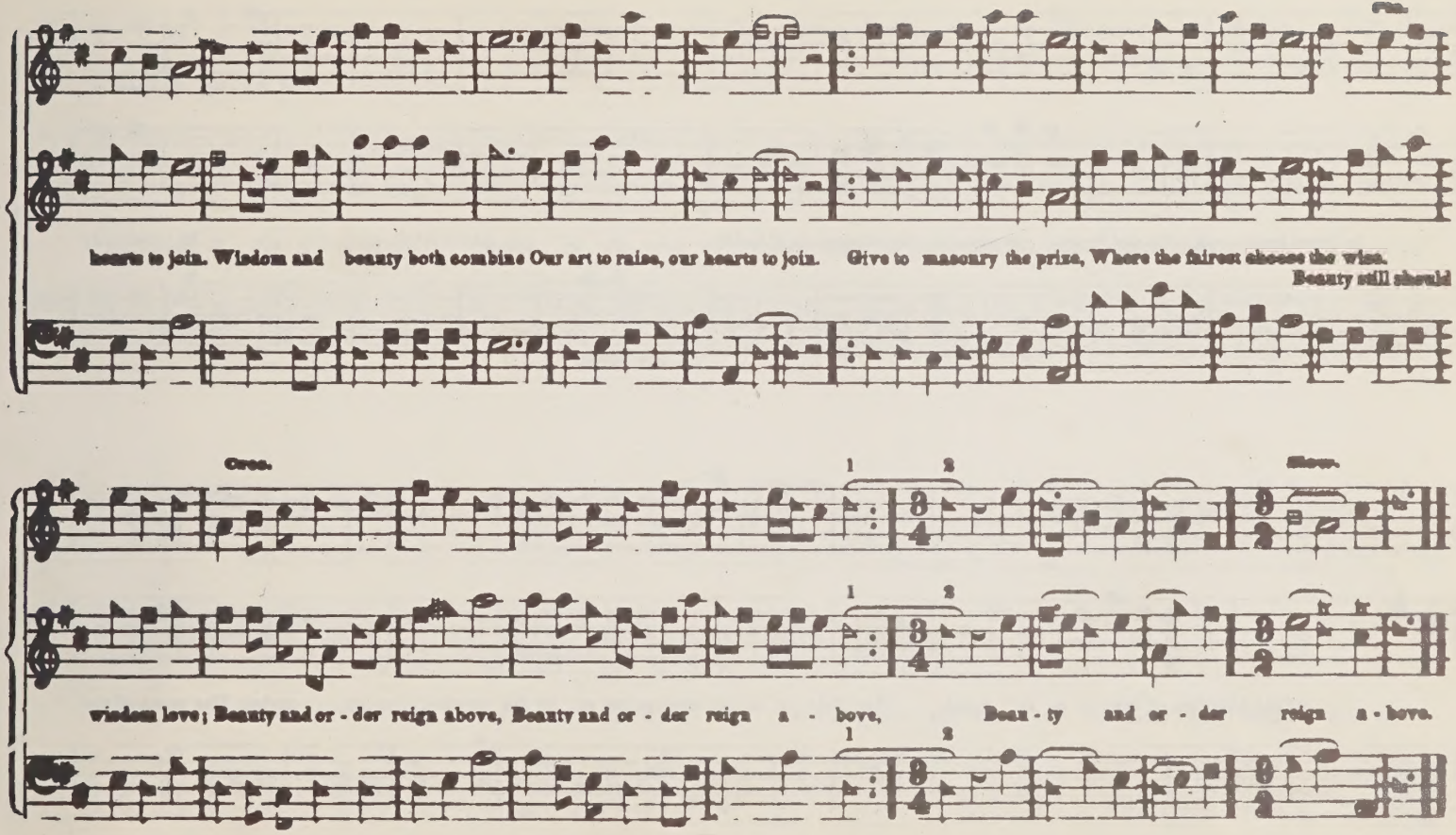
MASONIC ODE.

Treble by H. L. Elms.


Sacred to heav'n behold the dome appears;
Lo! what au-gust solemni-ty it wears;
Angels themselves have deign'd to deck the frame,
And
beau-teous Sheba shall re-port its fame.
When the queen of the south shall return To the climes which acknowledge her

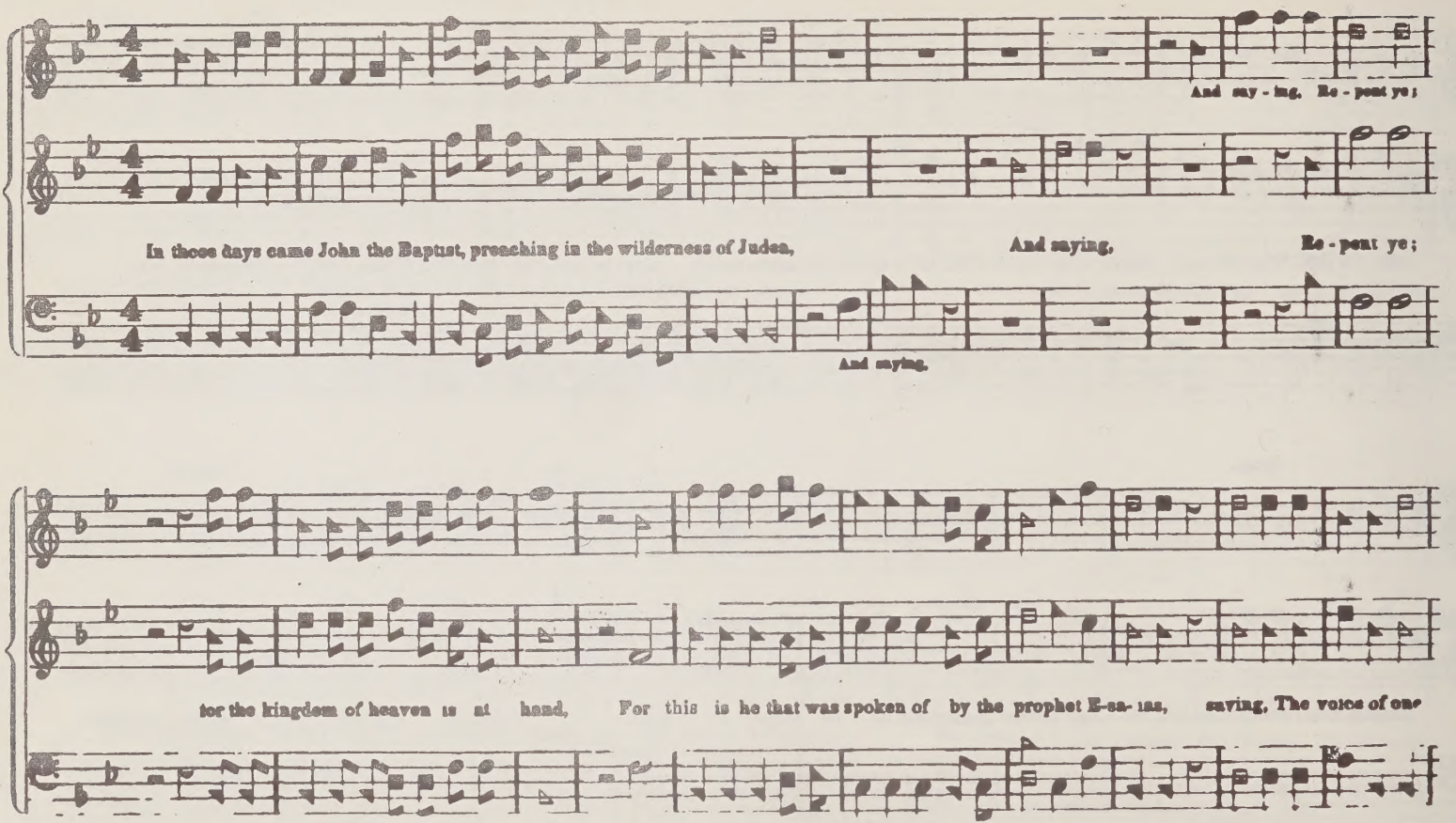

sway, Where the sun's warmer beams fiercely burn,
The princess, with transport, shall say
Well worthy my journey! I've seen
A monarch both graceful and wise,
Be-
Fust.
serving the love of a queen, And a temple well worthy the skies. Open, ye gates, receive a queen who shares With equal sense your happiness and cares.

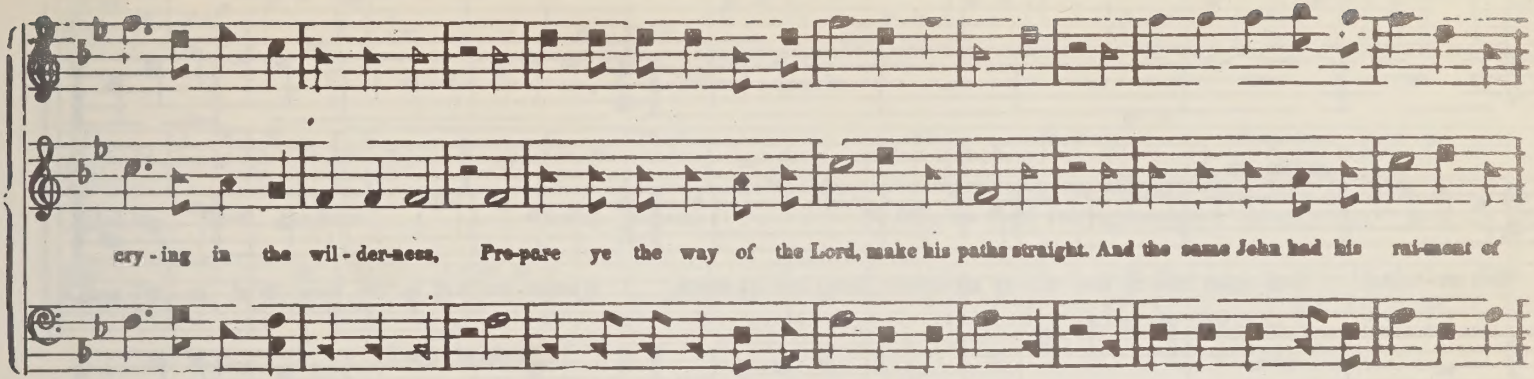

Of riches much, but more of wisdom see; Proportion'd workmanship and ma - son - ry. Oh charming She - ba, there behold What
massive stores of burnish'd gold, Yet richer is your art, Yet richer is your art. Wisdom and beauty both combine Our art to raise, our

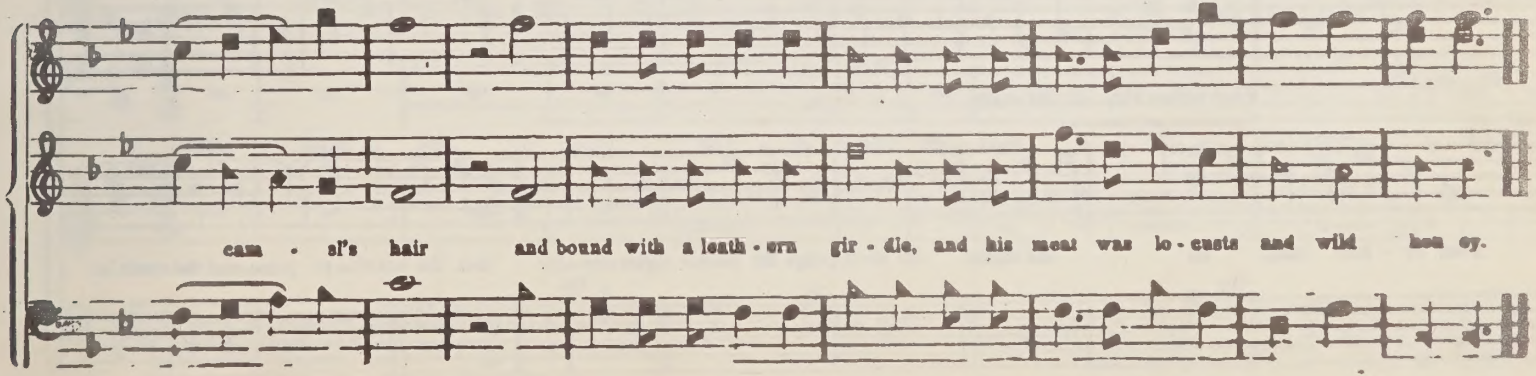

hearts to join. Wisdom and beauty both combine Our art to raise, our hearts to join. Give to masonry the prize, Where the fairest choose the wise.
Beauty still should
Cres.
wisdom love; Beauty and or - der reign above, Beauty and or - der reign a - bove, Beau - ty and or - der reign a - bove.

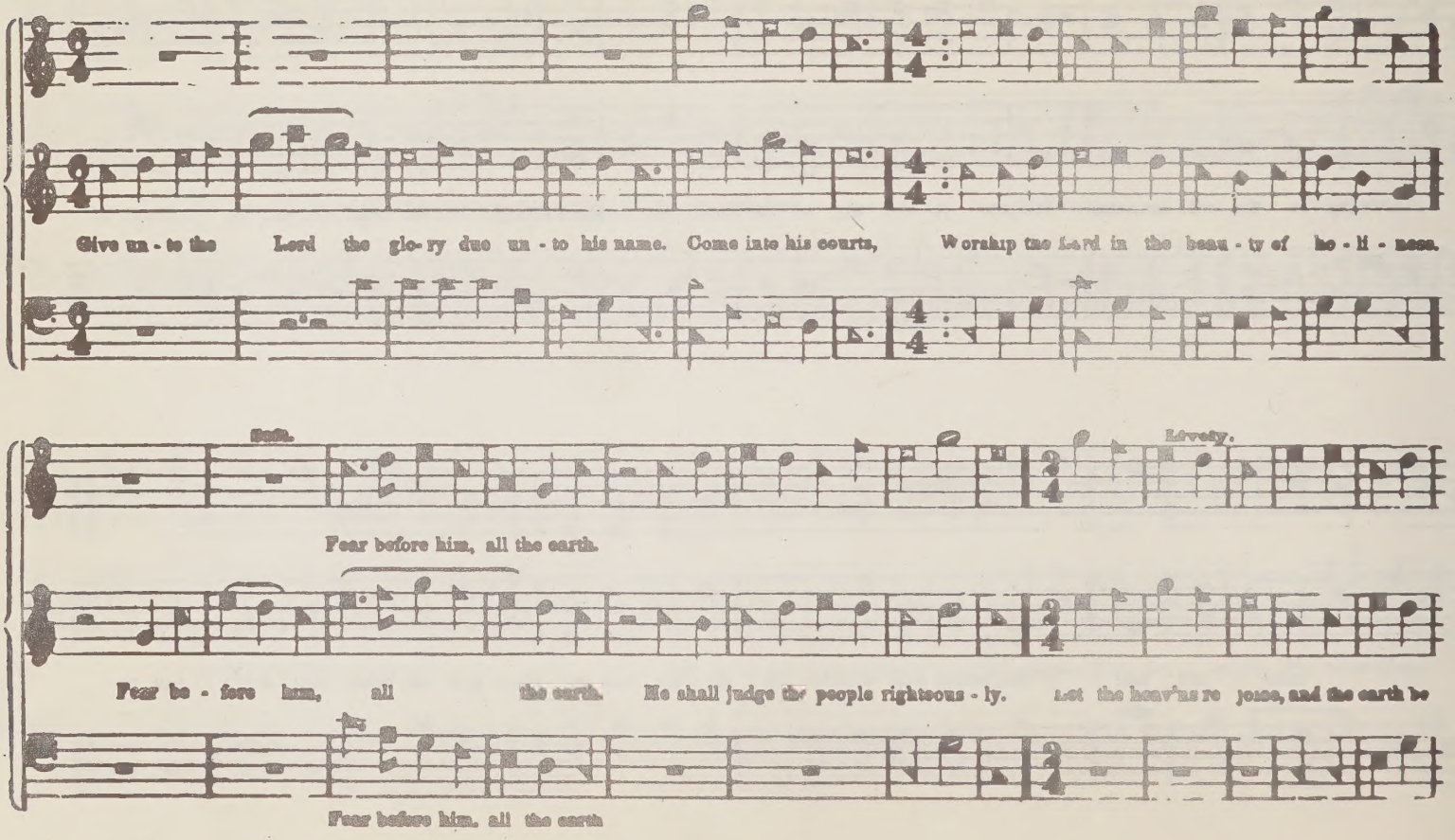
BAPTISMAL ANTHEM.

Matthew, 3d chapter. *B. F. White.*

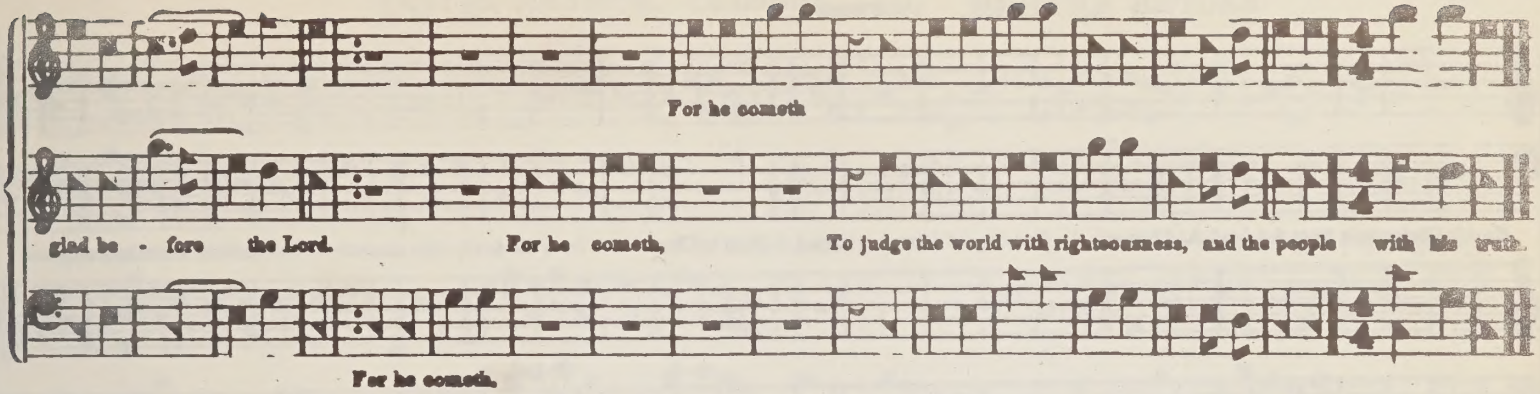

And say - ing, Re - pent ye;
In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea, And saying, Re - pent ye;
And saying,
for the kingdom of heaven is at hand, For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet E-sa-ias, saying, The voice of one


cry - ing in the wil - der-ness, Pre-pare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. And the same John had his rai-ment of

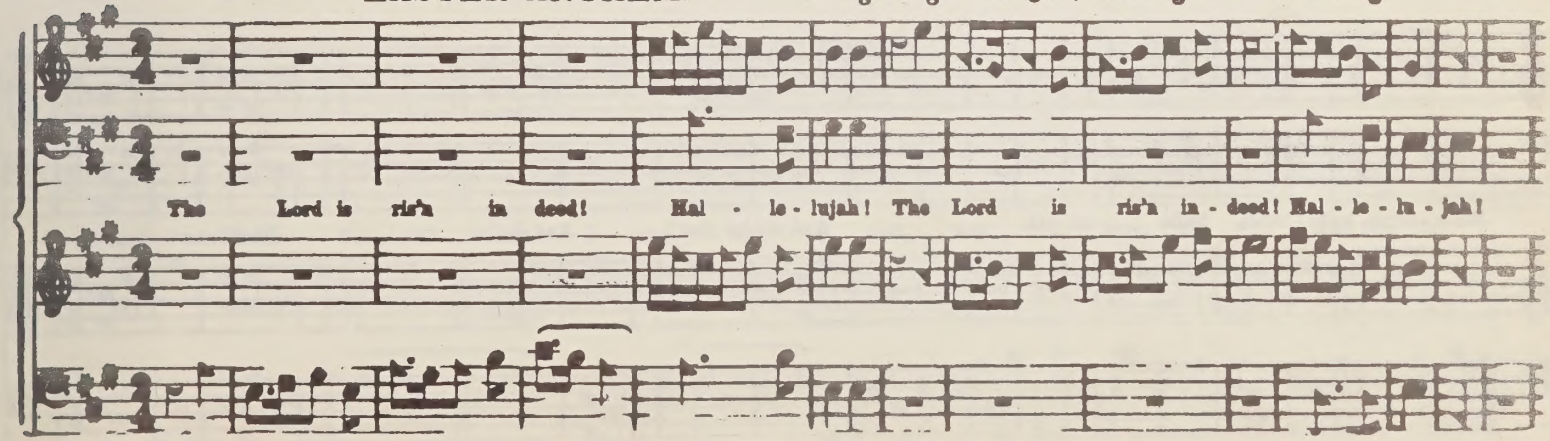

cam - el's hair and bound with a leath - ern gir - dle, and his meat was lo - custs and wild hon ey.


Give un - to the Lord the glo- ry due un - to his name. Come into his courts, Worship the Lord in the beau - ty of ho - li - ness.
Fear before him, all the earth.
Fear be - fore him, all the earth. He shall judge the people righteous - ly. Let the heav'ns re joice, and the earth be
Fear before him, all the earth

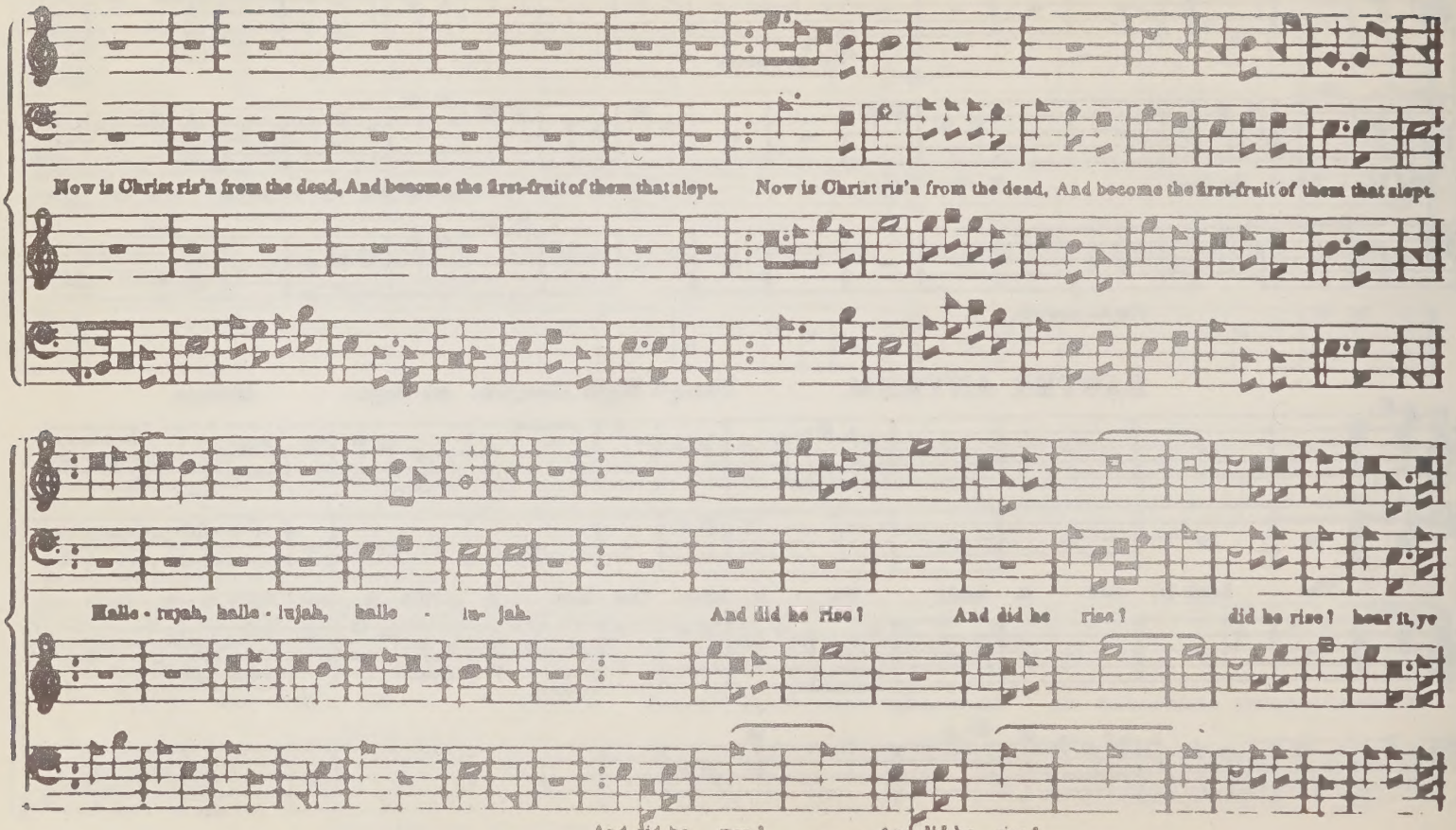
REVERENTIAL ANTHEM. *Concluded.*

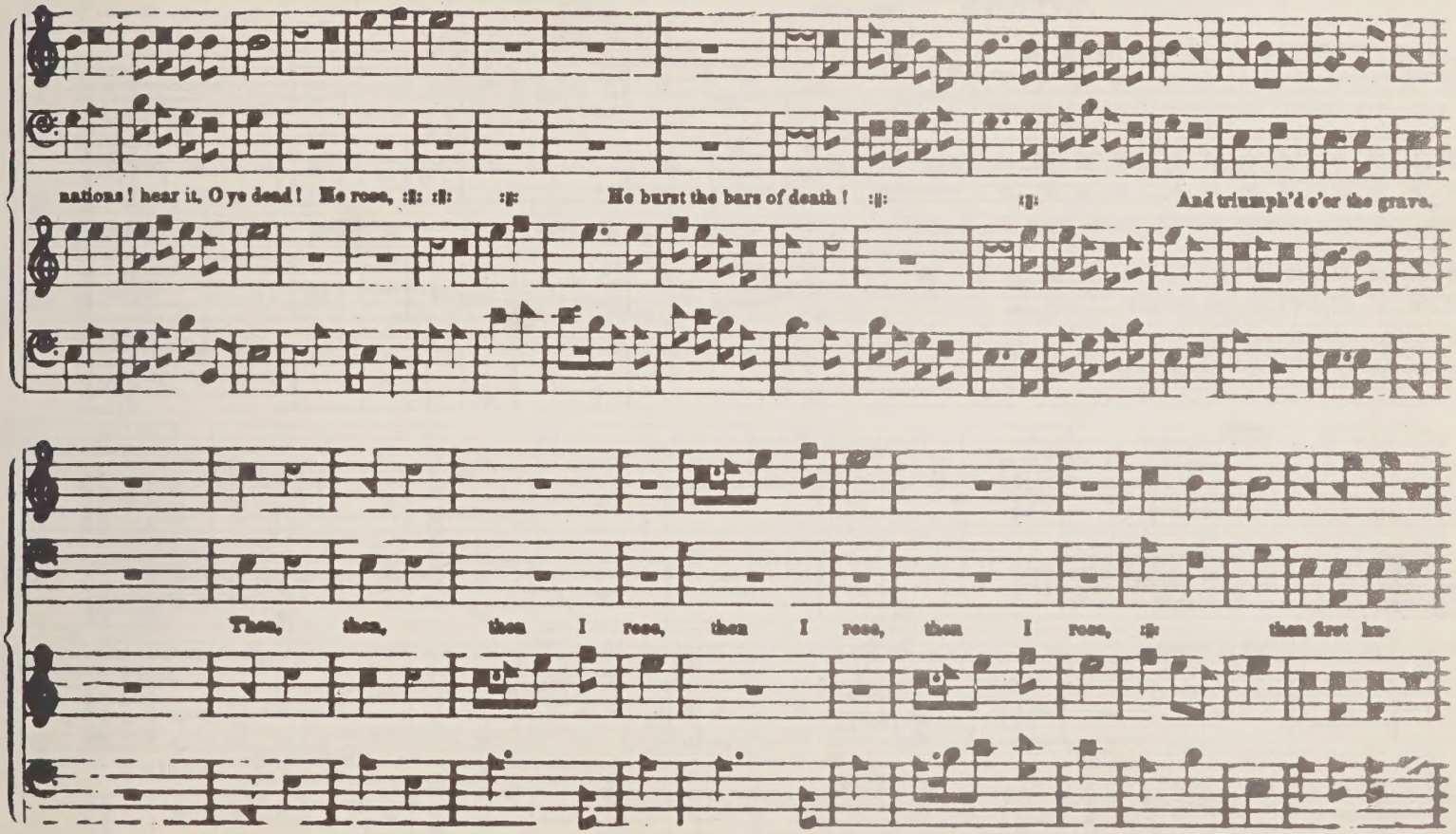

For he cometh
glad be - fore the Lord. For he cometh, To judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.
For he cometh.

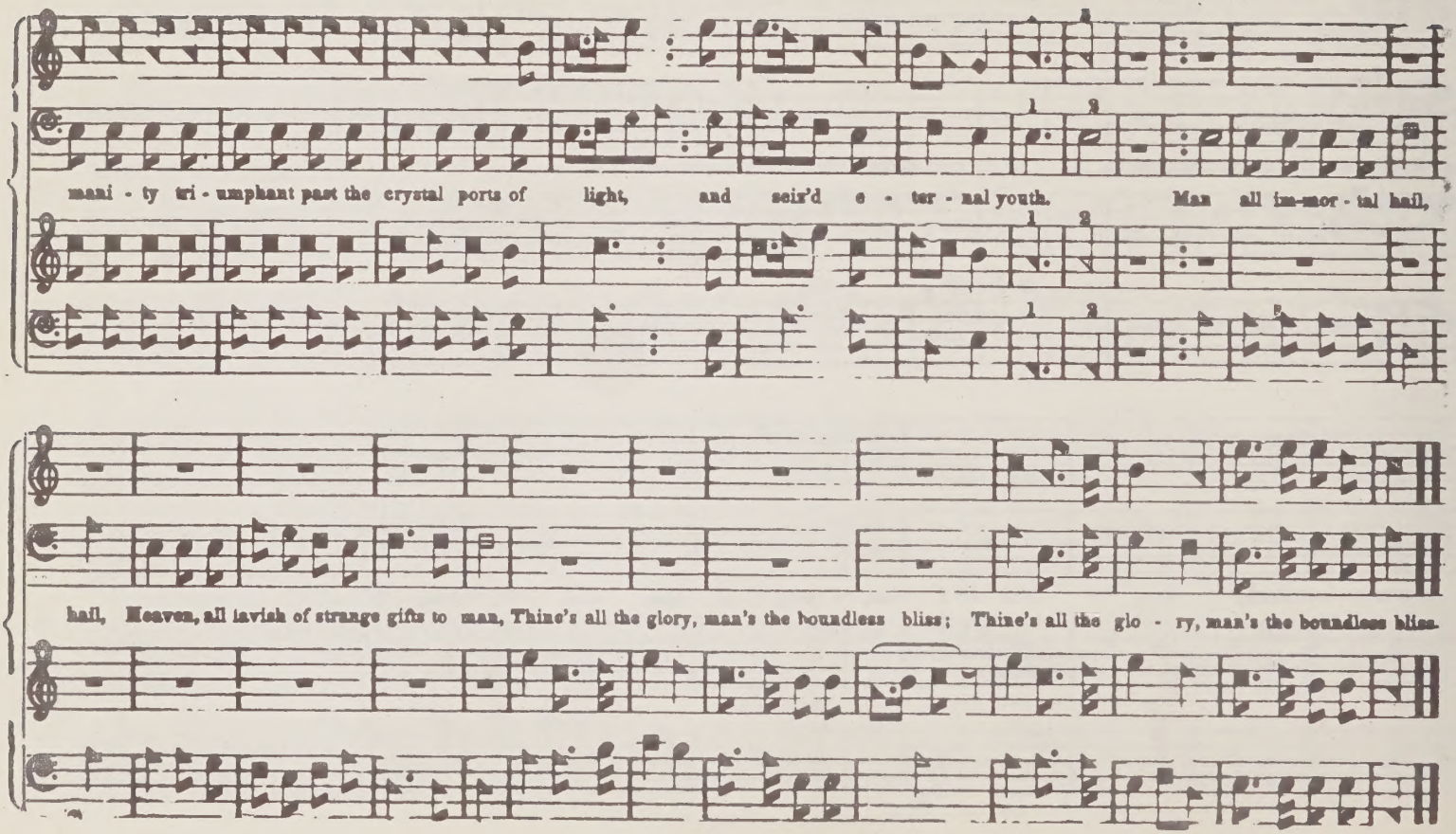
EASTER ANTHEM. Young's Night Thoughts, 4th Night. *Billings.*

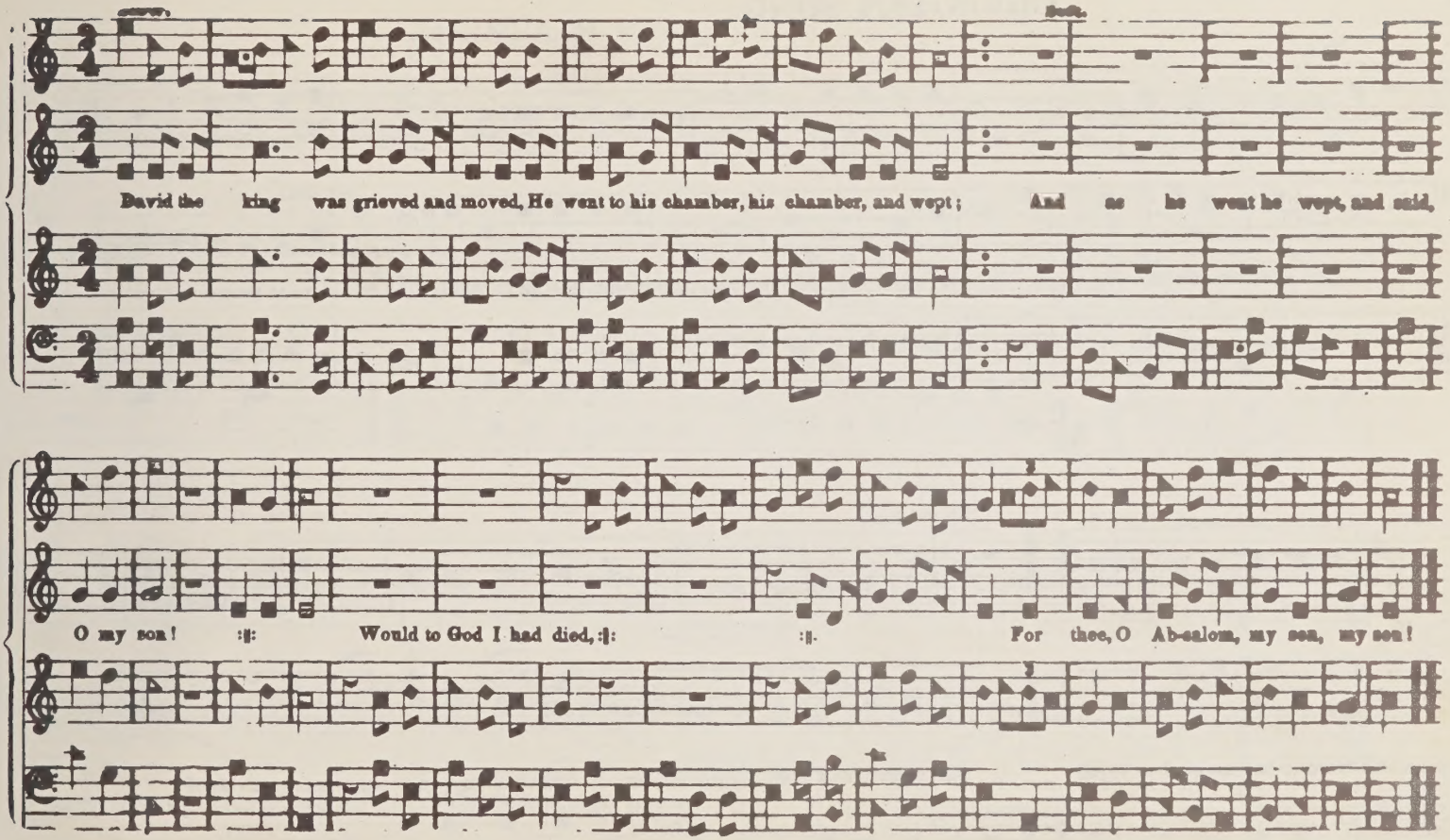


EASTER ANTHEM. *Continued*


Now is Christ ris'n from the dead, And become the first-fruit of them that slept. Now is Christ ris'n from the dead, And become the first-fruit of them that slept.
Halle - lujah, halle - lujah, halle - lu- jah. And did he rise? And did he rise? did he rise? hear it, ye
And did he rise? And did he rise?

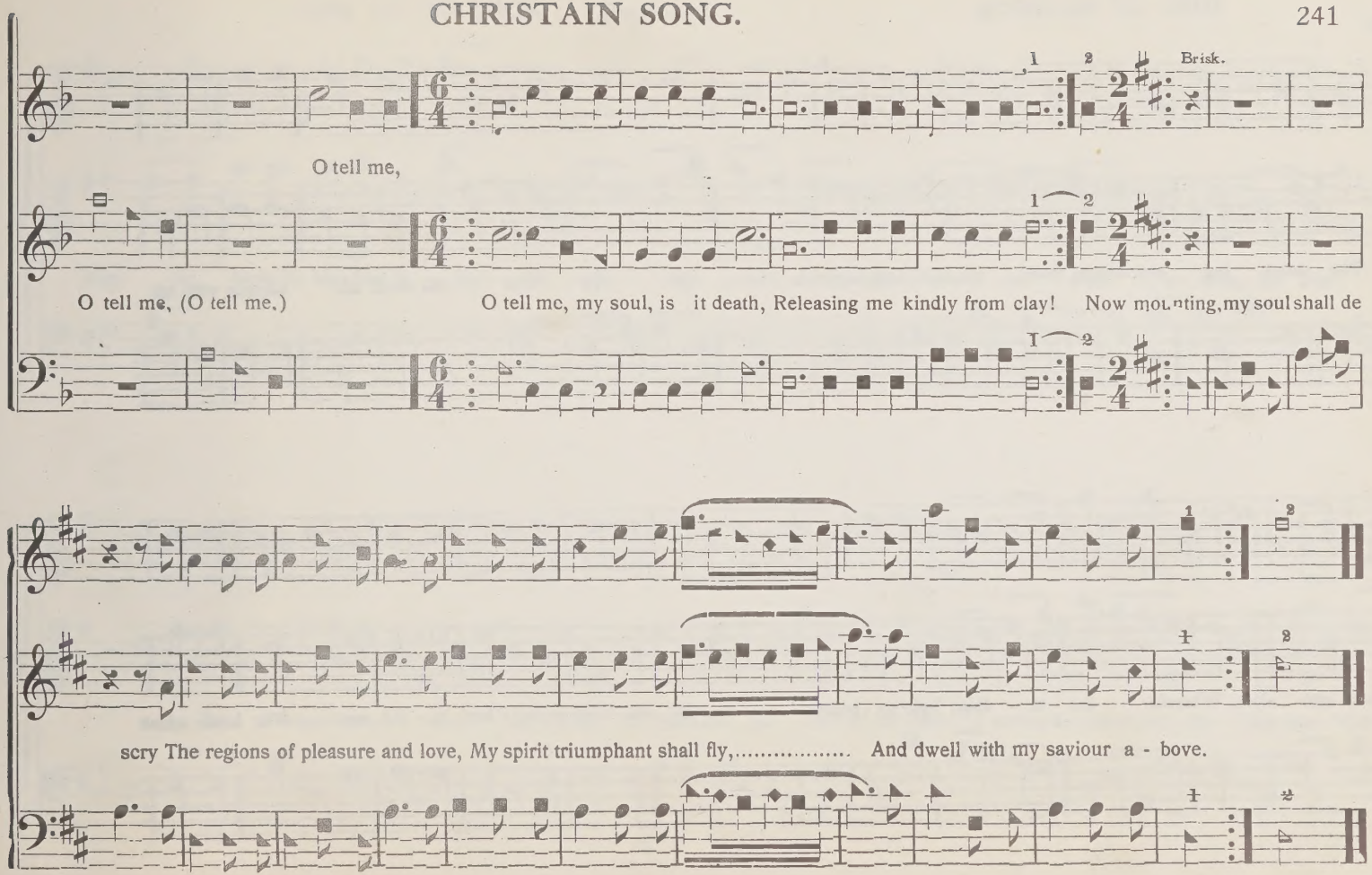

nations! hear it, O ye dead! He rose, :‖: :‖: :‖: He burst the bars of death! :‖: :‖: And triumph'd o'er the grave.
Then, then, then I rose, then I rose, then I rose, :‖: then first hu-


manl - ty tri - umphant past the crystal ports of light, and seiz'd e - ter - nal youth. Man all im-mor - tal hail,
hail, Heaven, all lavish of strange gifts to man, Thine's all the glory, man's the boundless bliss; Thine's all the glo - ry, man's the boundless bliss.

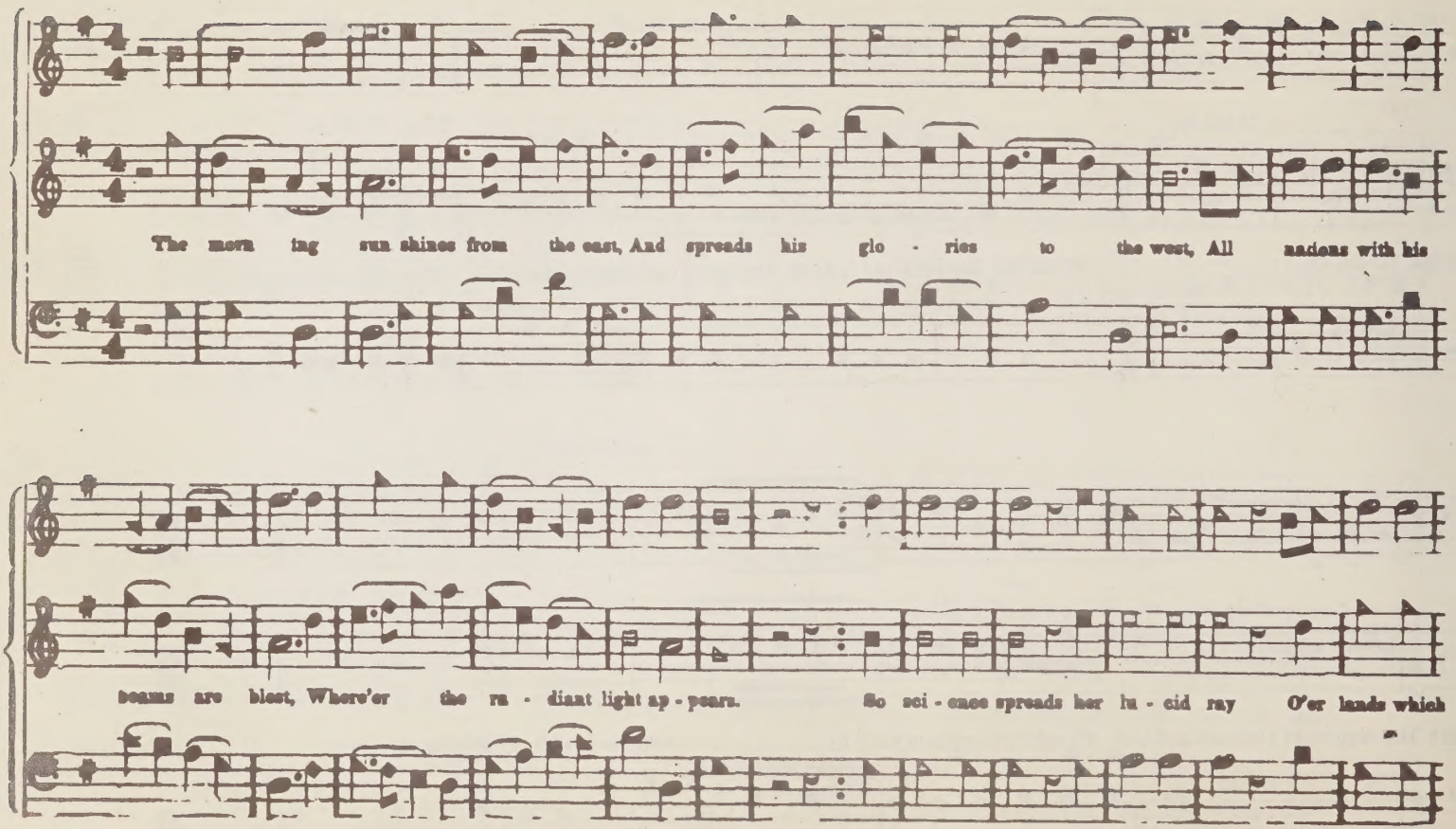

David the king was grieved and moved, He went to his chamber, his chamber, and wept; And as he went he wept, and said,
O my son! Would to God I had died, For thee, O Ab-salom, my son, my son!

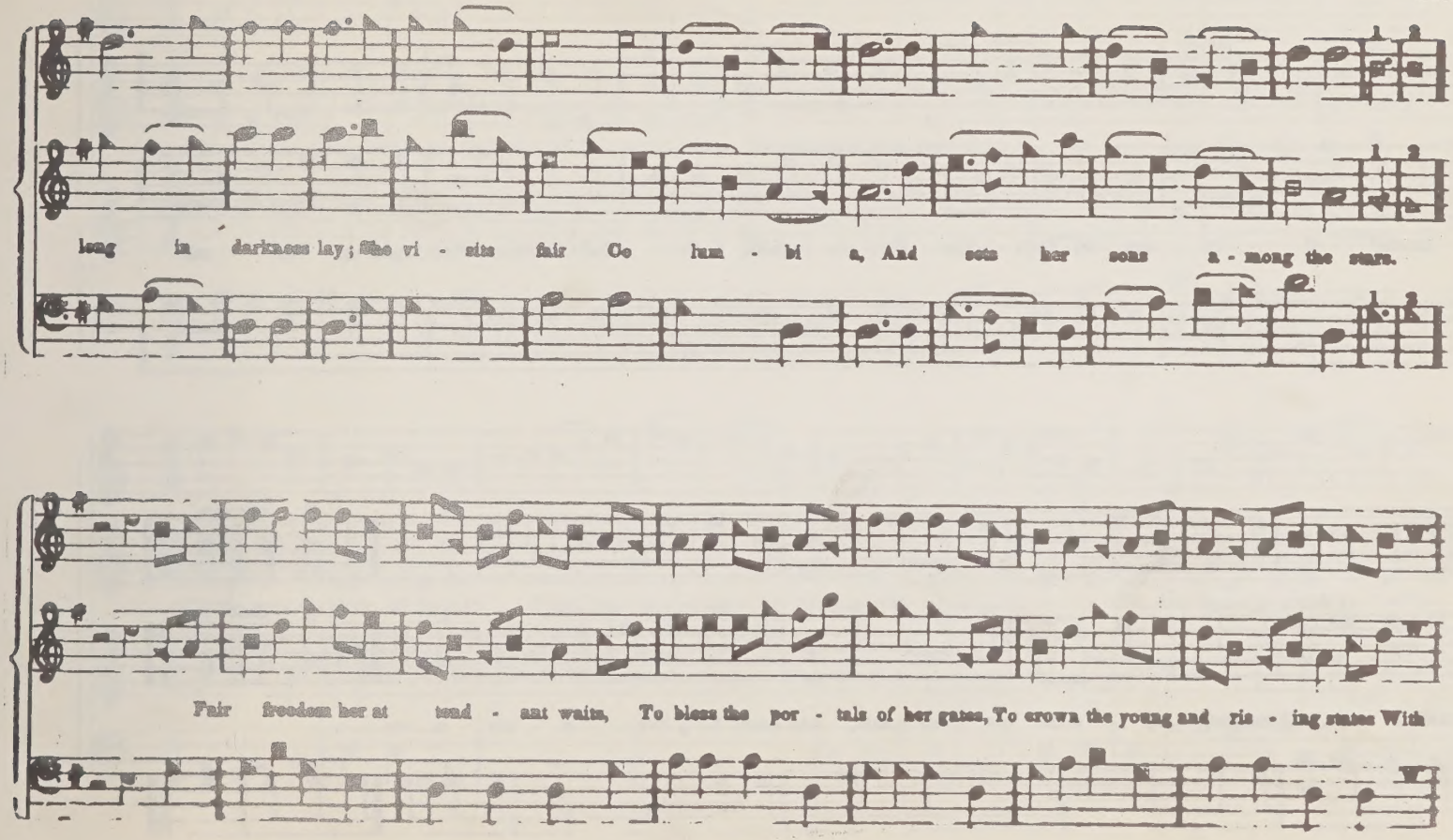
CHRISTIAN SONG.

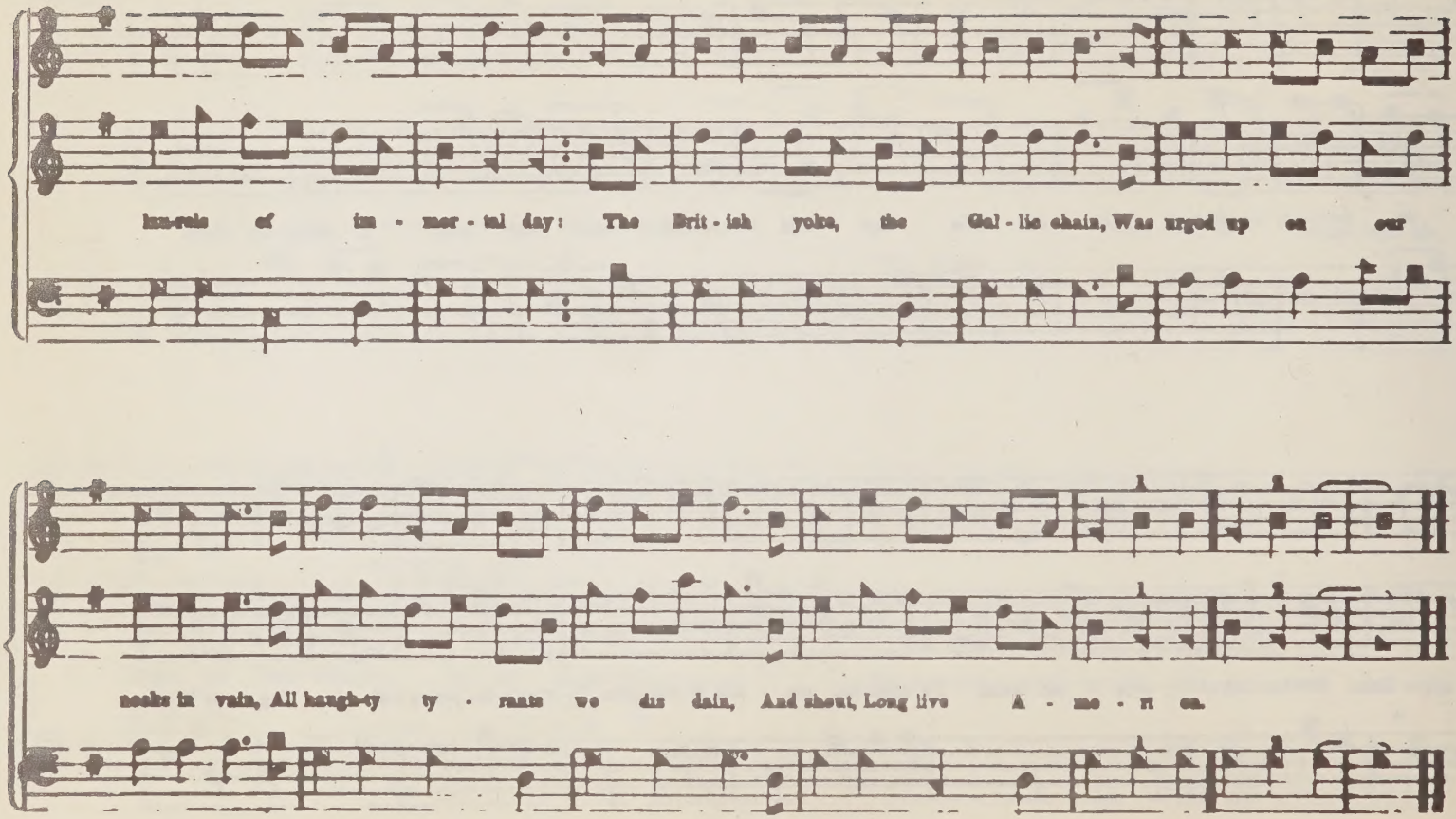
Slow.
Mine eyes are now clos-ing to rest, My bod-y must soon be removed, And mould'ring lie buried in dust, No more to be en-vied or
Soft and Slow.
loved, No more to be en-vied or loved.
Ah! what is this draw-ing my breath,
And steal-ing my sen - ses a - way!

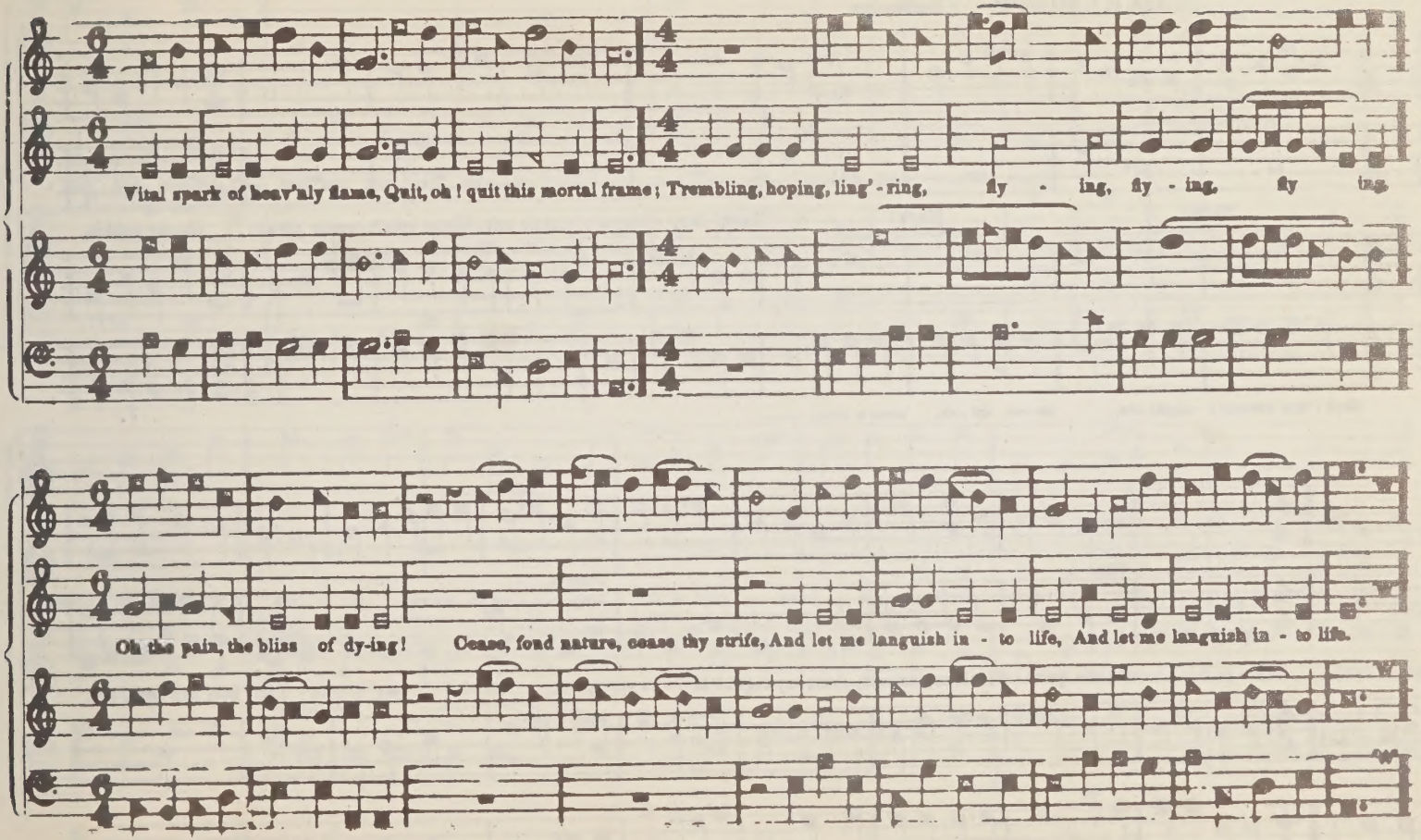

Brisk.
O tell me,
O tell me, (O tell me,) O tell me, my soul, is it death, Releasing me kindly from clay! Now mounting, my soul shall de
scry The regions of pleasure and love, My spirit triumphant shall fly,..... And dwell with my saviour a - bove.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

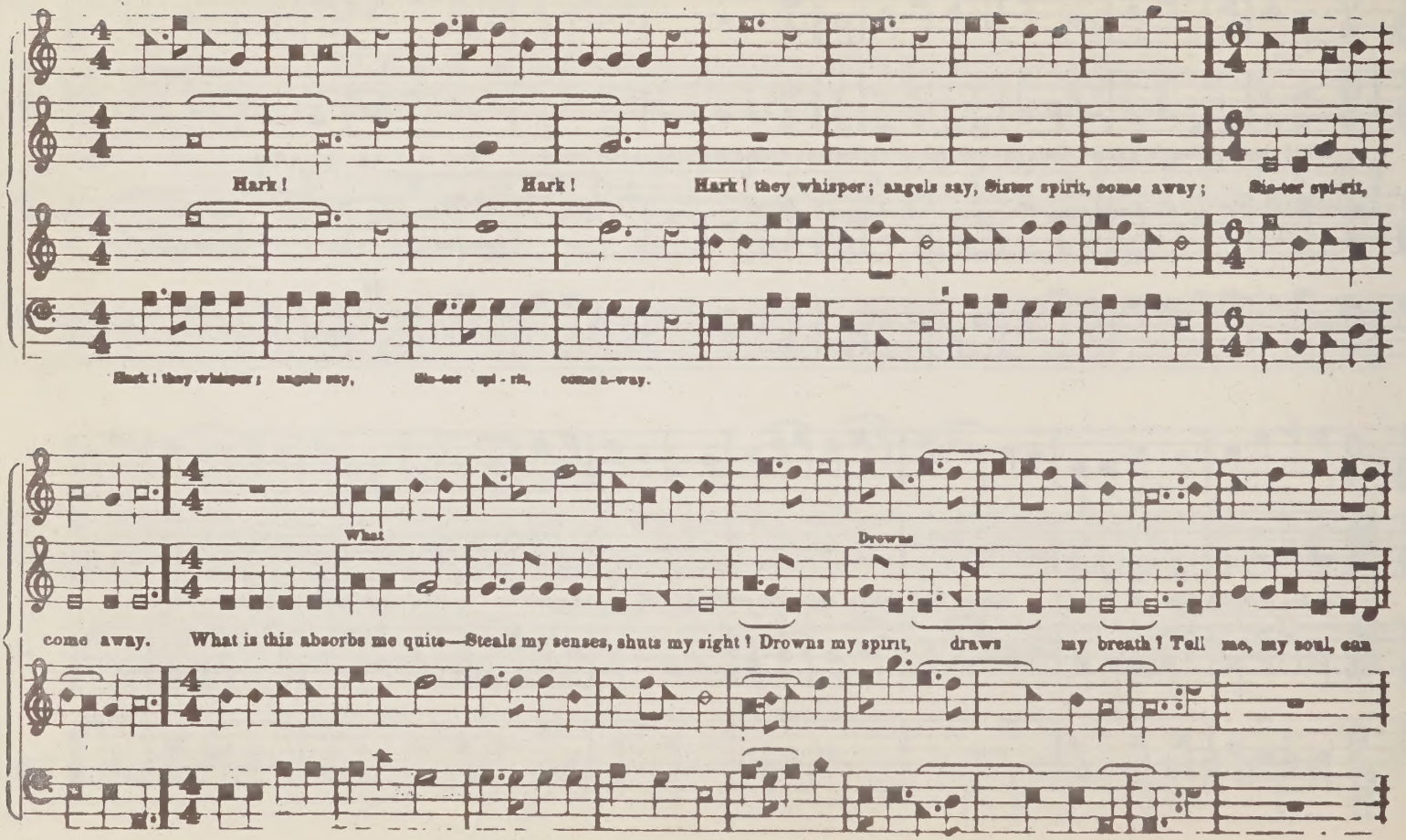

The morn ing sun shines from the east, And spreads his glo - ries to the west, All nations with his
beams are blest, Where'er the ra - diant light ap - pears. So sci - ence spreads her lu - cid ray O'er lands which

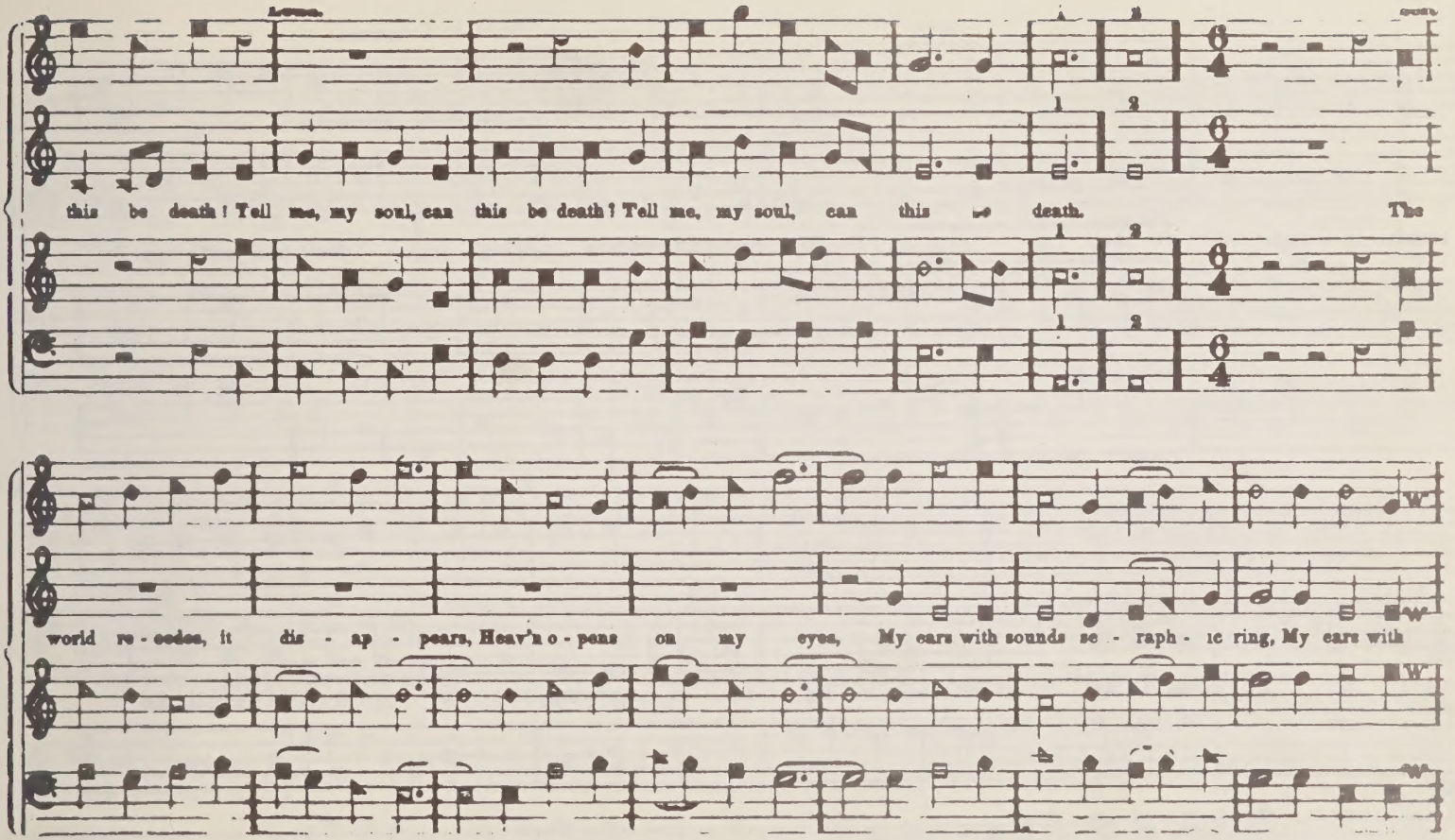

long in darkness lay; She vi - sits fair Co lum - bi a, And sets her sons a - mong the stars.
Fair freedom her at tend - ant waits, To bless the por - tals of her gates, To crown the young and ris - ing states With

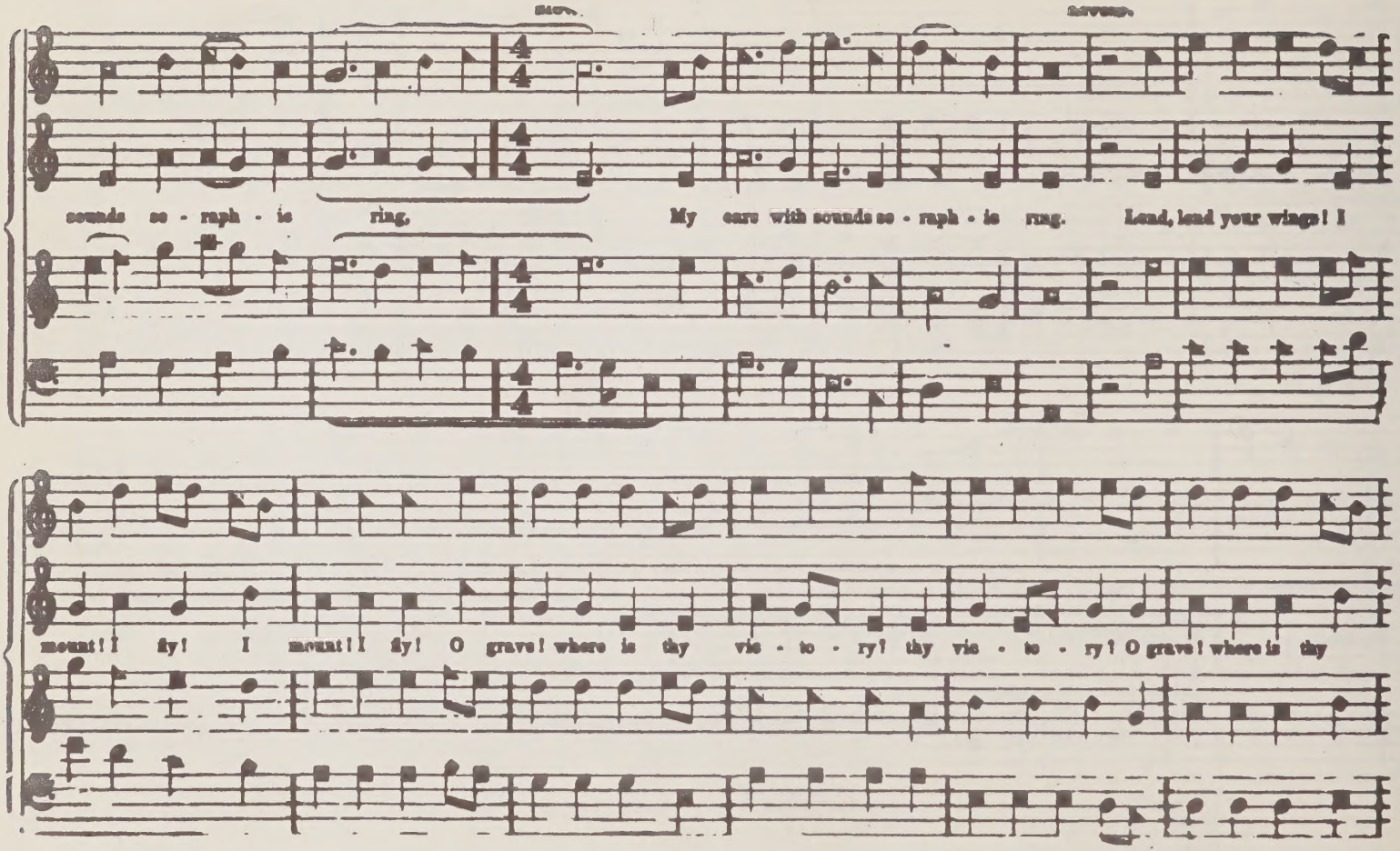

hu-rals of im - mor - tal day: The Brit - ish yoke, the Gal - lic chain, Was urged up on our
necks in vain, All haugh-ty ty - rants we dis dain, And shout, Long live A - me - ri ca.


Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame; Trembling, hoping, ling'-ring, fly - ing, fly - ing, fly ing,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dy-ing! Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish in - to life, And let me languish in - to life.

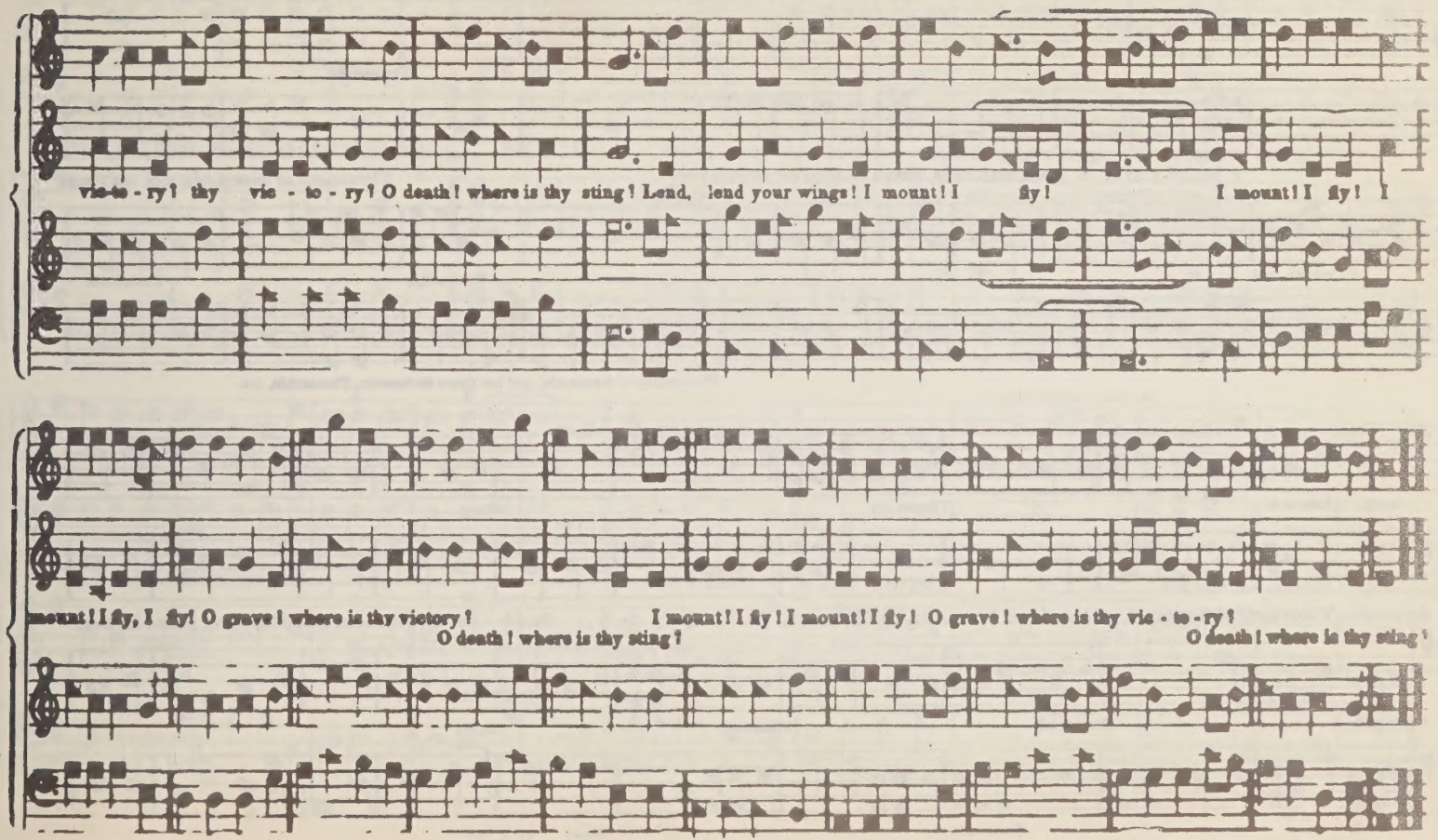
CLAREMONT. *Continued*


Hark! Hark! Hark! they whisper; angels say, Sister spirit, come away; Sis-ter spi-rit,
Hark! they whisper; angels say, Sis-ter spi-rit, come a-way.
What
Drowns
come away. What is this absorbs me quite—Steals my senses, shuts my sight! Drowns my spirit, draws my breath! Tell me, my soul, can


this be death! Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be death. The
world re - cedes, it dis - ap - pears, Heav'n o - pens on my eyes, My ears with sounds se - raph - ic ring, My ears with

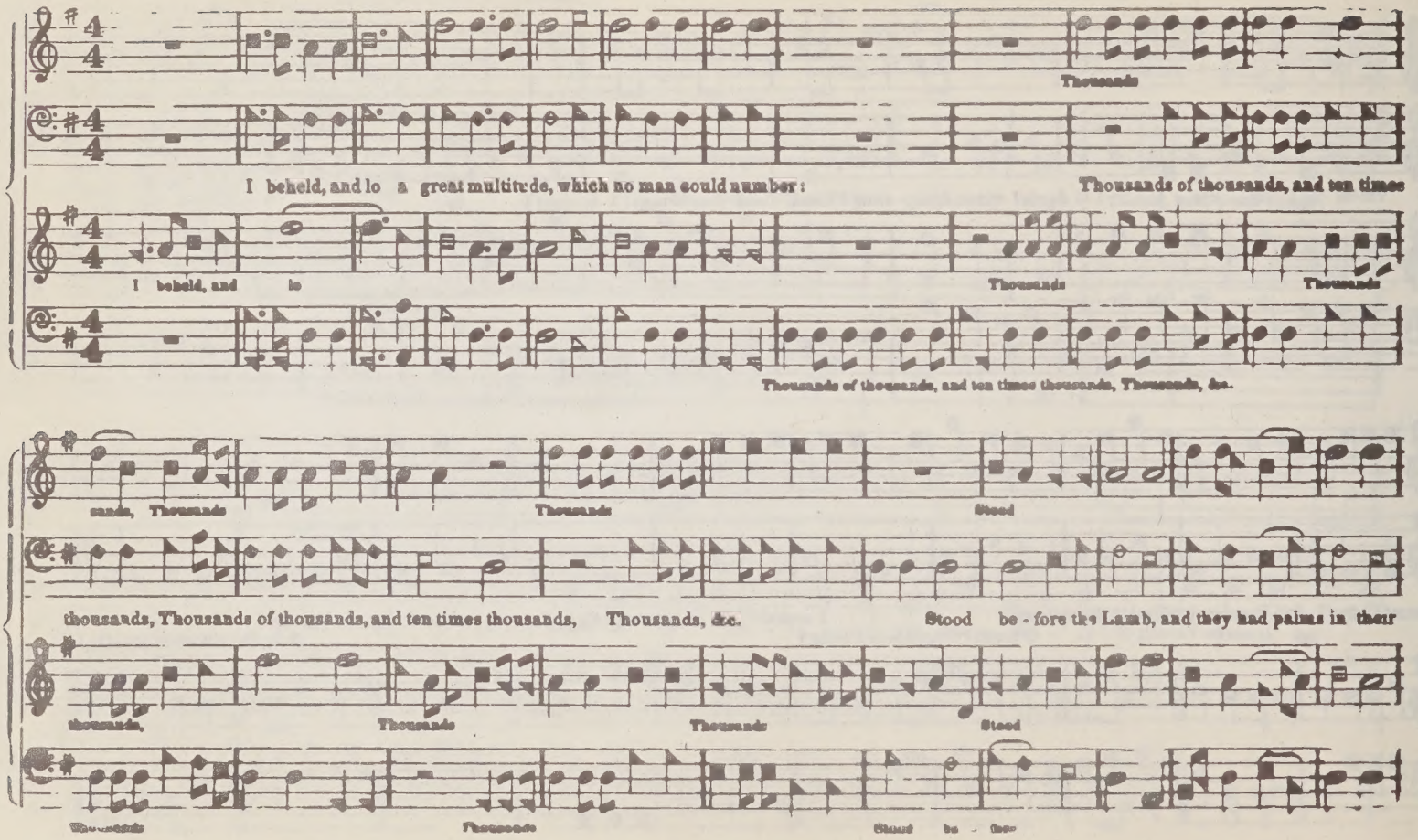

sounds se - raph - is ring, My ears with sounds se - raph - is ring. Lend, lend your wings! I
mount! I fly! I mount! I fly! O grave! where is thy vic - to - ry! thy vic - to - ry! O grave! where is thy

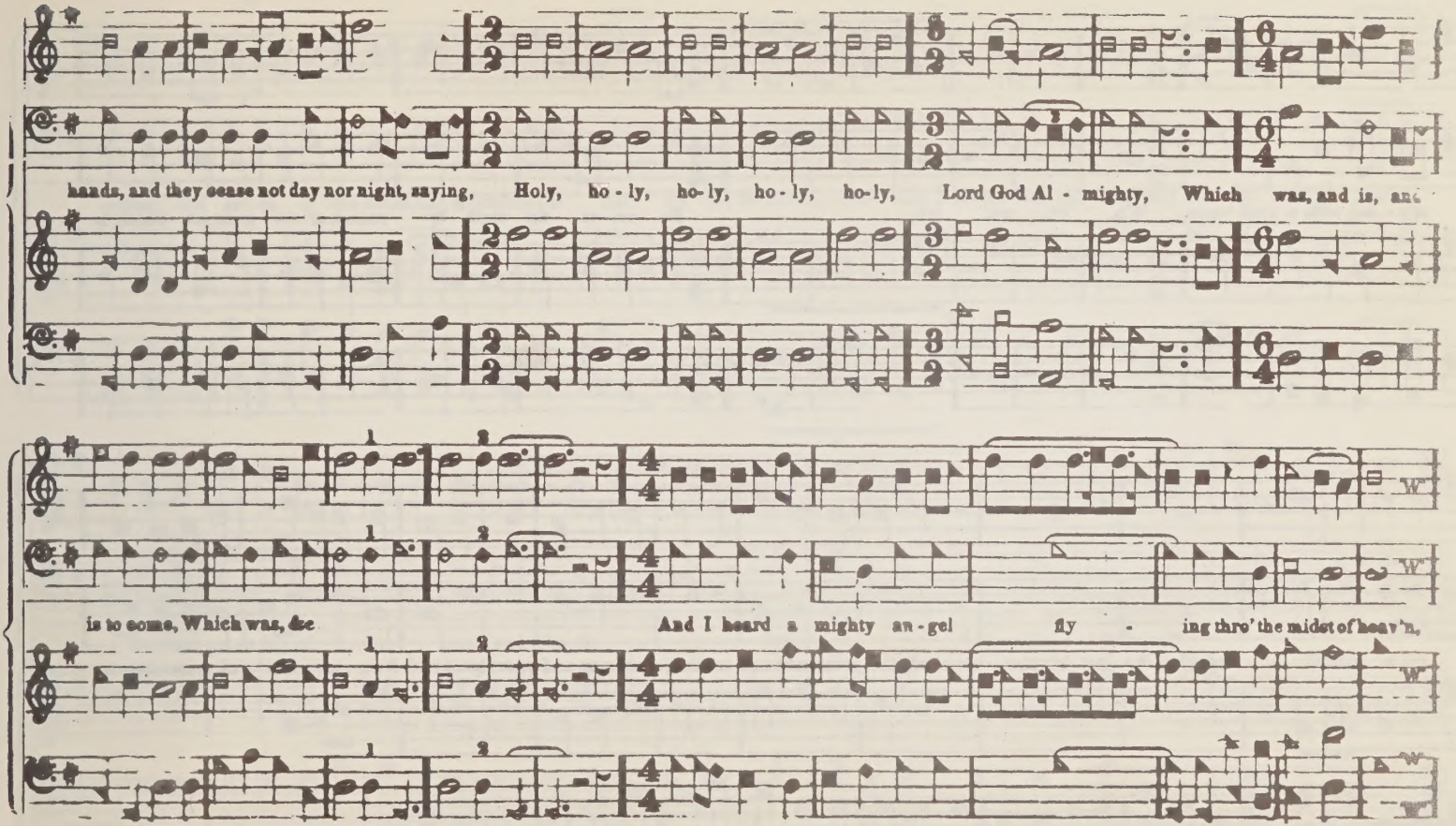
CLAREMONT. *Continued.*


vic-to-ry! thy vic - to - ry! O death! where is thy sting! Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! I mount! I fly! I
mount! I fly, I fly! O grave! where is thy victory!
O death! where is thy sting!
I mount! I fly! I mount! I fly! O grave! where is thy vic - to - ry!
O death! where is thy sting!

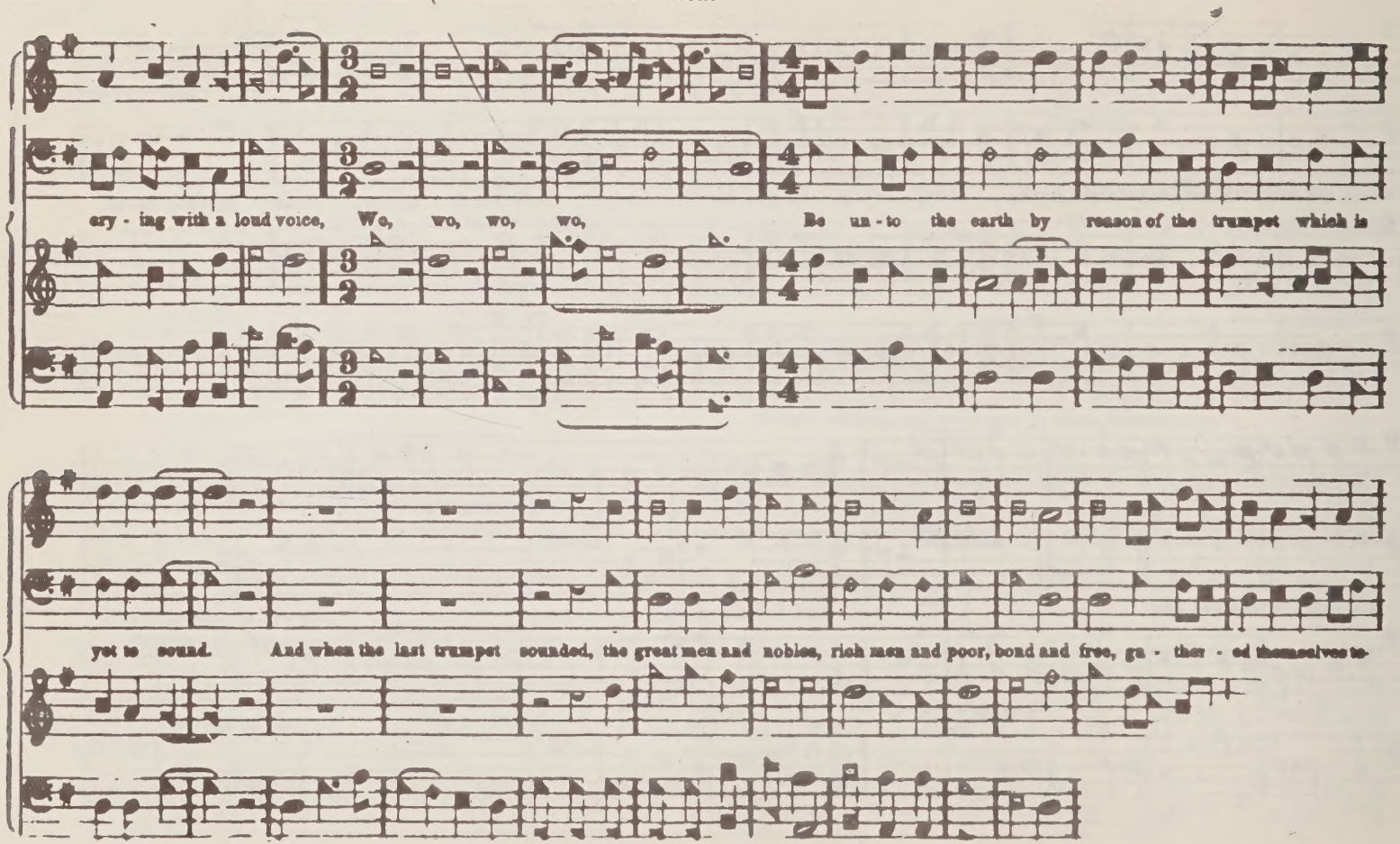
HEAVENLY VISION. Taken from Rev. v:11.

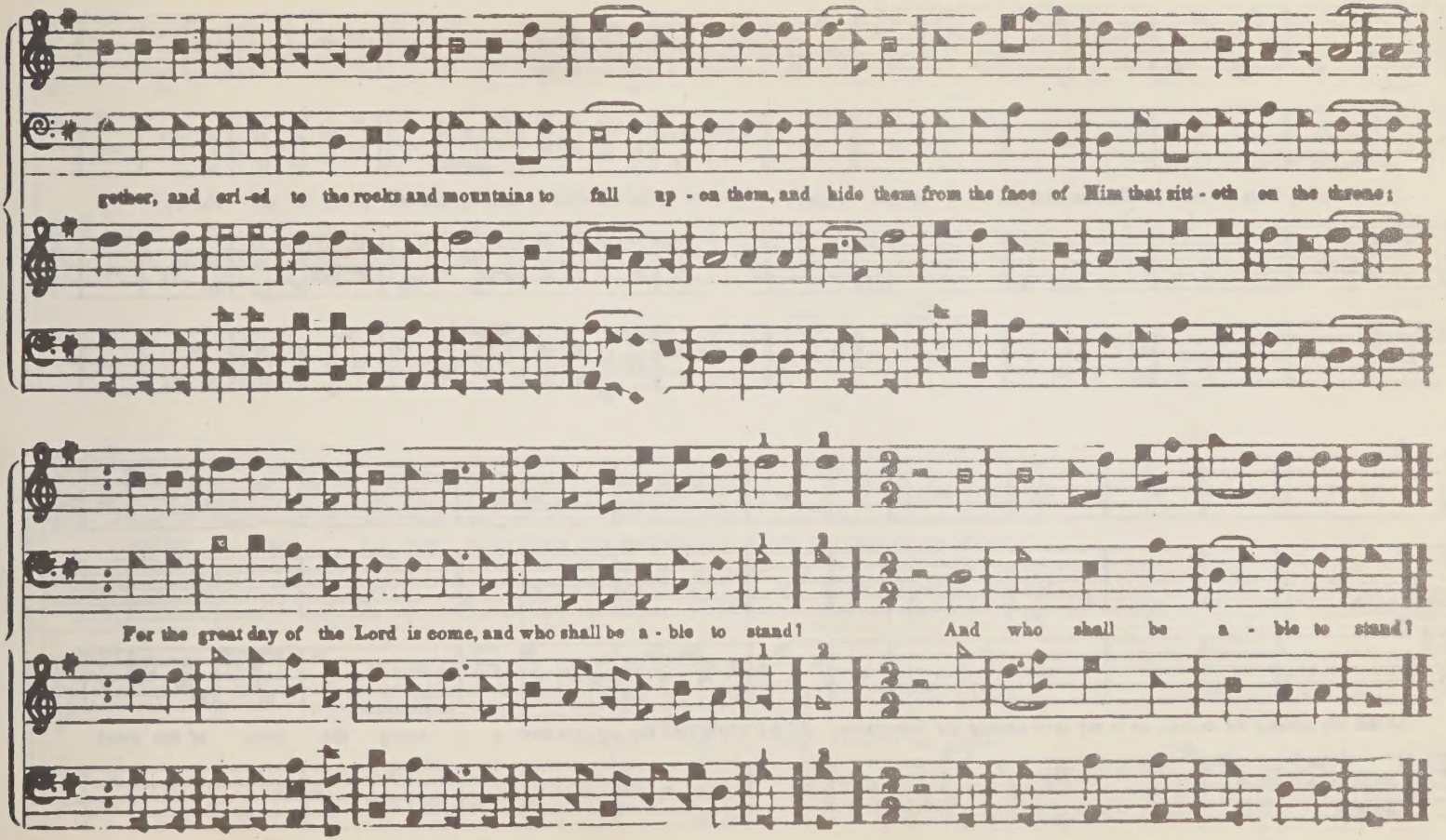
Billings.



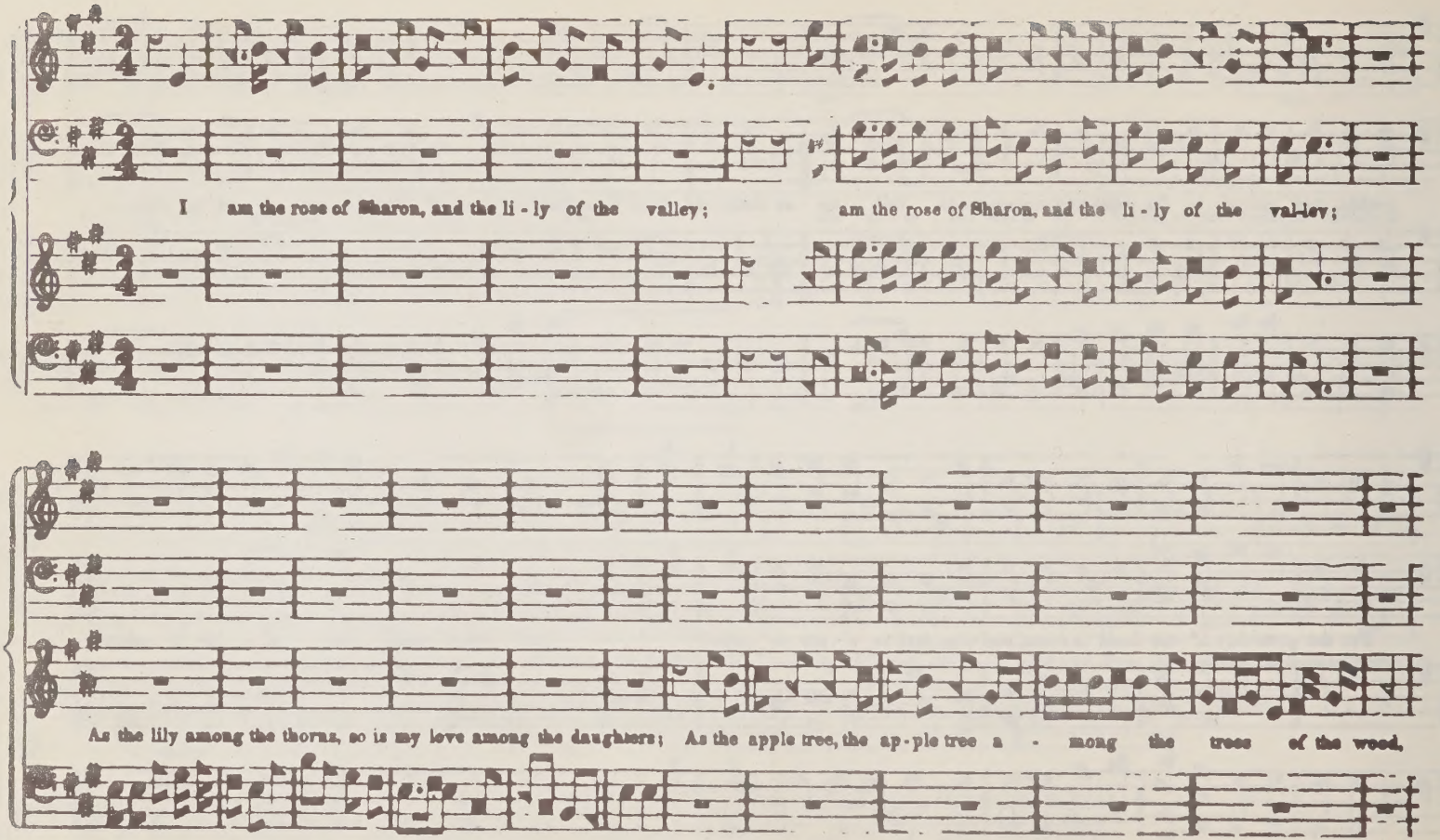

hands, and they cease not day nor night, saying, Holy, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - mighty, Which was, and is, and
is to come, Which was, &c.
And I heard a mighty an - gel fly - ing thro' the midst of heav'n,

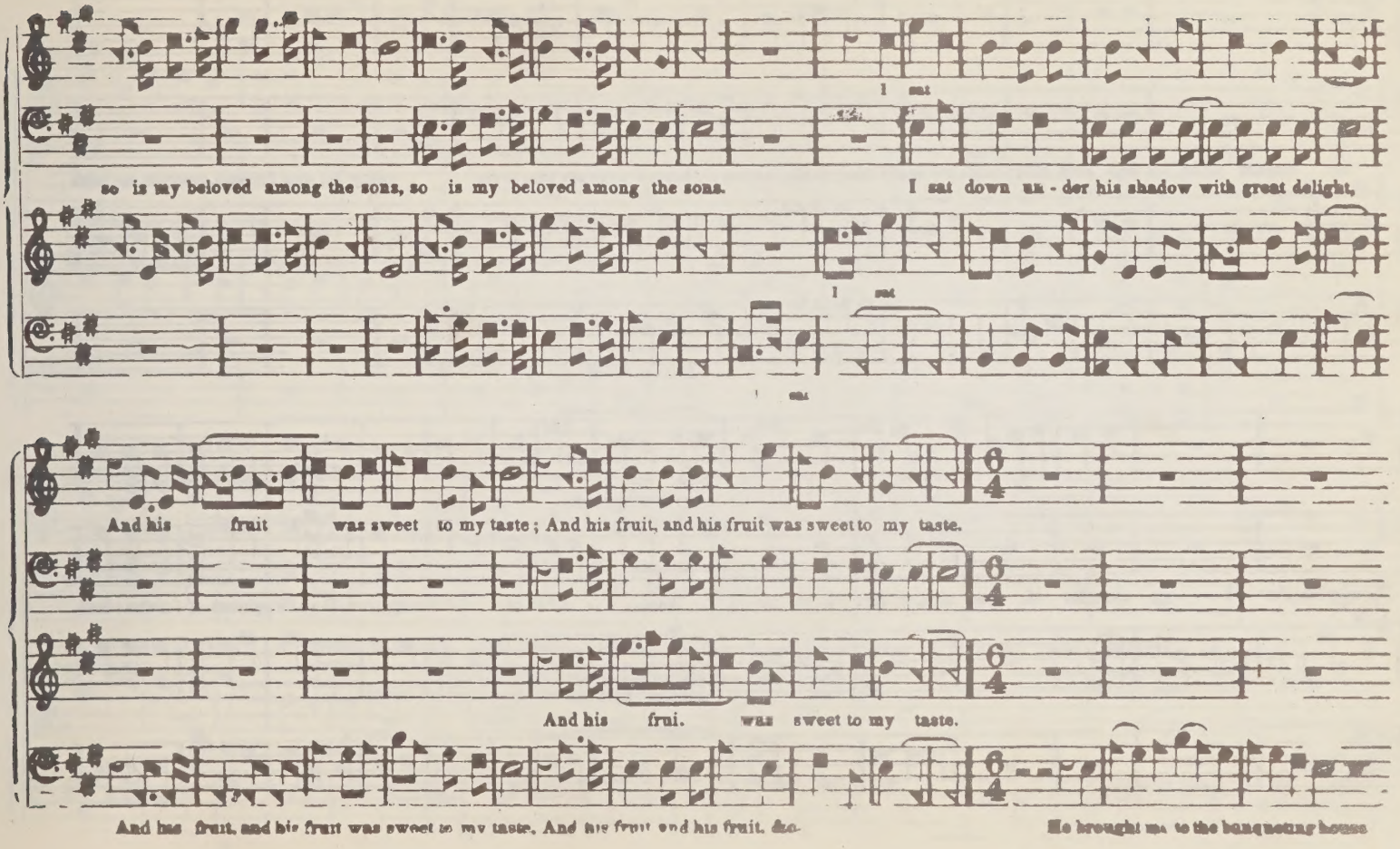
HEAVENLY VISION. *Continued.*

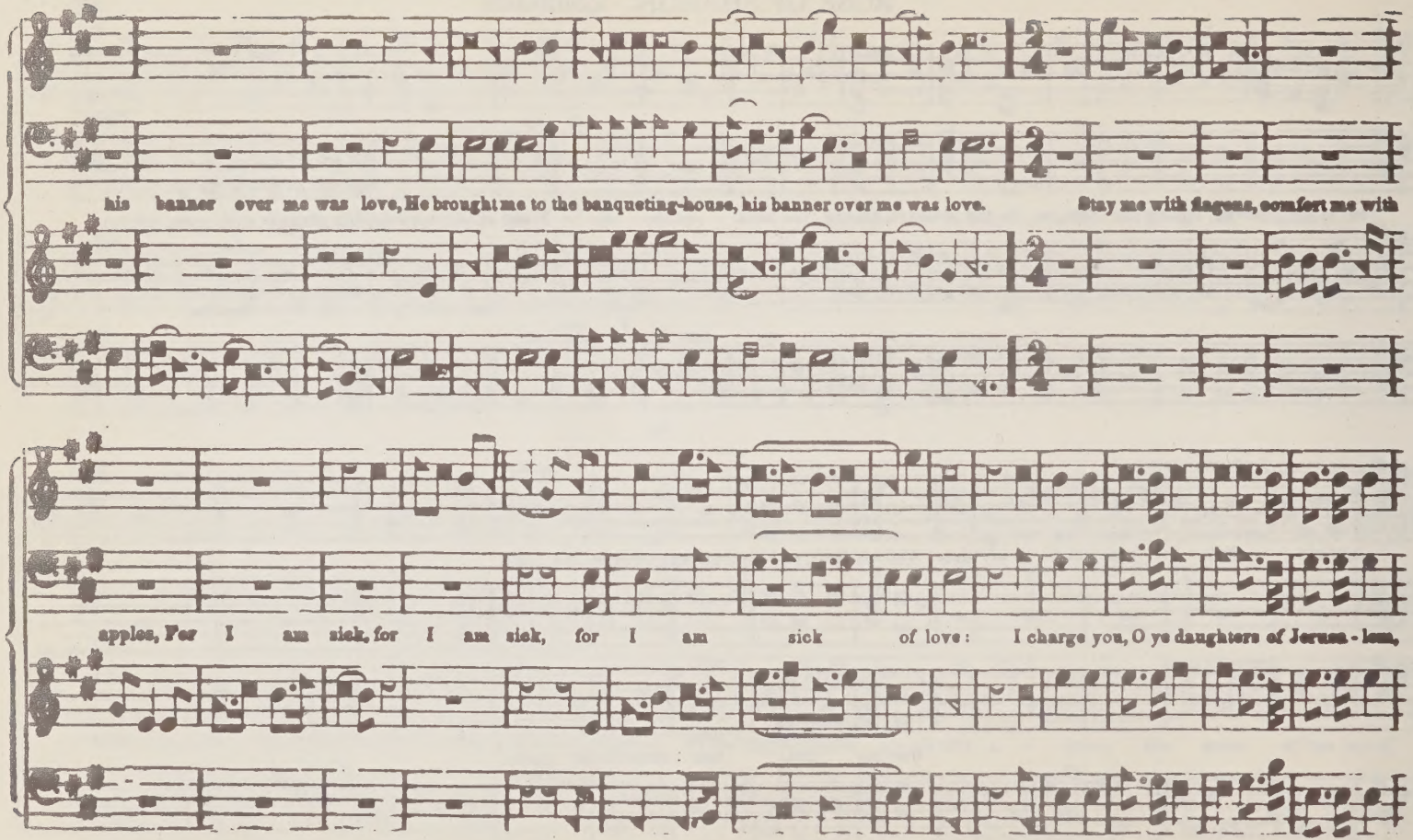

ery - ing with a loud voice, Wo, wo, wo, wo, Be un - to the earth by reason of the trumpet which is
yet to sound. And when the last trumpet sounded, the great men and nobles, rich men and poor, bond and free, ga - ther - ed themselves to-


gether, and cri-ed to the rocks and mountains to fall up-on them, and hide them from the face of Him that sitt-eth on the throne;
For the great day of the Lord is come, and who shall be a-ble to stand!
And who shall be a-ble to stand!

SHARON.


I am the rose of Sharon, and the li - ly of the valley;
am the rose of Sharon, and the li - ly of the val-ley;
As the lily among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters;
As the apple tree, the ap - ple tree a - mong the trees of the wood.


so is my beloved among the sons, so is my beloved among the sons.
I sat down un - der his shadow with great delight,
And his fruit was sweet to my taste; And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.
And his frui. was sweet to my taste.
And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. And his fruit and his fruit, &c.
He brought me to the banqueting house


his banner over me was love, He brought me to the banqueting-house, his banner over me was love. Stay me with flagons, comfort me with
apples, For I am sick, for I am sick, for I am sick of love: I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusa - lem,

By the roes, and by the hinds of the field, That you stir not up, that you stir not up, that you stir not up, that you stir not up, nor a-
wake awake, a - wake, a - wake my love, till he please. The voice of my beloved, Be - hold! he cometh.

leaping upon the mountains, skipping, :|: :|: :|: leaping upon the mountains, skipping up - on the hills. My beloved spake, and
said un - to me, Rise up, rise up, rise up, rise up, my love, my fair one, and come a - way. For lo, the winter is

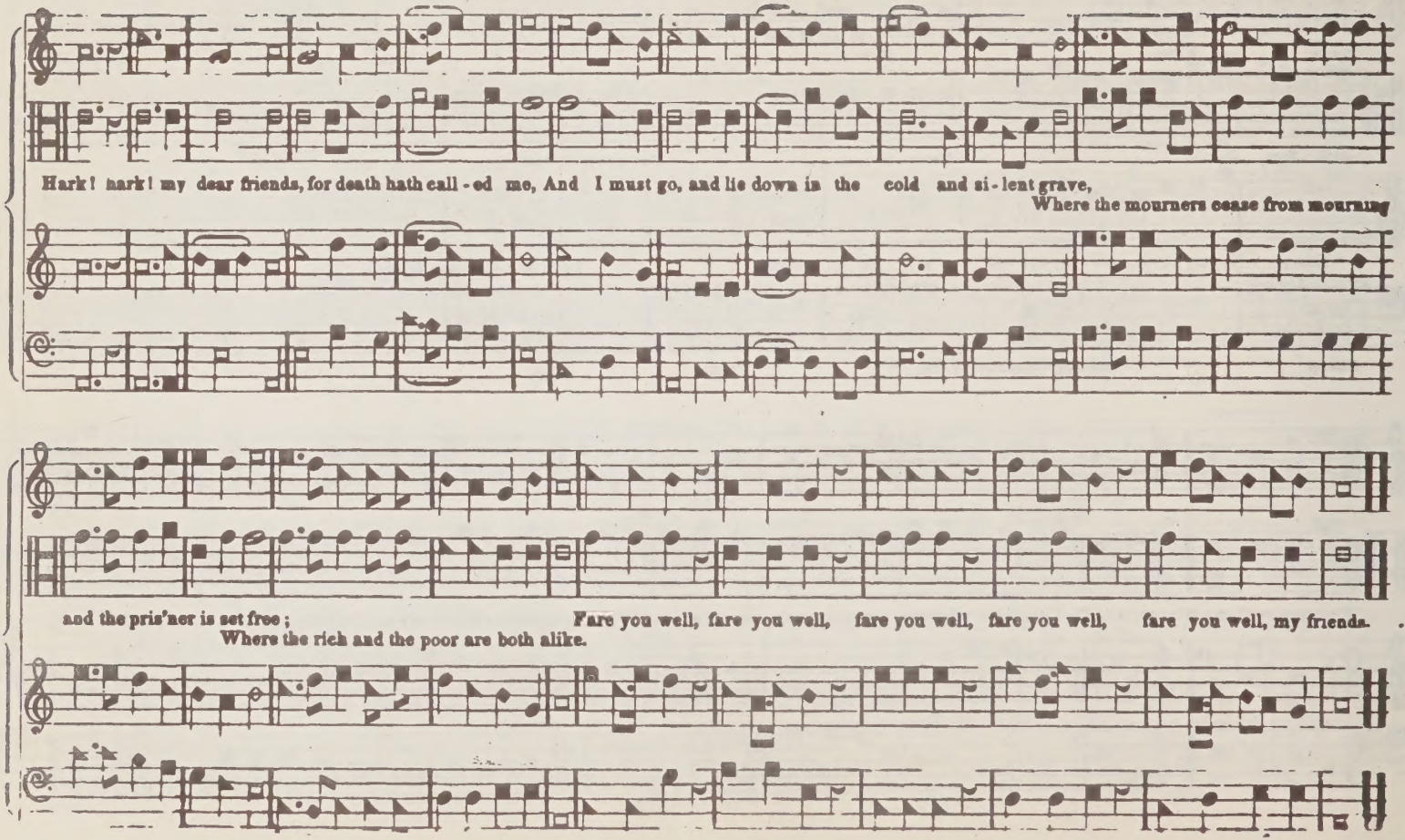
past, the rain is over and gone. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the rain is over, the
rain is over, the rain is over and gone. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

FAREWELL ANTHEM

My
I am
My friends,
I am going, I am
My friends, I am going a long and te - dious jour-ney, Never to re - turn. I am going, I am going a long and
My friends.
I am going a long journey, Never to re - turn. I am
long and
I am
Nev - er
Never to re - turn.
I am
Nev-er
Nev-er
Never
te-dious jour ey, Never to return. I am going a long journey, Nev er to return.
Never to re - turn, Never to re - turn, Never to re-

FAREWELL ANTHEM. *Continued.*

Never to Never,
Nev - er
Fare
Fare you well
to re - turn Nev-er,
Never to
Fare you well, Fare
Fare
turn; Never, never, nev - er, nev - er to re turn;
Fare you well, my friends.
Nev-er
Nev - er, nev - er to
Fare
Fare
Fare you well, my friends, And God grant we may meet together in that world above, Where trou-ble shall cease and harmony shall a - bound.


Hark! hark! my dear friends, for death hath call-ed me, And I must go, and lie down in the cold and si-lent grave,
Where the mourners cease from mourning
and the pris'ner is set free;
Where the rich and the poor are both alike.
Fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, my friends.

APPENDIX TO THE SACRED HARP.

CONTAINING A VARIETY OF

STANDARD AND FAVOURITE TUNES NOT COMPRISED IN THE BODY OF THE WORK

COMPILED BY

A COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY "THE SOUTHERN MUSICAL CONVENTION."

THE Committee appointed by "The Southern Musical Convention," at its last session, to whom was referred the revision and enlargement of the Sacred Harp, beg leave to say to all whom it may concern, that we, according to appointment, have taken the work under consideration and inspection, and have corrected the rudimental errors in said work, and the typographical errors in the music, and have also added such pieces of composition as we think are calculated to enhance the value of the work, and are happily adapted to the use of the public generally, as an Appendix to the Sacred Harp, and have adopted the same.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

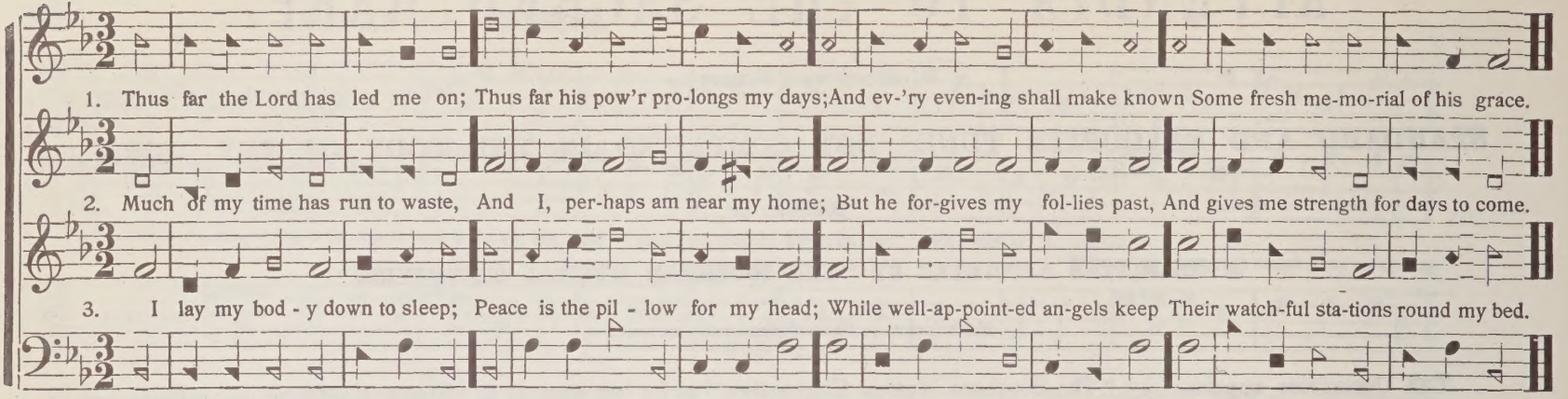
B. F. WHITE,
JOEL KING,
LEONARD P. BREEDLOVE,
A. OGLETREE,
S. R. PENICK,
J. R. TURNER,
R. F. M. MANN,
E. L. KING,

Committee.

Convention, Jan. 12 1850 [Adopted.]

HEBRON. L. M.

'SAAC WATTS. Key of B Flat. LOWELL MASON.

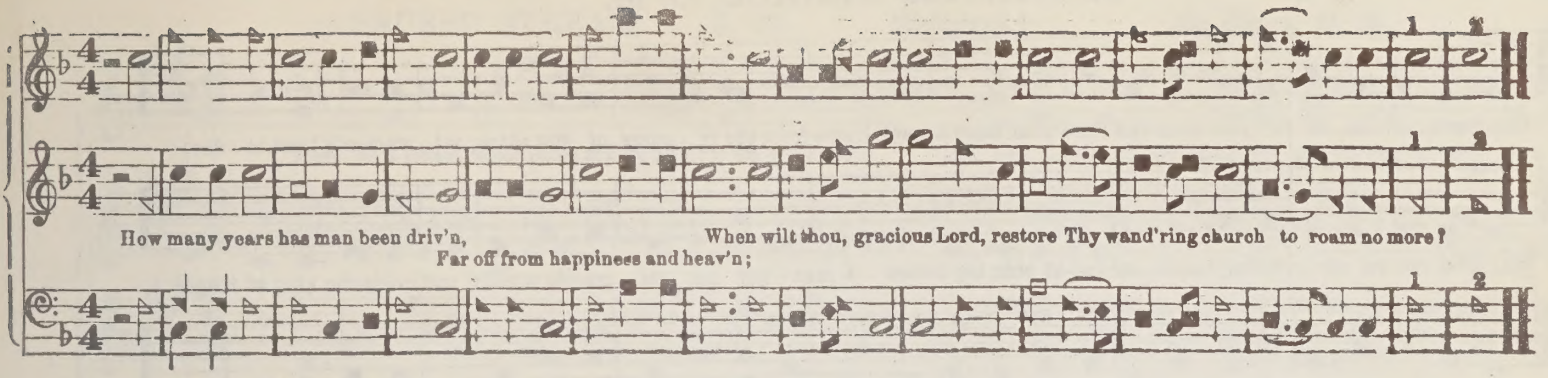

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his pow'r pro-longs my days;And ev-'ry even-ing shall make known Some fresh me-mo-rial of his grace.
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps am near my home; But he for-gives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head; While well-ap-point-ed an-gels keep Their watch-ful sta-tions round my bed.

NOAH'S DOVE. C. M. D.

Key of F. FINE J. C. WHITE. D. C.

1. I see thy face, I hear thy voice, I taste thy sweet - est love;
My soul doth leap, but O, for wings, The wings of No - ah's dove; Then would I fly far hence a-way, and leave this world of sin;
D. C. Then would my Lord put forth his hand, And kind - ly take me in.
2. Then would my soul with an-gels feast On joys that ev - er last,
Re - fin'd and full, and al-ways new, De - light - ful to the taste. Bless'd be my God, the God of love! Who gives me here a crumb,
D. C. And fills my soul with earn-est hope 'Till I ar - rive at home.

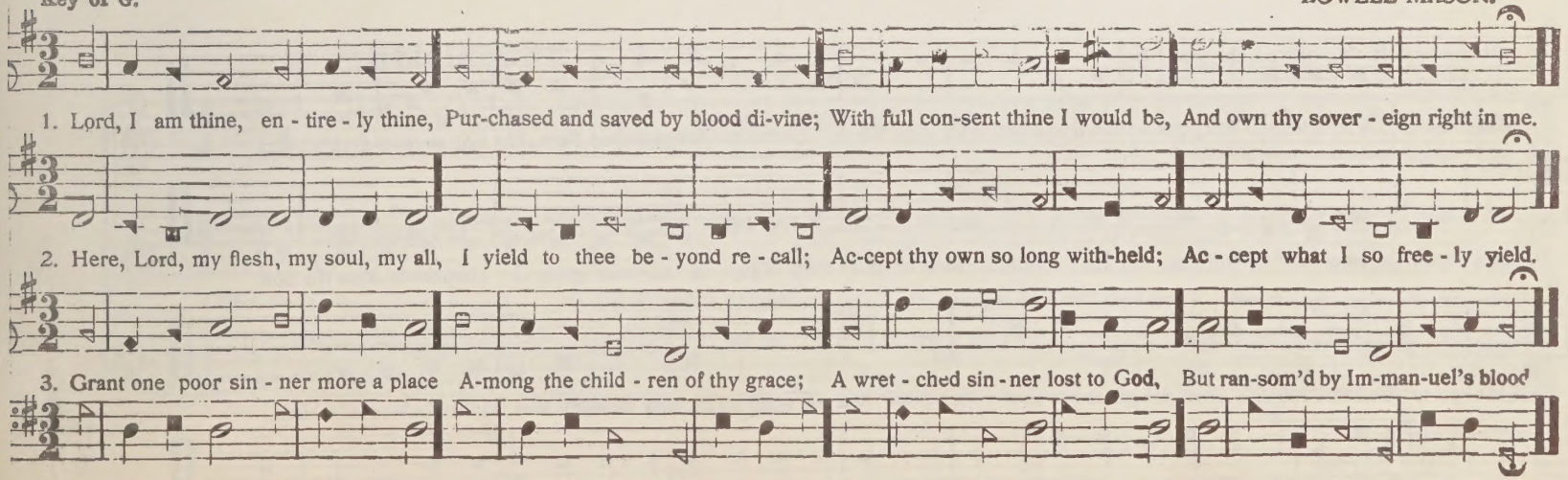
RESTORATION. L. M.


How many years has man been driv'n,
Far off from happiness and heav'n;
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore Thy wand'ring church to roam no more?

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Key of G.

LOWELL MASON.

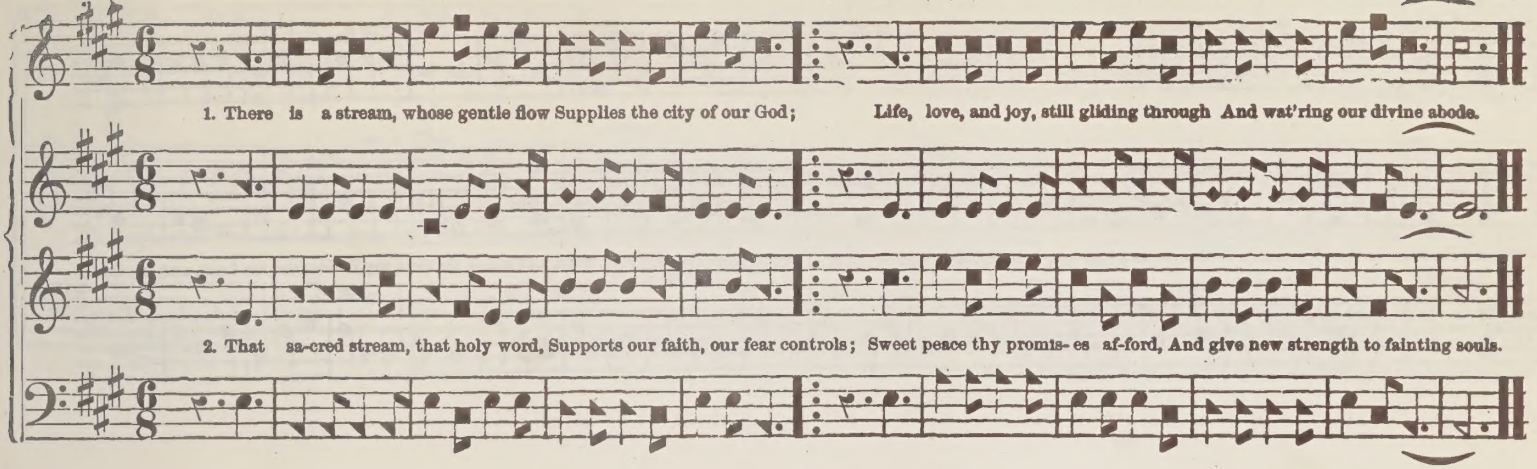

1. Lord, I am thine, en - tire - ly thine, Pur-chased and saved by blood di-vine; With full con-sent thine I would be, And own thy sover - eign right in me.
2. Here, Lord, my flesh, my soul, my all, I yield to thee be - yond re - call; Ac-cept thy own so long with-held; Ac - cept what I so free - ly yield.
3. Grant one poor sin - ner more a place A-mong the child - ren of thy grace; A wret - ched sin - ner lost to God, But ran-som'd by Im-man-uel's blood

SHEPHERDS REJOICE. C. M.

1. Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes and send your fears a way! News from the re - gions of the skies, sal - va-tion's born to day;
2. No gold nor pur ple swadling bands, nor roy-al shin ing things; A man - ger for the cra-dle stands, and holds the king of kings;
3. Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around, the heavn'ly armies throng; They tune their harps to lof-ty sound, and thus con-clude the song;
Je-sus the God whom angels fear, comes down to dwell with you; To day He makes his entrance here, but not as mon-arch's do.
Go, shepherds, where the in-fant lies, and see his humble throne; With tears of joy in all your eyes, Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.
Glo - ry to God that reigns a-bove, let peace sur-round the throne; Mortals shall know their maker's love, at the Redeemer's birth.

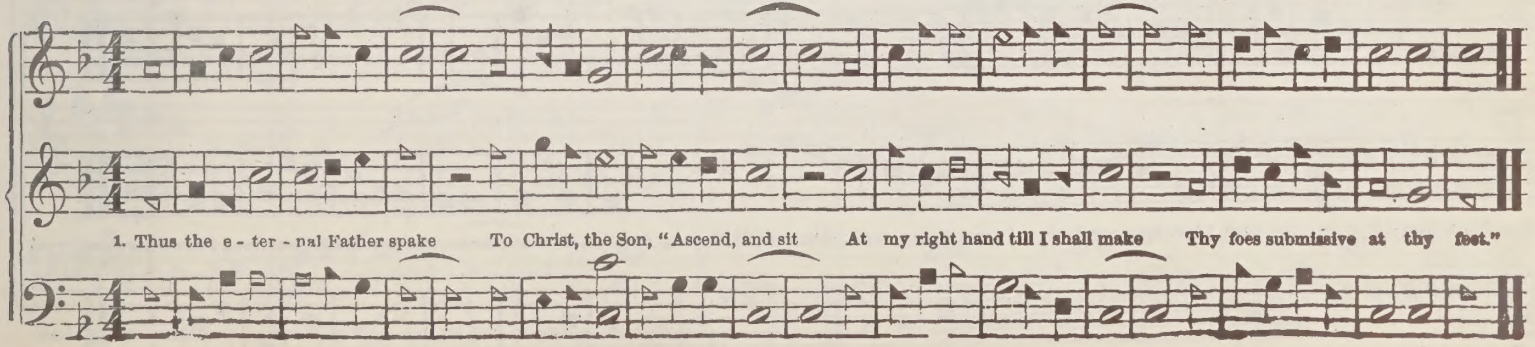
SACRED STREAM. L. M. (Original.)

By Henry G. M.....


1. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God; Life, love, and joy, still gliding through And wat'ring our divine abode.
2. That sa-cred stream, that holy word, Supports our faith, our fear controls; Sweet peace thy promis- es af-ford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

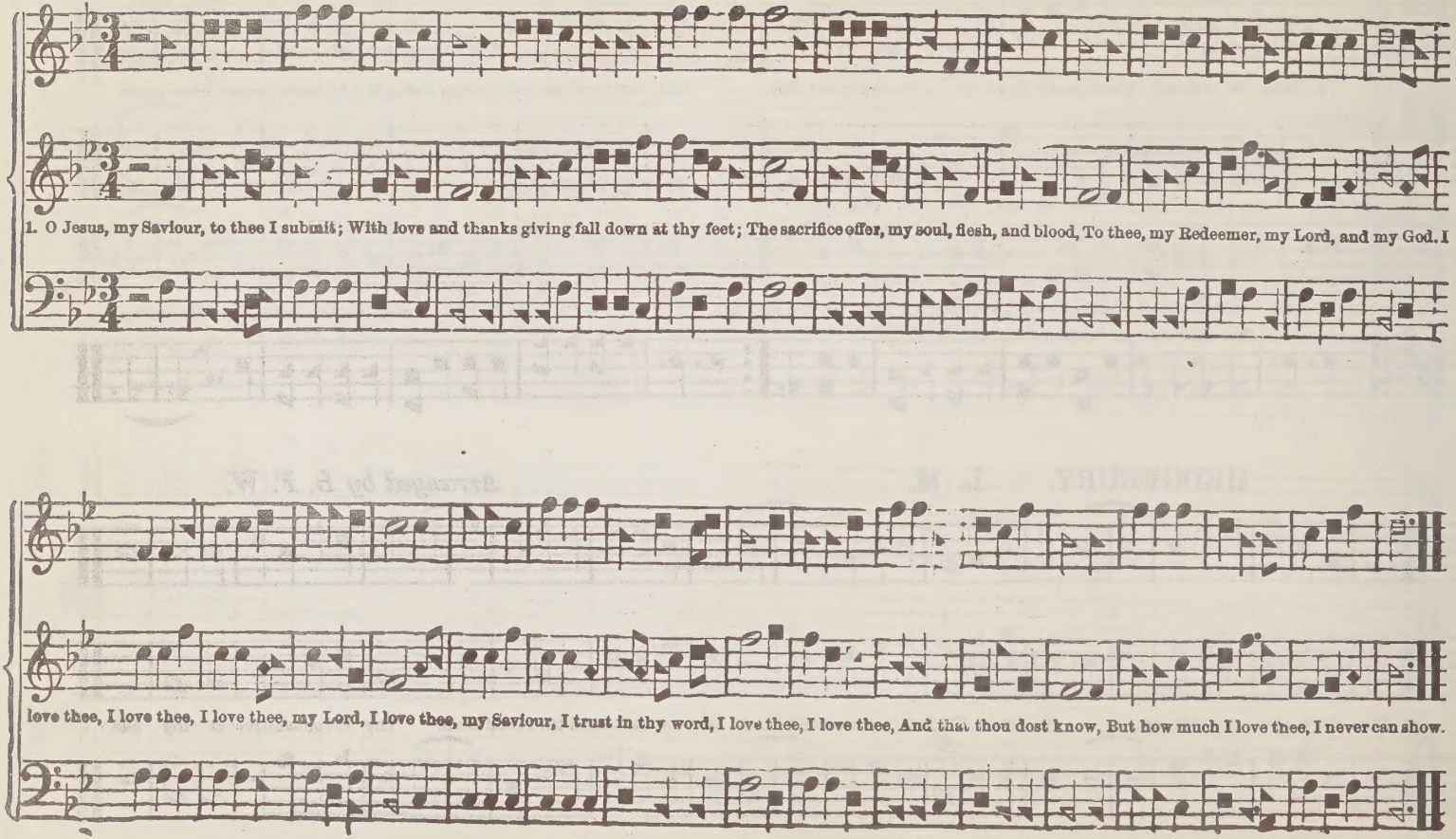
HEDGEBURY. L. M.

Arranged by L. F. W.


1. Thus the e - ter - nal Father spake To Christ, the Son, "Ascend, and sit At my right hand till I shall make Thy foes submissive at thy feet."

SWEET AFTON. 11s.

Arranged by B. F. White.


1. O Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit; With love and thanks giving fall down at thy feet; The sacrifice offer, my soul, flesh, and blood, To thee, my Redeemer, my Lord, and my God. I
love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord, I love thee, my Saviour, I trust in thy word, I love thee, I love thee, And that thou dost know, But how much I love thee, I never can show.

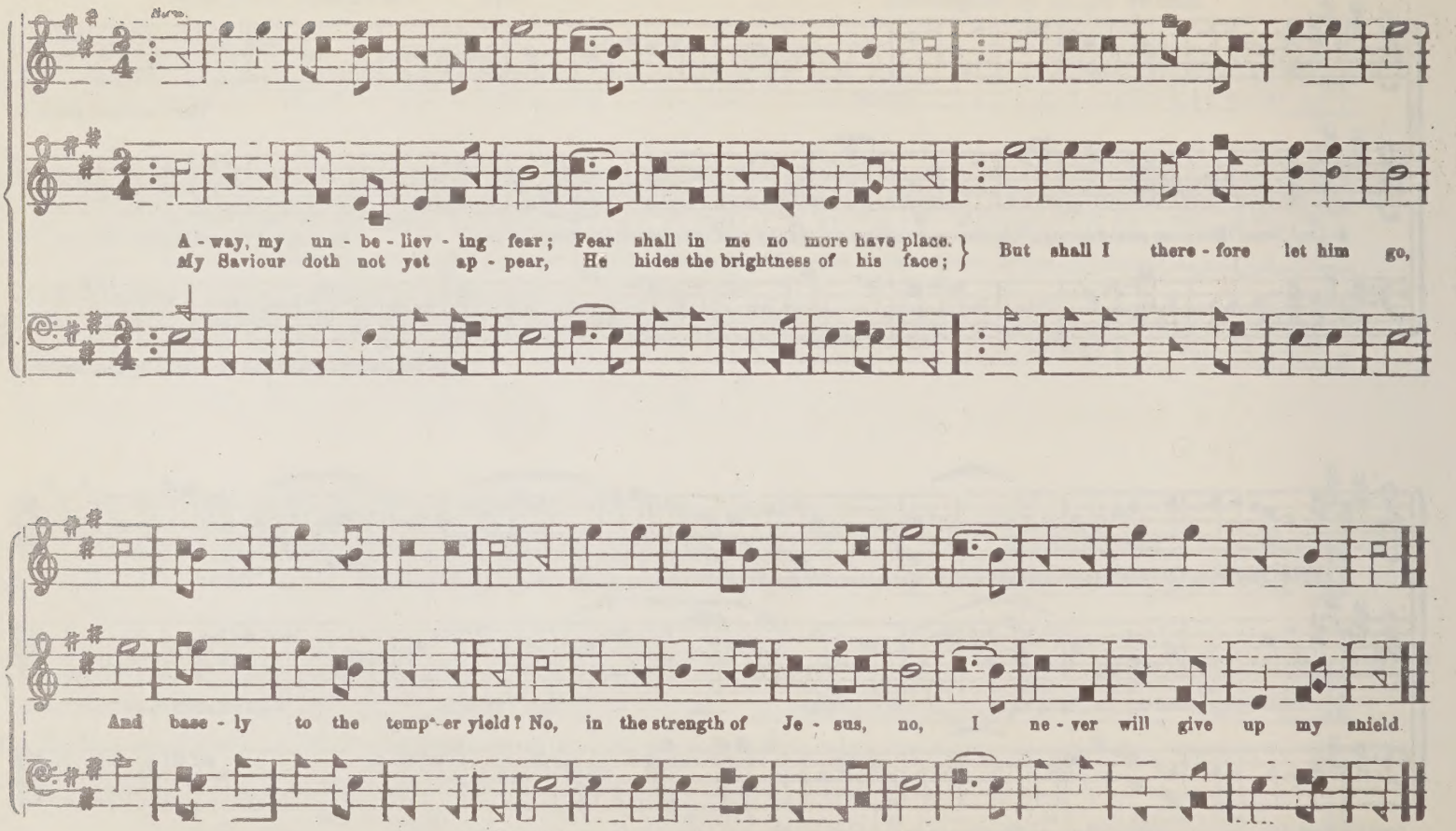
BEAR CREEK. L. M.

Arranged by B. F. White.

Those heavenly guards a-
1. Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand angels filled the sky, Ten thousand angels filled the sky, Those heavenly guards around thee wait, Like
Those heavenly guards around thee wait, Like chariots that at-
round thee wait, Like chariots that attend thy state, Those heavenly guards around thee wait, Like cha - riots, Like, &c. Like, &c.
1 2
- chariots that attend thy state, Like, &c. Like cha - riots, Those, &c. Like chariots that attend thy state.
1 2
tend thy state, Like chariots that attend thy state, Those heavenly guards around thee wait, Like chariots that attend thy state, Those. &c riots. Like. &c
1 2

CONFIDENCE L. M. D.

By J. E. Turner.


A - way, my un - be - liev - ing fear; Fear shall in me no more have place.
My Saviour doth not yet ap - pear, He hides the brightness of his face;
But shall I there - fore let him go,
And base - ly to the temp^-er yield? No, in the strength of Je - sus, no, I ne - ver will give up my shield.

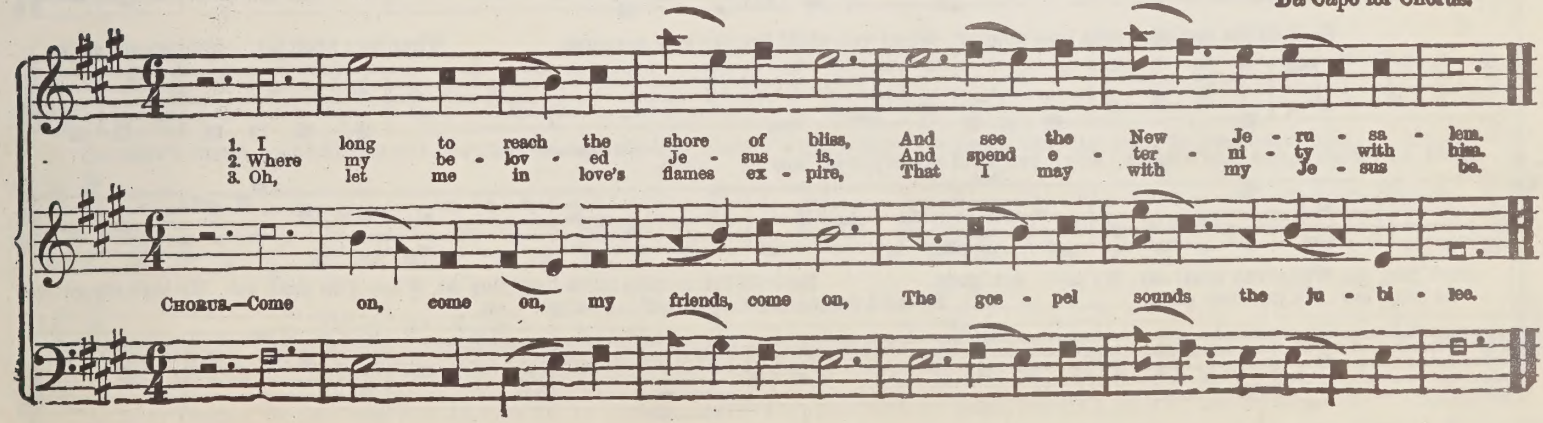
ARKANSAS. L.M. (Original.)

1. Farewell, farewell to all be-low; My Saviour calls and I must go; I'll launch my boat up-on the sea,— This land is not the land for me.

COME ON, MY FRIENDS. L. M.

By Eld. E. Dumas.

Da Capo for Chorus.


1. I long to reach the shore of bliss, And see the New Je - ru - sa - lem.
2. Where my be - lov - ed Je - sus is, And spend e - ter - ni - ty with him.
3. Oh, let me in love's flames ex - pire, That I may with my Je - sus be.
Chorus.—Come on, come on, my friends, come on, The gos - pel sounds the ju - bi - lee.

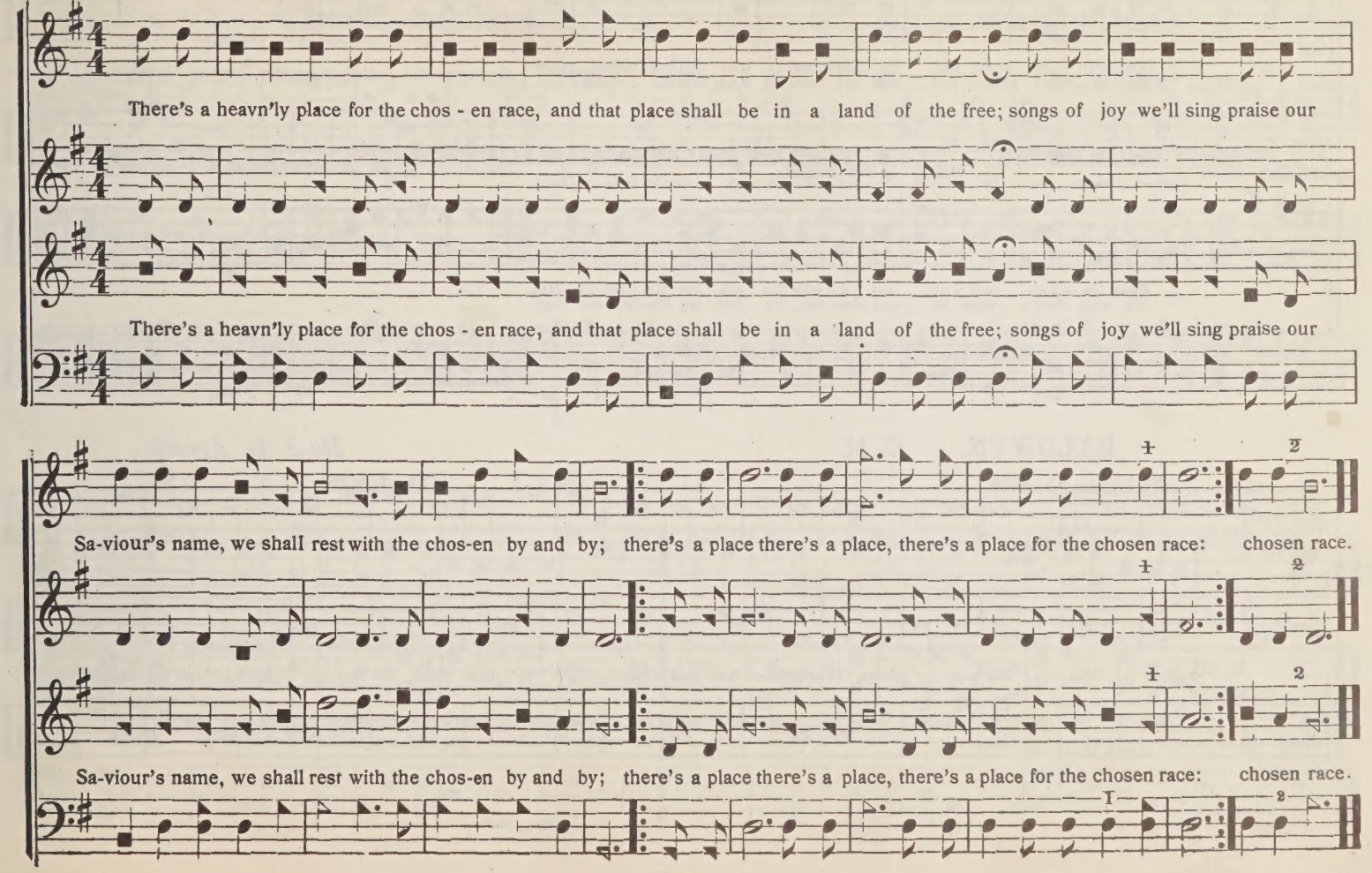
Repeat chorus to each verse.

EXHORTATION. L. M.

Doolittle.

Now, in..... the heat of youth - ful blood, Re-mem - ber your Cre - a - tor, God! Be-
Be-hold the months come
Behold the months come hast'ning on, When
Be-hold the months come hast'ning on, When you shall say, My joys are gone, When you shall say, My joys are gone.
hold the months come hast'ning on, When you shall say, My joys are gone,.....
hast'ning on, When you shall say, My joys are gone. Be-hold the months come hast'ning on, When you shall say, My joys are gone.
you shall say, My joys are gone. Be-hold the months come hast' - ning on,

B. B. H. B. B. HARDEN,


There's a heavn'ly place for the chos - en race, and that place shall be in a land of the free; songs of joy we'll sing praise our
There's a heavn'ly place for the chos - en race, and that place shall be in a land of the free; songs of joy we'll sing praise our
Sa-viour's name, we shall rest with the chos-en by and by; there's a place there's a place, there's a place for the chosen race: chosen race.
Sa-viour's name, we shall rest with the chos-en by and by; there's a place there's a place, there's a place for the chosen race: chosen race.

THE GOLDEN HARP. L. M.

By J. P. Rees.

Fine. CHORUS.

1. Fare - well, vain world, I'm go - ing home To play on the Golden Harp.
My Sa - viour smiles, and bids me come To play on the Golden Harp.
} To play on the Golden Harp, To play, &c.

CHO.—I want to be where Je - sus is, To play on the Golden Harp.

Swee' an - gels beck - on me a - way To play on the Gold-en Harp.
To sing God's praise in end - less day, To play on the Gold-en Harp.

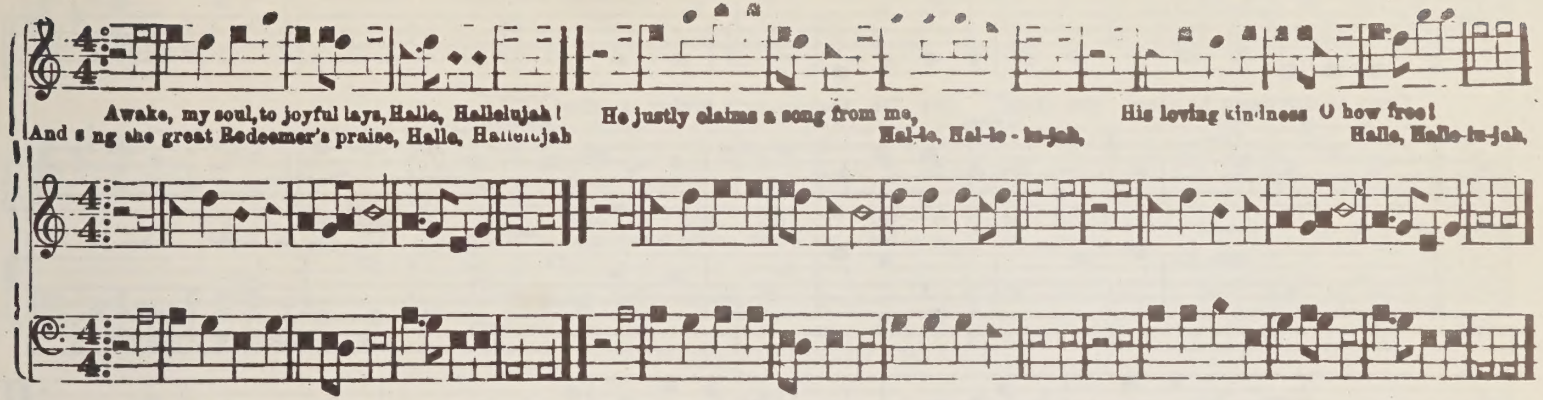
BALDWYN. C. M.

By J. D. Arnold.

1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, Th'appointed hour makes haste, When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the solemn test.

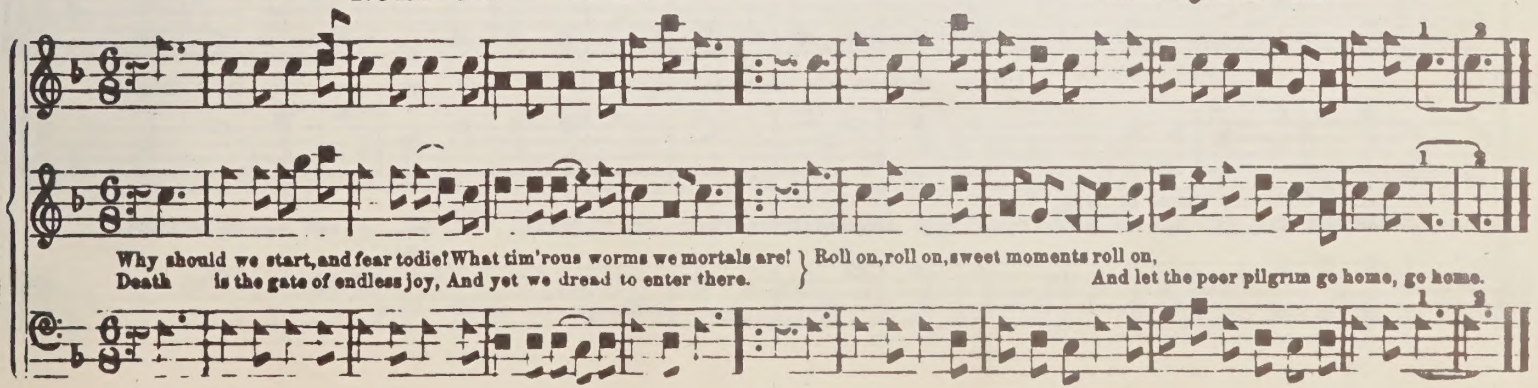
LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

By J. L. P. & S. R. Pemich.


Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, Halle, Hallelujah!
And sing the great Redeemer's praise, Halle, Hallelujah
He justly claims a song from me,
Hal-le, Hal-le-lu-jah,
His loving kindness O how free!
Halle, Halle-lu-jah,

ROLL ON. L. M.

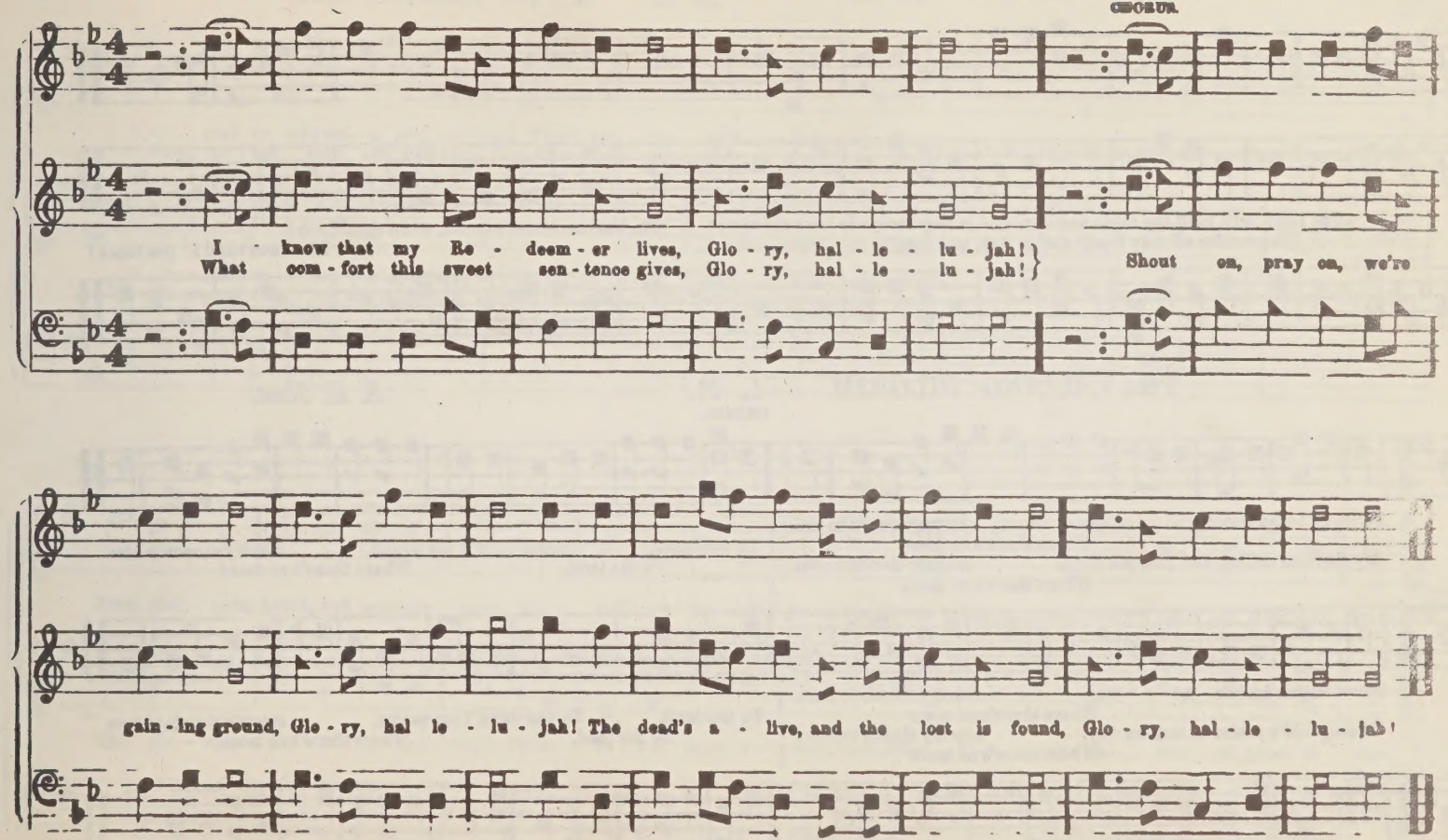
Miss Cynthia Bass.


Why should we start, and fear to die! What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments roll on,
And let the poor pilgrim go home, go home.

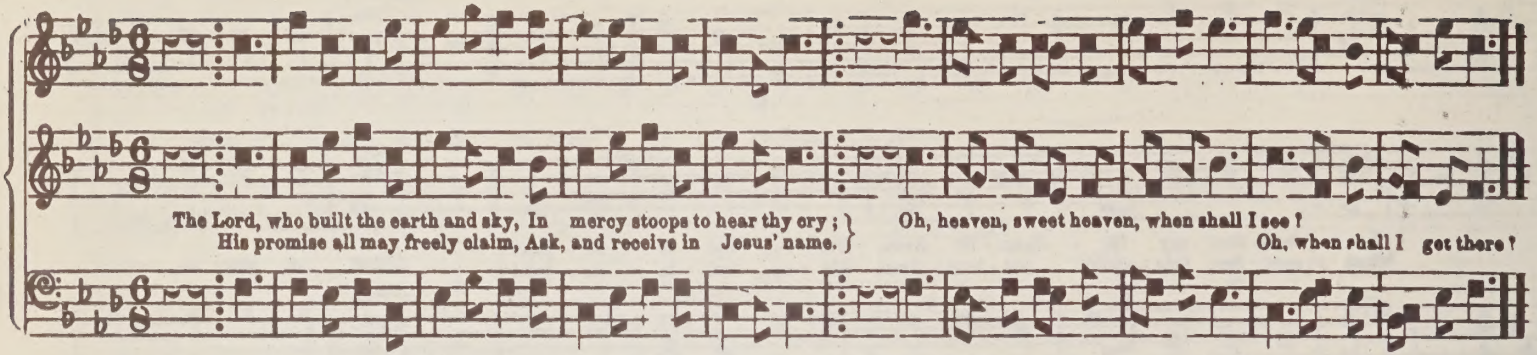
BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

Edson.

From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the re-deem-er's praise a - rise;
Let the re - deem-
Let the re-deem-er's name be sung, Through ev' - ry land by ev' - ry tongue.
Let the re-deem-er's name be sung by ev' - ry land by ev' - ry tongue
Let the re-deem-ers name be sung,
er's name be sung, Through ev'-ry land by ev' - ry tongue, Through ev' - ry land by ev' - ry tongue


CHORUS.
I know that my Re - deem - er lives, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
What com - fort this sweet sen - tence gives, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
Shout on, pray on, we're
gain - ing ground, Glo - ry, hal le - lu - jah! The dead's a - live, and the lost is found, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

SWEET HEAVEN. L. M.


The Lord, who built the earth and sky, In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim, Ask, and receive in Jesus' name.
Oh, heaven, sweet heaven, when shall I see?
Oh, when shall I get there?

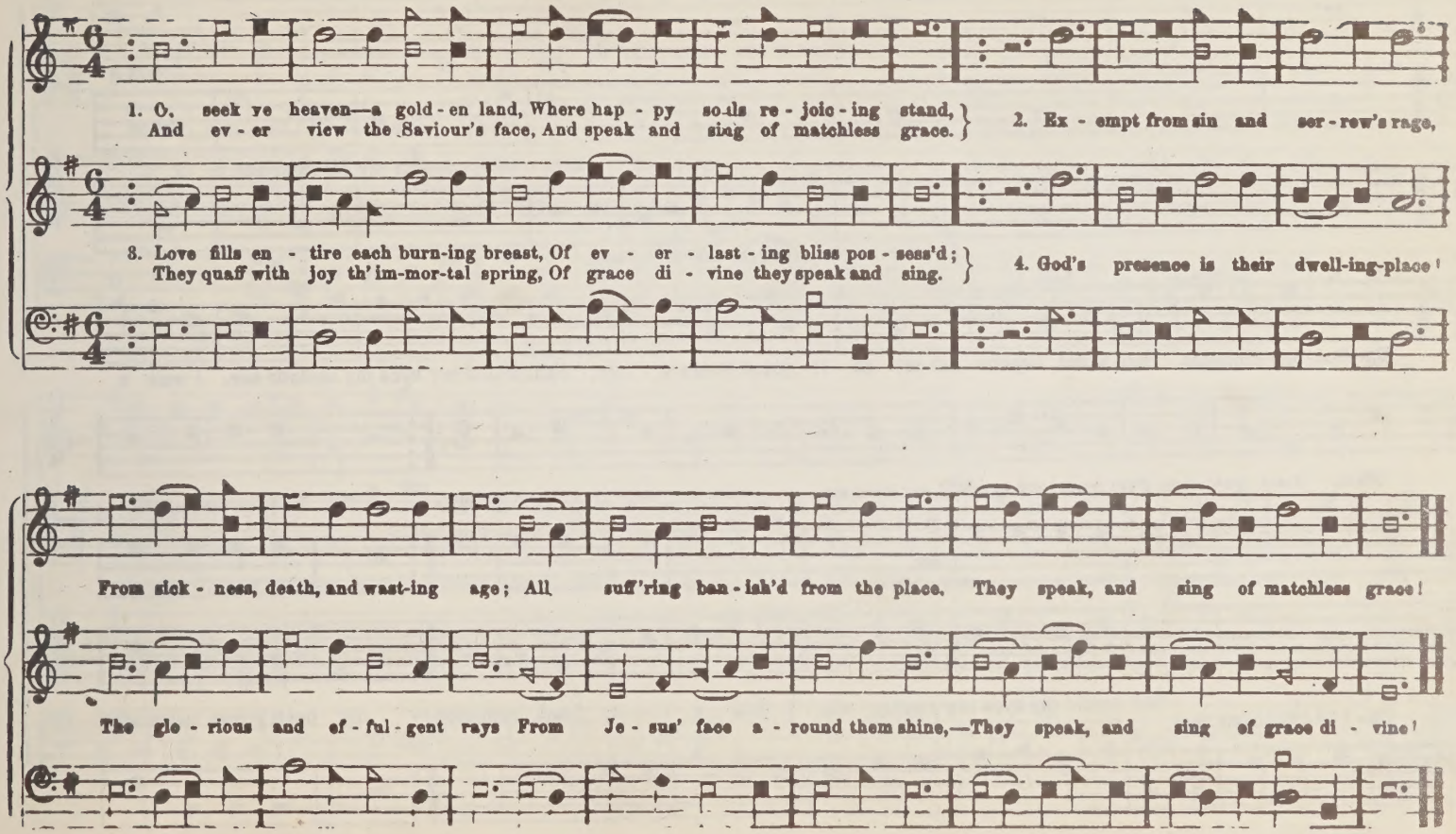
TRAVELLING PILGRIM. L. M.

S. H. Rees.

CHORUS.

1. Farewell! vain world, I'm going home, stormy clouds to rise;
Where there's no more
My Saviour smiles, and bids me come, stormy clouds to rise;
Where there's no more
To the land, To the land I am bound, stormy clouds to rise
To the land, Where there's no more
2. Sweet angels beckon me a - way, stormy clouds to rise:
Where there's no more
To sing God's praise in endless day, stormy clouds to rise;
Where there's no more
To the land, To the land I am bound, stormy clouds to rise
To the land, Where there's no more

THE BIRMAN HYMN. L. M.

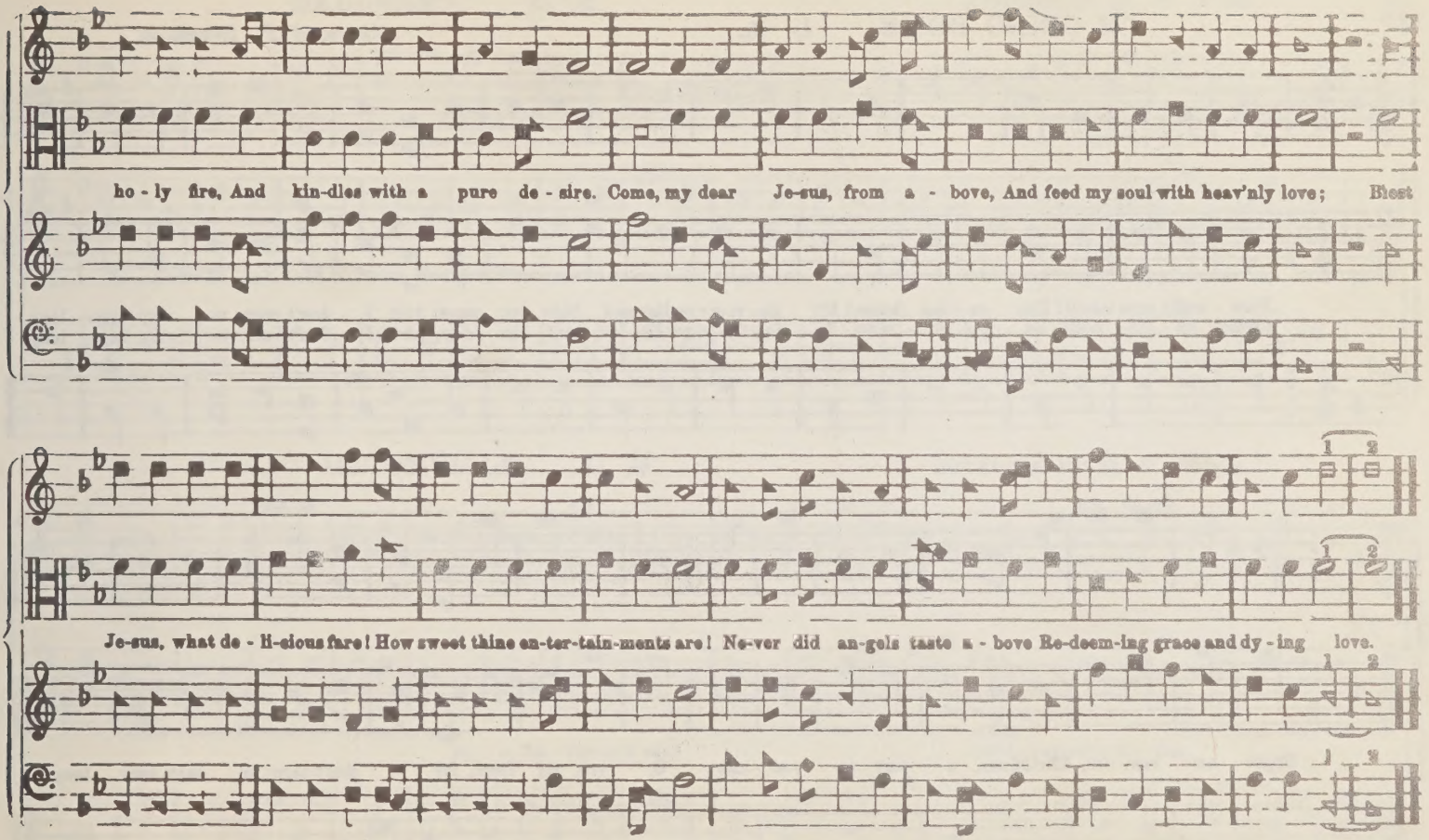

1. O, seek ye heaven—a gold-en land, Where hap-py souls re-joic-ing stand,
And ev-er view the Saviour's face, And speak and sing of matchless grace.
2. Ex-empt from sin and ser-row's rage,
3. Love fills en-tire each burn-ing breast, Of ev-er-last-ing bliss pos-sess'd;
They quaff with joy th' im-mor-tal spring, Of grace di-vine they speak and sing.
4. God's presence is their dwell-ing-place!
From sick-ness, death, and wast-ing age; All suff'ring ban-ish'd from the place, They speak, and sing of matchless grace!
The glo-rious and ef-ful-gent rays From Je-sus' face a-round them shine,—They speak, and sing of grace di-vine!

WESTFORD. L. M.

By Read.

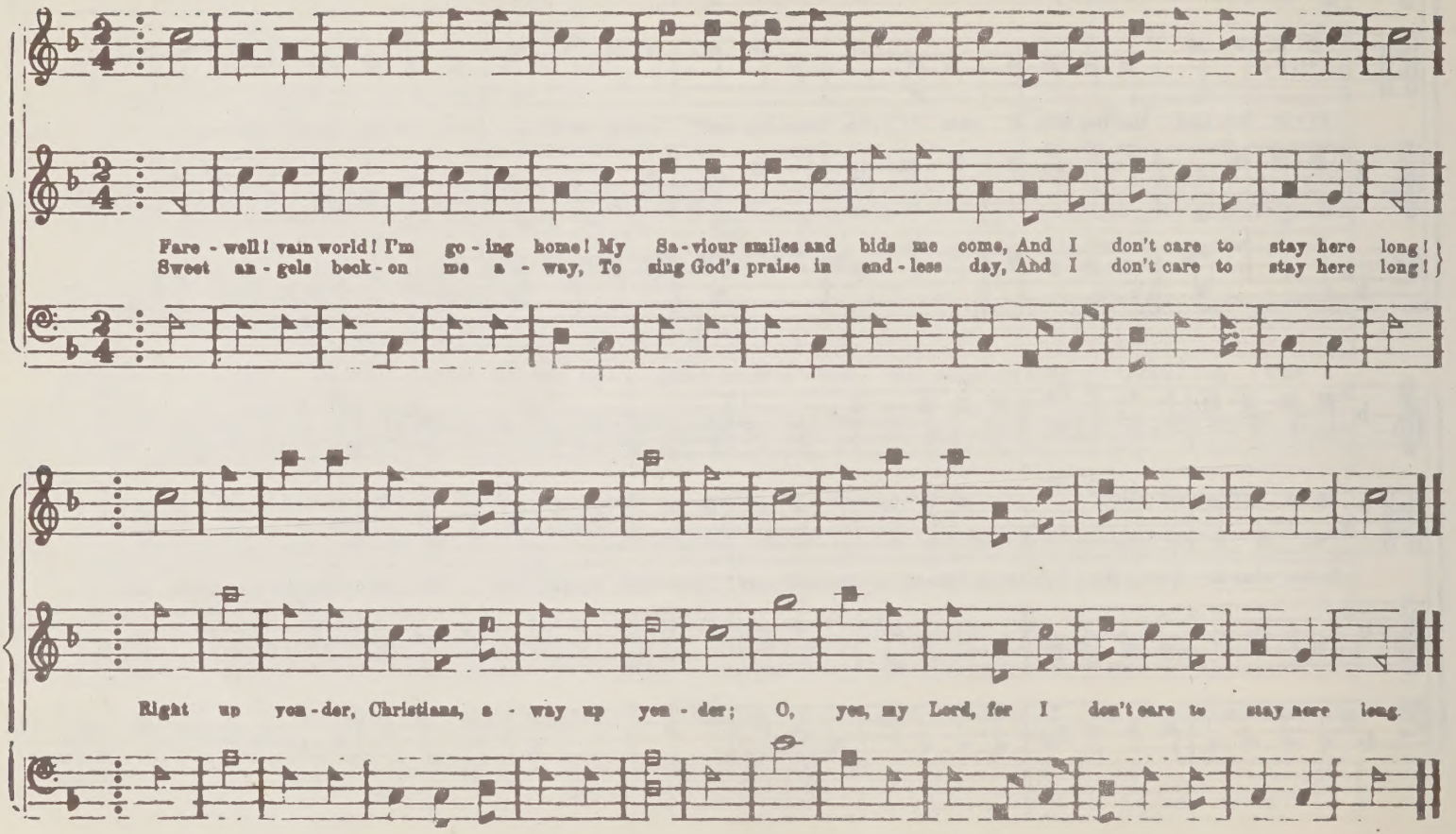
I wait a
Fain would my eyes my Sa-viour see,
Let my re - li - gious hours a - lone,
Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone, Let my re - li - gious hours a - lone, Fain would my eyes my saviour see, I wait a
vis-it, Lord, from thee, Fain would my eyes my sa-viour see, I wait a vis - it, Lord, from thee, My heart grows with
Fain would my eyes my sa-viour see, I wait a vis - it, Lord, from thee. My heart grows warm with
vis - it, Lord, from thee.

WESTFORD. *Concluded.*


ho - ly fire, And kin-dles with a pure de - sire. Come, my dear Je-sus, from a - bove, And feed my soul with heav'nly love; Blest
Je-sus, what de - li-cious fare! How sweet thine en-ter-tain-ments are! Ne-ver did an-gels taste a - bove Re-deem-ing grace and dy - ing love.

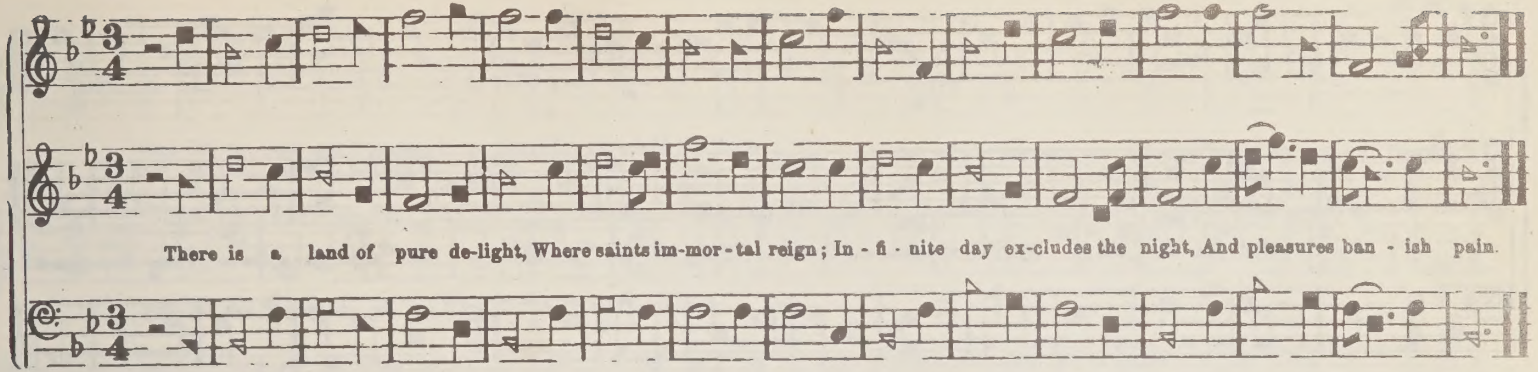
I'M GOING HOME. L. M.

Leonard P. Breedlove.


Fare - well! vain world! I'm go - ing home! My Sa - viour smiles and bids me come, And I don't care to stay here long!
Sweet an - gels beck - on me a - way, To sing God's praise in end - less day, And I don't care to stay here long!
Right up yon - der, Christians, a - way up yon - der; O, yes, my Lord, for I don't care to stay here long.

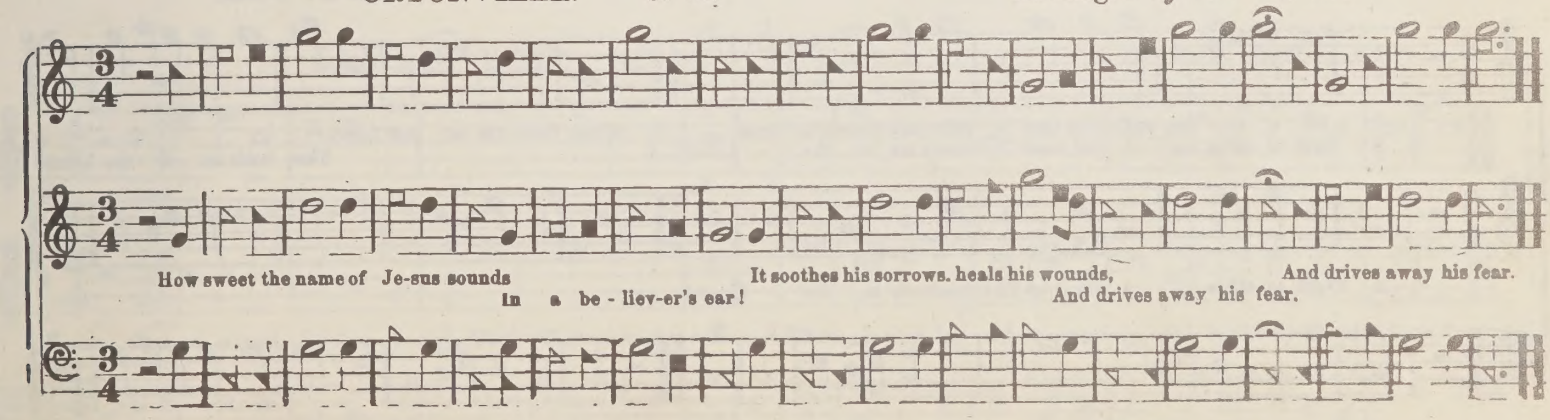
BALLERMA. C. M.

Arranged by *B. F. White.*

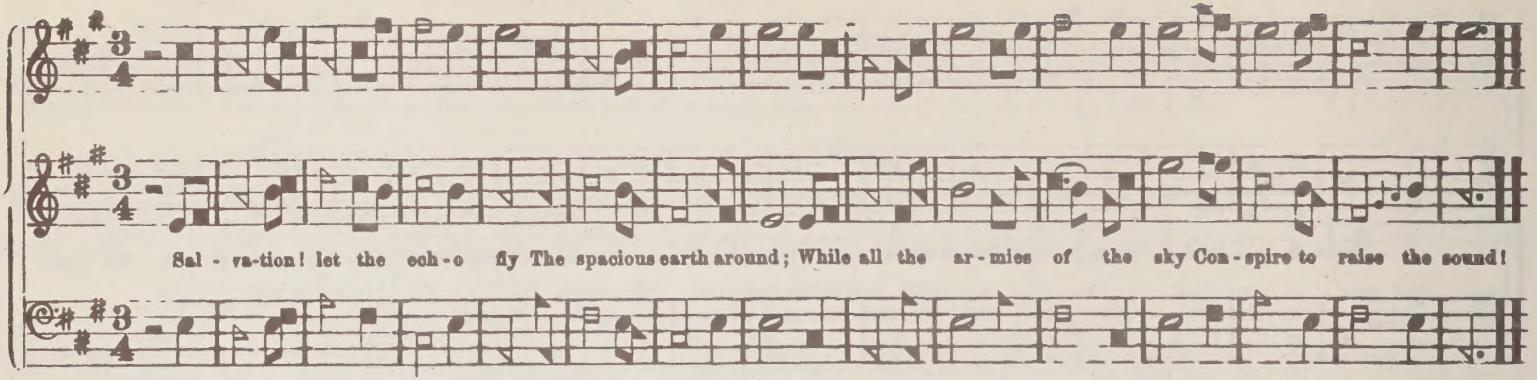


ORTONVILLE. C. M.

Arranged by *B. F. White.*

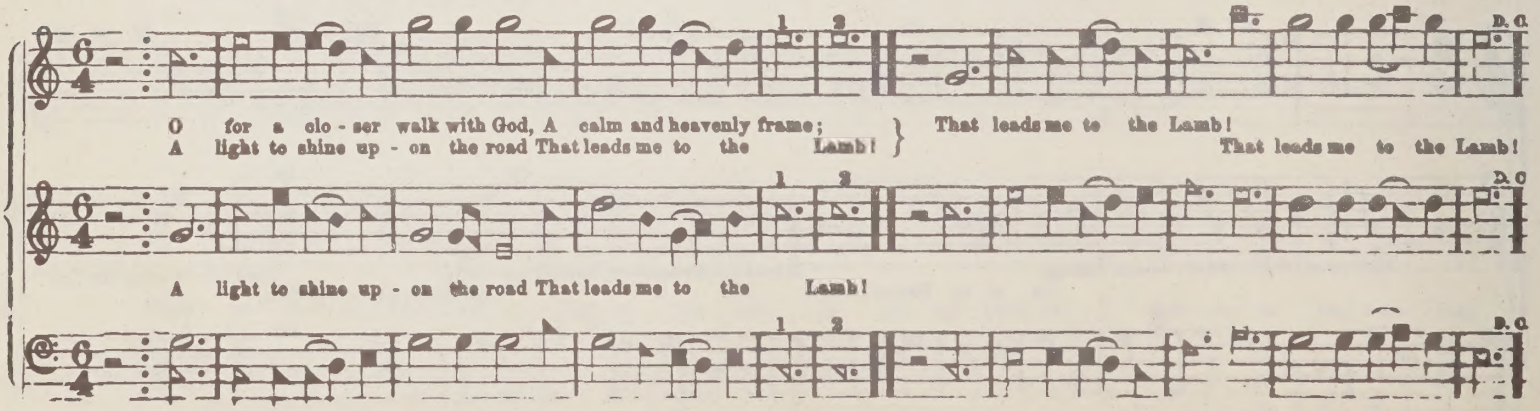

How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.
And drives away his fear.

ROCKINGHAM. C. M.



PIETY. C. M.

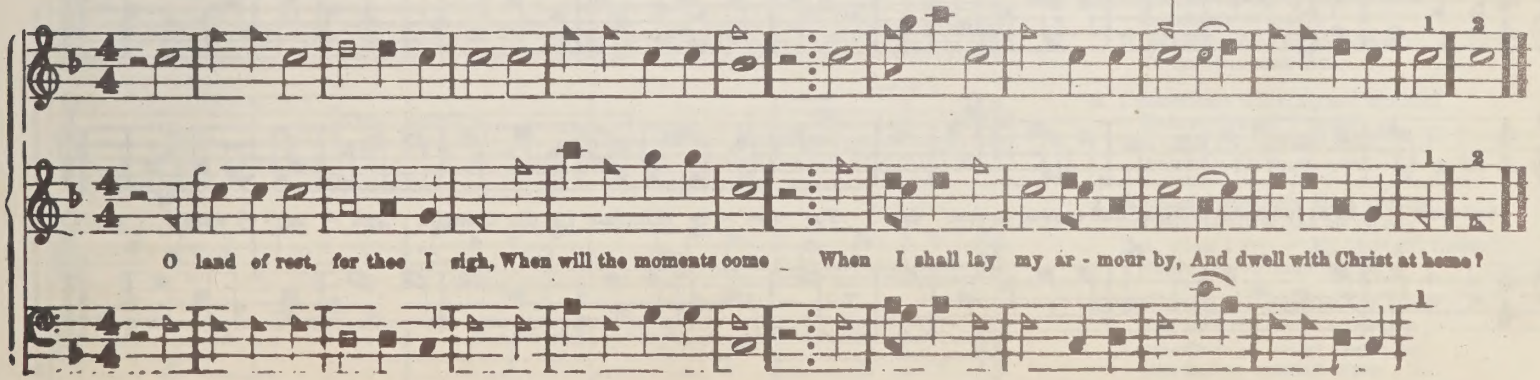
B. F. White.


O for a clo-ser walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
That leads me to the Lamb!
That leads me to the Lamb!
D. C.
A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
D. C.
D. C.

Come let us join our friends a-bove, That have ob-tain'd the prize,
And on the ea - gle wings of love To joy ce - les - tial rise.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing With those to glo - ry gone,
For all the ser-vants of our King, In heav'n and earth are one.
D. C.
D. C.
D. C.

LAND OF REST. C. M.

By H. S. Rees.



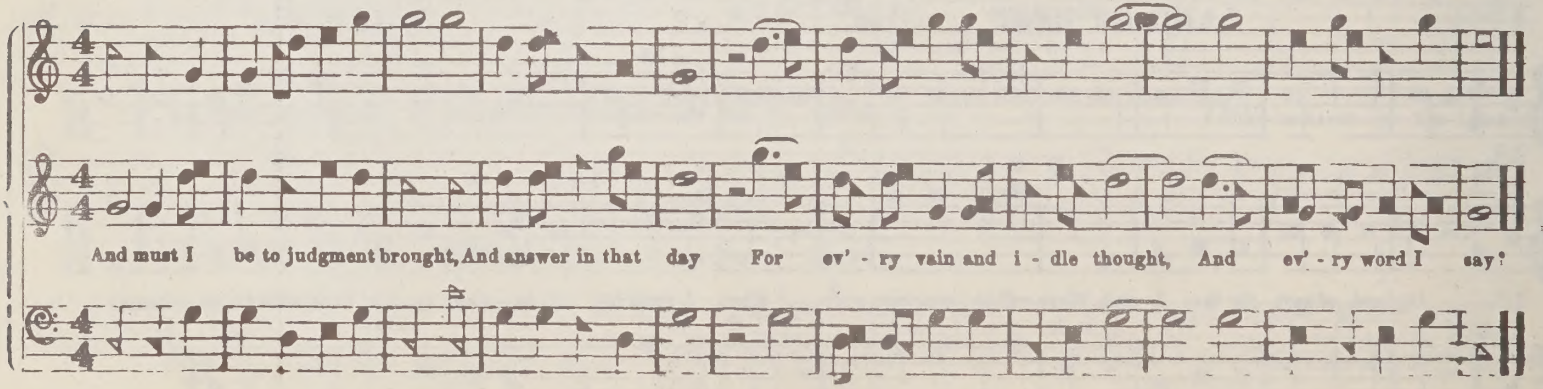
SAINTS' REQUEST. C. M.

By J. S. Torrey.

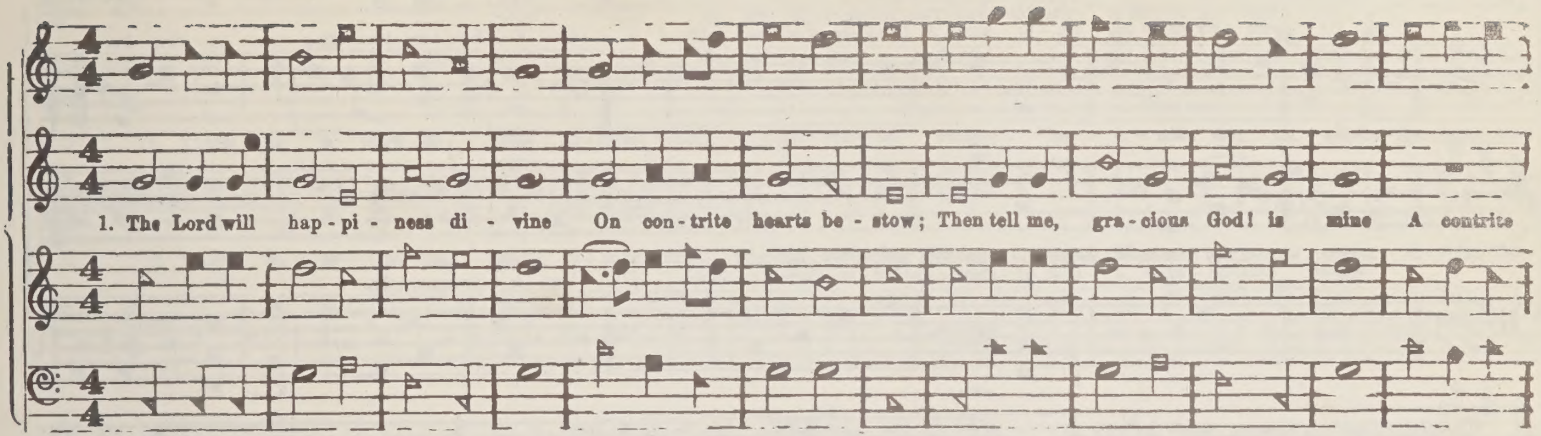
CHORUS.
1. Young peo-ple, all at - ten-tion give, And hear what I shall say;
I wish your souls with Christ to live, In ev - er - last-ing day.
I want you to go to that bright world, To dwell with saints for - ev - er there

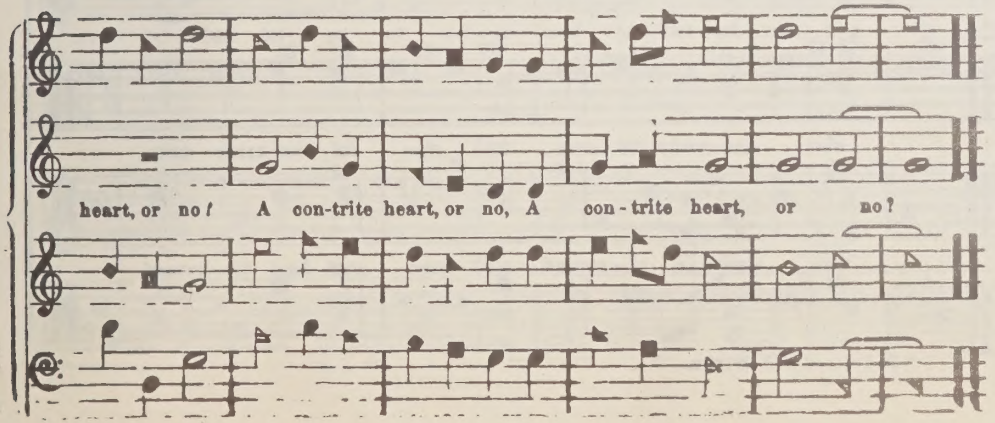
MELODY. C. M.

B. F. White.



CAMBRIDGE C. M.





2. I hear, but seem to hear in vain.
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3. I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind
Averse to all that's good.

4. My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But, when I cry—"My strength renew"
Seem weaker than before.

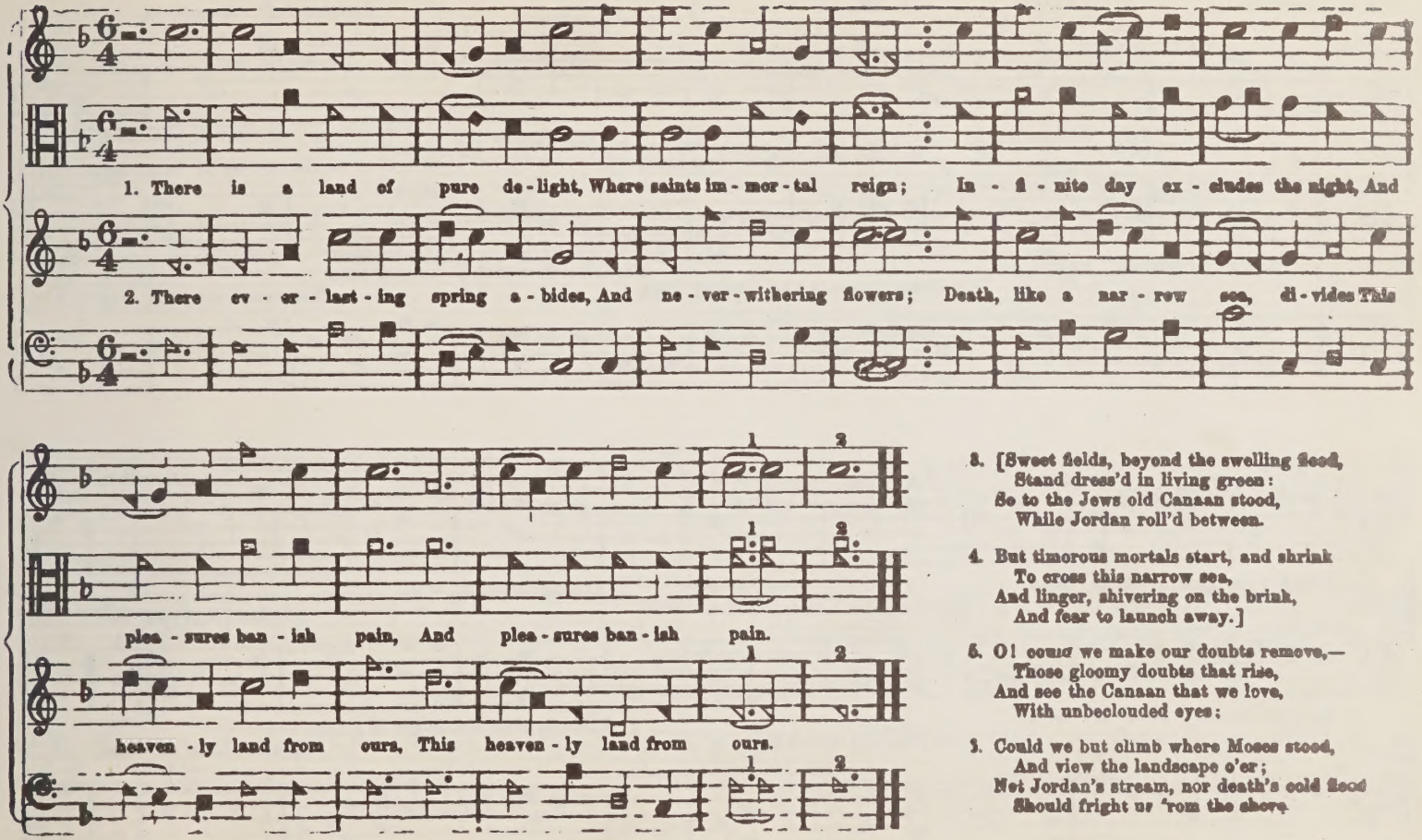
5. Thy saints are comforted, I know
And love thy house of prayer;
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there

WHITE. * C. M.

By Eld. Edmund Dumas. 1856.

Chorus.
1. Ye fleet - ing charms of earth fare - well, Your springs of joy are dry;
My soul now seeks an - oth - er home, A bright-er world on high.
I'm a long time trav' - ling here be - low, I'm a
2. Fare - well, my friends, whose ten-der care Has long en - gaged my love;
Your fond em - brace I now ex - change For bet - ter friends a - bove.
I'm a long time, &c.
long time trav' - ling a - way from home, I'm a long time trav'-ling here be - low To lay this bod - y down.

* In honor of B. F. White.


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And
2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And ne-ver-withering flowers; Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This
plea-sures ban-ish pain, And plea-sures ban-ish pain.
heaven-ly land from ours, This heaven-ly land from ours.

3. [Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

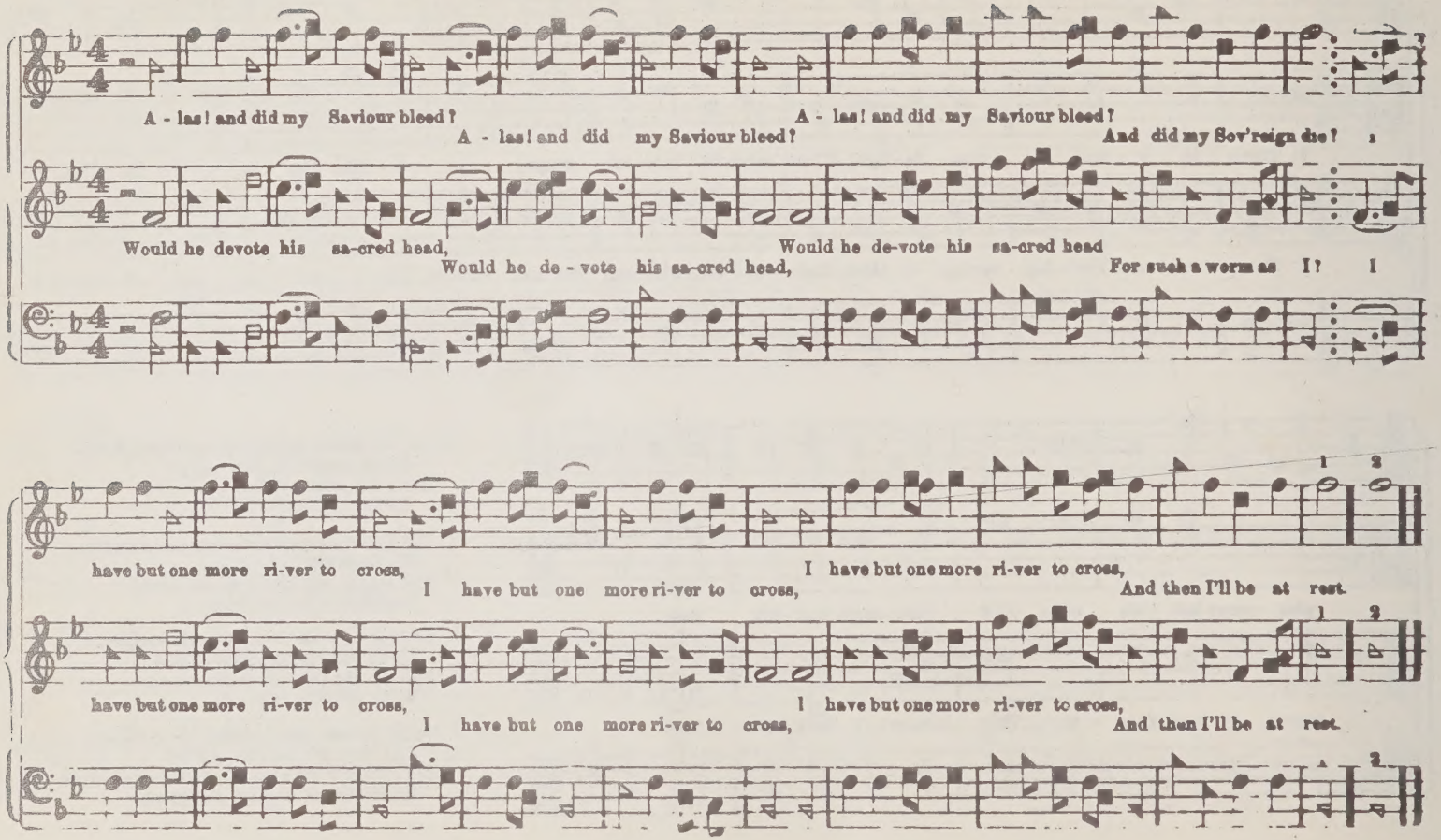
4. But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]

5. O! could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

VICTORIA. C. M.

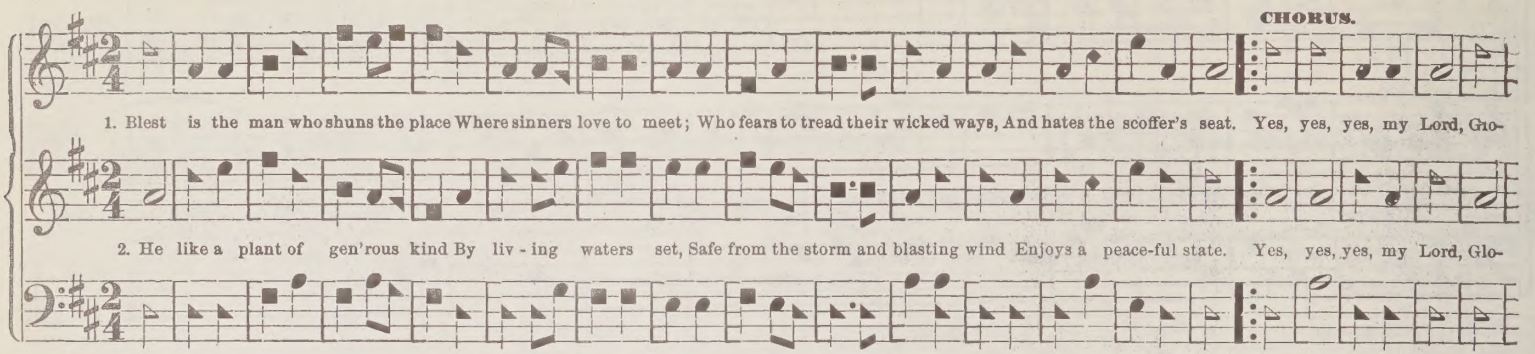
Leonard P. Breedlove.


A - las! and did my Saviour bleed?
A - las! and did my Saviour bleed?
A - las! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote his sa-cred head,
Would he de - vote his sa-cred head,
Would he de-vote his sa-cred head
For such a worm as I?
have but one more ri-ver to cross,
I have but one more ri-ver to cross,
I have but one more ri-ver to cross,
And then I'll be at rest.
have but one more ri-ver to cross,
I have but one more ri-ver to cross,
I have but one more ri-ver to cross,
And then I'll be at rest.

1. The Lord de - scend-ed from a - bove, And bow'd the heav'ns most high; And un-der - neath his feet he cast the dark - ness
of the sky
Full roy-al-ly he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad, And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
...rubs and on cherubims,

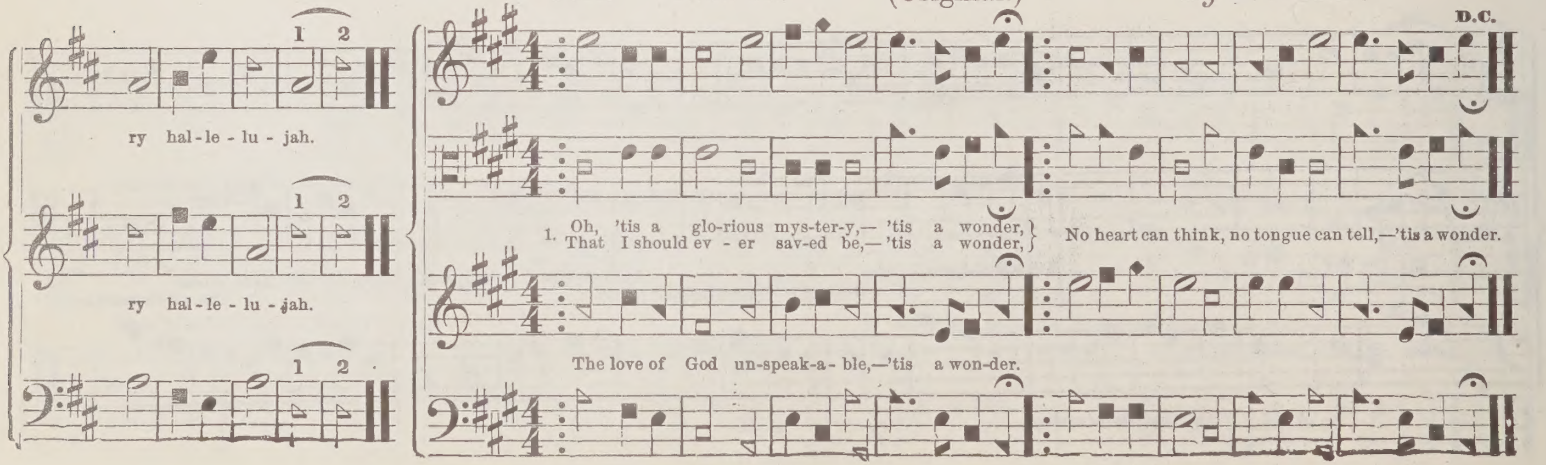
HAPPY DAY. C. M.

By R. F. M. Mann. Sept. 5, 1865.


CHORUS.
1. Blest is the man who shuns the place Where sinners love to meet; Who fears to tread their wicked ways, And hates the scoffer's seat. Yes, yes, yes, my Lord, Glo-
2. He like a plant of gen'rous kind By liv - ing waters set, Safe from the storm and blasting wind Enjoys a peace-ful state. Yes, yes, yes, my Lord, Glo-

THE WONDER. (Original.)

By E. Dumas.

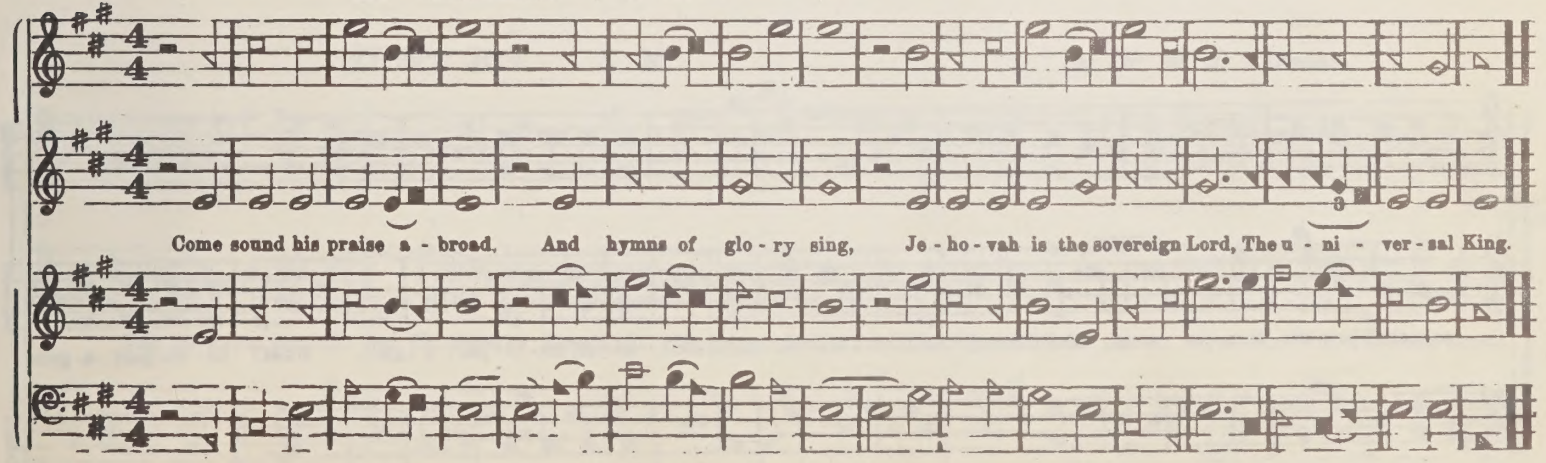

1 2
ry hal - le - lu - jah.
1 2
ry hal - le - lu - jah.
1 2
D.C.
1. Oh, 'tis a glo-rious mys-ter-y,— 'tis a wonder,
That I should ev - er sav-ed be,— 'tis a wonder,
No heart can think, no tongue can tell,—'tis a wonder.
The love of God un-speak-a- ble,—'tis a won-der.

WARNERVILLE. S. M.

Arranged by J. M. Shell.

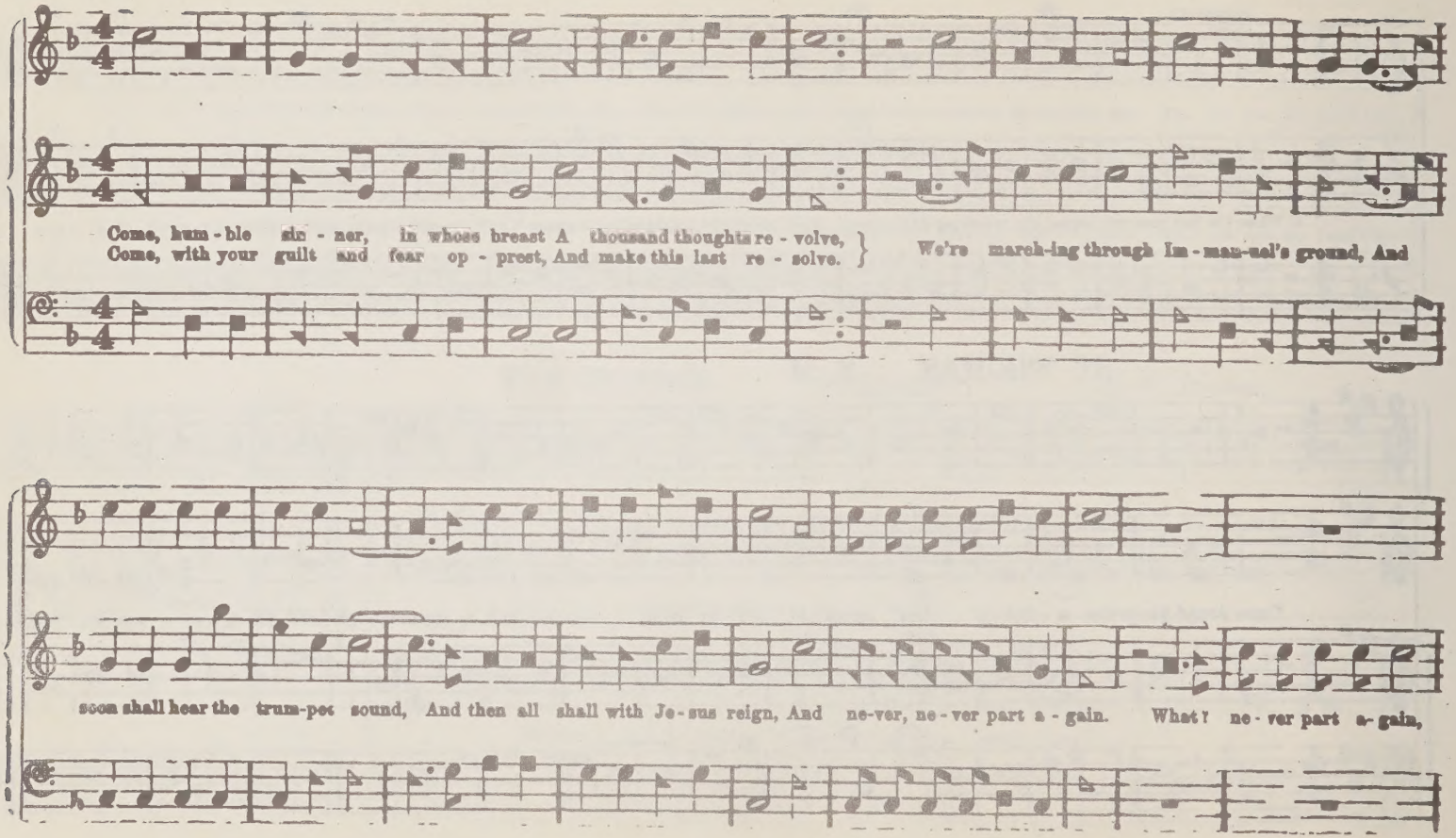
1. When the last moment comes, Oh, watch my dying face. Then catch the bright seraphic gleam Which on each feature plays, Which on each fea - ture plays.

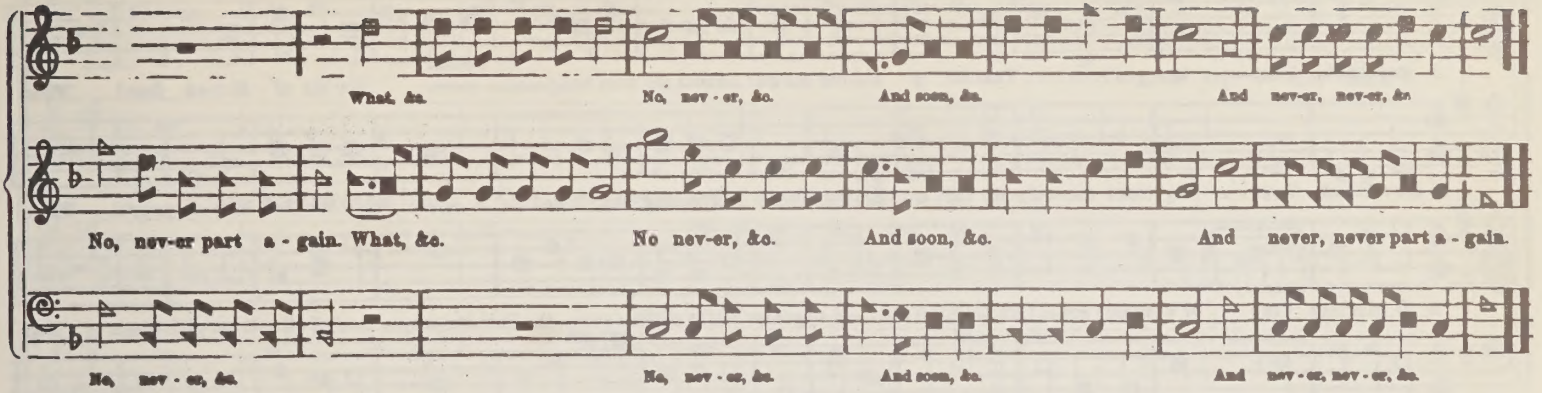
ST. THOMAS. S. M.



NEVER PART. C. M.

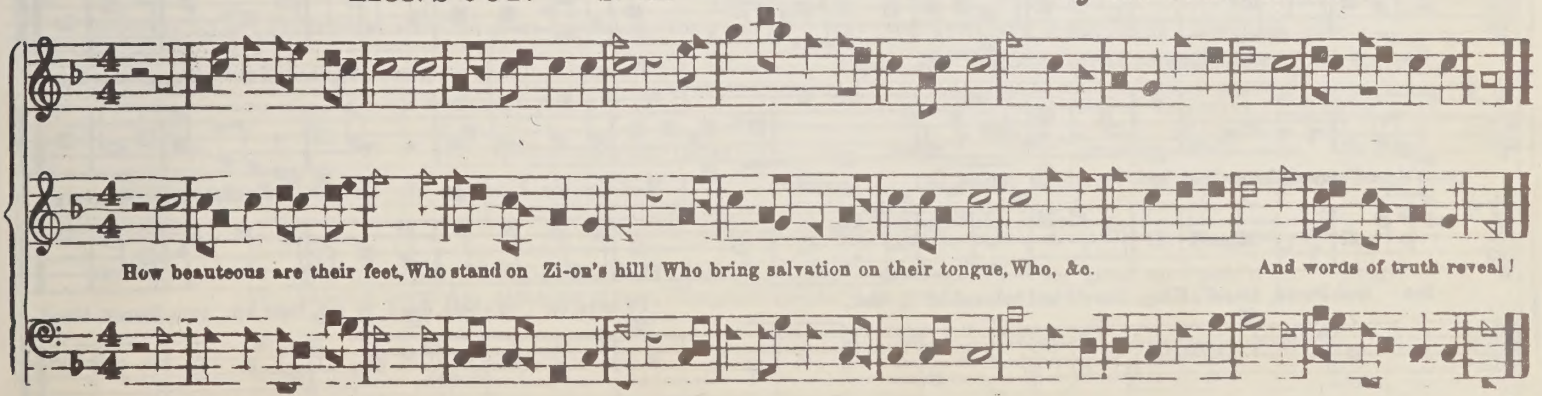
Jno. Carroll.


Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts re-volve,
Come, with your guilt and fear op-prest, And make this last re-solve.
We're march-ing through Im-man-uel's ground, And
soon shall hear the trum-pet sound, And then all shall with Je-sus reign, And ne-ver, ne-ver part a-gain. What? ne-ver part a-gain,


What, &c.
No, nev - er, &c.
And soon, &c.
And nev-er, nev-er, &c.
No, nev-er part a - gain. What, &c.
No nev-er, &c.
And soon, &c.
And never, never part a - gain.
No, nev - er, &c.
No, nev - er, &c.
And soon, &c.
And nev - er, nev - er, &c.

ZION'S JOY. S. M.

By Dr. W. J. Thomas.



1. Behold the love,— the gen'rous love That no - ty Da-vid shows! Behold his kind compassion move For his af - flict-ed foes! When
2. How did his flow - ing tears con-dole As for a brother dead! And fasting, mor-ti-fied his soul, While for their lives he pray'd. They
3. O glorious type of heavenly grace! Thus Christ the Lord appears; While sinners curse, the Saviour prays, And pi - ties them with tears. He,
they are sick his soul complains, And seems to feel the smart; The spir-it of the gospel reigns, And melts his pi- ous heart.
groan'd, and cursed him on their bed, Yet still he pleads and mourns; And dou-ble blessings on his head The righteous Lord re- turns.
the true David, Israel's King, Bless'd and beloved of God, To save us re - bels, dead in sin, Paid his own dearest blood.

CONVERSION. C. M.

My rap - ture seem'd a
When God re-veal'd his gra - cious name, And changed my mourn-ful state, My
pleas-ing dream, My rap-ture seem'd a pleas-ing dream, The grace ap - pear'd so great, The grace ap - pear'd so great.
My rap-ture seem'd a pleas - - ing dream,..... The grace ap-pear'd so great!
rap-ture seem'd a pleas-ing dream, My rap-ture seem'd a pleas - ing dream,..... The grace ap - pear'd so great!
My rap-ture seem'd a pleas-ing dream, The grace ap-pear'd so great.
1
2

PROVIDENCE. C. M.

My feet shall visit thine abode, My sonss, &c.
What shall. ..... I ren..... der to..... my God, For all his kind-ness shown!
My songs address thy
My feet shall visit thine abode, My songs, &c.
throne. My feet shall vis - it thine..... a-bode, My songs address thy throne, My feet shall visit thine abode, My songs, address thy throne.

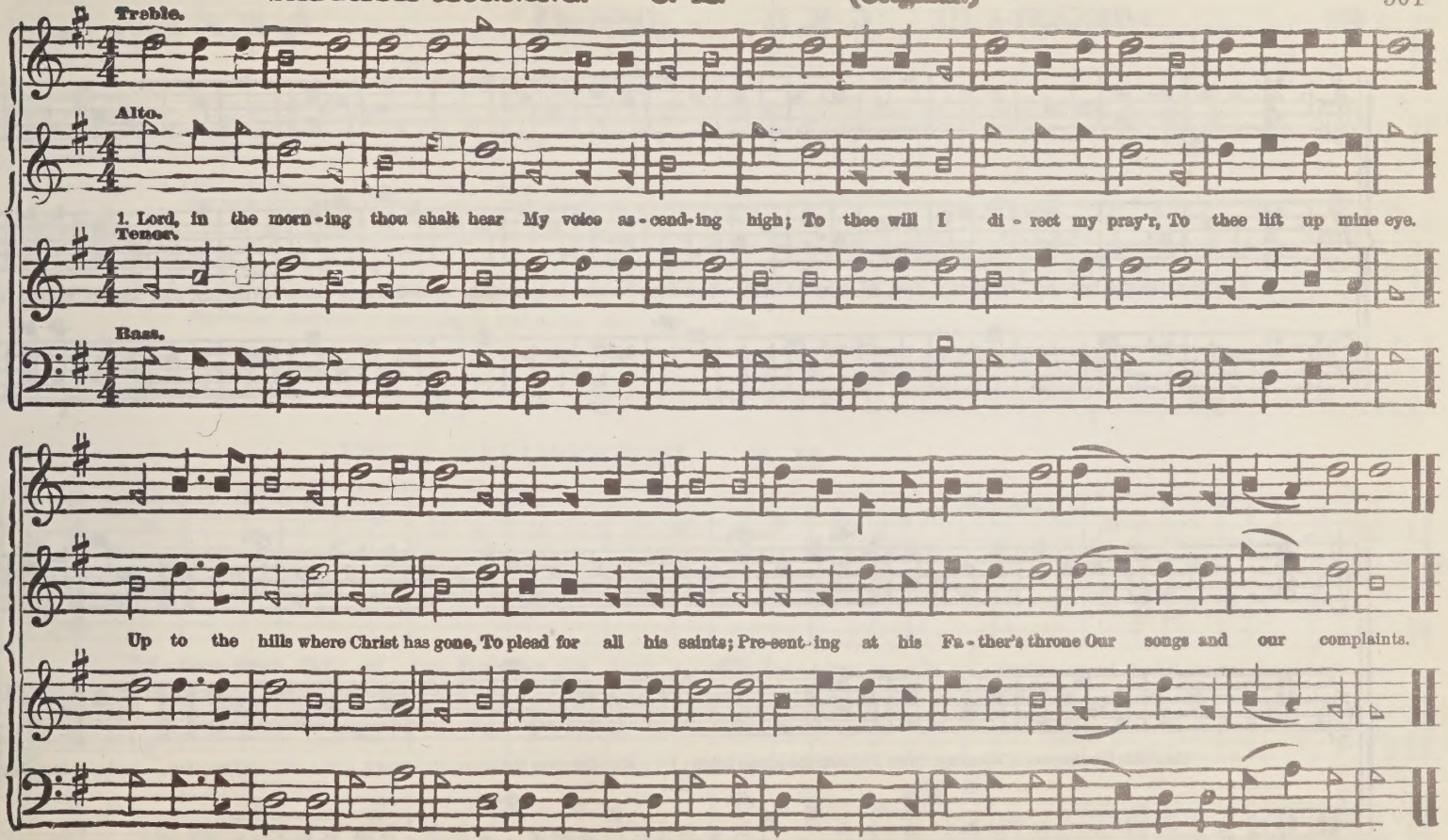
NEW JERUSALEM. C. M.

The former seas have pass'd away, And the.....
Lo! what a glo-rious sight appears, To our be-liev-ing eyes;
The former seas have
The former seas have pass'd a-way, And the..... old
The former seas have pass'd away, And the..... old roll-ing skies
..... old roll-ing skies, The former seas have pass'd away and the old rolling skies and the..... old roll-ing skies!
1 2
pass'd away, And the..... ..... old roll-ing skies, And the old roll - ing skies, And the..... old roll - ing skies!
rolling skies, The former seas have pass'd a-way And the old rolling skies, And the..... old roll - ing skies!
The former seas have pass'd away, And the old rolling skies.

CALVARY.

My thoughts, that often mount the skies, Go, search the world beneath,
My thoughts that of - ten mount the skies, Go search..... the world be-neath, Where
My thought, that of - ten mount the skies, Go, search..... the world be-neath, Where na-ture all in
My thoughts, that of-ten mount the skies, Go, search the world-Go, search the world beneath, Where na-ture all in ru-in lies, Where
Where na-ture all in ru - in lies, And owns,..... And owns,..... And owns,..... her sov-reign—Death.
na-ture all in ru - in lies, And owns her sov-reign—Death..... And owns, &c.
ru-in lies, Where nature all in ru-in lies, And owns..... And owns..... And owns..... her sov-reign—Death.
na-ture all in ru-in lies, And owns her sov-reign—Death!

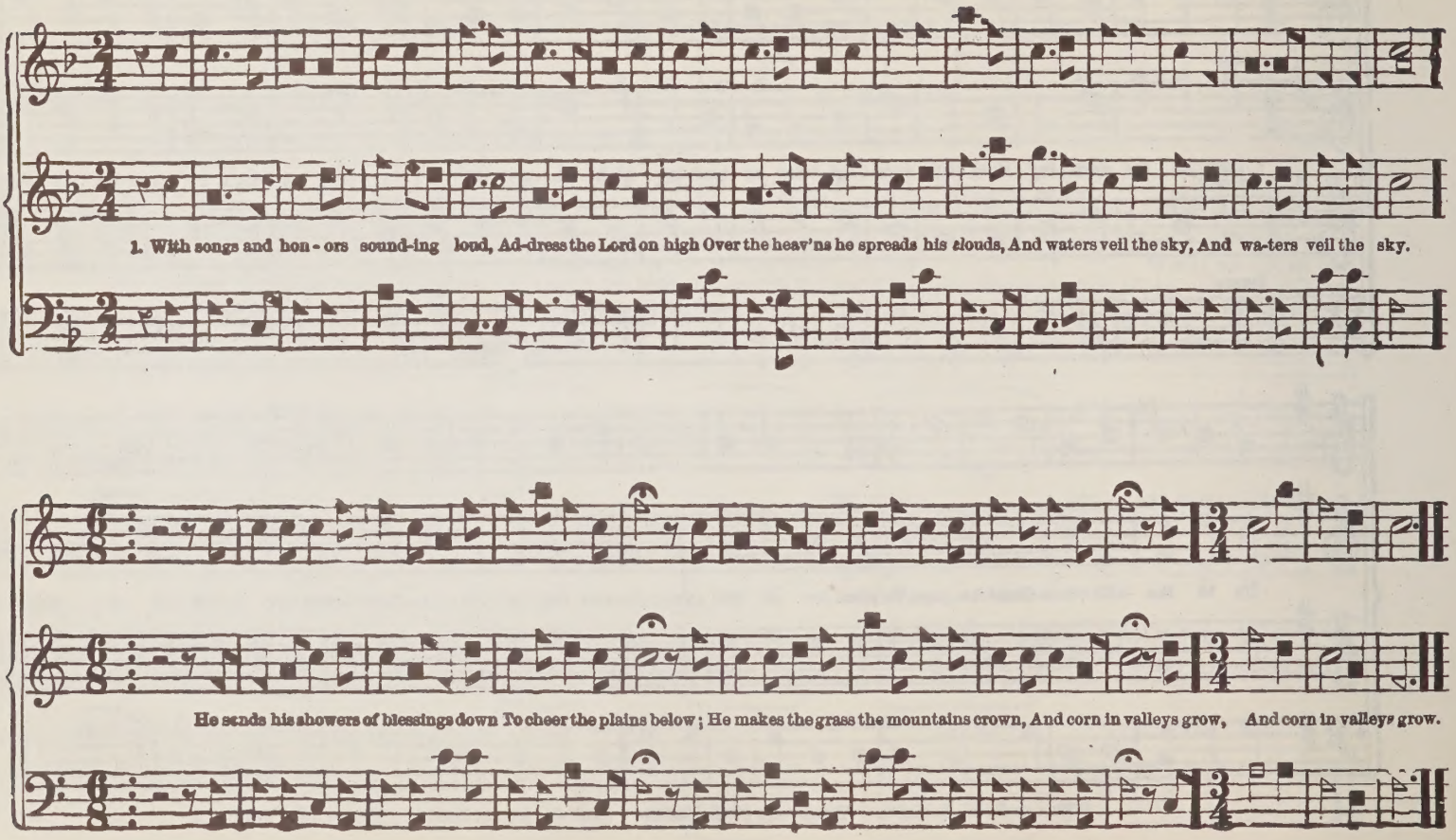
SABBATH MORNING. C. M. (Original.) *


Treble.
Alto.
1. Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear My voice as-cend-ing high; To thee will I di-rect my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye.
Tenor.
Bass.
Up to the hills where Christ has gone, To plead for all his saints; Pre-sent-ing at his Fa-ther's throne Our songs and our complaints.

* Tenor.—By W. B. Mann. Treble.—By B. F. White. Alto.—By Jas. L. White. Bass.—J. E. Dawes.

GREENLAND. C. M. D. (Original.)

By W. F. Moore. 1867.


1. With songs and hon - ors sound-ing loud, Ad-dress the Lord on high Over the heav'ns he spreads his clouds, And waters veil the sky, And wa-ters veil the sky.
He sends his showers of blessings down To cheer the plains below; He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in valleys grow, And corn in valleys grow.

ZYNDER-ZEE. C. M. D. (Original.) *By M. Mark Wynn.*

Early's Hymn-Book, page 163.

Fine.

D. C.

D. C.

1. Look, how we grovel here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
Our souls how heavi - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;

D. C.

Ho-sannas languish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.

D. C.

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel - come to this re - viv-ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

MORGAN C. M.

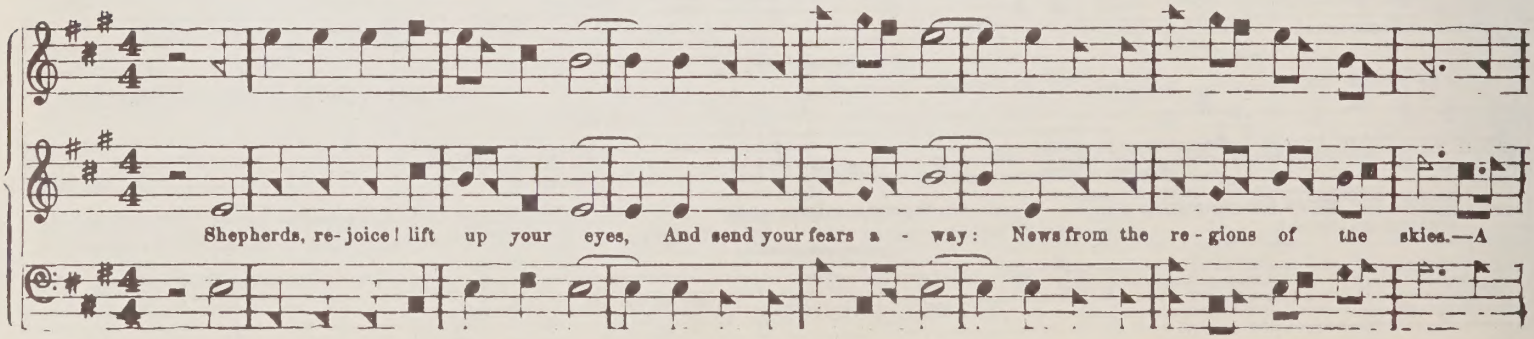
With songs and hon - ours sound - ing loud,..... Ad - dress the Lord on high! O - ver..... the heavens.....he
He sends his showers of blessings down, To
spreads his cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky.
He sends his showers of
He sends his showers of blessings down, To
He sends his showers of blessings down,.....

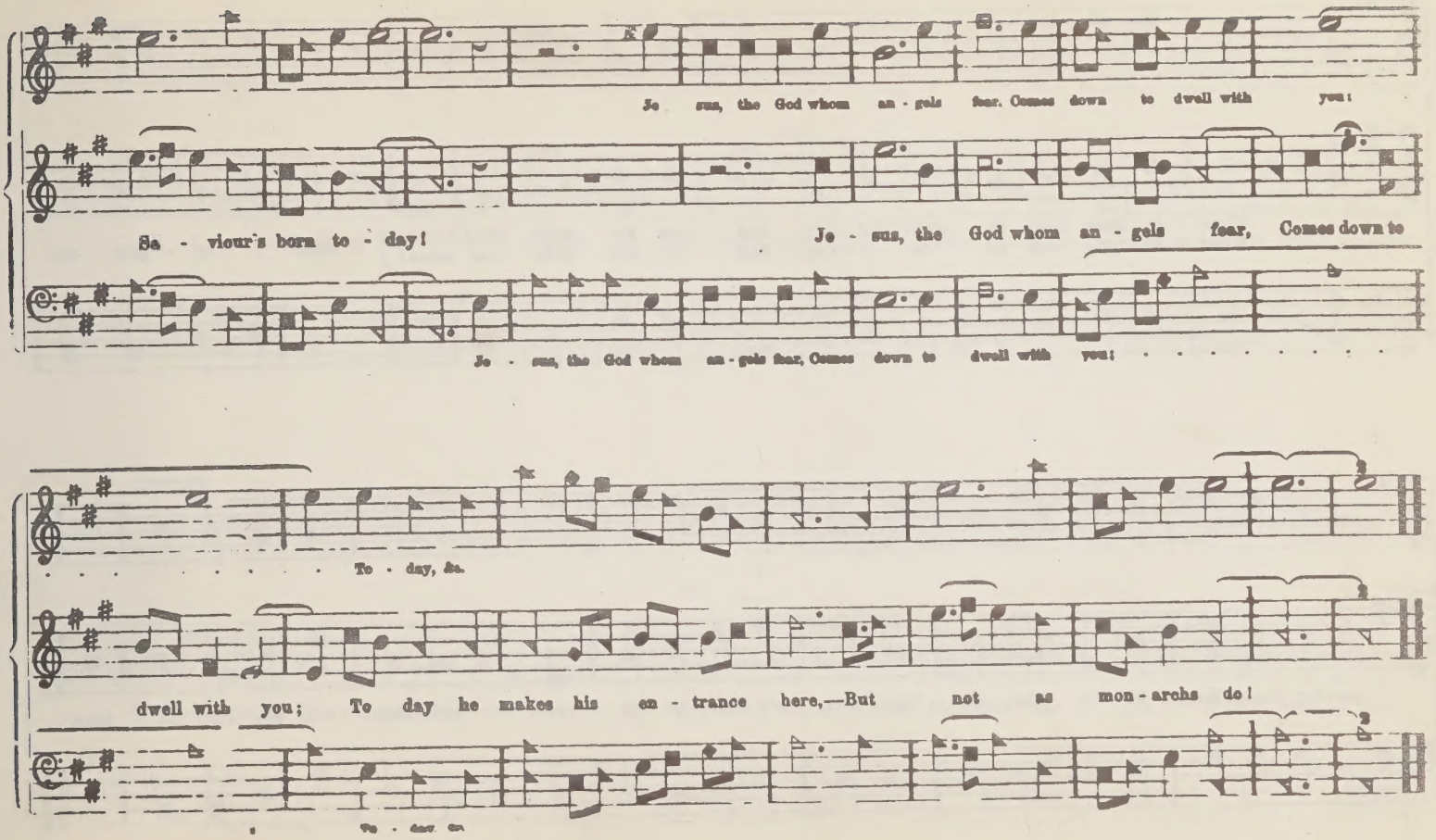
cheer the plains be - low, To cheer..... the plains be - low, He makes the grass the
blessings down, To cheer the plains ..... be - low; He makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes &c.
cheer the plains be - low; To cheer the plains be-low, He makes the grass the mountains crown He
cheer the plains be - low, to cheer the. plains be- low. He makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes, &c.
mountains crown. He makes And corn in val-leys grow. He makes the grass the mountains crown,
mountains crown, And corn in valleys grow. He makes the grass the mountains crown,
makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in valleys grow He makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes the
mountains crown, And corn in val-leys grow He makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes the grass the

MORGAN. C. M. *Concluded.*

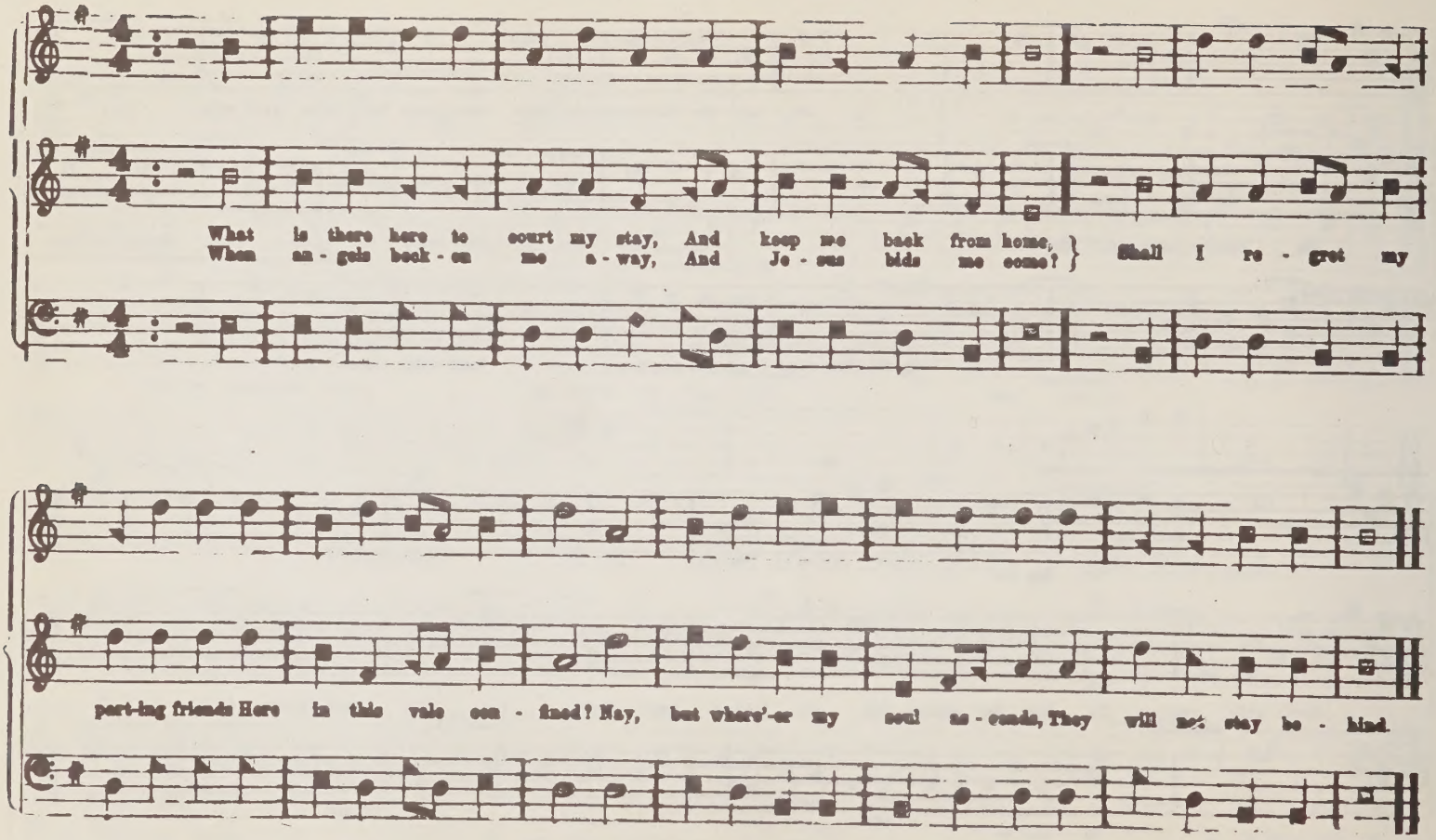
He makes the grass the moun - - - - - tains crown, And corn in val - leys grow, And corn, &c.
He makes the grass the moun - - - - - - - - tains crown, And corn in val - leys grow.
grass the mountains crown, And corn in val - leys grow, - - - - - And corn, &c.
mountains crown, And corn in val - leys grow, - - - - - - - - And corn, &c.

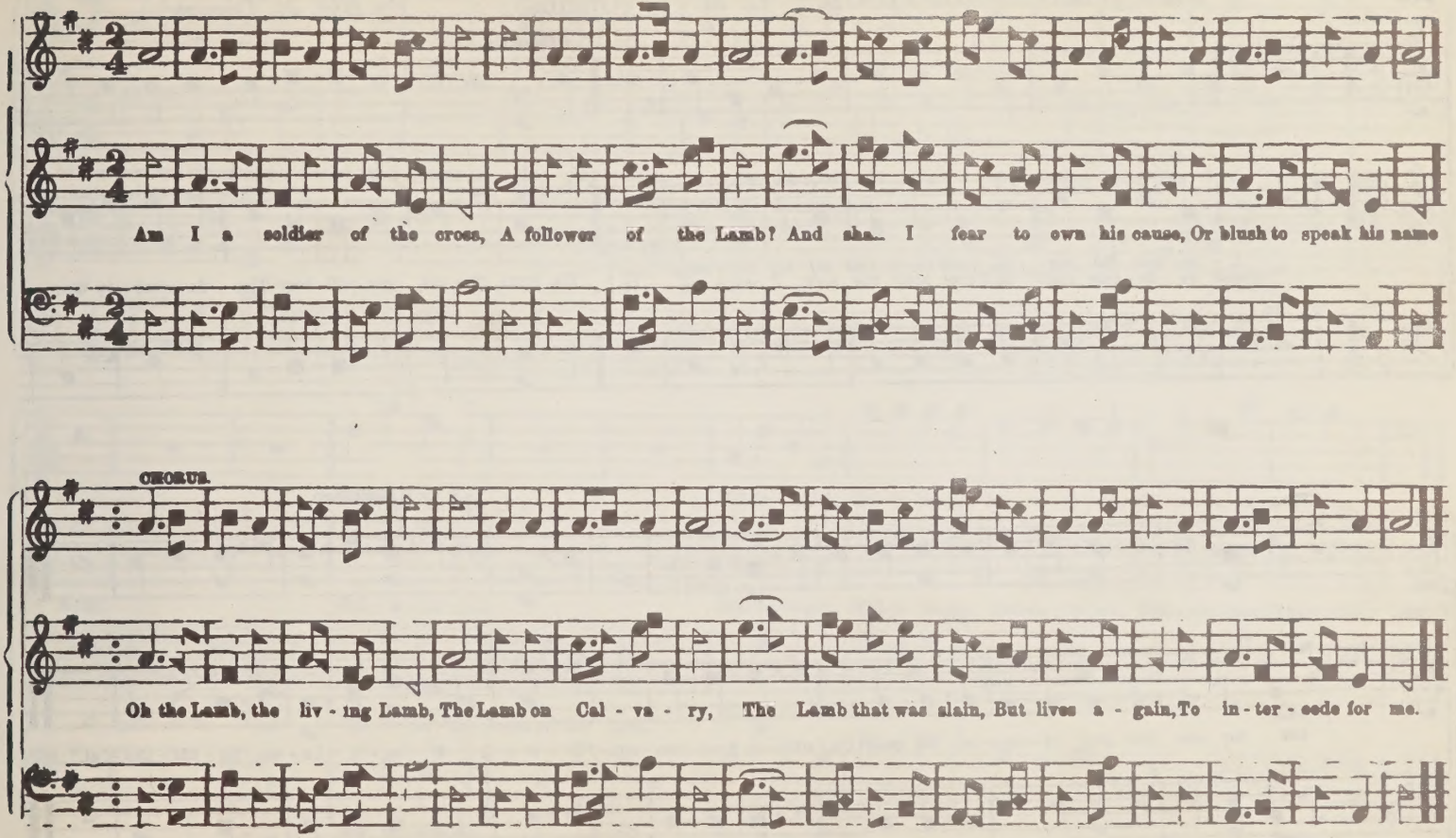
OXFORD. C. M. D. Meth. Hymn Book, p. 425. *John Massengale.*




Je sus, the God whom an - gels fear, Comes down to dwell with you:
Sa - viour's born to - day!
Je - sus, the God whom an - gels fear, Comes down to
Je - sus, the God whom an - gels fear, Comes down to dwell with you:
To - day, &c.
dwell with you; To day he makes his en - trance here,—But not as mon - archs do!

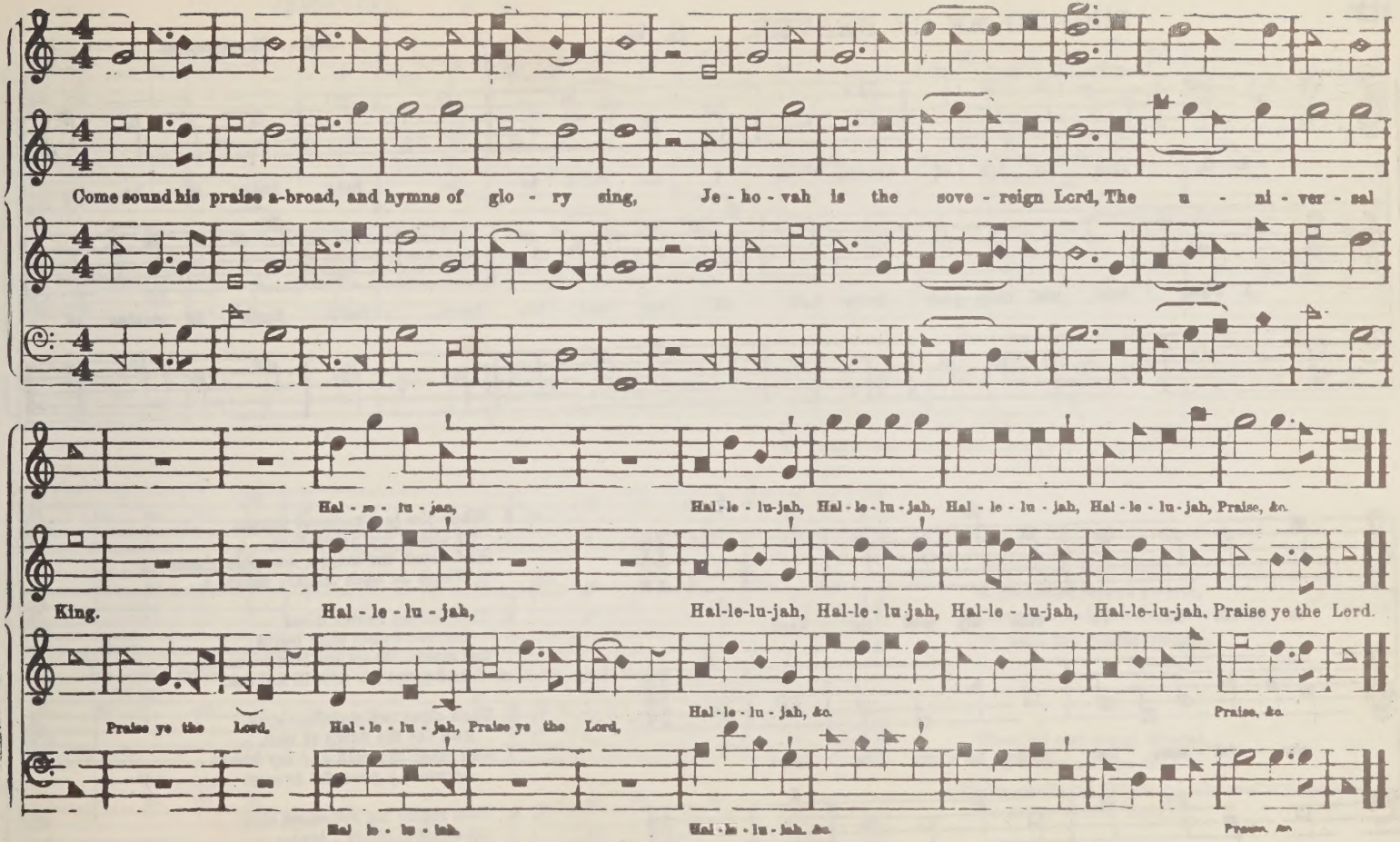
PARTING FRIENDS. C. M.


What is there here to court my stay, And keep me back from home,
When an - gels beck - on me a - way, And Je - sus bids me come?
Shall I re - gret my
part-ing friends Here in this vale con - fined? Nay, but where'-er my soul re - sends, They will not stay be - hind.


Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? And sha.. I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name
CHORUS.
Oh the Lamb, the liv - ing Lamb, The Lamb on Cal - va - ry, The Lamb that was slain, But lives a - gain, To in - ter - cede for me.

THE WEEPING SAVIOUR. C. M. (Original.) *By Eld. E. Dumas.*

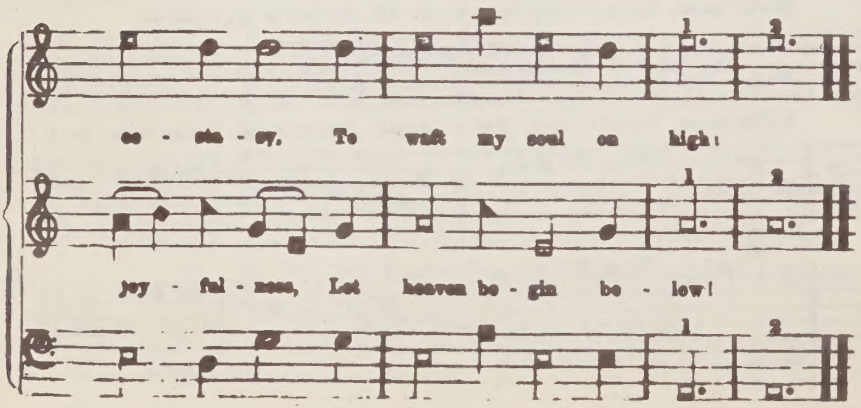
CHORUS.
1. A - las, and did my Sa - viour bleed! And did my sov'-reign die!
Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
Oh, come, sin - ner, you will hear The Sa - viour say Weep
Affettuoso.
not for me. See the Sa - viour on the cross! Oh, sin - ner, hear him cry, "E - lo - i, E - lo - i, - La - ma Sa - bac - tha - ni."


Come sound his praise a-broad, and hymns of glo - ry sing, Je - ho - vah is the sove - reign Lord, The u - ni - ver - sal
Hal - le - lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise, &c.
King.
Hal - le - lu - jah,
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise ye the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord,
Hal-le - lu - jah, &c.
Praise, &c.

SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. S. M.

John Massengale

1. O, sing to me of heaven, When I am call'd to die, Sing songs of ho - ly
2. When cold and slug - gish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow, Burst forth in strains of

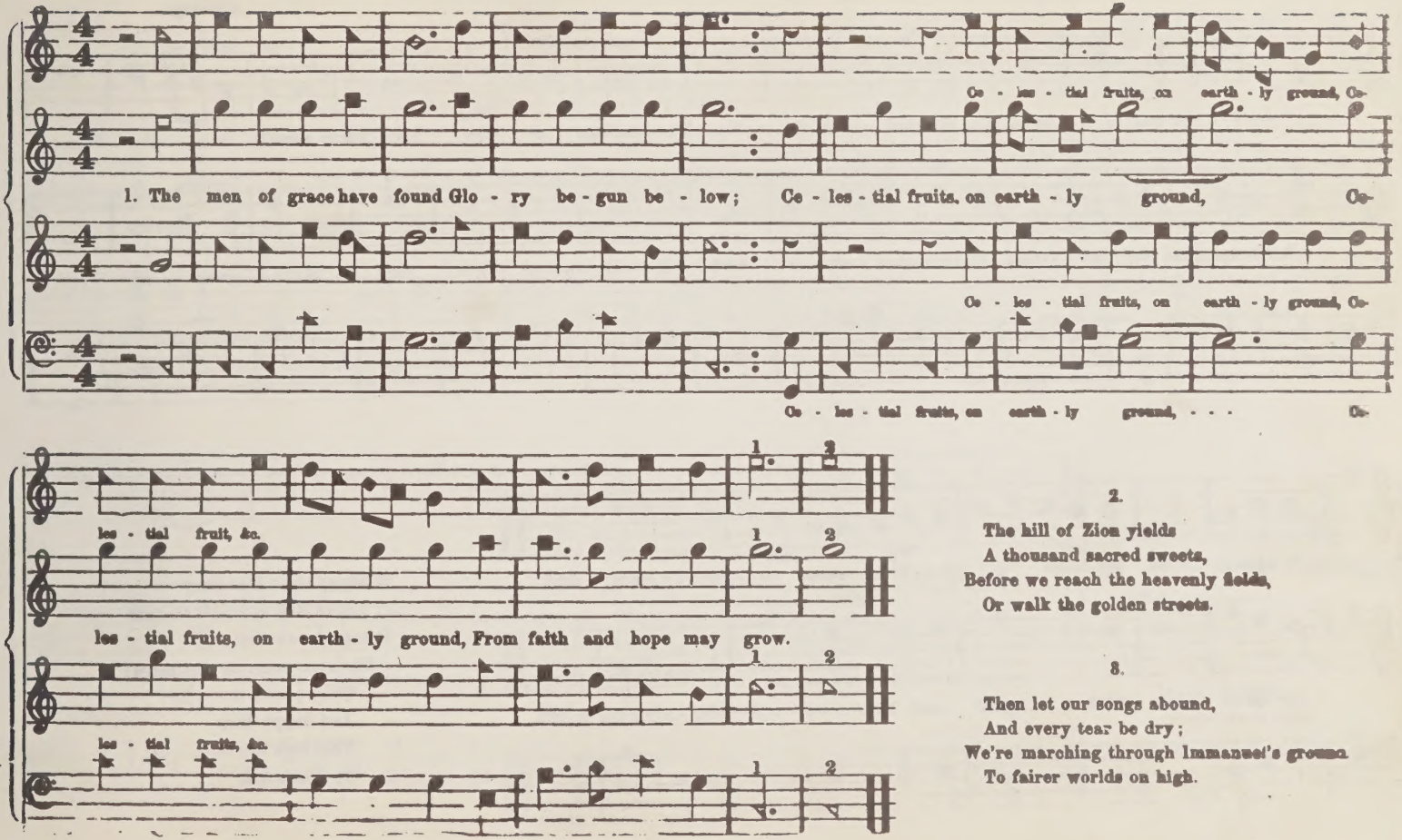


3. When the last moment comes,
O watch my dying face,
And catch the bright, seraphic gleam
Which on each feature plays.

4. Then to my ravish'd ear
Let one sweet song begin;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

5. Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my cold and icy hands
Across my peaceful breast.

6. Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.


Ce - les - tial fruits, on earth - ly ground, Ce-
1. The men of grace have found Glo - ry be - gun be - low; Ce - les - tial fruits, on earth - ly ground, Ce-
Ce - les - tial fruits, on earth - ly ground, Ce-
Ce - les - tial fruits, on earth - ly ground, . . . Ce-
les - tial fruit, &c.
les - tial fruits, on earth - ly ground, From faith and hope may grow.
les - tial fruits, &c.

2.

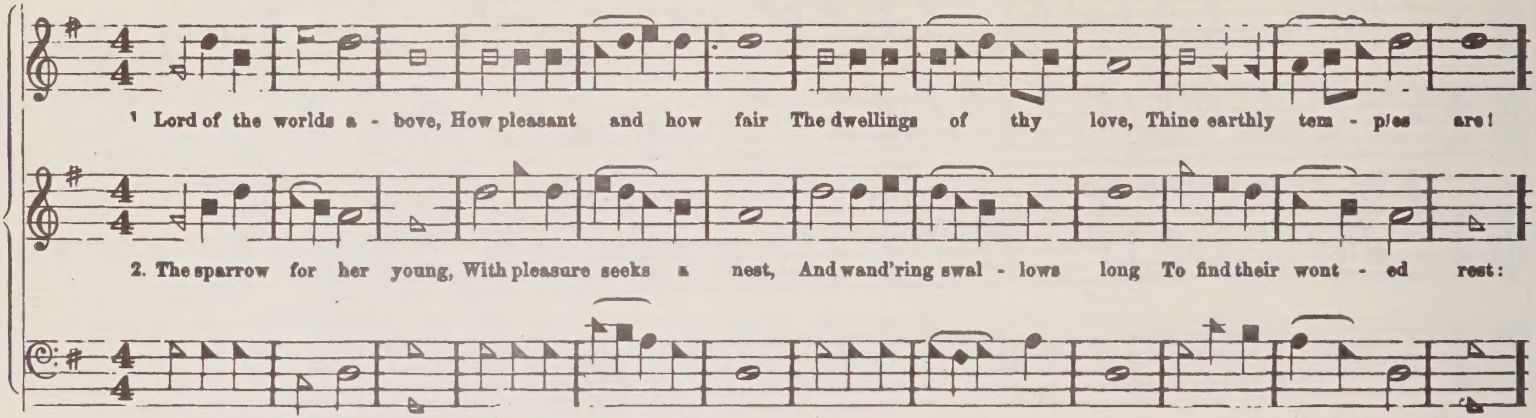
The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

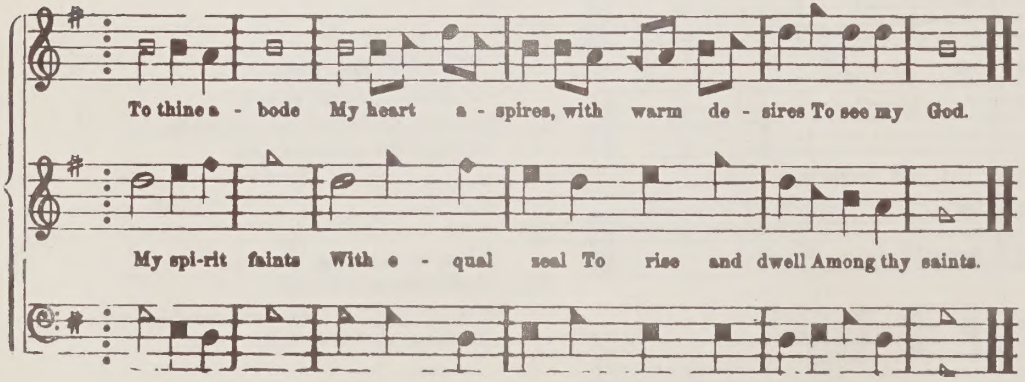
3.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

AMHERST. H. M.

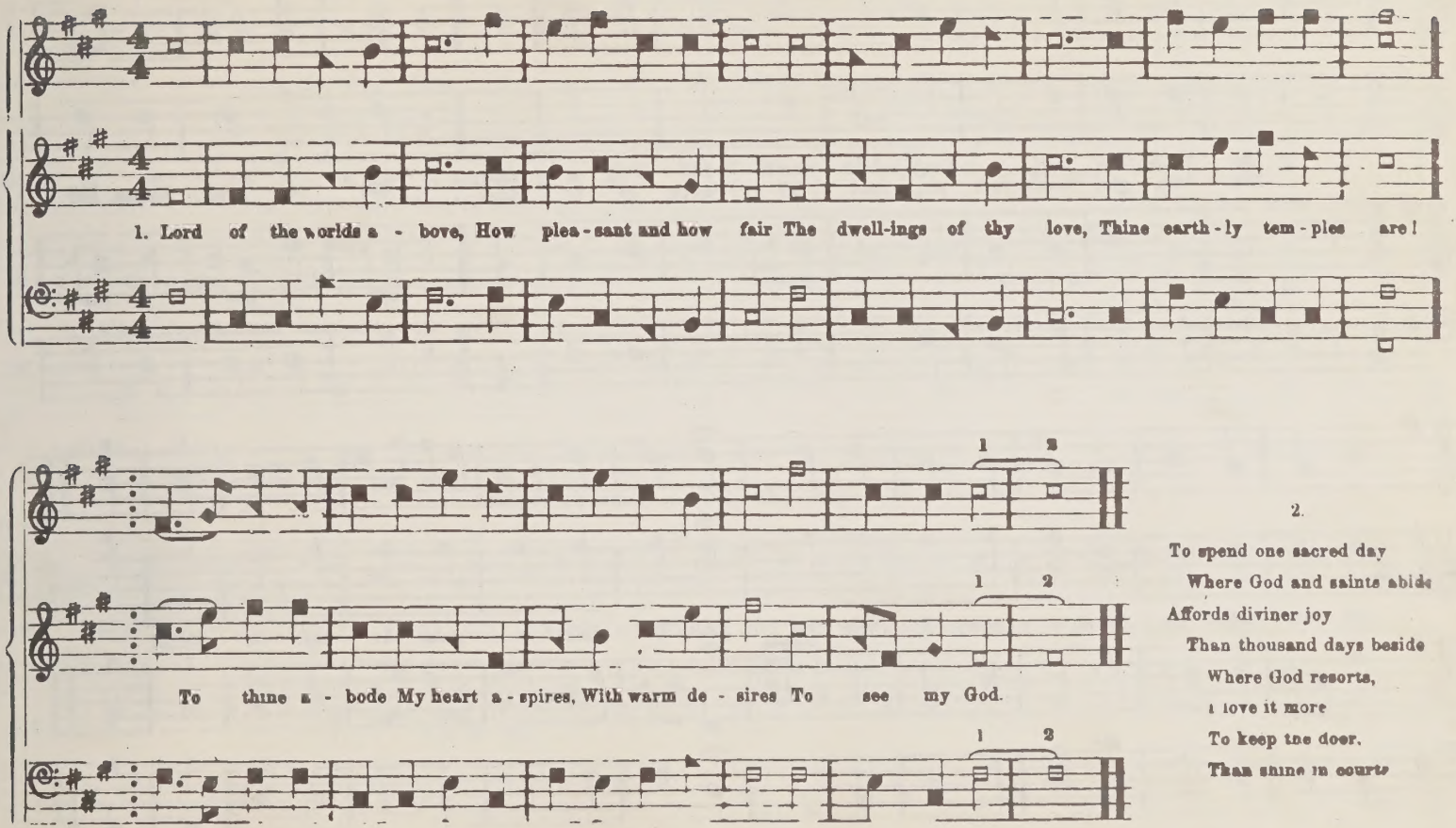
Billings.


1 Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly tem - ples are!
2. The sparrow for her young, With pleasure seeks a nest, And wand'ring swal - lows long To find their wont - ed rest:


To thine a - bode My heart a - spires, with warm de - sires To see my God.
My spi-rit faints With e - qual zeal To rise and dwell Among thy saints.

3.

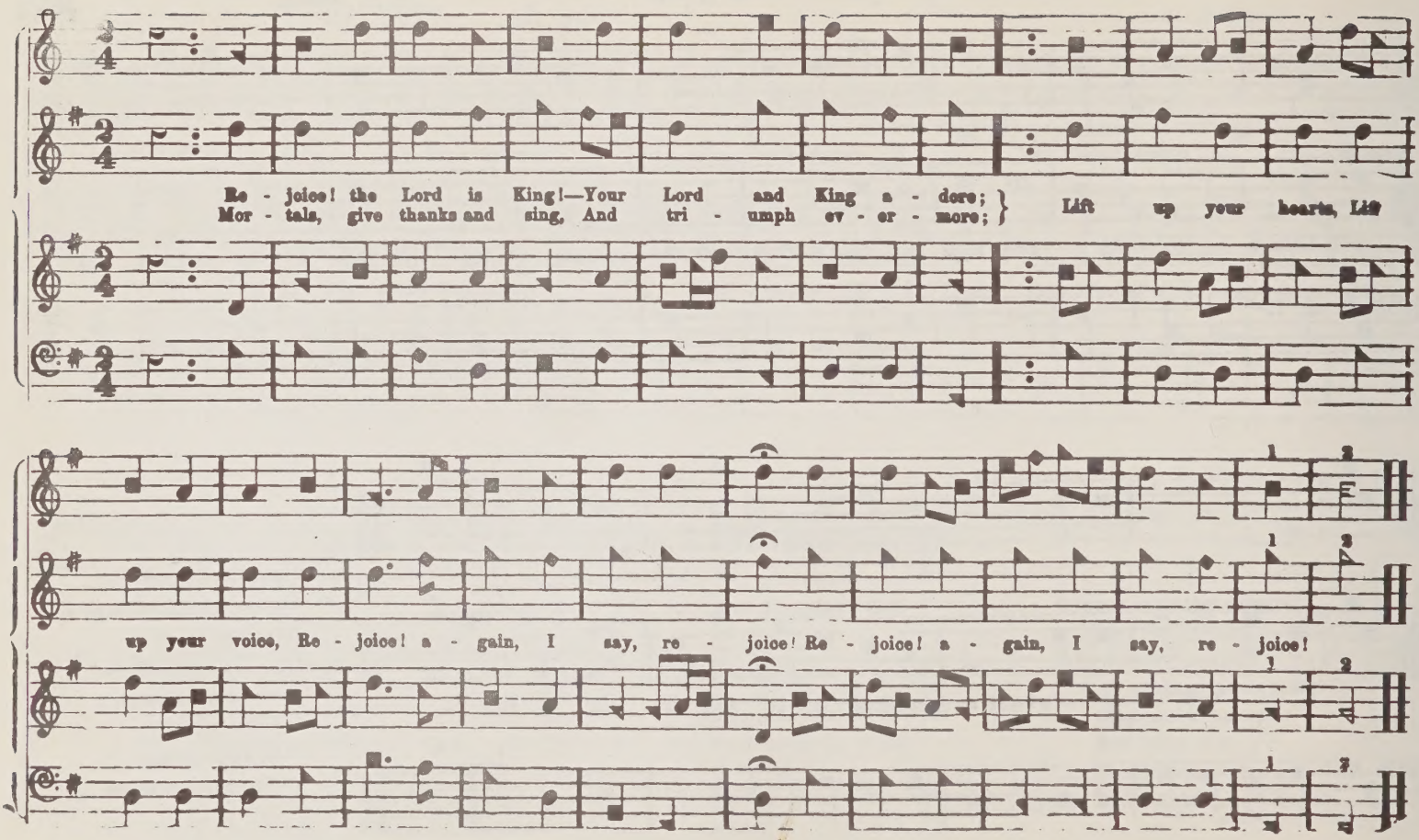
O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still:
And happy they
That love the way,
To Zion's hill.


1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How plea - sant and how fair The dwell-ings of thy love, Thine earth - ly tem - ples are!
To thine a - bode My heart a - spires, With warm de - sires To see my God.
1 2
1 2
1 2

2.

To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts

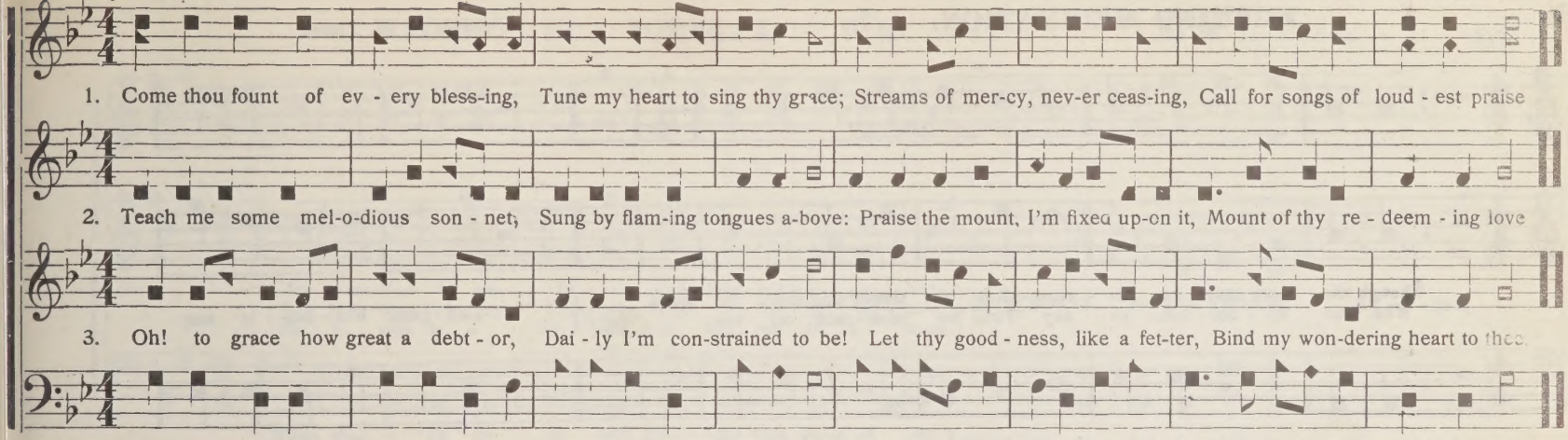
CARMARTHEN. H. M.


Re - joice! the Lord is King!—Your Lord and King a - dore;
Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more;
Lift up your hearts, Lift
up your voice, Re - joice! a - gain, I say, re - joice! Re - joice! a - gain, I say, re - joice!

I WILL ARISE. 8s and 7s.

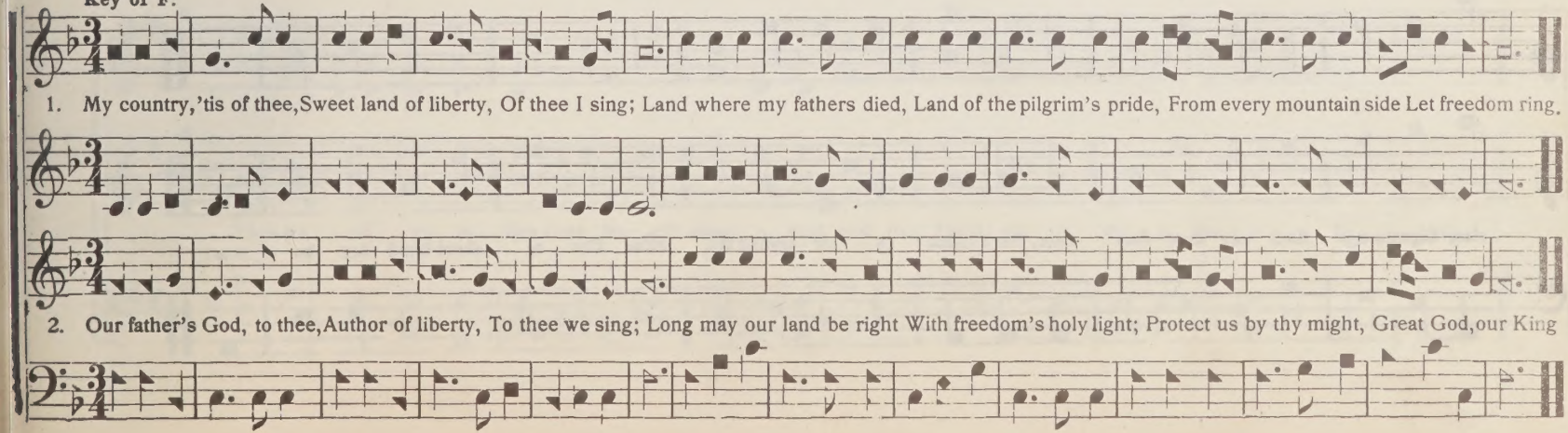
Key of G Minor.

REV. A. B. CARRELL.


1. Come thou fount of ev - ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise
2. Teach me some mel-o-dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove: Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of thy re - deem - ing love
3. Oh! to grace how great a debt - or, Dai - ly I'm con-strained to be! Let thy good - ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my won-dering heart to thee
CHORUS— I will rise and go to Je - sus, He'll em-brace me in his arms, In the arms of my dear Sav-iour, O, there are ten thous-and charms.

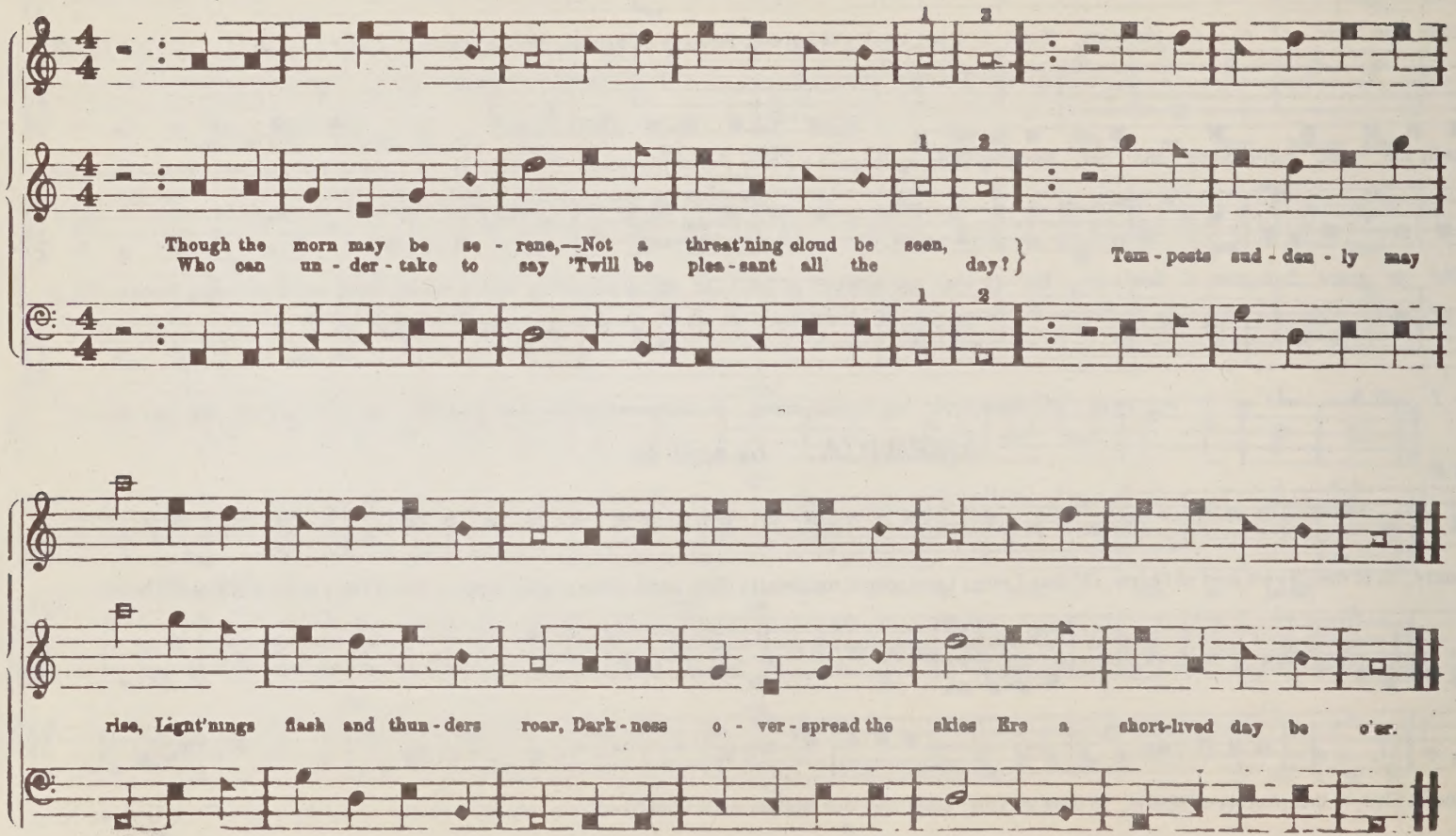
AMERICA. 6s and 4s.

Key of F.


1. My country,'tis of thee,Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring.
2. Our father's God, to thee,Author of liberty, To thee we sing; Long may our land be right With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God,our King

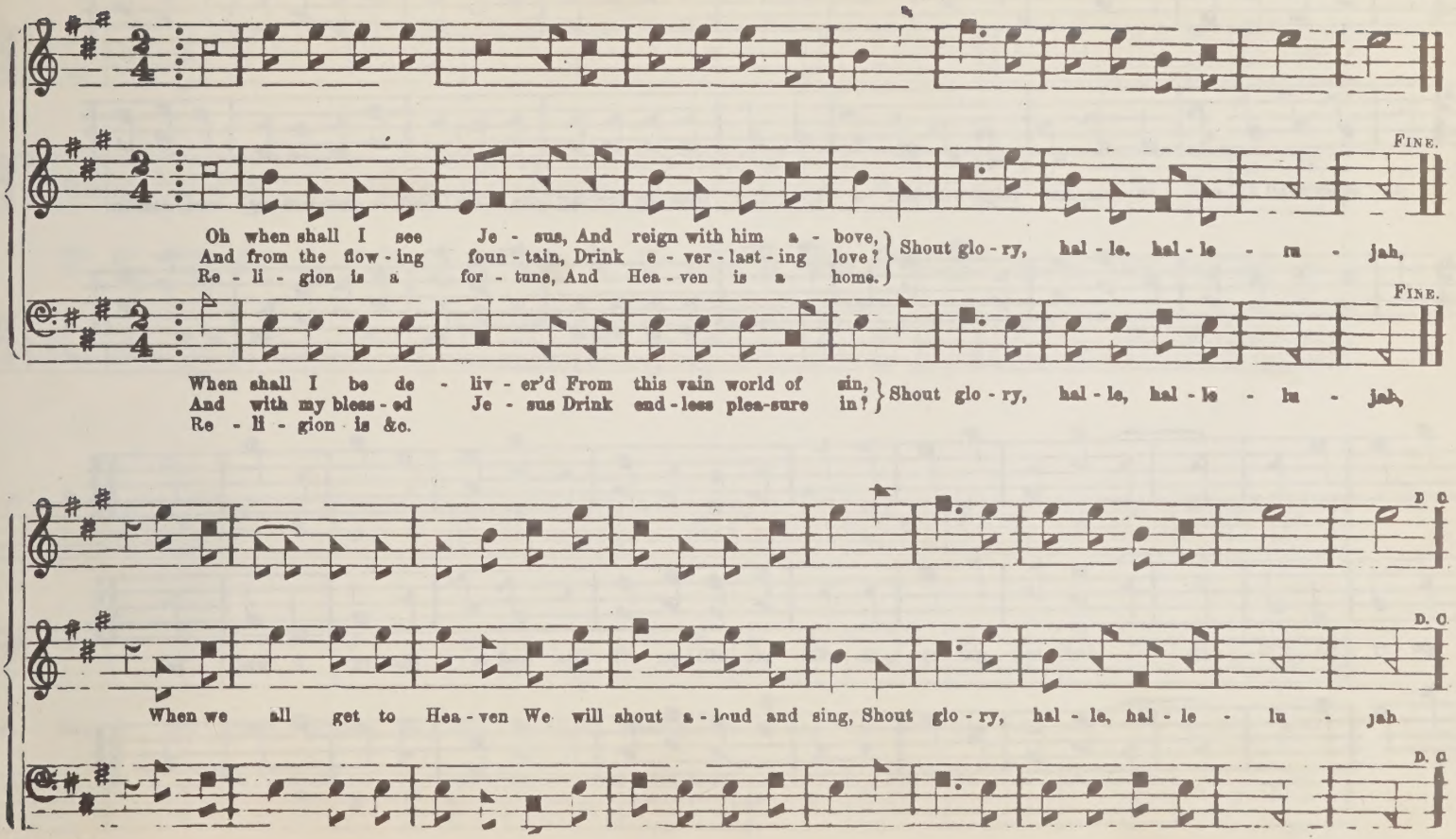
MORNING MEDITATION. 7s.

Miss S. G. Jones.


Though the morn may be se - rene,—Not a threat'ning cloud be seen,
Who can un - der - take to say 'Twill be plea - sant all the day?
Tem - pests sud - den - ly may
rise, Light'nings flash and thun - ders roar, Dark - ness o - ver - spread the skies Ere a short-lived day be o'er.

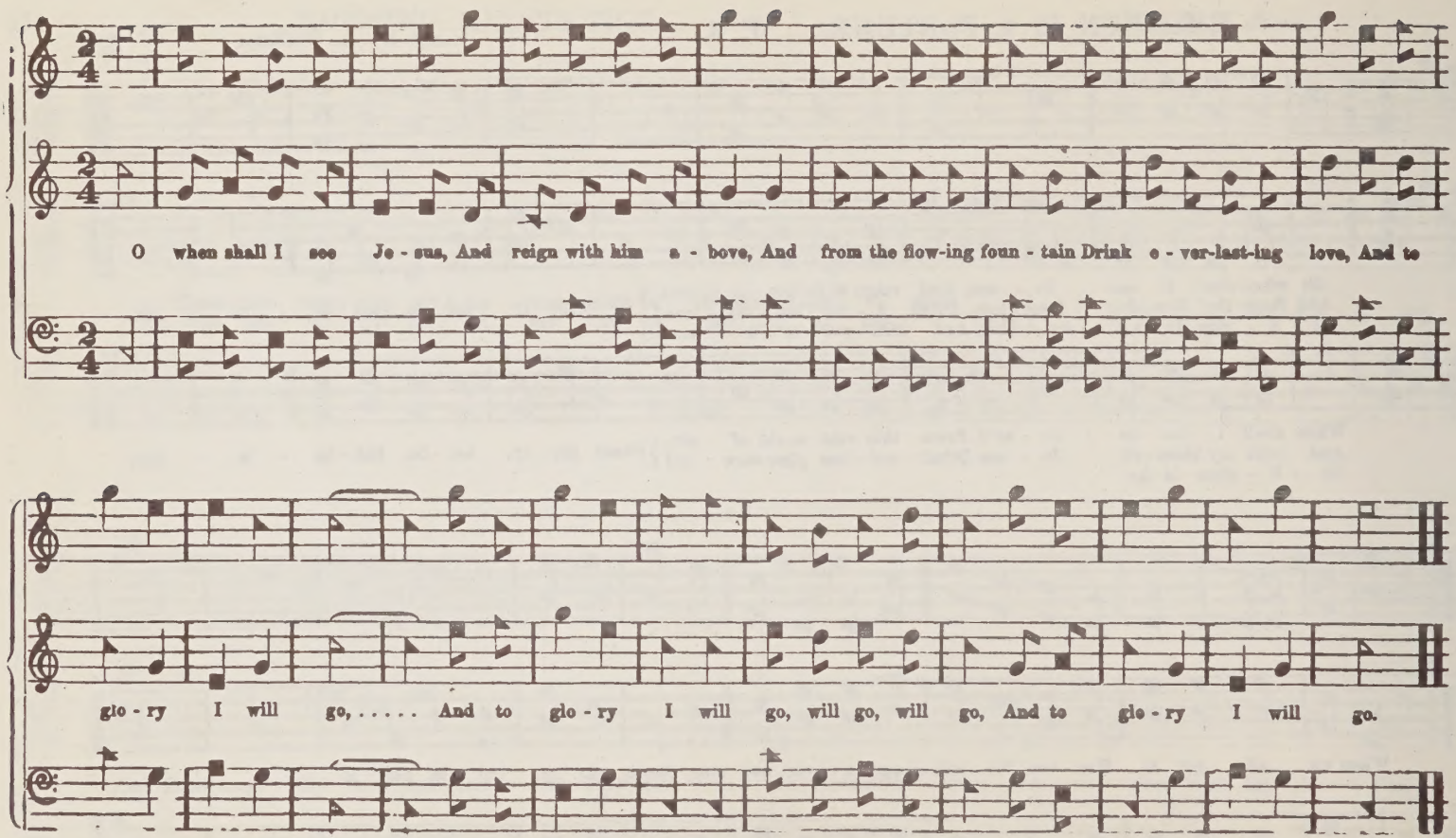
RELIGION IS A FORTUNE. 7. 6.

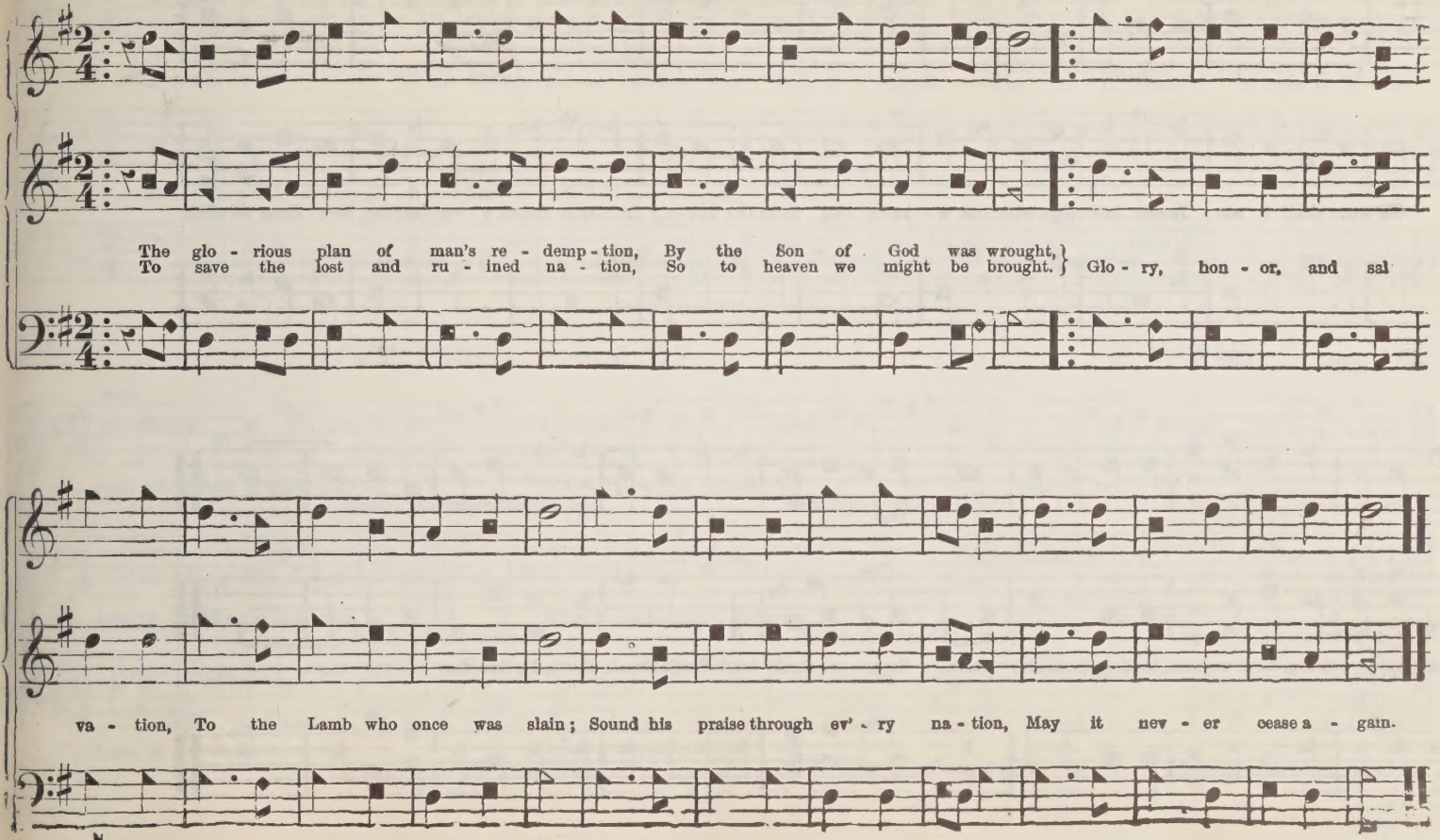
By W. L. William.

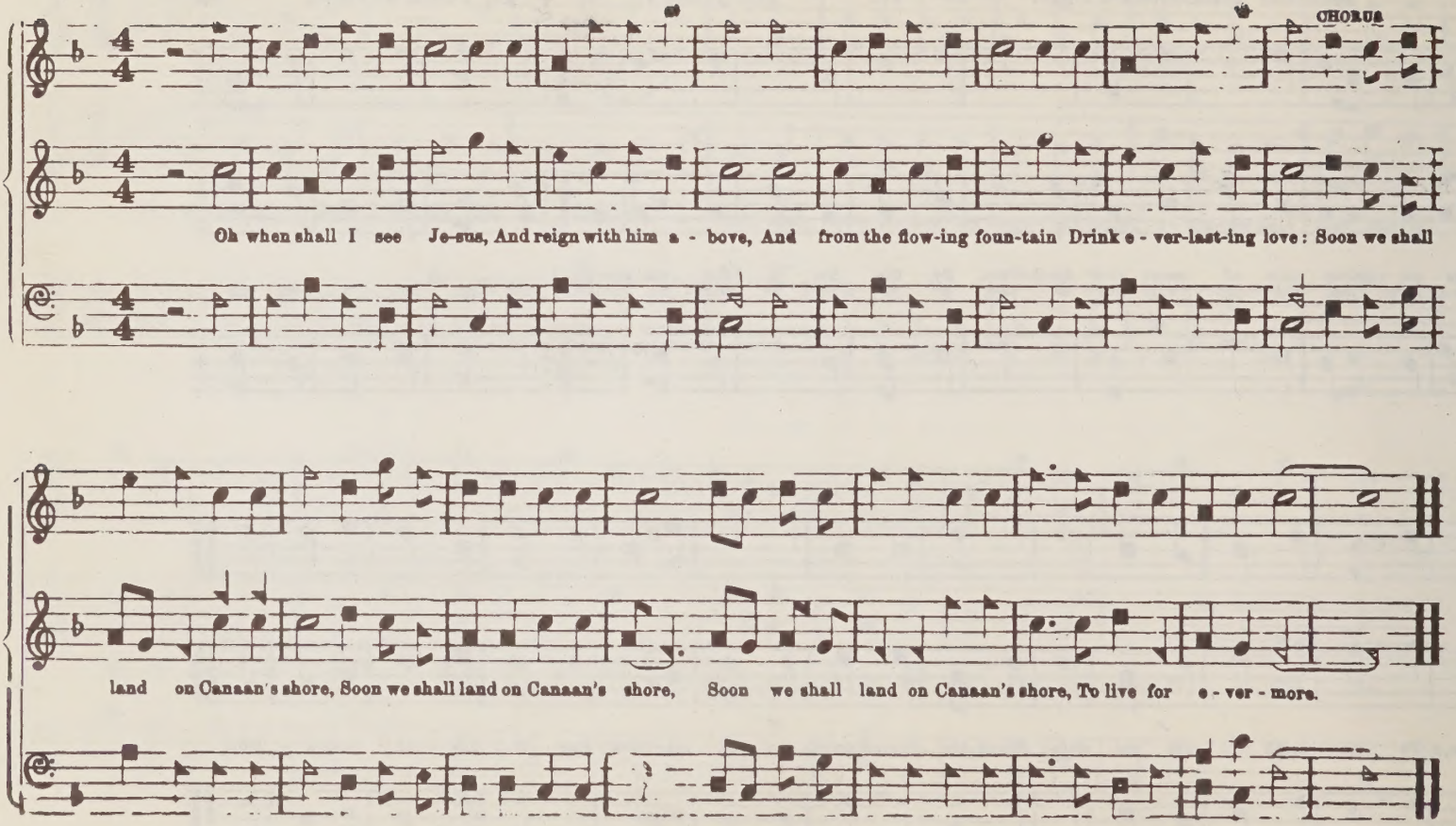

FINE.
Oh when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove,
And from the flow - ing foun - tain, Drink e - ver - last - ing love?
Re - li - gion is a for - tune, And Hea - ven is a home.
Shout glo - ry, hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah,
FINE.
When shall I be de - liv - er'd From this vain world of sin,
And with my bless - ed Je - sus Drink end - less plea-sure in?
Re - li - gion is &c.
Shout glo - ry, hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah,
D. C.
When we all get to Hea - ven We will shout a - loud and sing, Shout glo - ry, hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah
D. C.

THE LOST CITY. 7. 6.

By E. L. King.


O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove, And from the flow-ing foun - tain Drink e - ver-last-ing love, And to
glo - ry I will go, ... And to glo - ry I will go, will go, will go, And to glo - ry I will go.


The glo - rious plan of man's re - demp - tion, By the Son of God was wrought,
To save the lost and ru - ined na - tion, So to heaven we might be brought. Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal
va - tion, To the Lamb who once was slain; Sound his praise through ev' - ry na - tion, May it nev - er cease a - gain.


CHORUS
Oh when shall I see Je-sus, And reign with him a - bove, And from the flow-ing foun-tain Drink e - ver-last-ing love: Soon we shall
land on Canaan's shore, Soon we shall land on Canaan's shore, Soon we shall land on Canaan's shore, To live for e - ver - more.

MULLINS. * 8, & 7.

By Eld. E. Dumas.

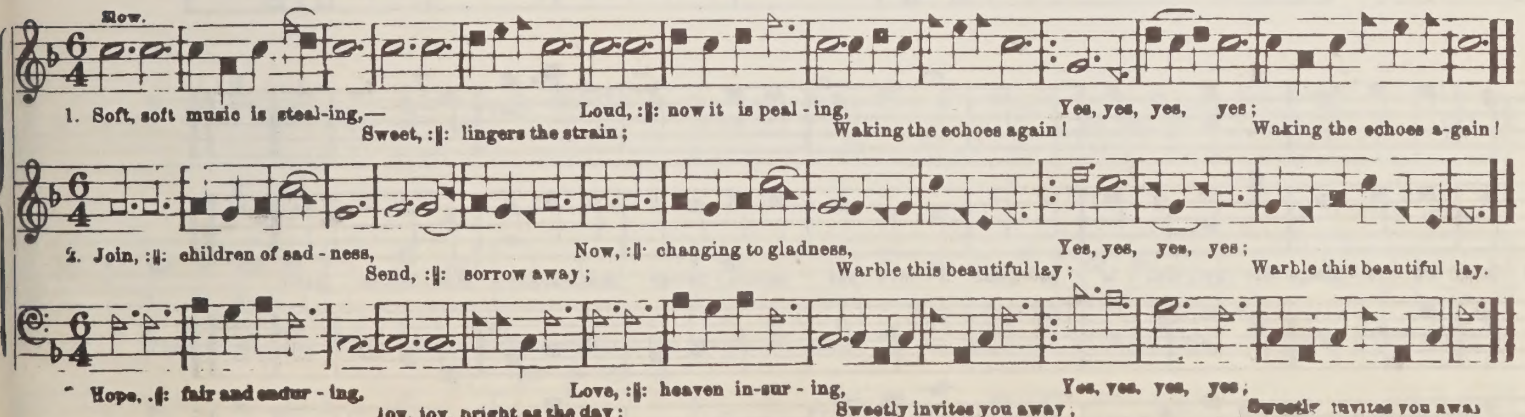
Da Capo.

1. Je - sus, grant us all a blessing; Send it down, Lord, from a-bove: May we all go home a prais-ing, And re - joic-ing in thy love.
2. Je - sus, par-don all our fol-ly, Since to - geth-er we have been. Make us humble, make us ho - ly, Cleanse us all from ev'-ry sin.
Fare-well, brethren, farewell sis-ters, Till we all shall meet a - gain.

* In honor of Eld. JOHN MULLINS.

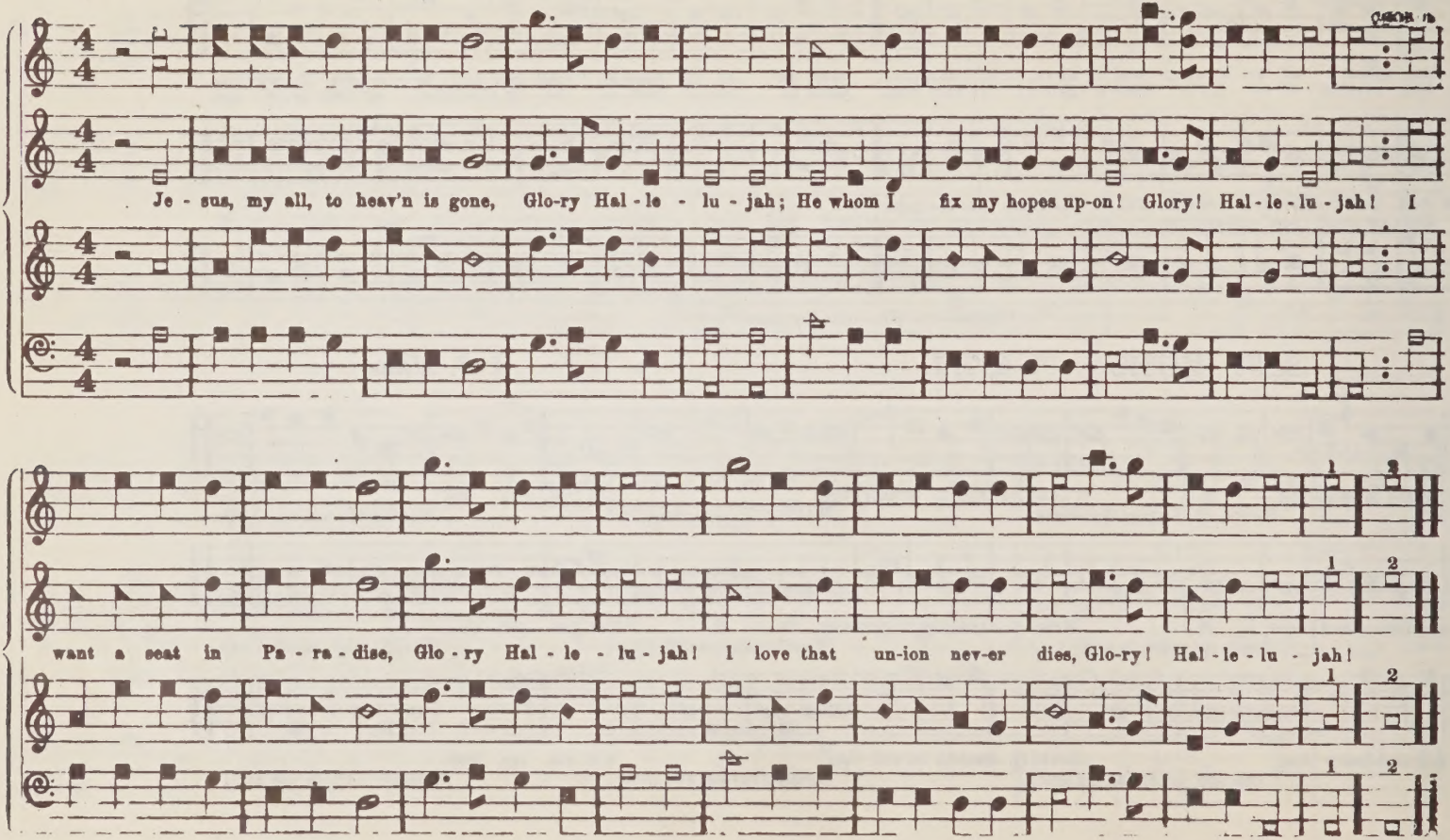
SOFT MUSIC. 7, 6, 7, 7.

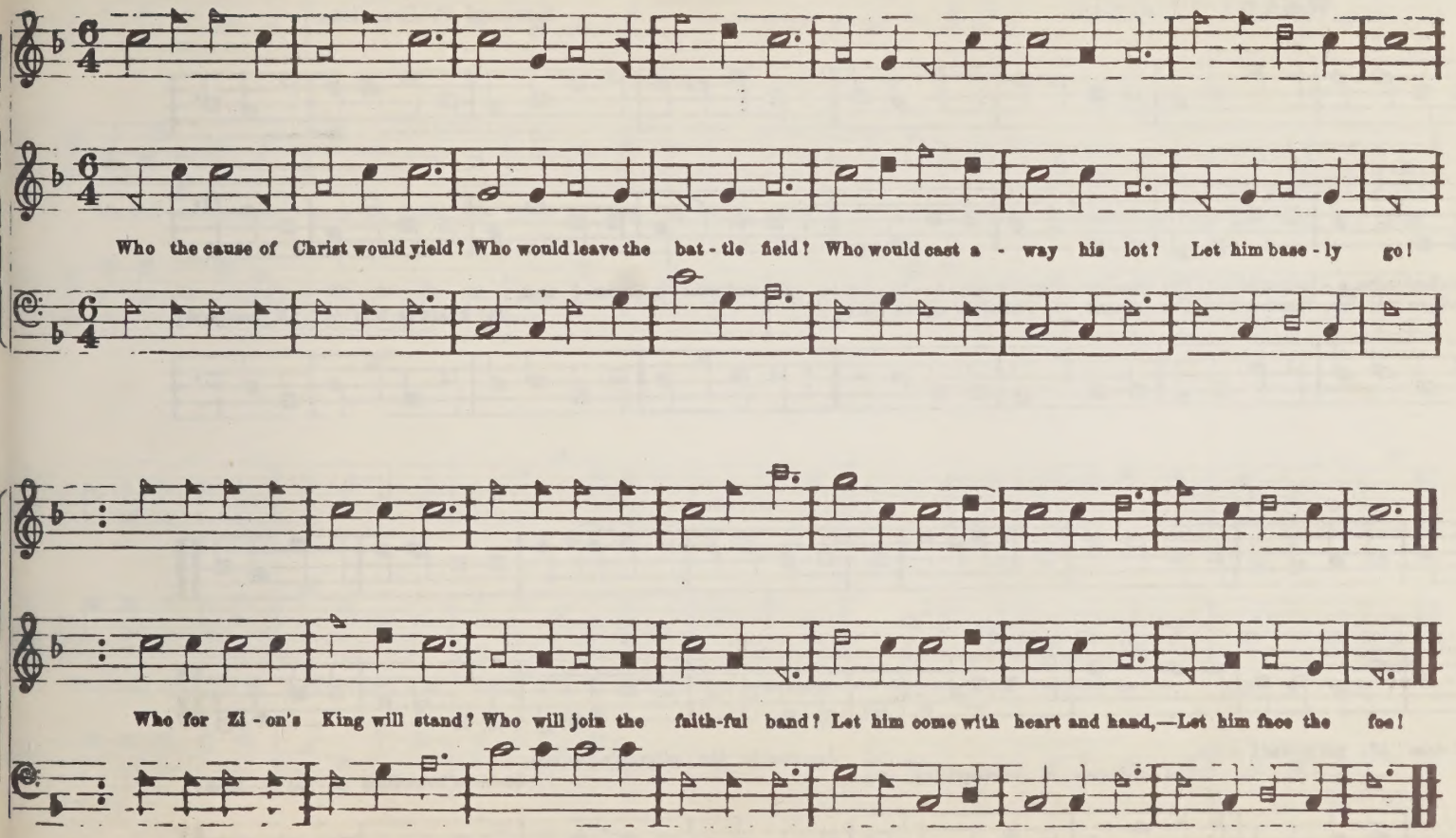
B. F. White.


Slow.
1. Soft, soft music is steal-ing,— Loud, :‖: now it is peal - ing, Yes, yes, yes, yes;
Sweet, :‖: lingers the strain; Waking the echoes again! Waking the echoes a-gain!
2. Join, :‖: children of sad - ness, Now, :‖: changing to gladness, Yes, yes, yes, yes;
Send, :‖: sorrow away; Warble this beautiful lay; Warble this beautiful lay.
Hope, :‖: fair and endur - ing, Love, :‖: heaven in-sur - ing, Yes, yes, yes, yes;
Joy, joy, bright as the day; Sweetly invites you away. Sweetly invites you away.

NORTH PORT L. M.

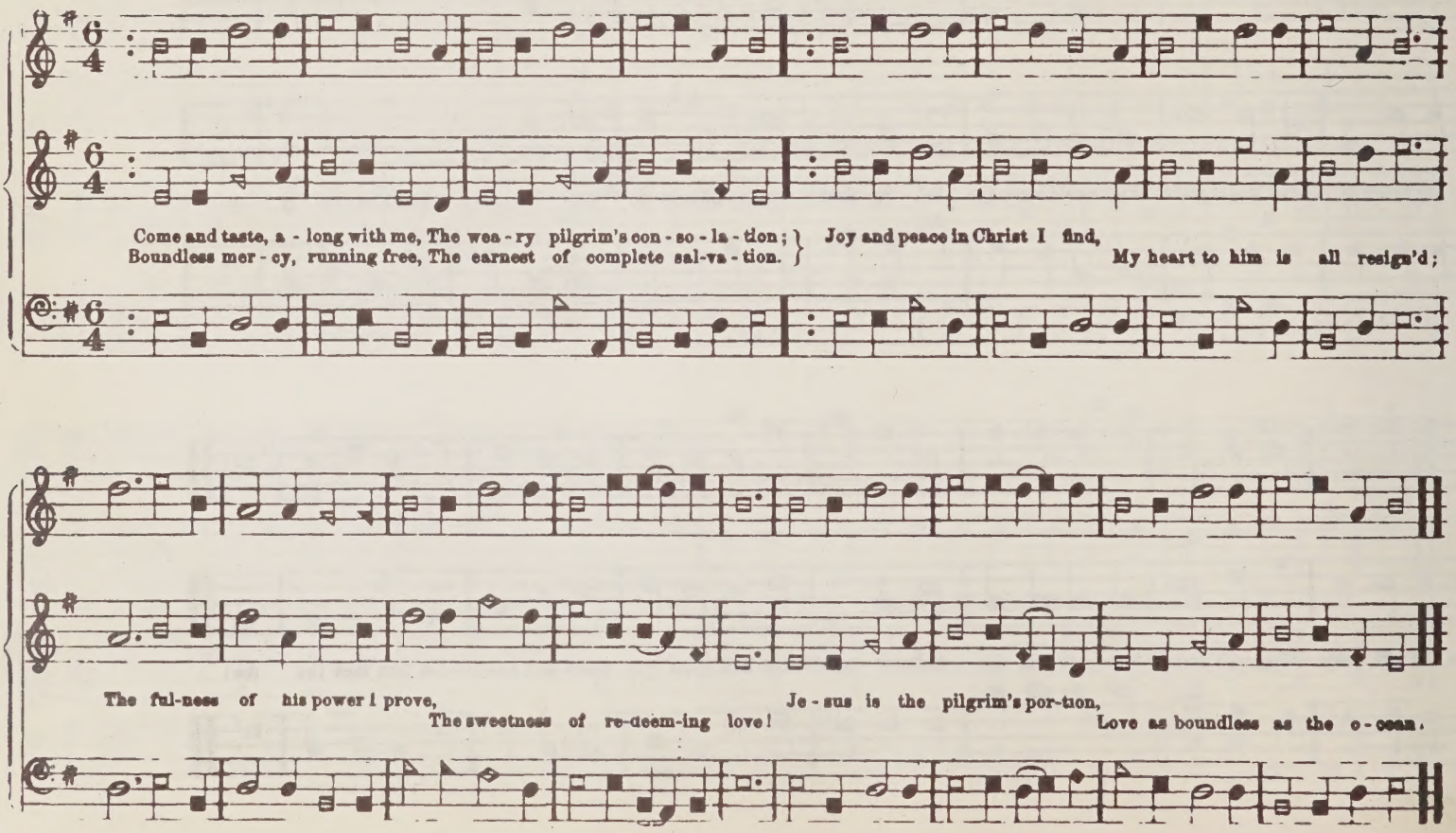
Dr. R. R. Osborne.—Bass by J. Smith.


Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Glo-ry Hal - le - lu - jah; He whom I fix my hopes up-on! Glory! Hal - le - lu - jah! I
want a seat in Pa - ra - dise, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! I love that un-ion nev-er dies, Glo-ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!
1
2


Who the cause of Christ would yield? Who would leave the bat - tle field? Who would cast a - way his lot? Let him base - ly go!
Who for Zi - on's King will stand? Who will join the faith-ful band? Let him come with heart and hand,—Let him face the foe!

WEARY PILGRIM. 7, 9.

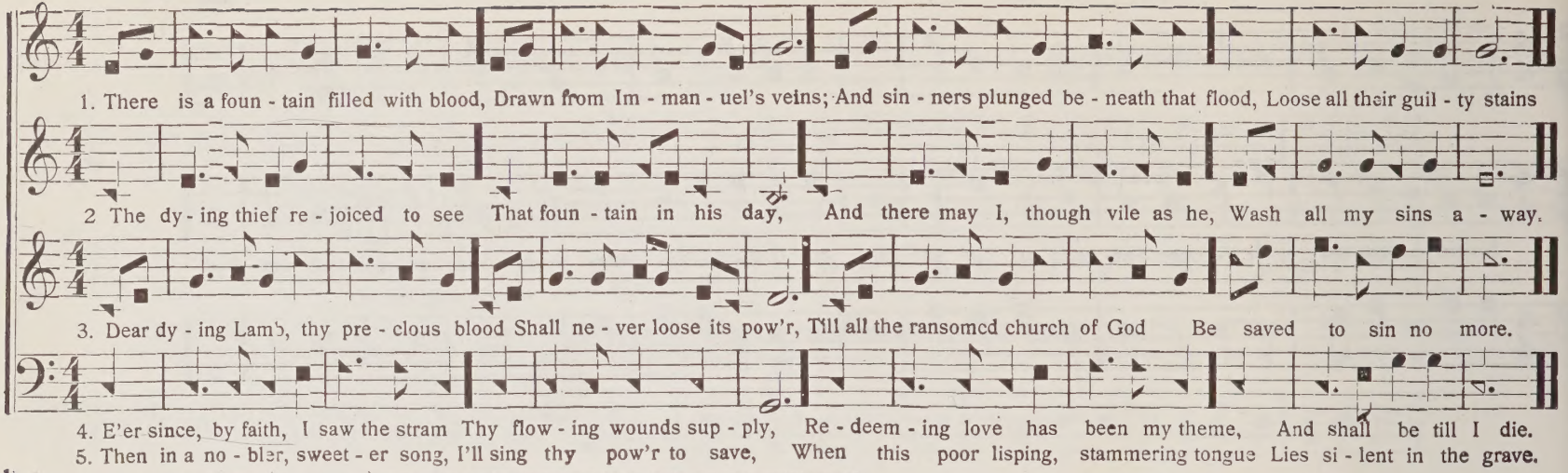
Leonard P. Breedlove.

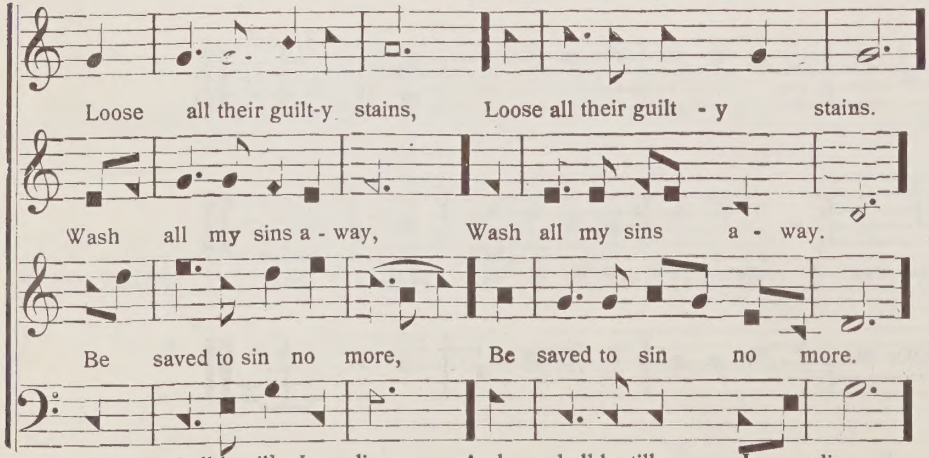

Come and taste, a - long with me, The wea - ry pilgrim's con - so - la - tion;
Boundless mer - cy, running free, The earnest of complete sal-va - tion.
Joy and peace in Christ I find,
My heart to him is all resign'd;
The ful-ness of his power I prove,
The sweetness of re-deem-ing love!
Je - sus is the pilgrim's por-tion,
Love as boundless as the o - cean.

Na-ked as from the earth we came, And crept to life at first, We to the earth re - turn a- gain, And min-gle with our dust.
1 2
The dear de-lights we here en-joy, And fond-ly call our own, Are but short yours borrow'd now, To be re - paid a - non.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

William Cowper. Western Melody.


1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins; And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood, Loose all their guil - ty stains
2 The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day, And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, thy pre - cious blood Shall ne - ver loose its pow'r, Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved to sin no more.
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply, Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save, When this poor lisping, stammering tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.


Loose all their guilt-y stains, Loose all their guilt - y stains.
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.
Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more.
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die.
Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave,

SECOND HYMN. SUTTON.

1. Hail! sweetest, dearest tie that binds,
Our glowing hearts in one:
Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds,
To joys before unknown.

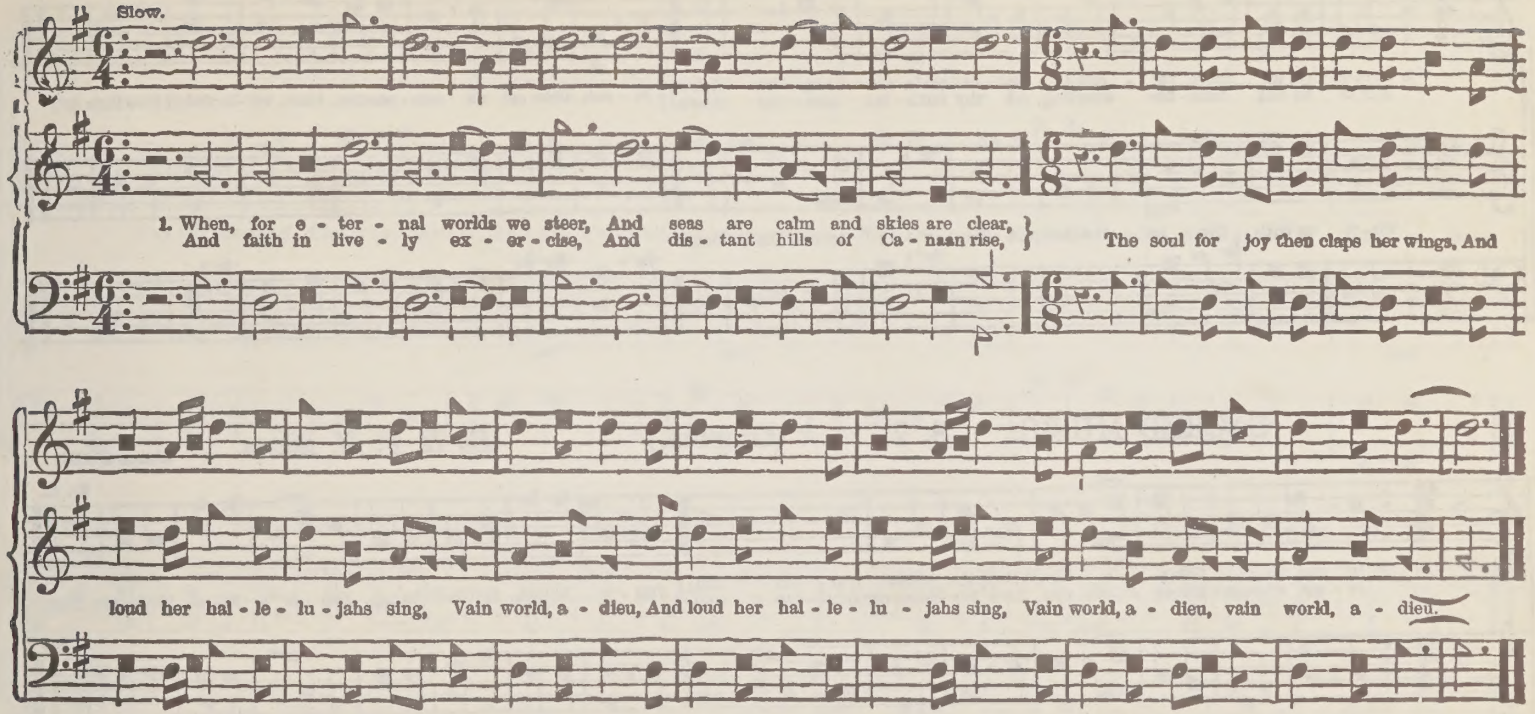
2. What though the northern winter blast,
May howl around your cot:
What though beneath an eastern sun,
Be cast our distant lot?

2. From burmah's shore, from Af-ric's strand,
From India's burning plain;
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.

3. No ling'ring look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows:
There friendship beams from evry eye,
And love immortal glows.

VAIN WORLD, ADIEU. 8, 4.

By Eld. E. Dumas. L. 1854.


Slow.
1. When, for e - ter - nal worlds we steer, And seas are calm and skies are clear,
And faith in live - ly ex - er - cise, And dis - tant hills of Ca - naan rise,
The soul for joy then claps her wings, And
loud her hal - le - lu - jahs sing, Vain world, a - dieu, And loud her hal - le - lu - jahs sing, Vain world, a - dieu, vain world, a - dieu.

2. With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore—
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The crystal stream—delightful scene.
Again for joy she claps her wings
And loud her hallelujahs sing,
Vain world, adieu,
And loud her lovely sonnets sing,
Vain world, adieu,
Vain world, adieu.

3. The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady helm, and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail.
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I'm there at last,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I'm there at last,
I'm there at last.

LOVE DIVINE. 6 & 7. (Original.) *For the Organ, by Thomas Waller.*

Da Capo.

1. Love di-vine, all loves ex - cell-ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down;
Fix in us thy hum-ble dwelling, All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown!
Je - sus, thou art all com-passion, Pure, un-bounded love thou art;
Vis-it us with thy sal - va-tion; En-ter ev'-ry trem-bling heart.

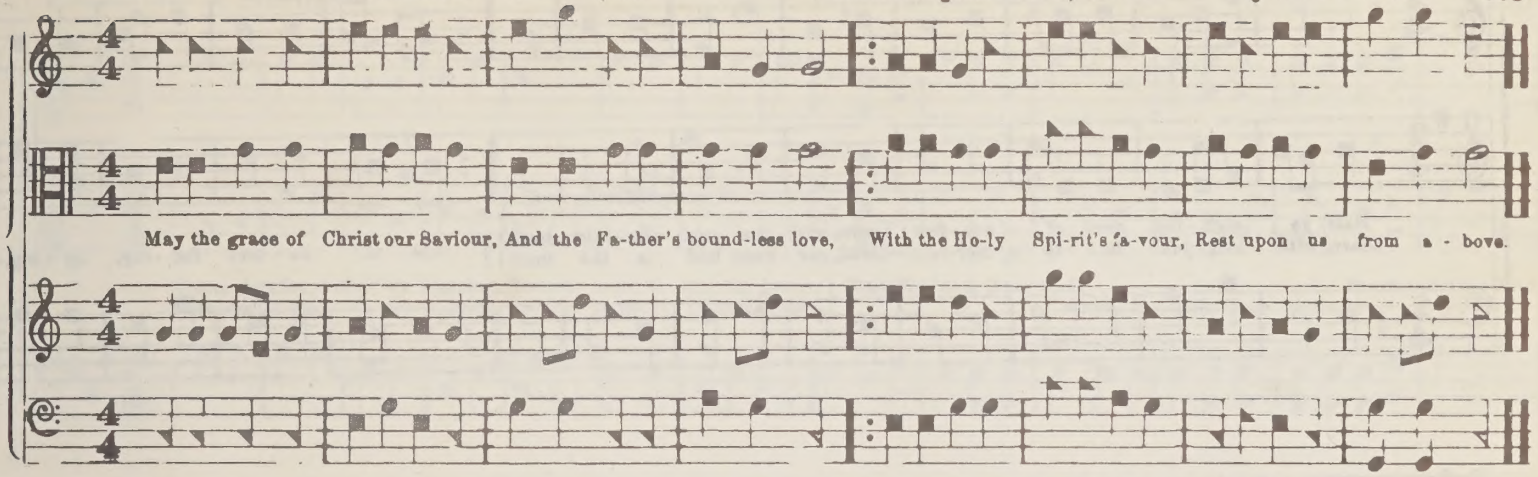
SACRED MUSIC. 8, 7. (Original.) *By R. F. M. Mann.*

March 4, 1853.

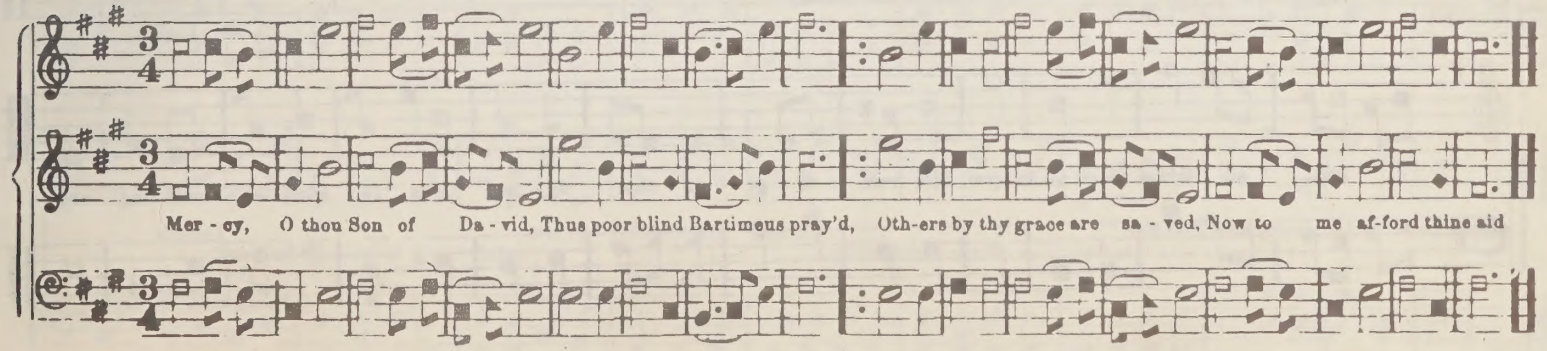
D. C.

1. In the floods of trib-u - la - tion, While the billows o'er me roll;
Je - sus whispers con-so - la - tion, And sup-ports my faint-ing soul.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, Praise the Lord.
D. C.
Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, Praise the Lord.
D. C.

COLUMBIANA. 8, 7. Buck's Hymn-Book, H. 530. *By D. P. White.*

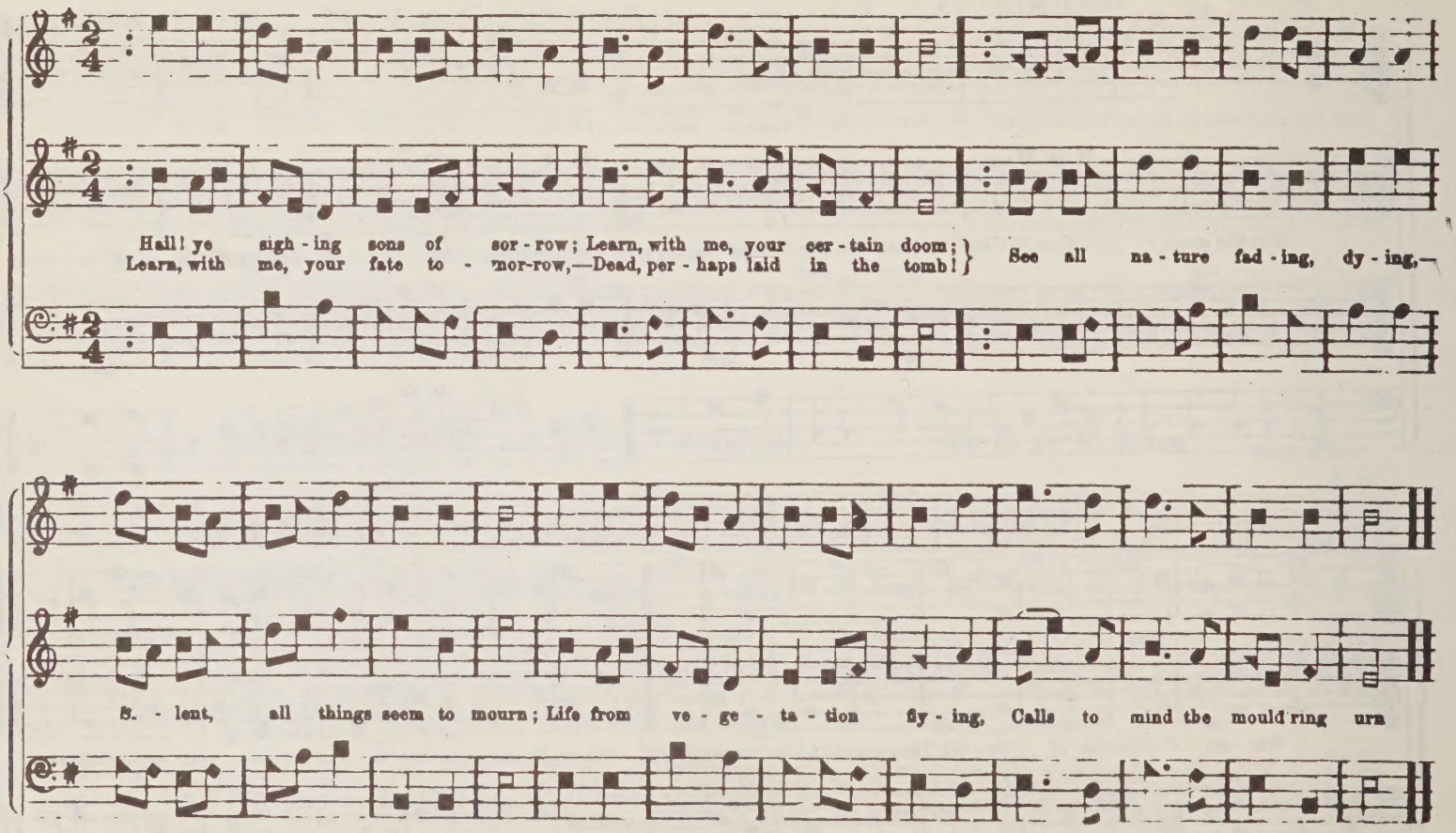


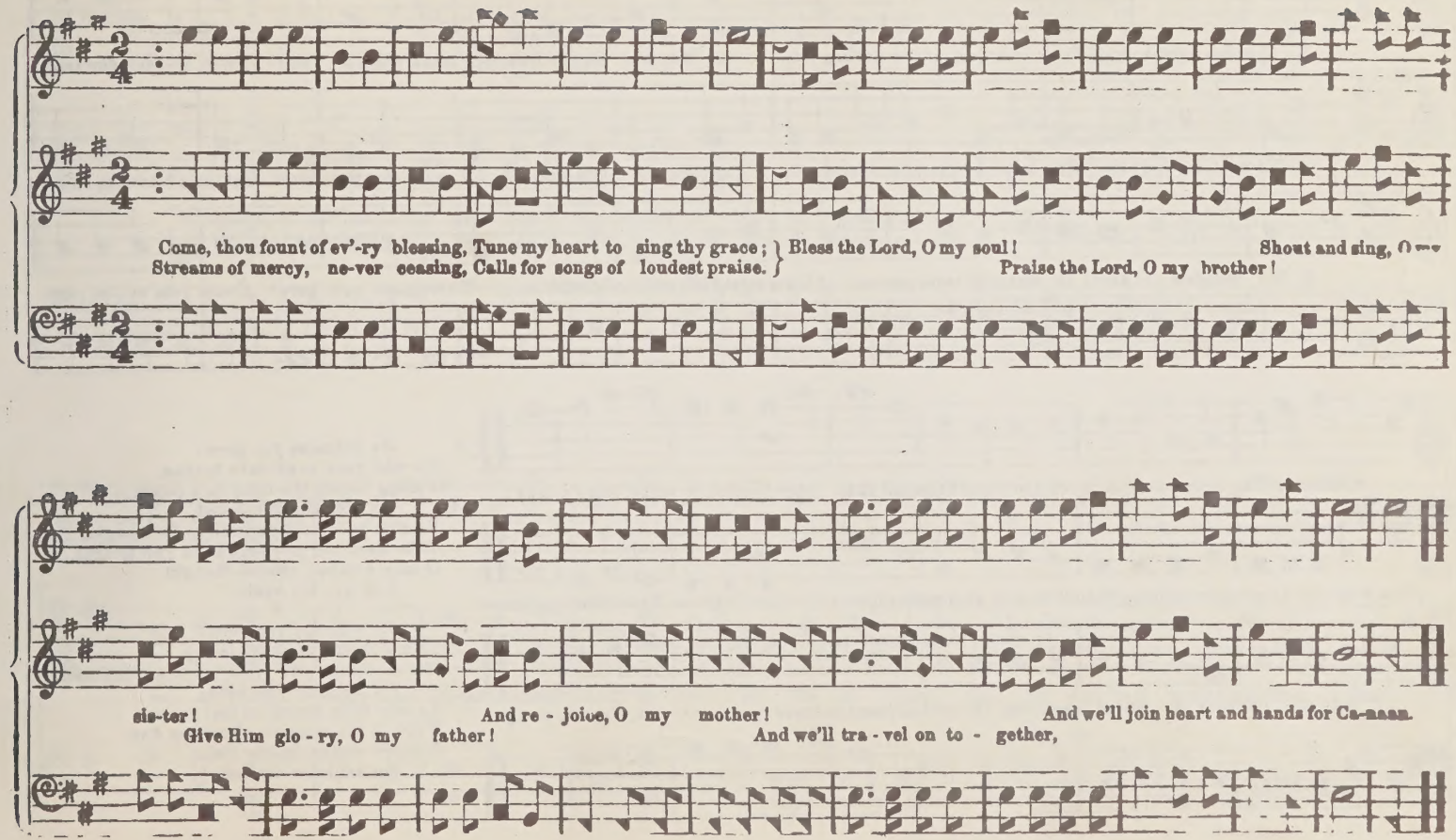
VILLULIA. 8, 7. *By J. M. Day.*



SONS OF SORROW. 8, 7.

Treble by Wm. Houser.


Hail! ye sigh - ing sons of sor - row; Learn, with me, your cer - tain doom;
Learn, with me, your fate to - mor-row,—Dead, per - haps laid in the tomb!
See all na - ture fad - ing, dy - ing,—
S. - lent, all things seem to mourn; Life from ve - ge - ta - tion fly - ing, Calls to mind the mould'ring urn

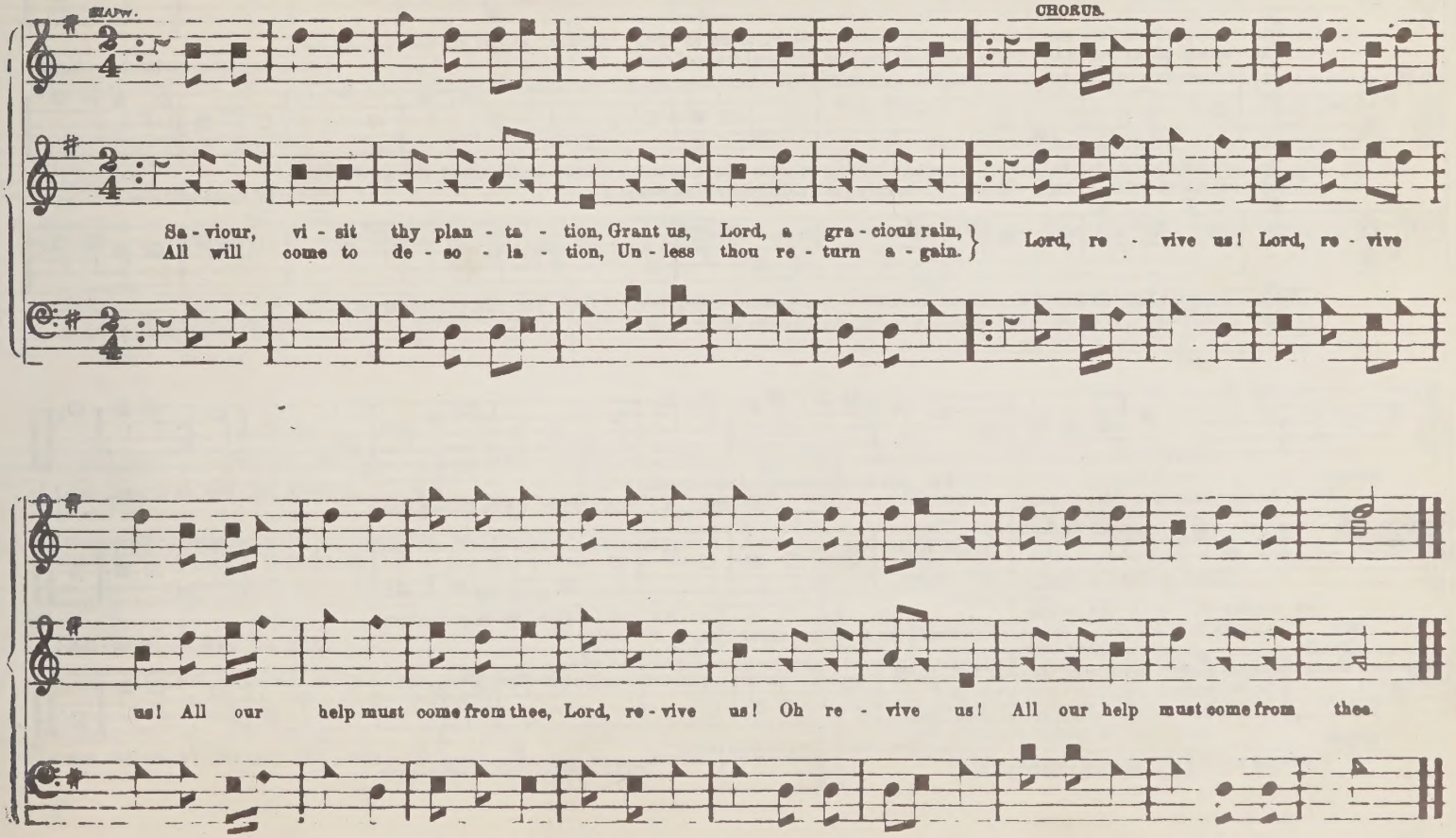

Come, thou fount of ev'-ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, ne-ver ceasing, Calls for songs of loudest praise.
Bless the Lord, O my soul!
Praise the Lord, O my brother!
Shout and sing, O
sis-ter!
Give Him glo - ry, O my father!
And re - joice, O my mother!
And we'll tra - vel on to - gether,
And we'll join heart and hands for Ca-naan.

O COME AWAY!

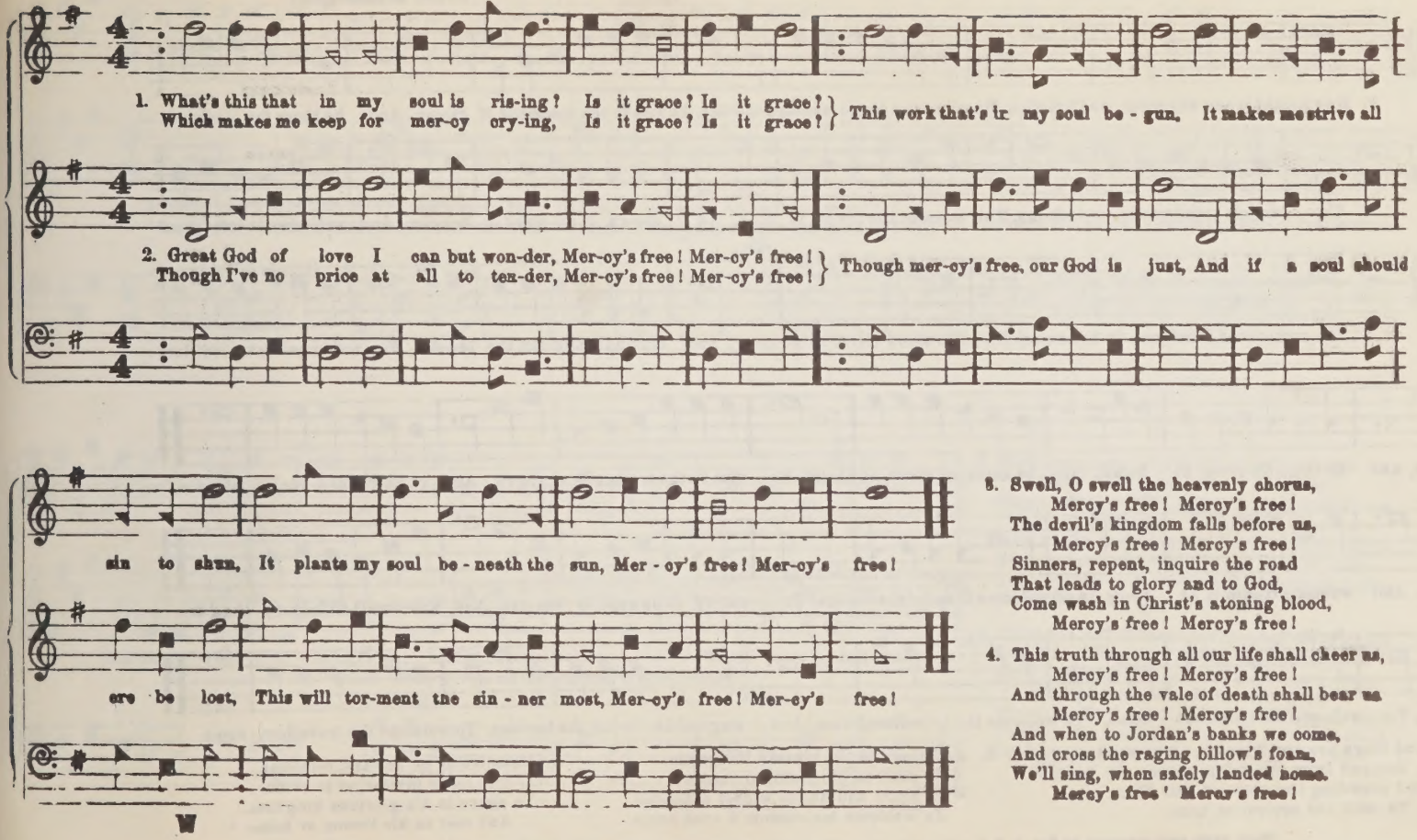
1. O come, come a-way, From la-bour now re-posing, Our ju-bi-lee has set us free.—O come, come a-way! Come, hail the day that
2. We welcome you here! With heart and hand wide open, Ye gallant sons of tem-perance, We wel-come you here! Heaven's blessings on your
3. We welcome you here! Ye who with taste per-vert-ed Have seized the cup, and drank it up,—We welcome you here! Come, join us in our
celebrates The ran-som of th' in-e-bri-ates From all that intox-i cates, O come, come a-way!
plans we pray! Ye come our sinking friends to save, And rescue from a drunkard's grave, We welcome you here!
holy aim, The poor be-sot-ted to reclaim, The broken heart to cheer again,—O come, sign the pledge!

4. We welcome you here!
Ye who your vows have broken,
Falling before the tempter's power,—
We welcome you here!
Ye who have sold yourselves for naught,
Take back the priceless boon you bought,
O take a sober, second thought,
And try, try again!

5. We welcome you here!
Ye maids and matrons lovely,
Whose charms, we yield, must win the field.
We welcome you here.
Ye who have hearts to feel for wo,
Wide as the streams of sorrow flow
O frown on the deadly foe,
But smile on the sons!


SLOW.
CHORUS.
Sa - viour, vi - sit thy plan - ta - tion, Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain,
All will come to de - so - la - tion, Un - less thou re - turn a - gain.
Lord, re - vive us! Lord, re - vive
us! All our help must come from thee, Lord, re - vive us! Oh re - vive us! All our help must come from thee.

1. Sin - ners, perhaps this news with you May have no weight, altho' so true; The a - ged sin-ner will not turn,
The carnal pleas-ures of this earth Break off the thoughts and fears of death; His heart's so hard, he cannot
2. See blooming youth, all in their prime, And counting up their length of time; But, oh! the sad, the aw-ful state but come too
They oft-times say 'tis their intent, When they get old, they will re-pent; Of those who come,
3. When Christ the Lord shall come to reign, In solemn pomp and burning flame, Oh! how will parents tremble there without
See Gabriel go pre - claim the sound, A-wake, ye nations under ground! Who've raised their children
mourn; It will not break, though Jesus knock! A - way to new Je - ru-sa - lem!
Much harder than the flint-y rock, Chorus. A - rise! arise! we're go-ing home,
The foolish vir - gins did be-gin A - rise! a-rise! we're going home,
late! To knock, but could not enter in. A - way to new Je - ru-sa - lem!
wrayer! I ne - ver heard my parents pray! A way to new Je - ru-sa - lem!
Methinks you'll hear some children say— - rise! a-rise! we're going home.

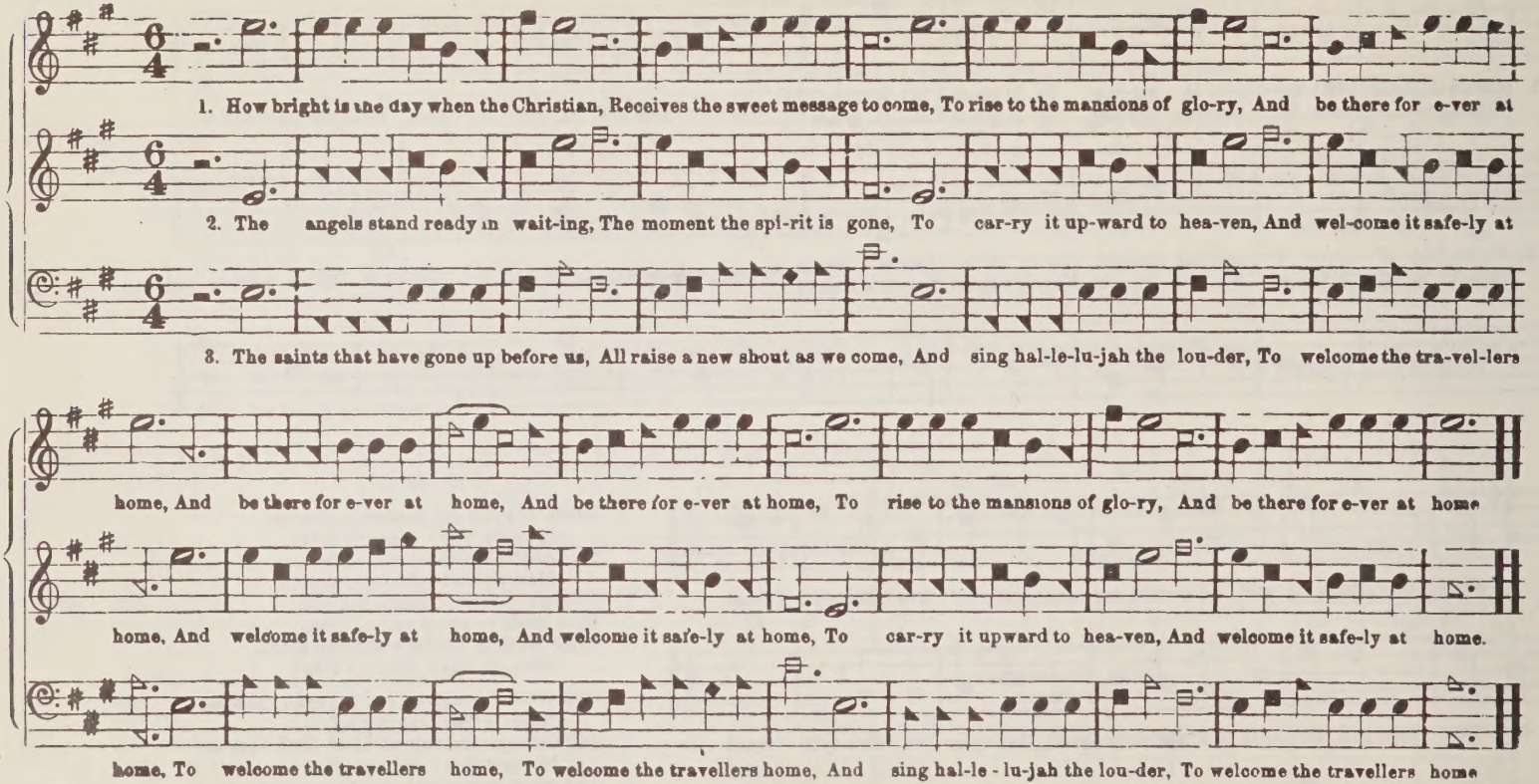

1. What's this that in my soul is ris-ing? Is it grace? Is it grace?
Which makes me keep for mer-cy cry-ing, Is it grace? Is it grace?
This work that's in my soul be - gun, It makes me strive all
2. Great God of love I can but won-der, Mer-cy's free! Mer-cy's free!
Though I've no price at all to ten-der, Mer-cy's free! Mer-cy's free!
Though mer-cy's free, our God is just, And if a soul should
sin to shun, It plants my soul be - neath the sun, Mer - cy's free! Mer-cy's free!
ere be lost, This will tor-ment the sin - ner most, Mer-cy's free! Mer-cy's free!
W

3. Swell, O swell the heavenly chorus,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
The devil's kingdom falls before us,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
Sinners, repent, inquire the road
That leads to glory and to God,
Come wash in Christ's atoning blood,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

4. This truth through all our life shall cheer us,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
And through the vale of death shall bear us
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
And when to Jordan's banks we come,
And cross the raging billow's foam,
We'll sing, when safely landed home,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

SAWYER'S EXIT. 9. 8.

John Massengale.

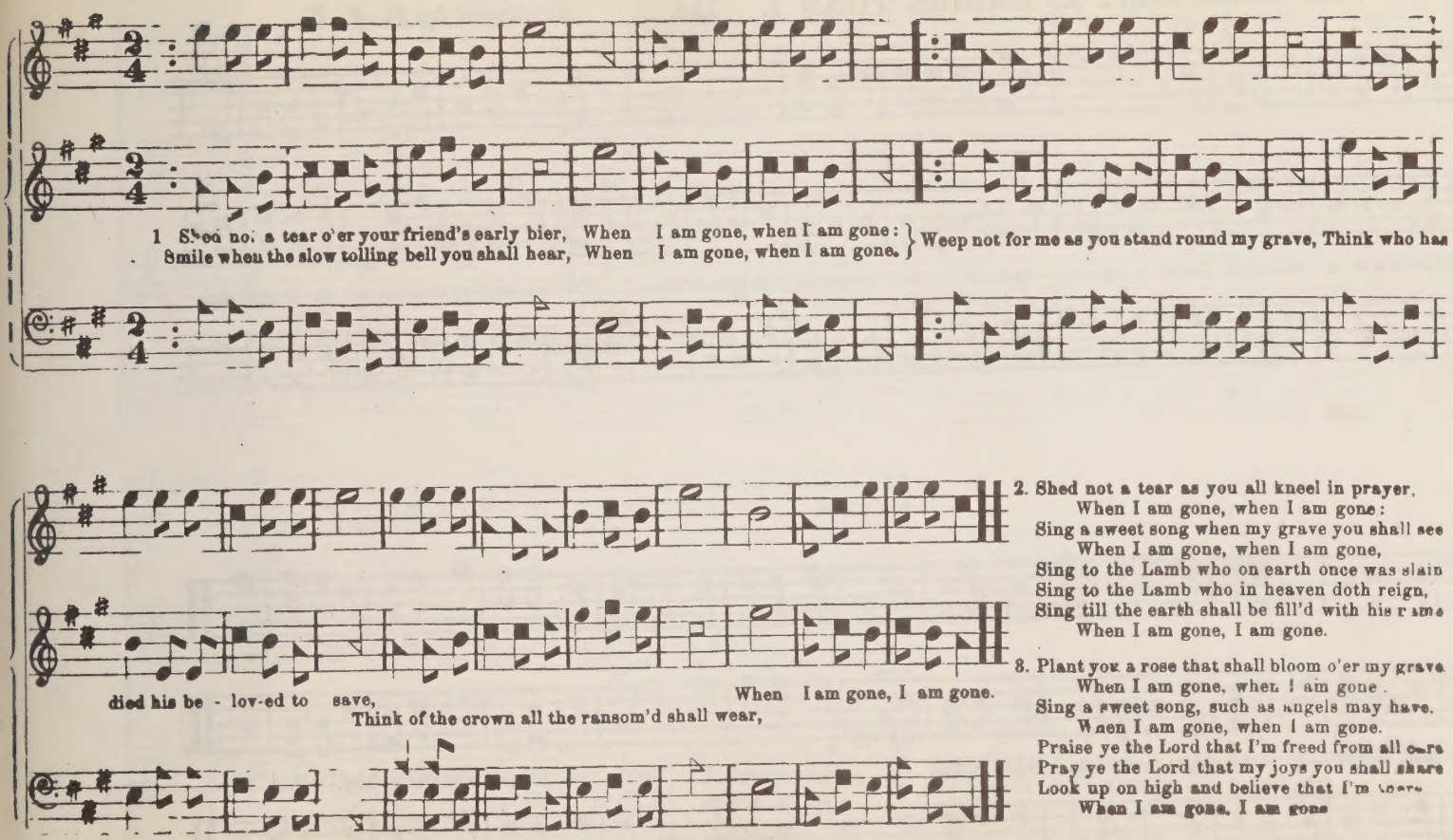

1. How bright is the day when the Christian, Receives the sweet message to come, To rise to the mansions of glo-ry, And be there for e-ver at
2. The angels stand ready in wait-ing, The moment the spi-rit is gone, To car-ry it up-ward to hea-ven, And wel-come it safe-ly at
3. The saints that have gone up before us, All raise a new shout as we come, And sing hal-le-lu-jah the lou-der, To welcome the tra-vel-lers
home, And be there for e-ver at home, And be there for e-ver at home, To rise to the mansions of glo-ry, And be there for e-ver at home
home, And welcome it safe-ly at home, And welcome it safe-ly at home, To car-ry it upward to hea-ven, And welcome it safe-ly at home.
home, To welcome the travellers home, To welcome the travellers home, And sing hal-le - lu-jah the lou-der, To welcome the travellers home

4. And there are our friends and companions,
Escaped from the evil to come,
And crowding the gates of fair Zion,
To wait our arrival at home.

5. And there is the blessed Redeemer,
So mild on his merciful throne,
With heart and hands widely extended,
To welcome his ransom'd ones home.

6. Then let us go onward rejoicing,
Till Jesus invites us to come,
To share in his glorious kingdom,
And rest in his bosom at home.

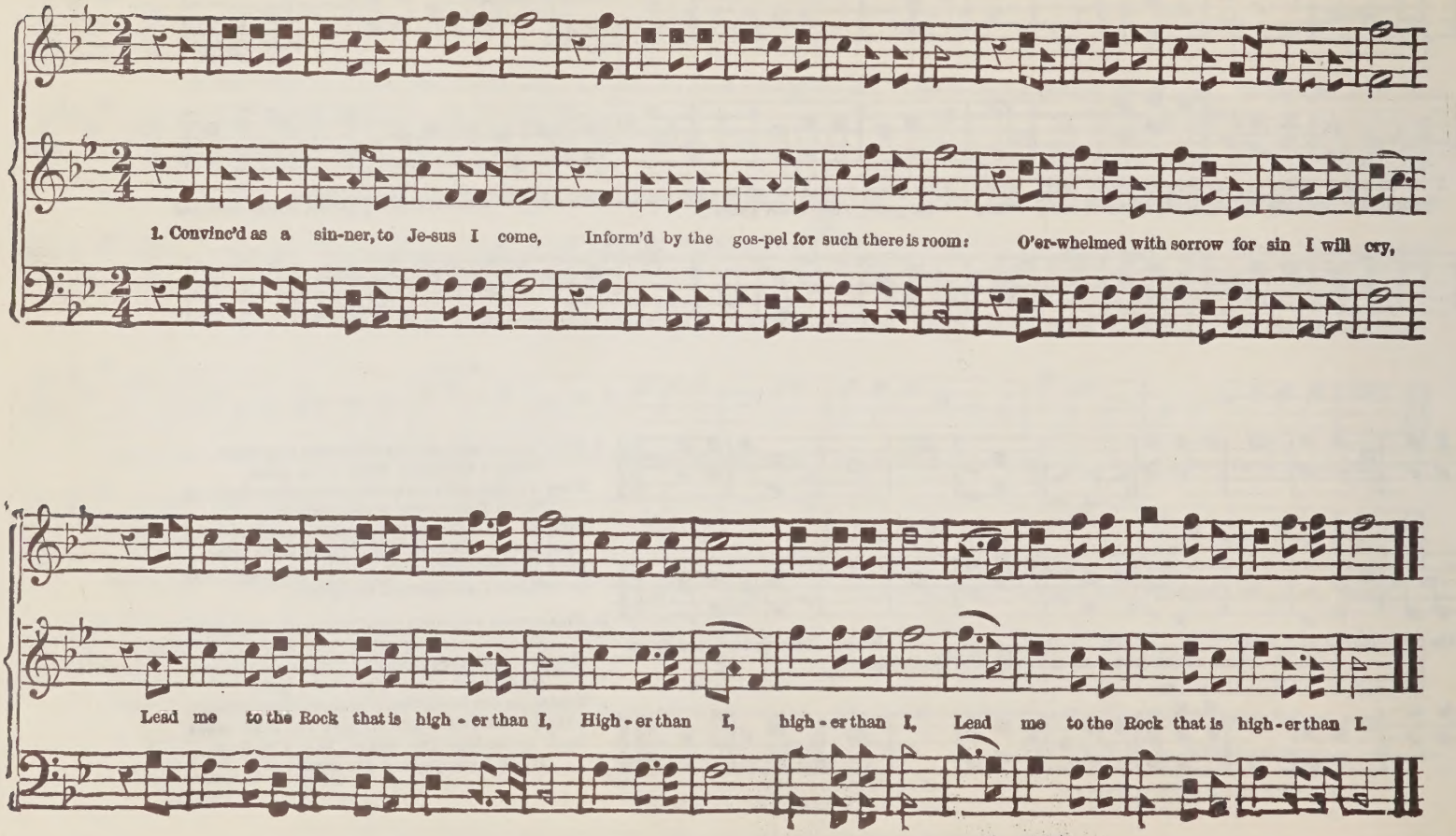
These words were composed by Rev. S. B. Sawyer on the day of his death, with request that this tune should


1 Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier, When I am gone, when I am gone:
Smile when the slow tolling bell you shall hear, When I am gone, when I am gone.
Weep not for me as you stand round my grave, Think who has
died his be - lov-ed to save,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Think of the crown all the ransom'd shall wear,

2. Shed not a tear as you all kneel in prayer,
When I am gone, when I am gone:
Sing a sweet song when my grave you shall see
When I am gone, when I am gone,
Sing to the Lamb who on earth once was slain
Sing to the Lamb who in heaven doth reign,
Sing till the earth shall be fill'd with his name
When I am gone, I am gone.

3. Plant you a rose that shall bloom o'er my grave
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Sing a sweet song, such as angels may have,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care
Pray ye the Lord that my joys you shall share
Look up on high and believe that I'm there
When I am gone, I am gone

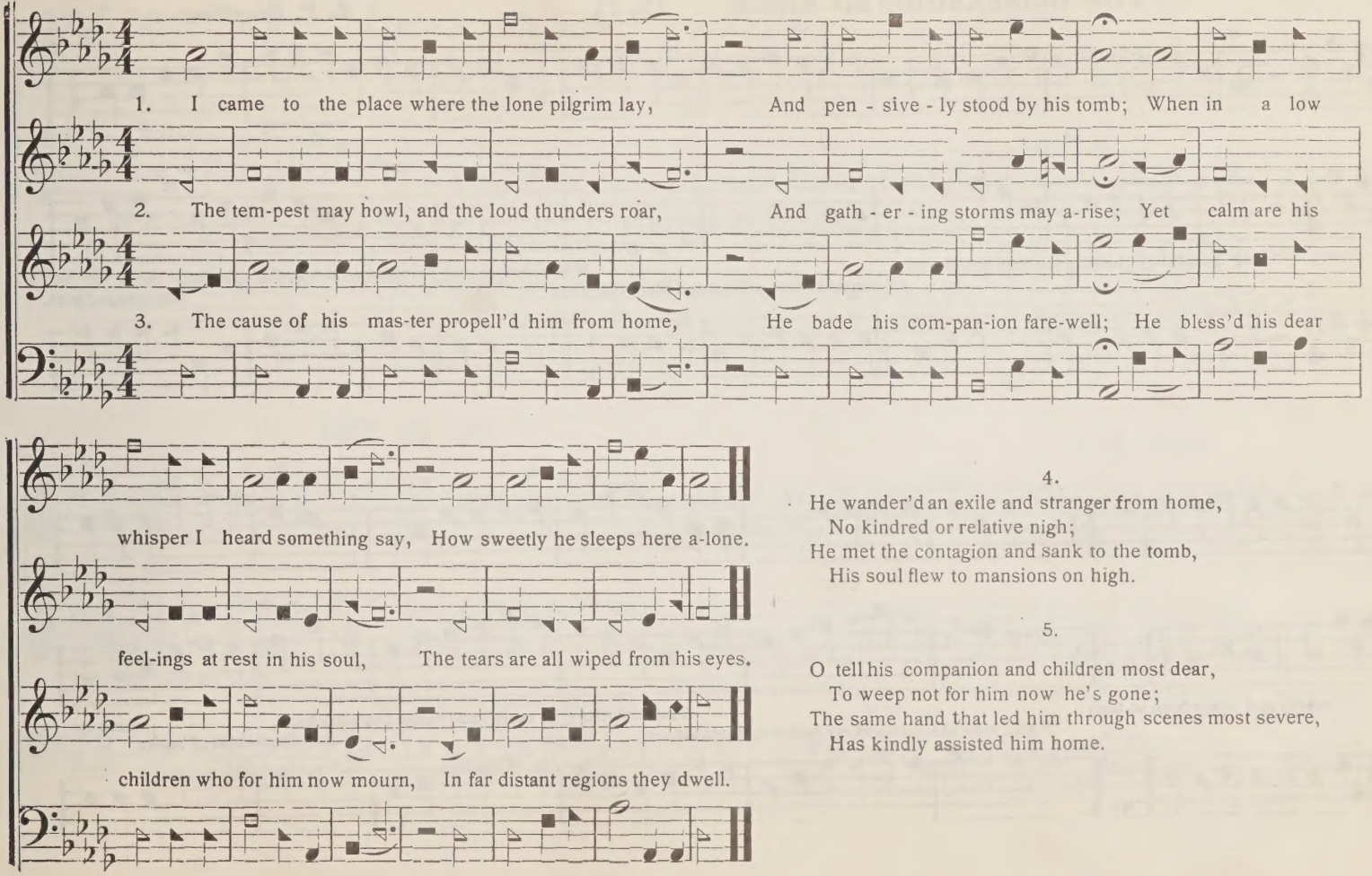
THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I. 11s. *Arranged by B. F. W.*


1. Convinc'd as a sin-ner, to Je-sus I come, Inform'd by the gos-pel for such there is room: O'er-whelmed with sorrow for sin I will cry,
Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I, High-er than I, high-er than I, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.

THE LONE PILGRIM.

B. F. W.

B. F. White.


1. I came to the place where the lone pilgrim lay, And pen - sive - ly stood by his tomb; When in a low
2. The tem-pest may howl, and the loud thunders roar, And gath - er - ing storms may a-rise; Yet calm are his
3. The cause of his mas-ter propell'd him from home, He bade his com-pan-ion fare-well; He bless'd his dear
whisper I heard something say, How sweetly he sleeps here a-lone.
feel-ings at rest in his soul, The tears are all wiped from his eyes.
children who for him now mourn, In far distant regions they dwell.

4.

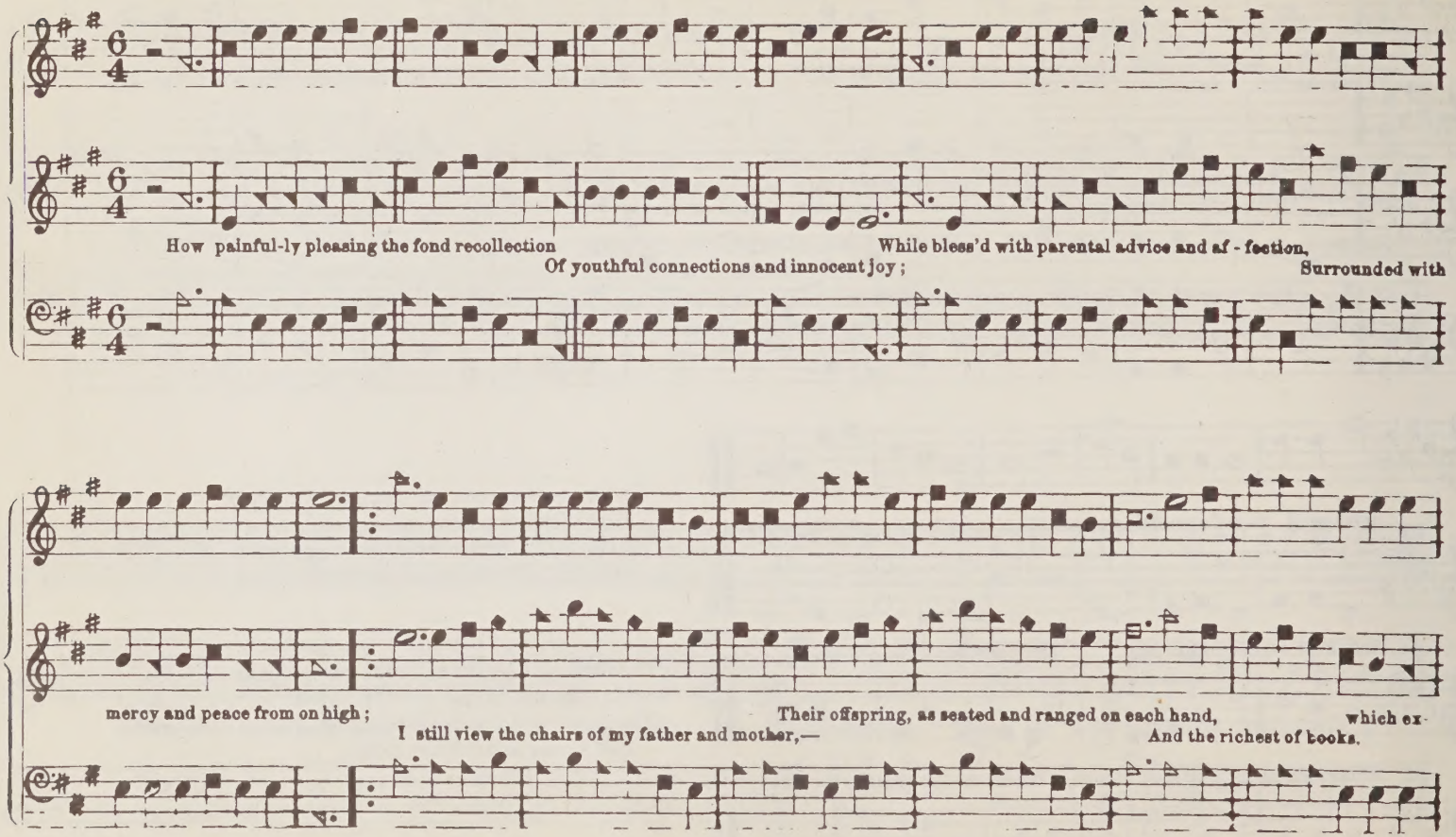
He wander'd an exile and stranger from home,
No kindred or relative nigh;
He met the contagion and sank to the tomb,
His soul flew to mansions on high.

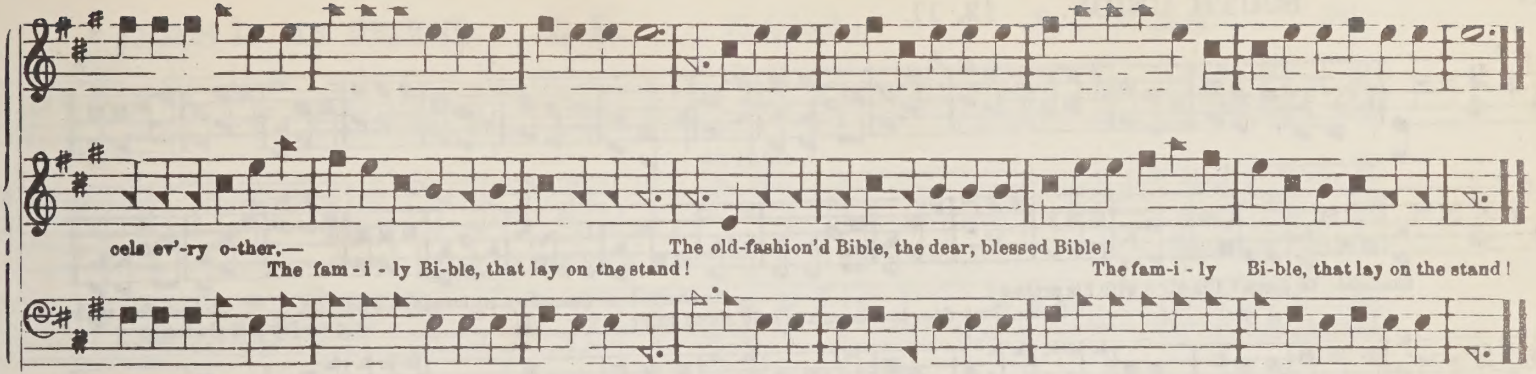
5.

O tell his companion and children most dear,
To weep not for him now he's gone;
The same hand that led him through scenes most severe,
Has kindly assisted him home.

THE OLD-FASHIONED BIBLE. 12, 11

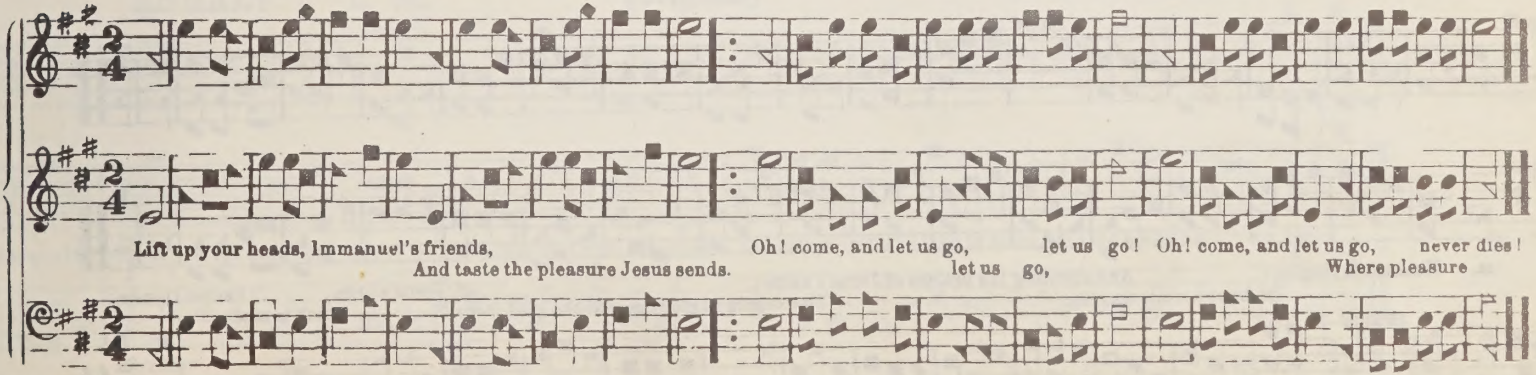
L. P. Breedlove.


How painful-ly pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connections and innocent joy;
While bless'd with parental advice and af - fection,
Surrounded with
mercy and peace from on high;
I still view the chairs of my father and mother,—
Their offspring, as seated and ranged on each hand,
And the richest of books.
which ex-

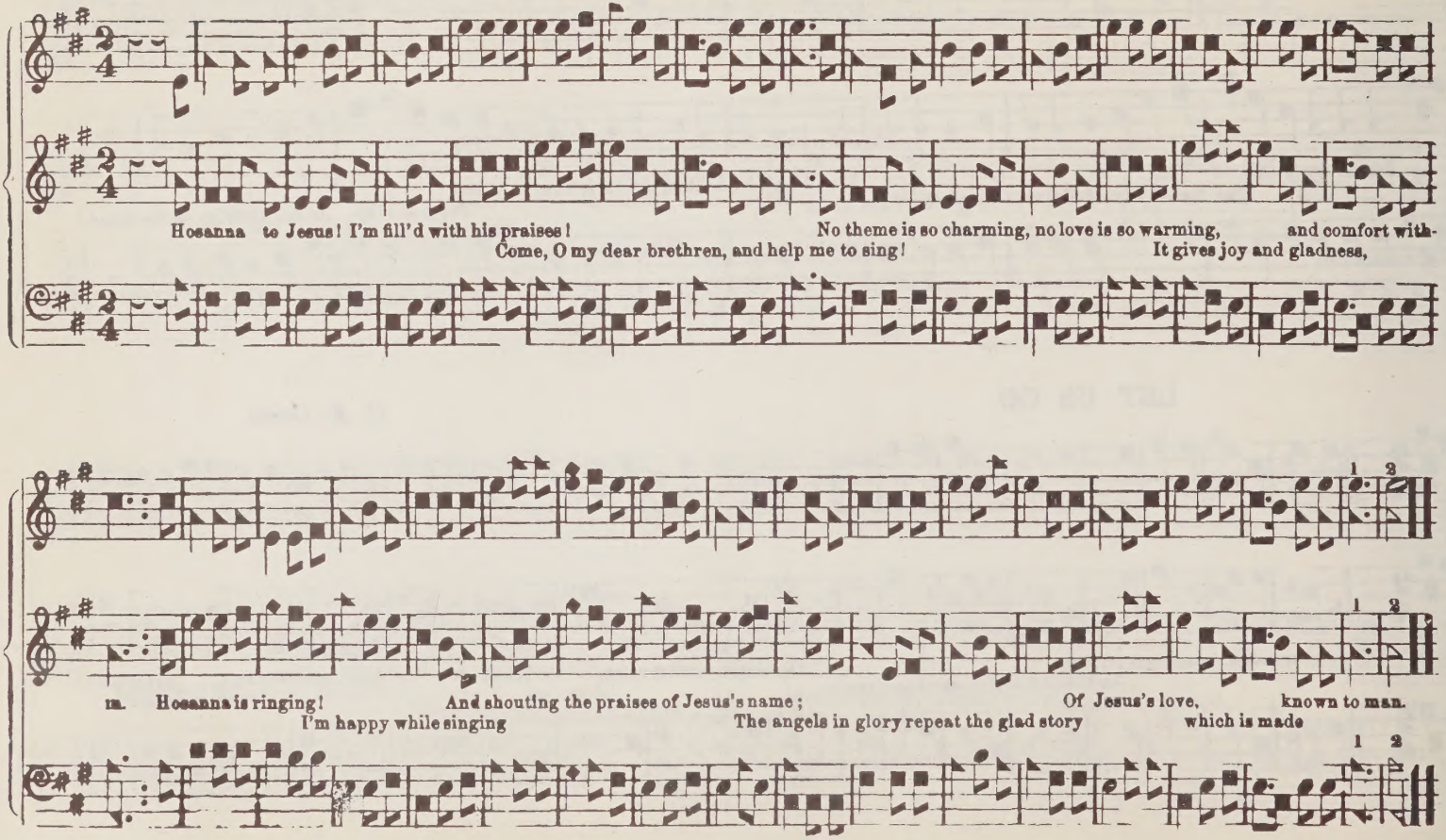

cels ev'-ry o-ther,—
The fam - i - ly Bi-ble, that lay on the stand!
The old-fashion'd Bible, the dear, blessed Bible!
The fam-i - ly Bi-ble, that lay on the stand!

LET US GO.

C. A. Davis.


Lift up your heads, Immanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends.
Oh! come, and let us go, let us go! Oh! come, and let us go, never dies!
let us go,
Where pleasure

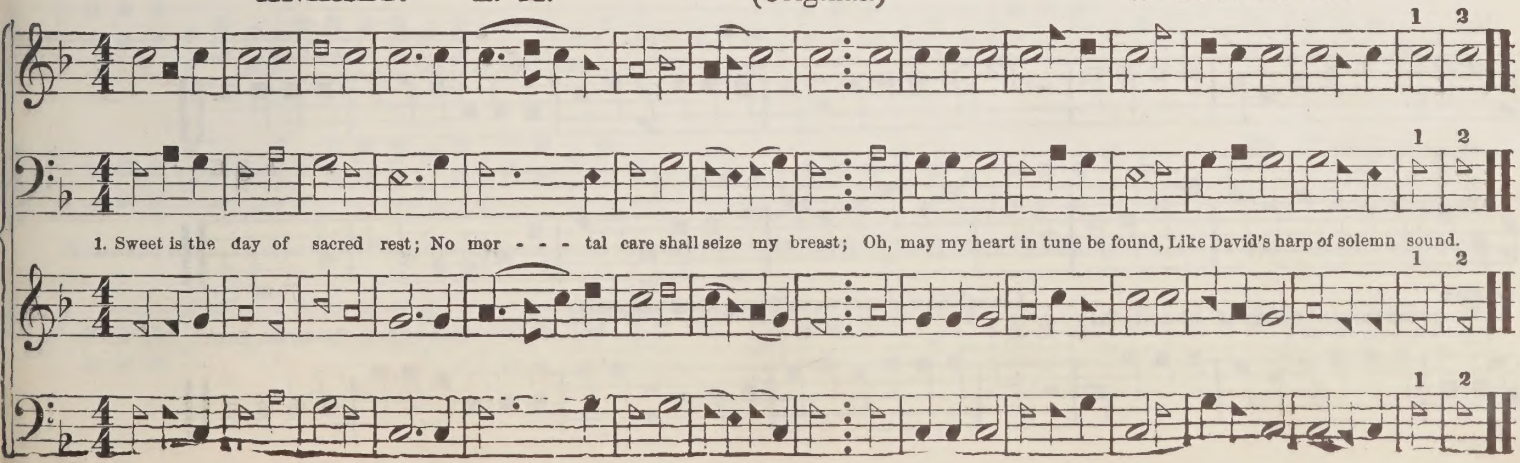
SOUTH UNION. 12. 11.

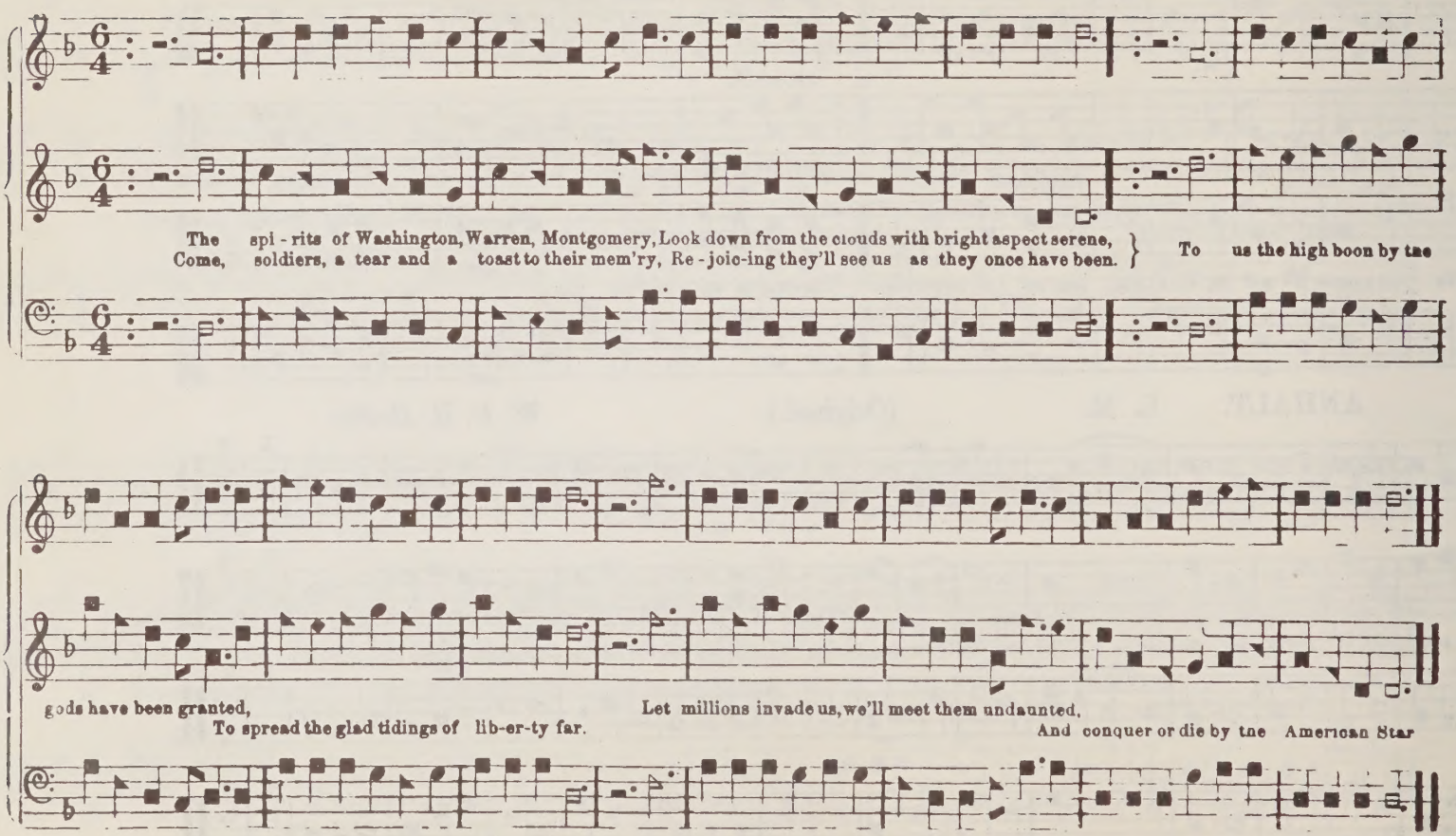

Hosanna to Jesus! I'm fill'd with his praises!
Come, O my dear brethren, and help me to sing!
No theme is so charming, no love is so warming,
It gives joy and gladness,
and comfort with-
m. Hosanna is ringing!
I'm happy while singing
And shouting the praises of Jesus's name;
The angels in glory repeat the glad story
Of Jesus's love,
which is made
known to man.
1
2

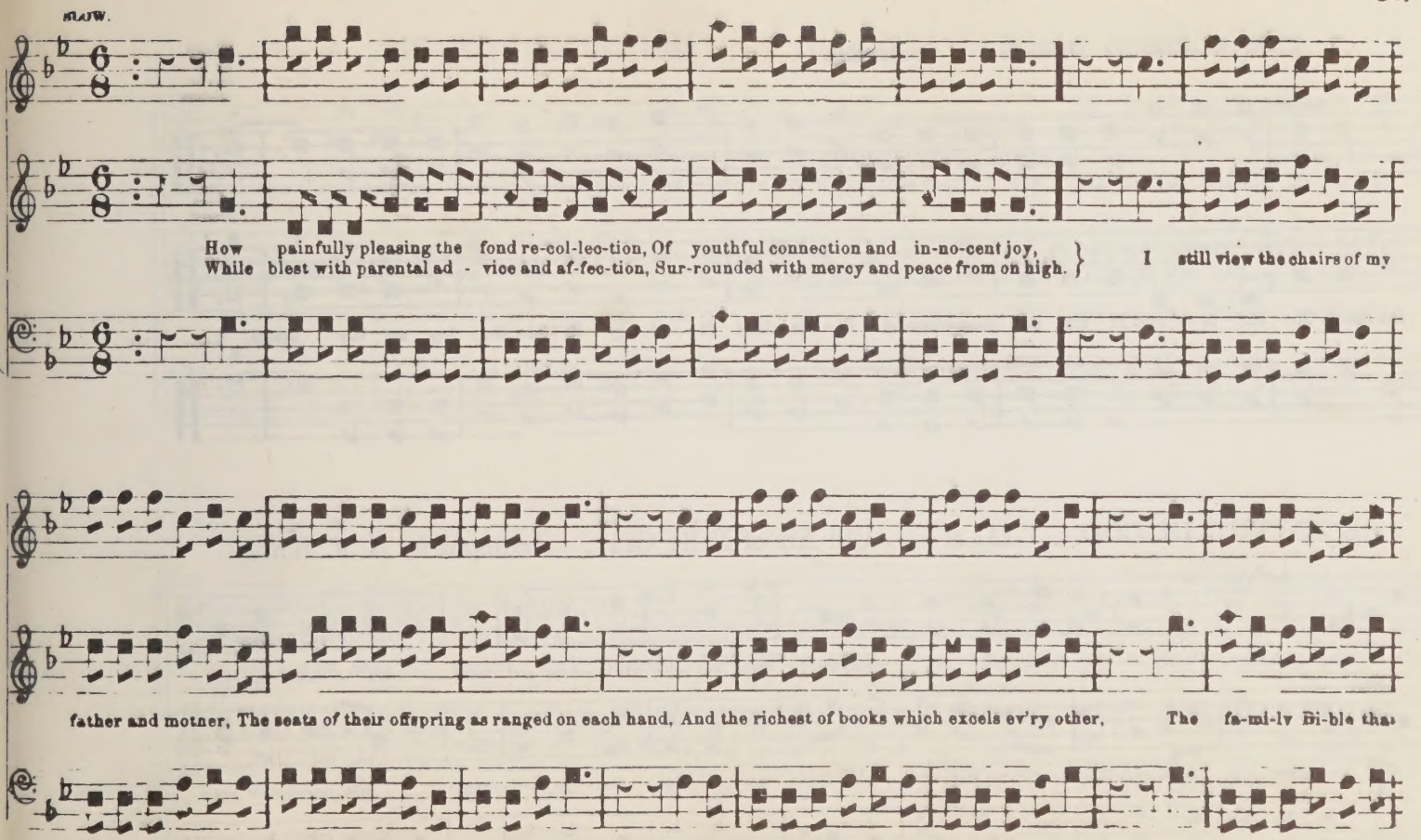
JESUS IS MY FRIEND. L. M. (Original.) *By J. P. Rees.*

CHORUS.
1. Come life, come death, come, then, what will, Je - sus is my friend, Je - sus is my friend, Oh, hal - le - lu - jah; Je-sus is my friend.
CHORUS.
His foot - steps I will fol - low still, Je - sus is my friend, Je - sus is my friend, &c.

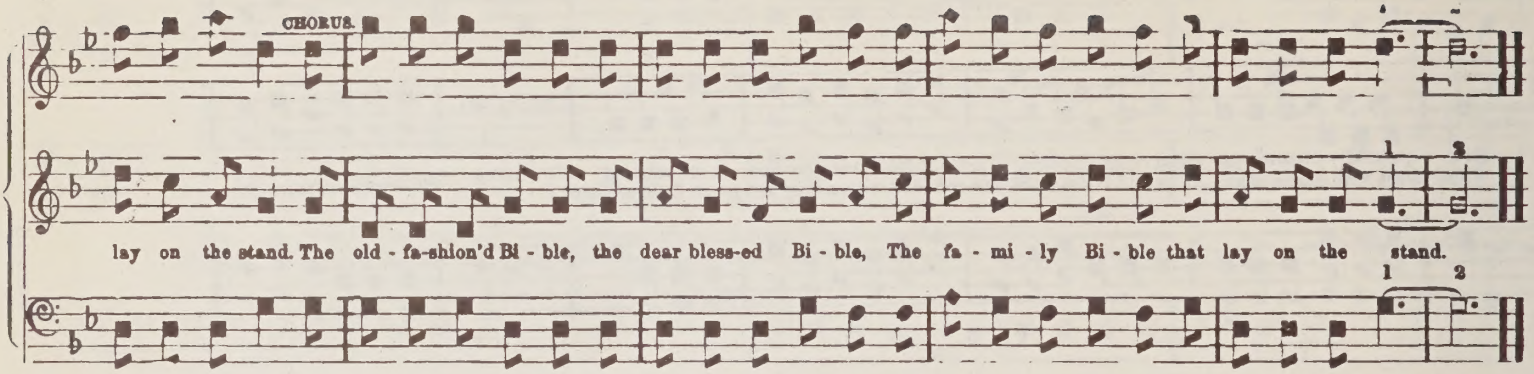
ANHALT. L. M. (Original.) *W. H. B. Mosher.*


1 2
1. Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mor - - - tal care shall seize my breast; Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

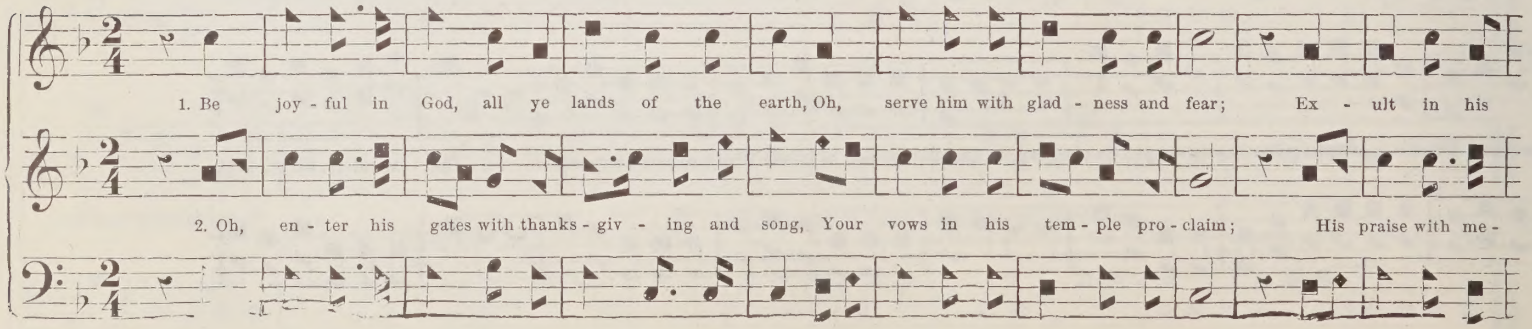

The spi - rits of Washington, Warren, Montgomery, Look down from the clouds with bright aspect serene,
Come, soldiers, a tear and a toast to their mem'ry, Re - joic-ing they'll see us as they once have been.
To us the high boon by the
gods have been granted,
To spread the glad tidings of lib-er-ty far.
Let millions invade us, we'll meet them undaunted,
And conquer or die by the American Star


How painfully pleasing the fond re-col-lec-tion, Of youthful connection and in-no-cent joy,
While blest with parental ad - vice and af-fec-tion, Sur-rounded with mercy and peace from on high.
I still view the chairs of my
father and mother, The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand, And the richest of books which excels ev'ry other,
The fa-mi-ly Bi-ble that

THE BLESSED BIBLE. *Concluded*



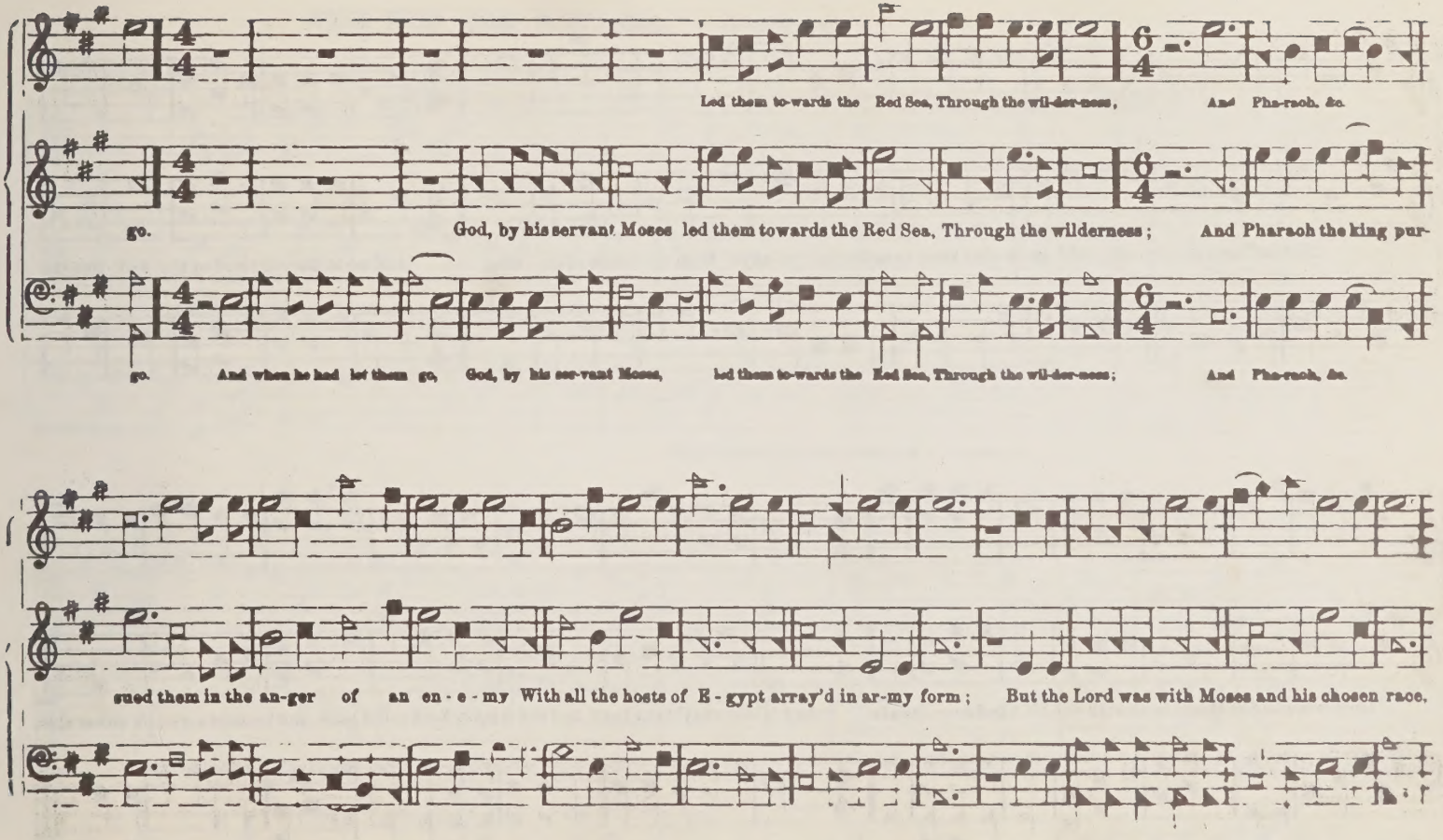
BE JOYFUL IN GOD. 11s & 8s. Old Air of Nelly Gray. *Arranged by B. F. White*

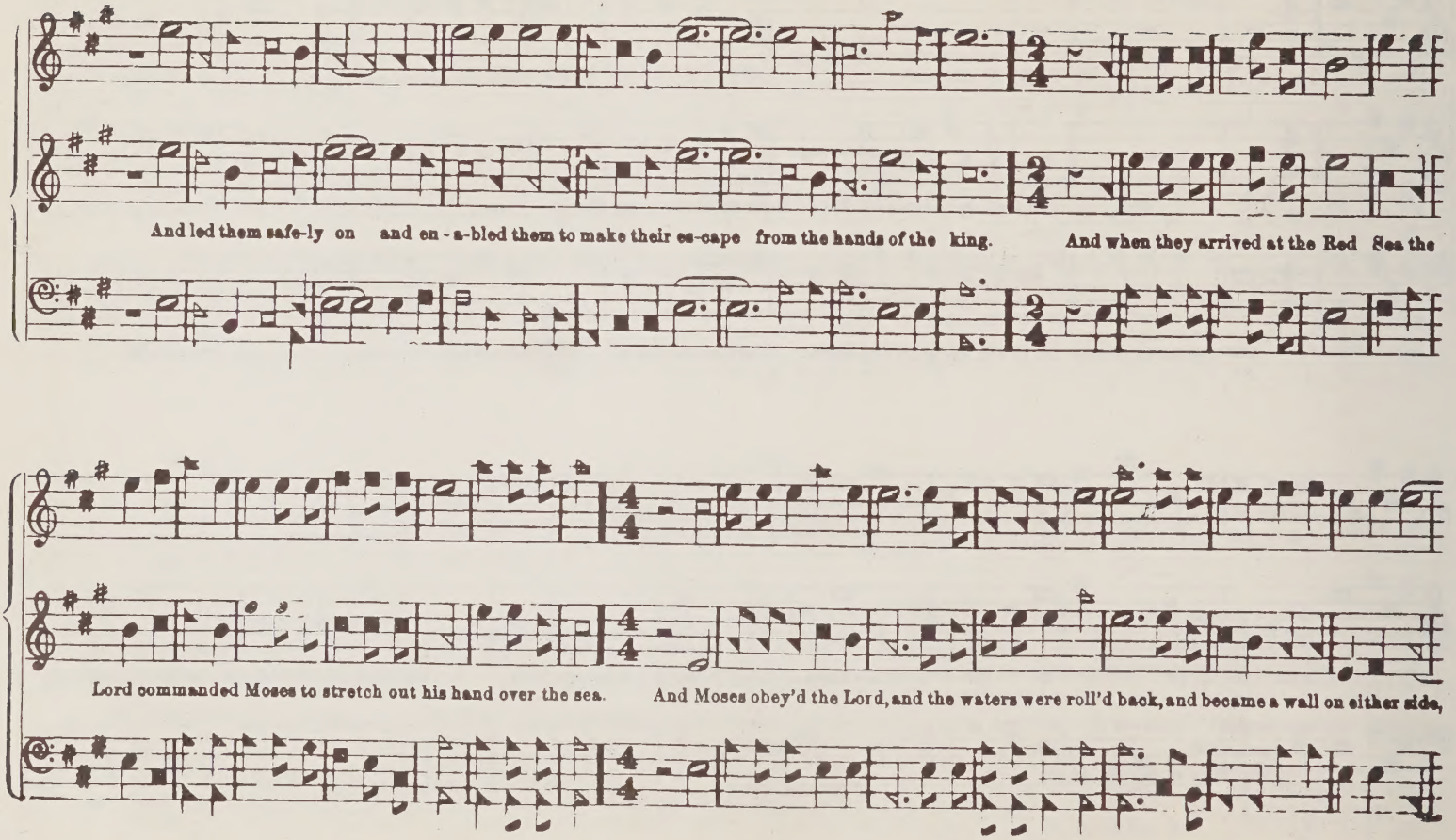

1. Be joy - ful in God, all ye lands of the earth, Oh, serve him with glad - ness and fear; Ex - ult in his
2. Oh, en - ter his gates with thanks - giv - ing and song, Your vows in his tem - ple pro - claim; His praise with me -

pre - sence with mu - sic and mirth, With love and de - vo - tion draw near. The Lor he is God, and Je - ho - vah a - lone, Cre -
lo - dious ac - cord - ance pro - long, And bless his a - dor - a - ble name. For good is the Lord, in - ex - press - i - bly good, And
a - tor and ru - ler of all; And we are his peo - ple, his scep - tre we own; His sheep, and we fol - low his call.
we are the work of his hand; His mer - cy and truth from e - ter - ni - ty stood, And shall to e - ter - ni - ty stand.

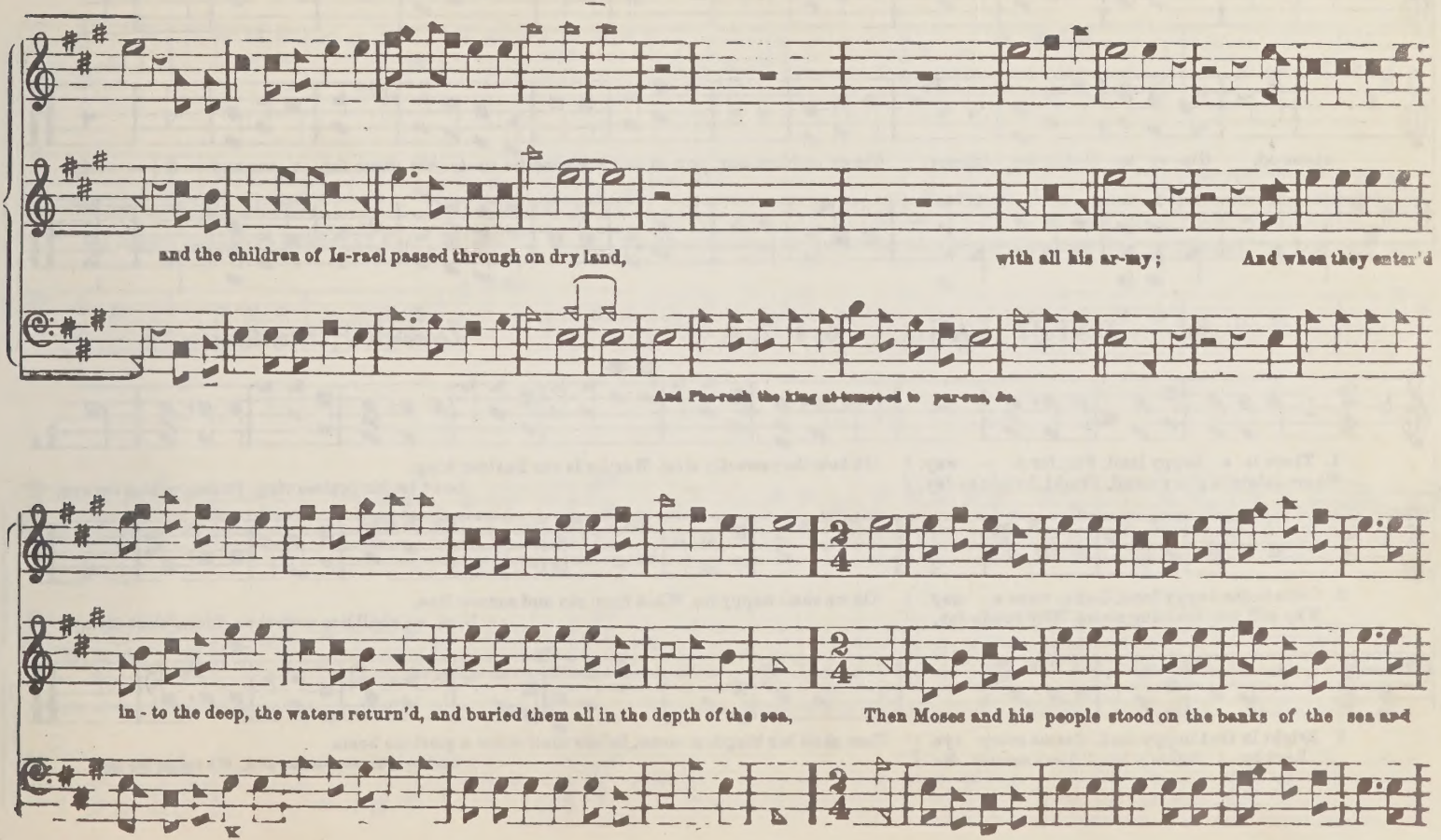
THE RED SEA ANTHEM. *Original.* *R. F. White.*

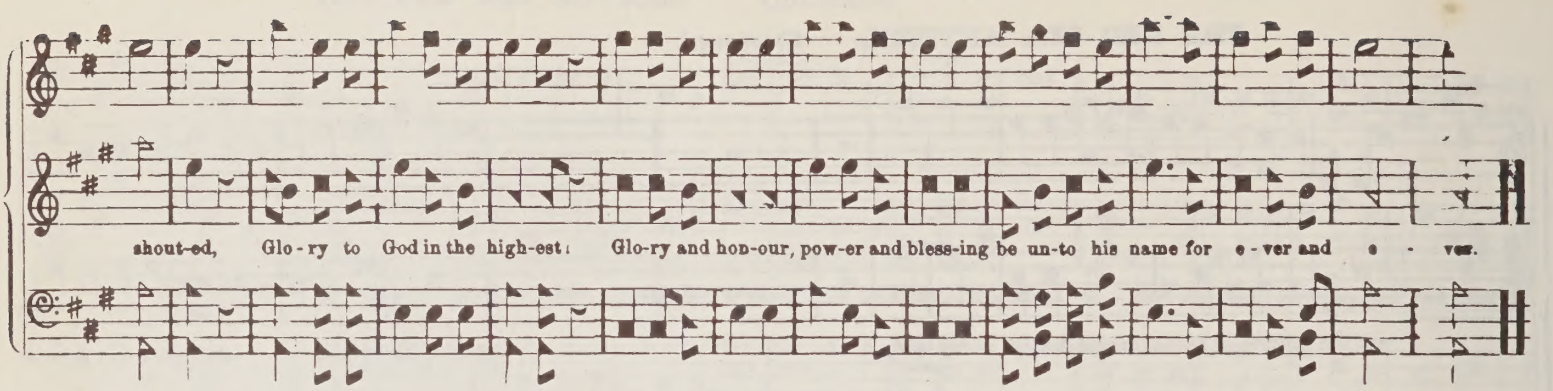
The Lord spoke unto Moses, say-ing, Sanc-ti-fy un - to me all the first born. And Moses said un-to the peo - ple, Re-mem-ber this day in
VIVACE
PIANO.
which ye came out of E-gypt; Out of the house of bondage, by the strong hand of the Lord. And Pharaoh, the king of E-gypt, was loth to let them


Led them to-wards the Red Sea, Through the wil-der-ness, And Pha-raoh, &c.
go. God, by his servant Moses led them towards the Red Sea, Through the wilderness; And Pharaoh the king pur-
go. And when he had let them go, God, by his ser-vant Moses, led them to-wards the Red Sea, Through the wil-der-ness; And Pha-raoh, &c.
sued them in the an-ger of an en-e-my With all the hosts of E-gypt array'd in ar-my form; But the Lord was with Moses and his chosen race.


And led them safe-ly on and en-a-bled them to make their es-cape from the hands of the king. And when they arrived at the Red Sea the
Lord commanded Moses to stretch out his hand over the sea. And Moses obey'd the Lord, and the waters were roll'd back, and became a wall on either side,

THE RED SEA ANTHEM. *Continued.*


and the children of Is-rael passed through on dry land,
with all his ar-my;
And when they enter'd
And Pha-raoh the king attempted to pur-sue, &c.
in - to the deep, the waters return'd, and buried them all in the depth of the sea,
Then Moses and his people stood on the banks of the sea and

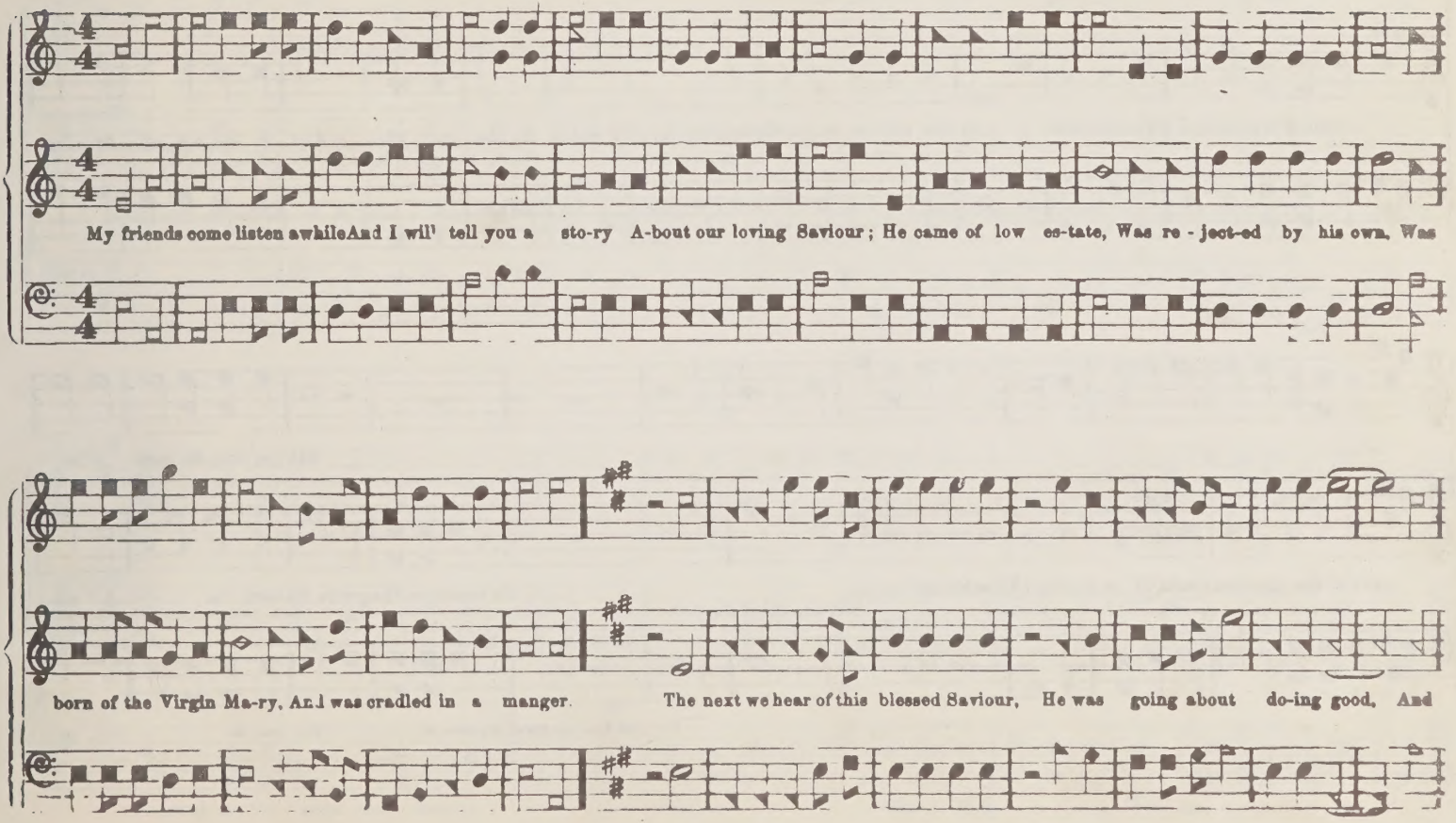


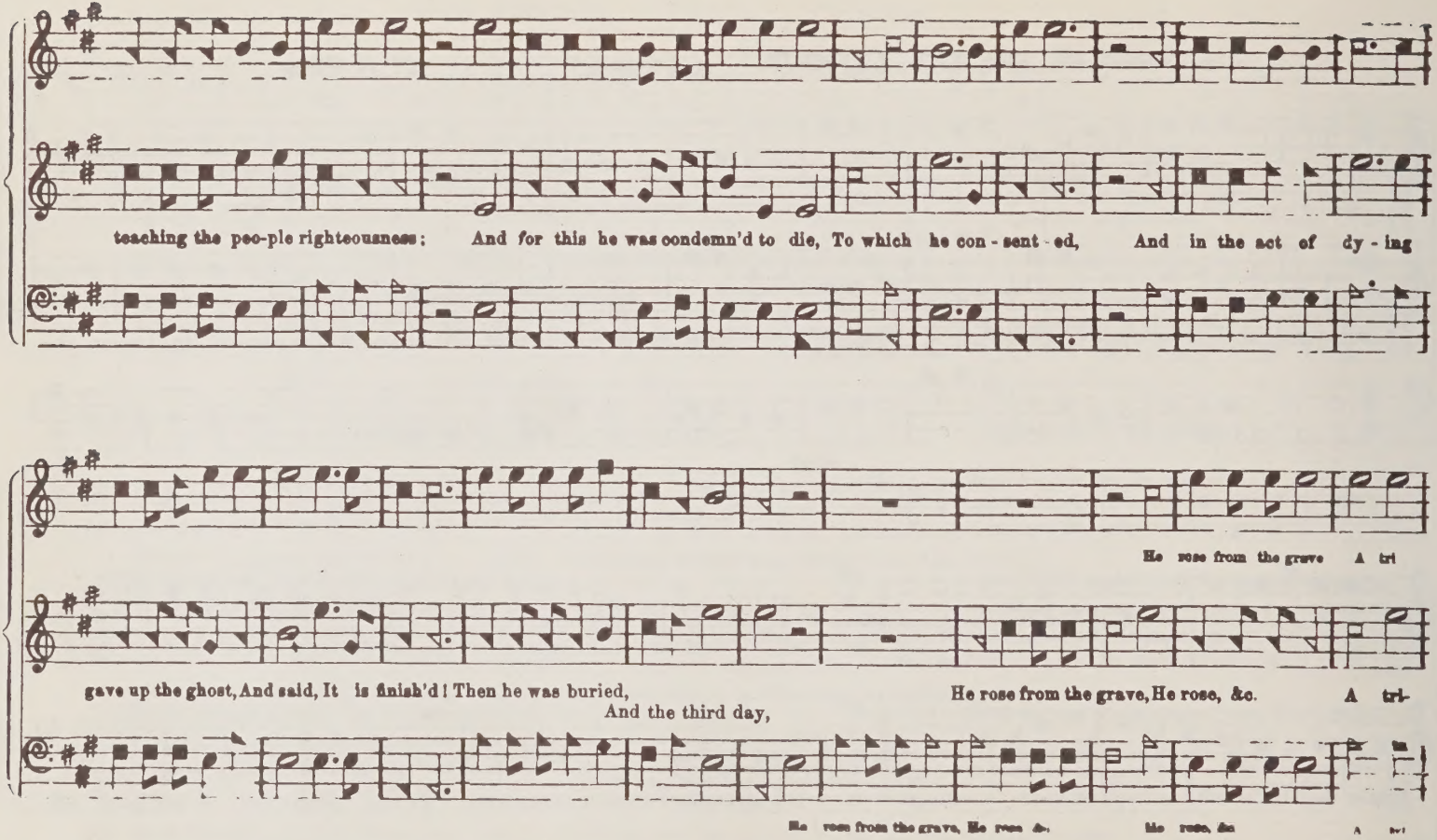
HAPPY LAND. 6, 4, 7, 4.

Leonard P. Breedlove.

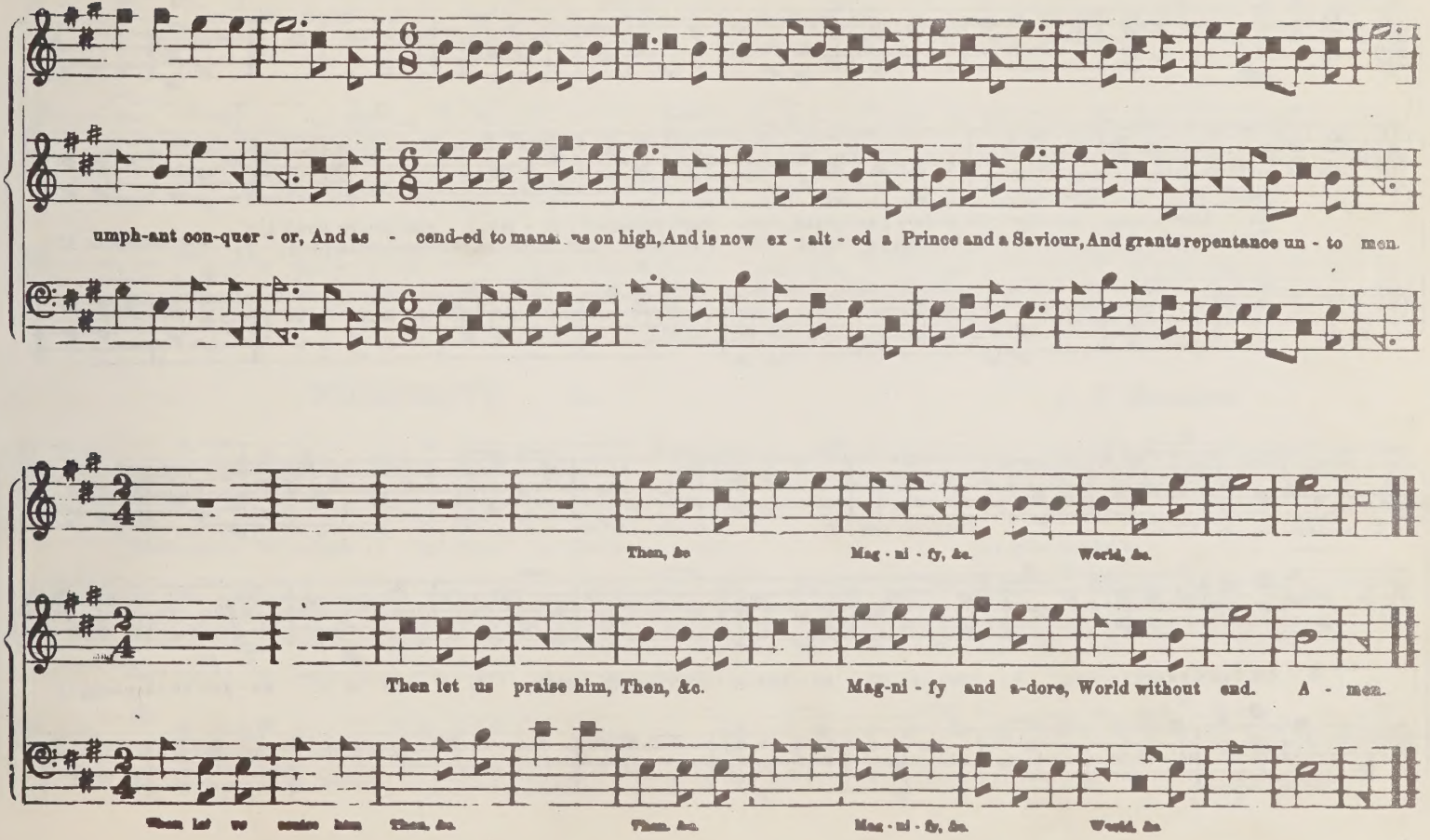
1. There is a happy land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day, Oh how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Saviour king, Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye,
2. Come to the happy land, Come, come a - way, Why will you doubting stand, Why yet de-lay, Oh we shall happy be, When from sin and sorrow free, Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for aye.
3. Bright in that happy land, Beams every eye, Kept by a father's hand, Love cannot die. Then shall his kingdom come, Saints shall share a glorious home. And bright above the sun, We reign for ayo

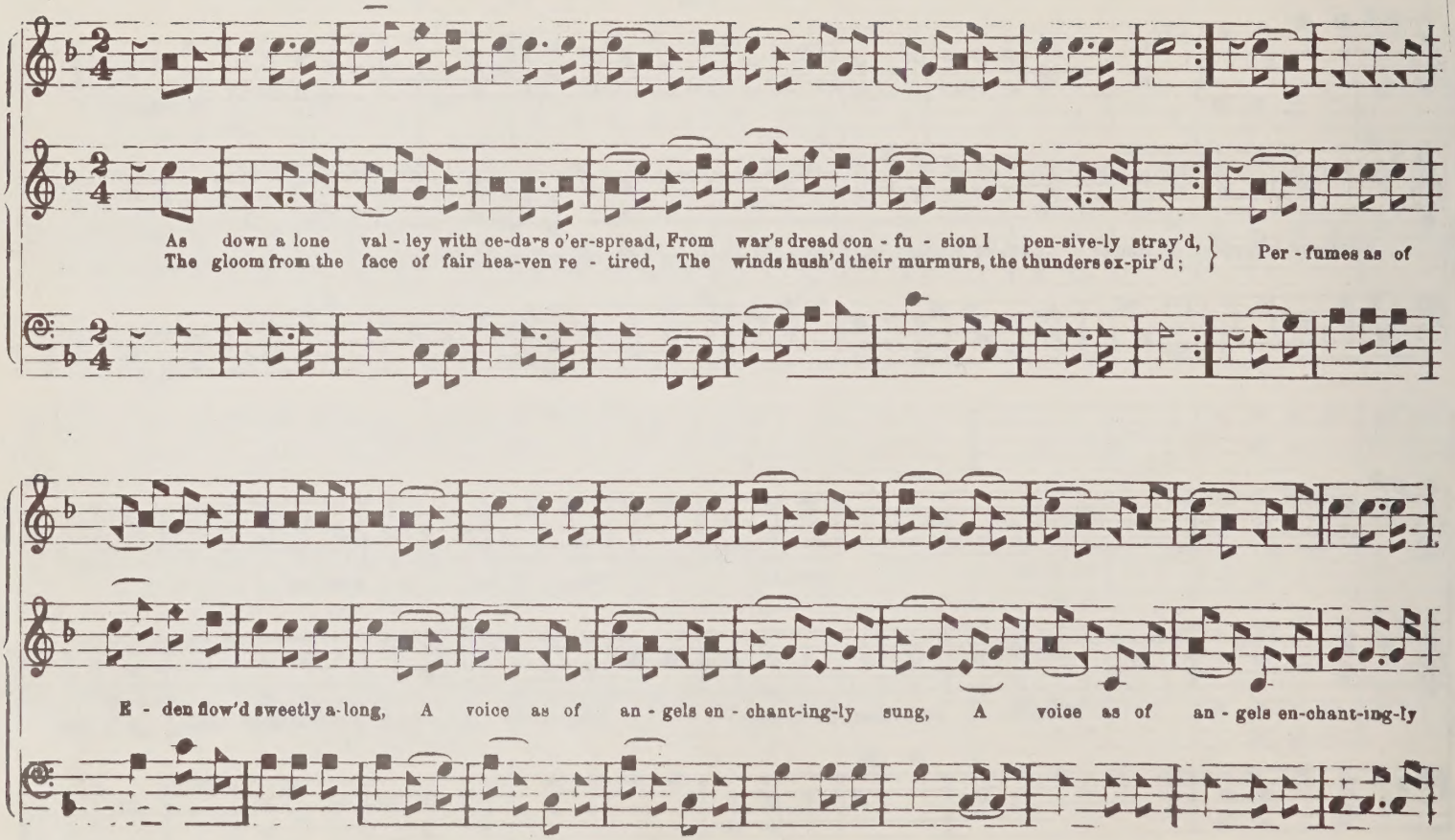
ANTHEM ON THE SAVIOUR. (*Original.*) *E. F. White.*

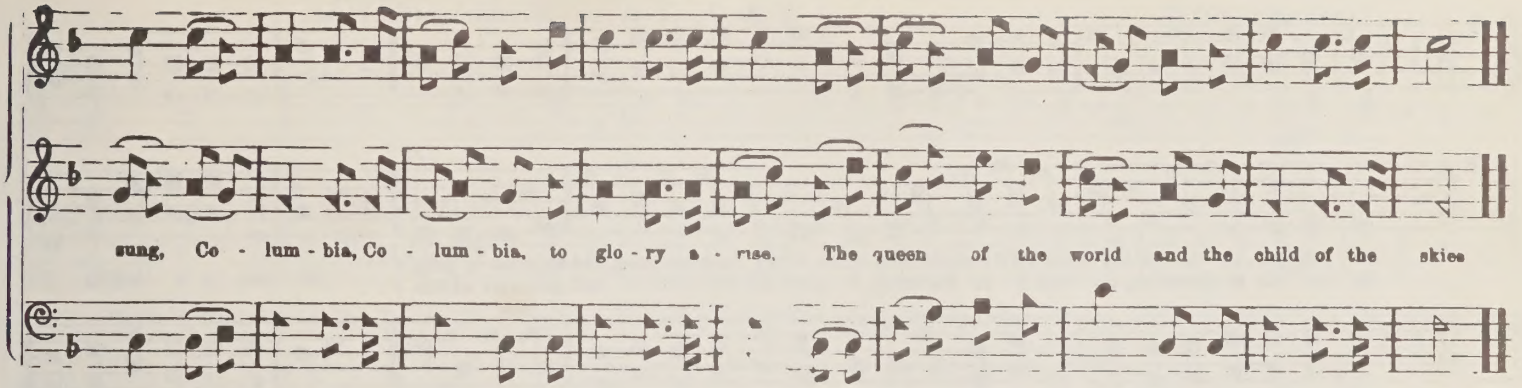

My friends come listen awhileAnd I will tell you a sto-ry A-bout our loving Saviour; He came of low es-tate, Was re-ject-ed by his own, Was
born of the Virgin Ma-ry, And was cradled in a manger. The next we hear of this blessed Saviour, He was going about do-ing good, And


teaching the peo-ple righteousness; And for this he was condemn'd to die, To which he con-sent-ed, And in the act of dy-ing
He rose from the grave A tri
gave up the ghost, And said, It is finish'd! Then he was buried,
And the third day,
He rose from the grave, He rose, &c. A tri-

ANTHEM ON THE SAVIOUR. *Concluded.*

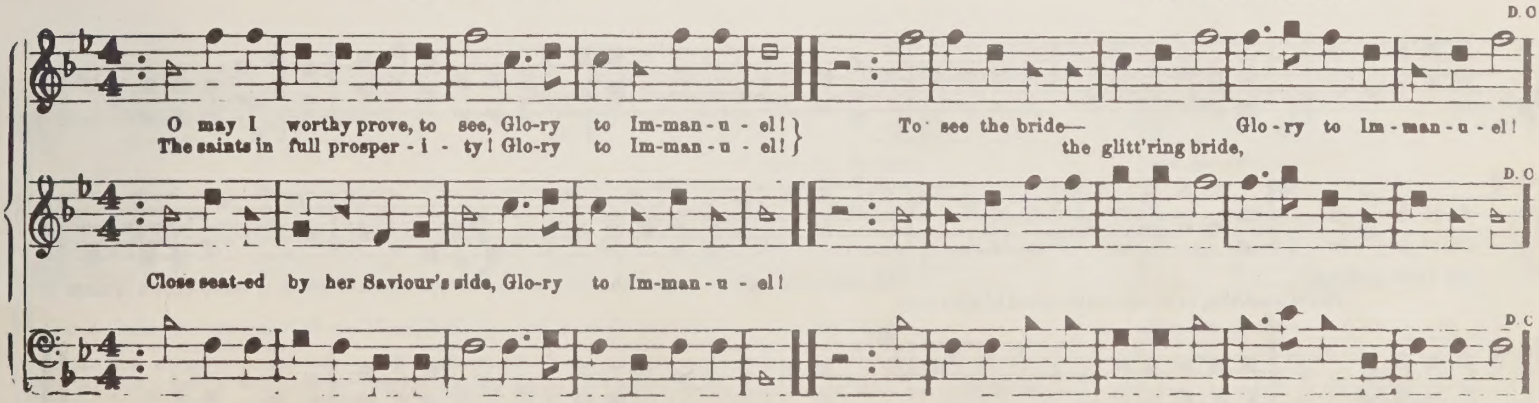

umph-ant con-quer - or, And as - cend-ed to mans. .s on high, And is now ex - alt - ed a Prince and a Saviour, And grants repentance un - to men.
Then, &c Mag - ni - fy, &c. World, &c.
Then let us praise him, Then, &c. Mag-ni - fy and a-dore, World without end. A - men.
Then, &c. Mag - ni - fy, &c. World, &c.


As down a lone val - ley with ce-dars o'er-spread, From war's dread con - fu - sion I pen-sive-ly stray'd,
The gloom from the face of fair hea-ven re - tired, The winds hush'd their murmurs, the thunders ex-pir'd;
Per - fumes as of
E - den flow'd sweetly a-long, A voice as of an - gels en - chant-ing-ly sung, A voice as of an - gels en-chant-ing-ly



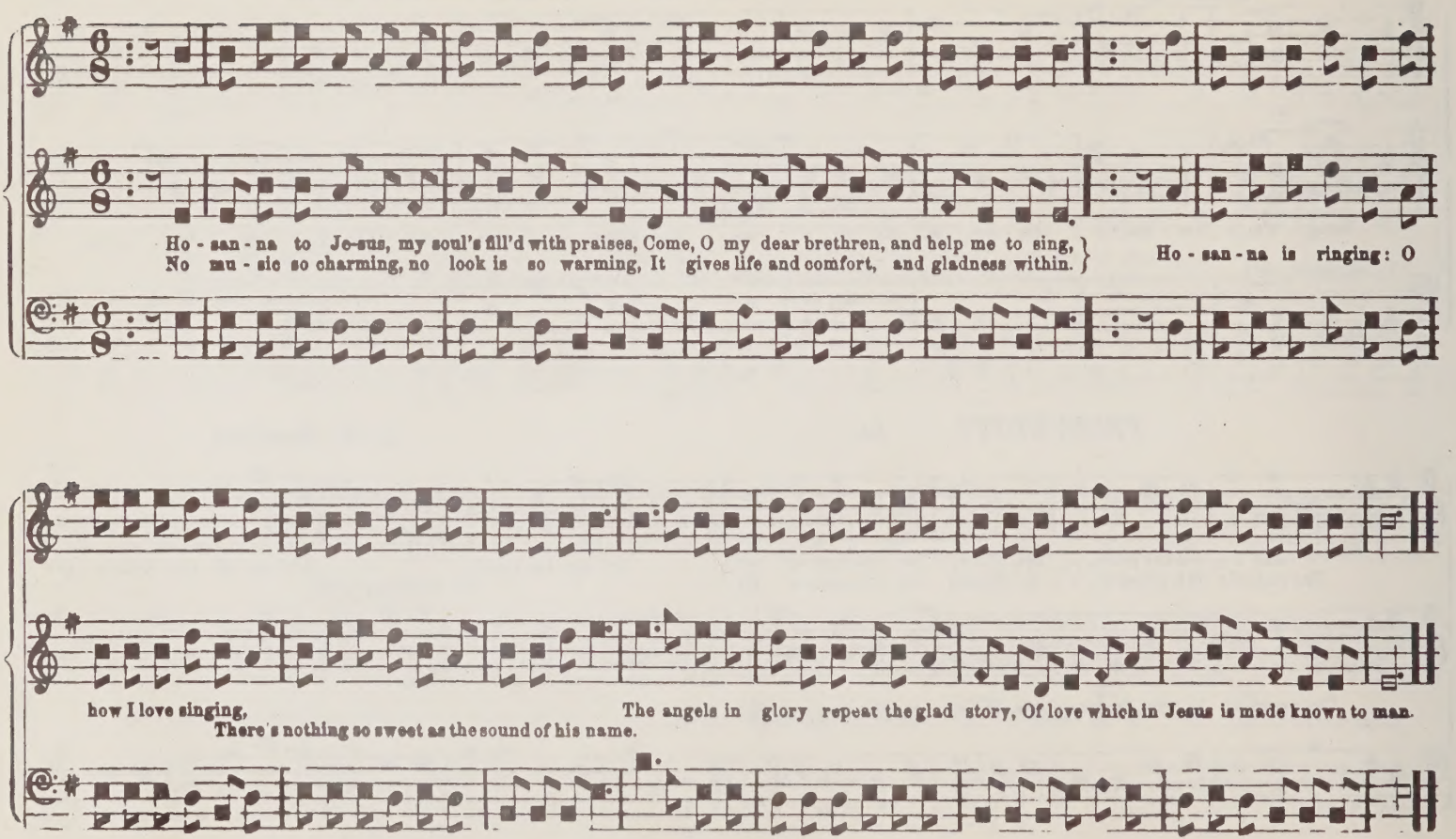
PROSPERITY. 8s.

L. P. Breedlove.


D. C
O may I worthy prove, to see, Glo-ry to Im-man-u-el!
The saints in full prosper-i-ty! Glo-ry to Im-man-u-el!
To see the bride— Glo-ry to Im-man-u-el!
the glitt'ring bride,
D. C
Close seat-ed by her Saviour's side, Glo-ry to Im-man-u-el!
D. C

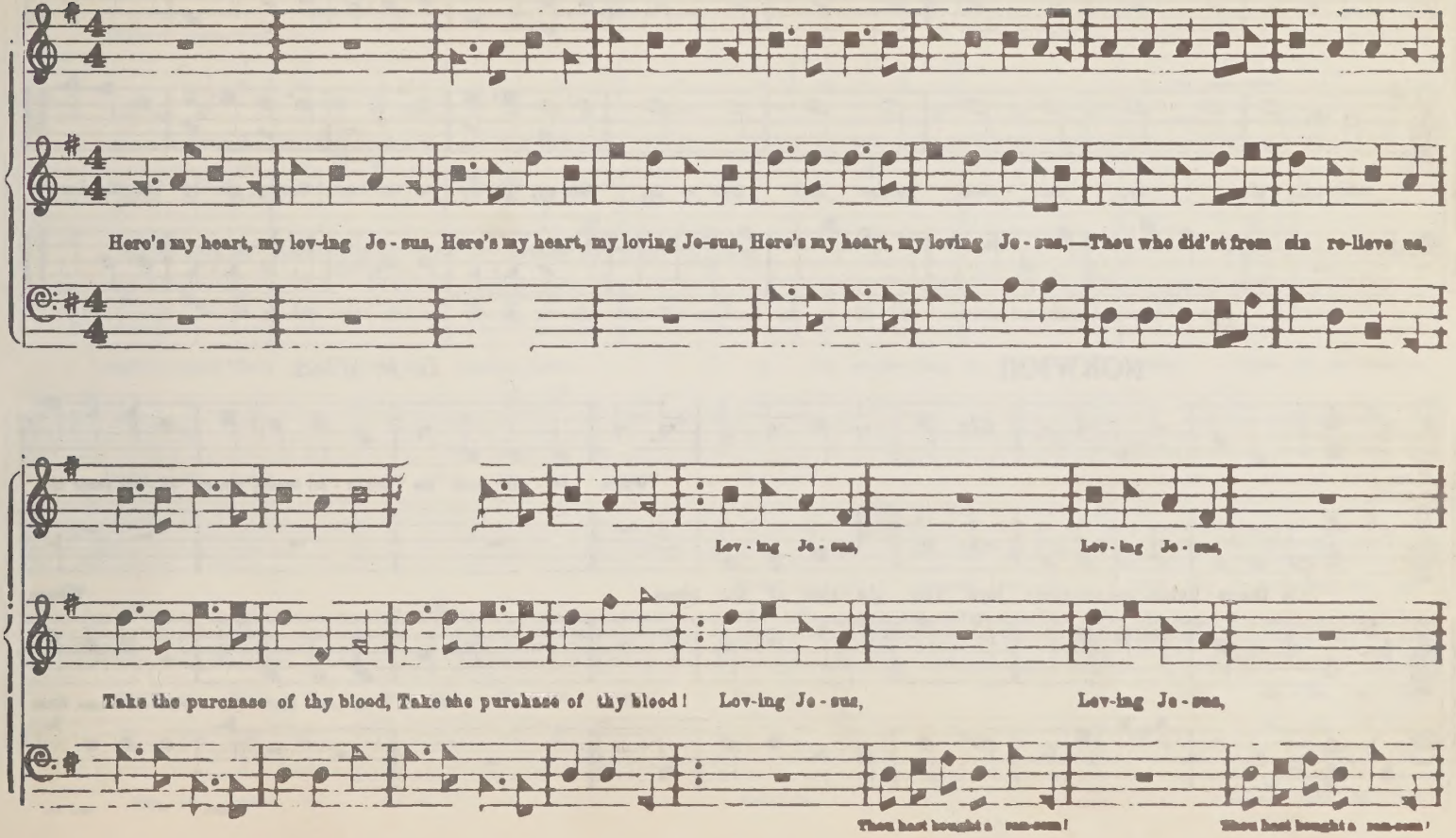
THE ROYAL BAND. 12s & 11s.

W. T. Power.


Ho - san - na to Je-sus, my soul's fill'd with praises, Come, O my dear brethren, and help me to sing,
No mu - sic so charming, no look is so warming, It gives life and comfort, and gladness within.
Ho - san - na is ringing: O
how I love singing,
There's nothing so sweet as the sound of his name.
The angels in glory repeat the glad story, Of love which in Jesus is made known to man.

LOVING JESUS. 8, 7, 10, 8, 7.

Wilde & Shearer.


Here's my heart, my lov-ing Je - sus, Here's my heart, my loving Je-sus, Here's my heart, my loving Je - sus,—Thou who did'st from sin re-lieve us,
Lov - ing Je - sus,
Lov - ing Je - sus,
Take the purchase of thy blood, Take the purchase of thy blood! Lov-ing Je - sus,
Lov-ing Je - sus,
Thou hast bought a ran-som!
Thou hast bought a ran-som!

LOVING JESUS *Concluded*

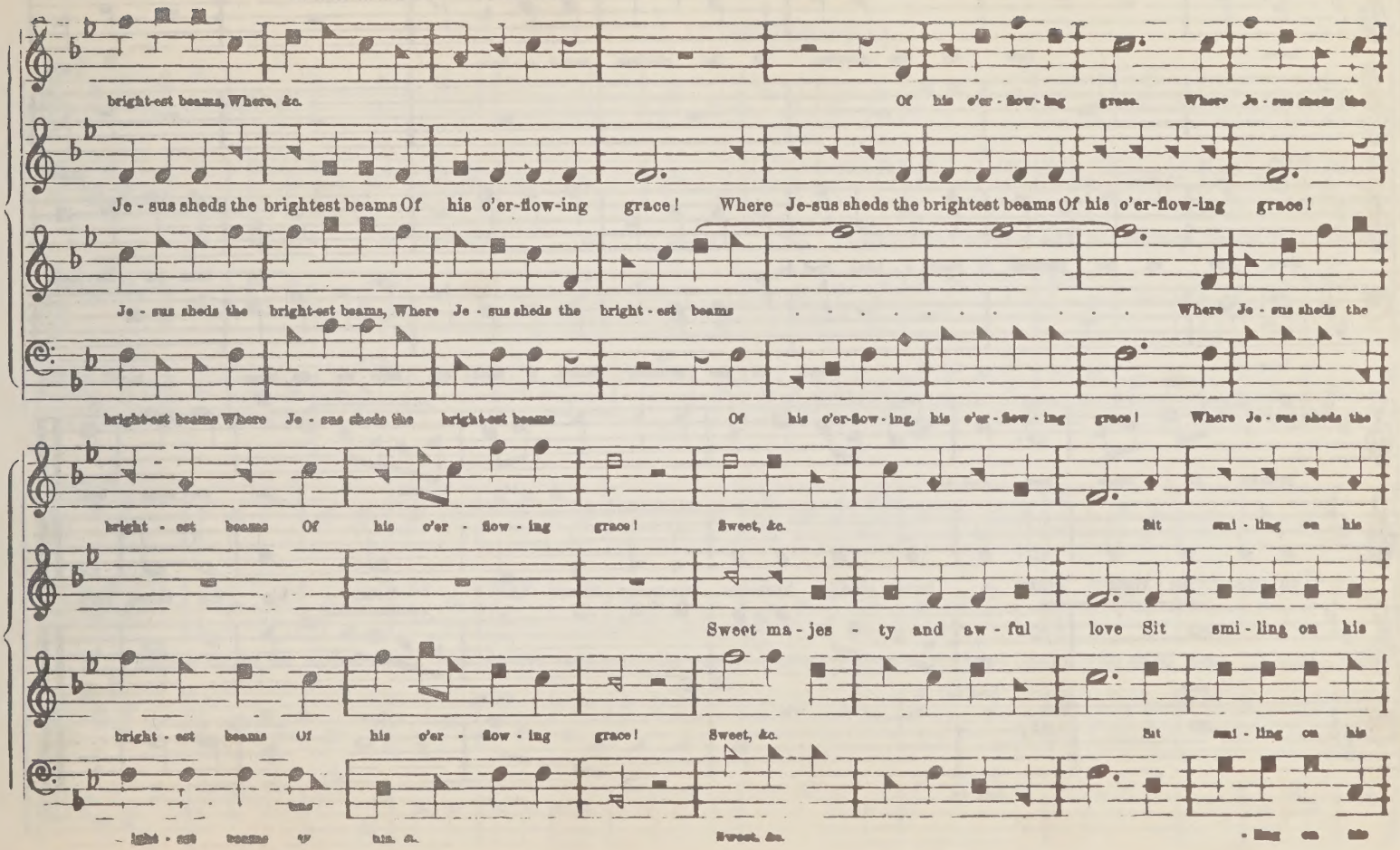
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hon - our, praise and pow - er, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lord! Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lord!
Glo - ry, hon - our, praise, and pow - er Be un - to the Lamb for - ev - er! Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lord! Glo - ry, &c.

NORWICH.

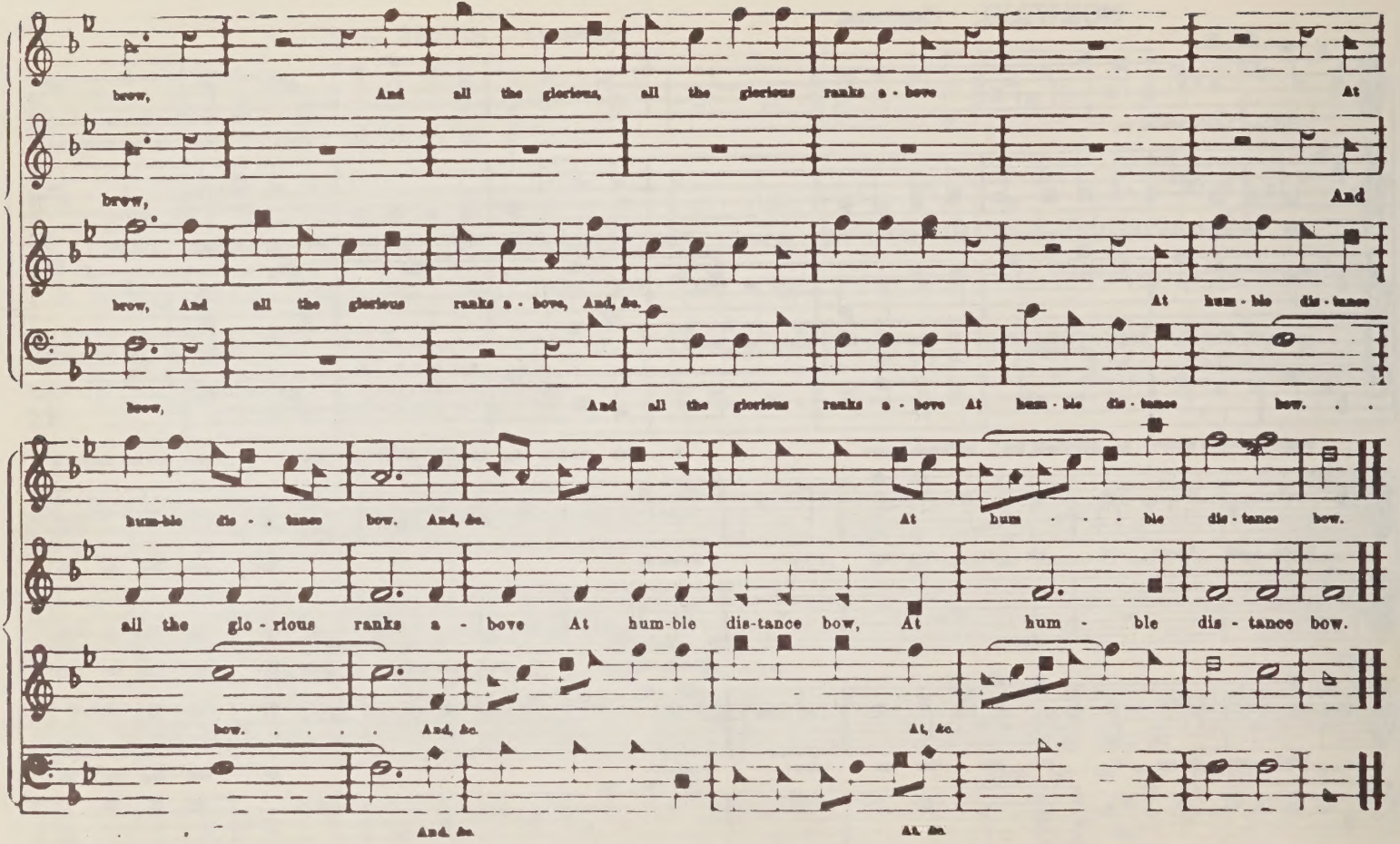
D. P. White.

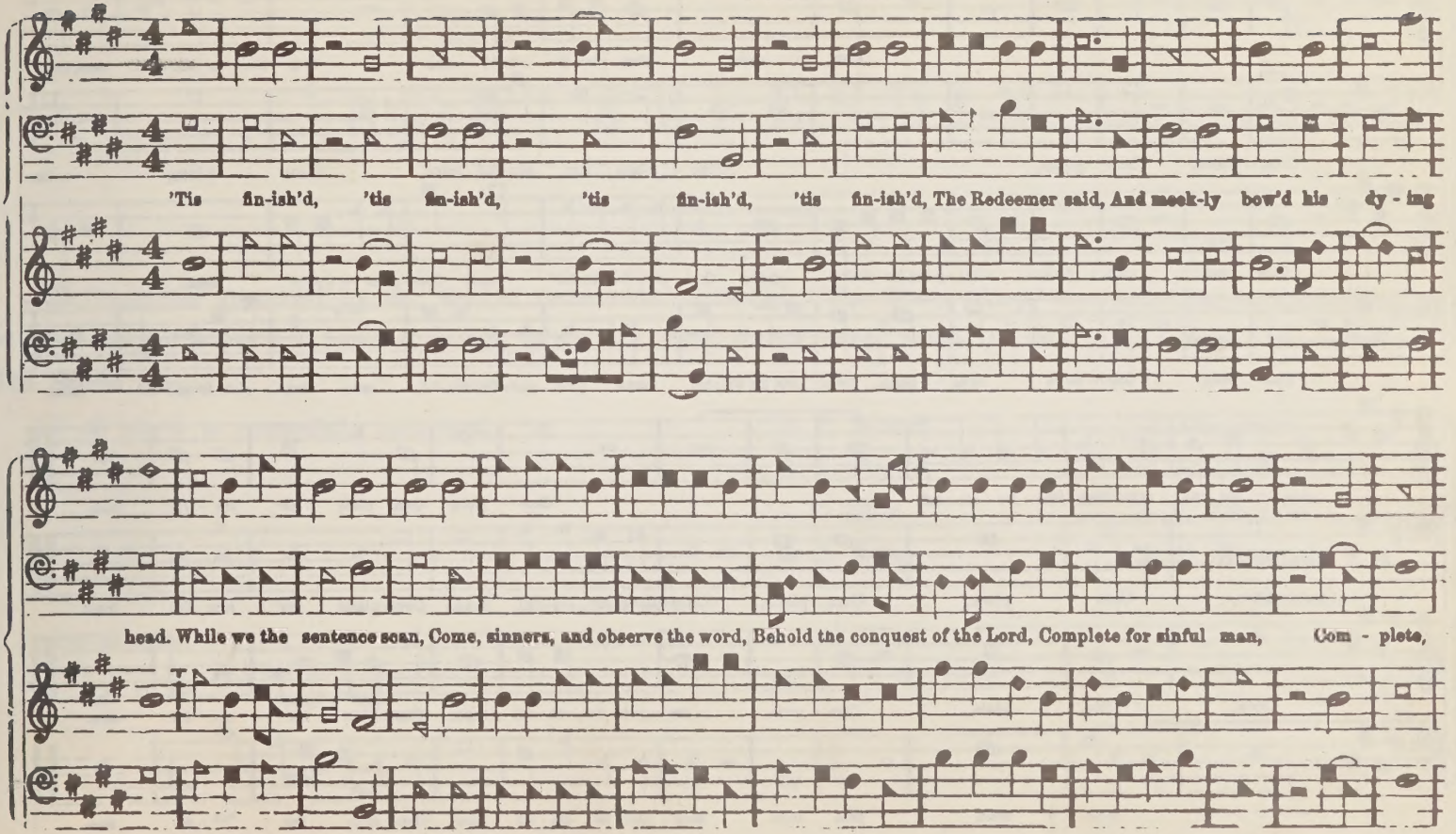
Where Je - sus sheds the bright - est beams, Where Je - sus sheds the
Oh the de - lights, the heavenly joys, The glo - ries of the place
Where
Where Je - sus sheds the bright-est beams, Where

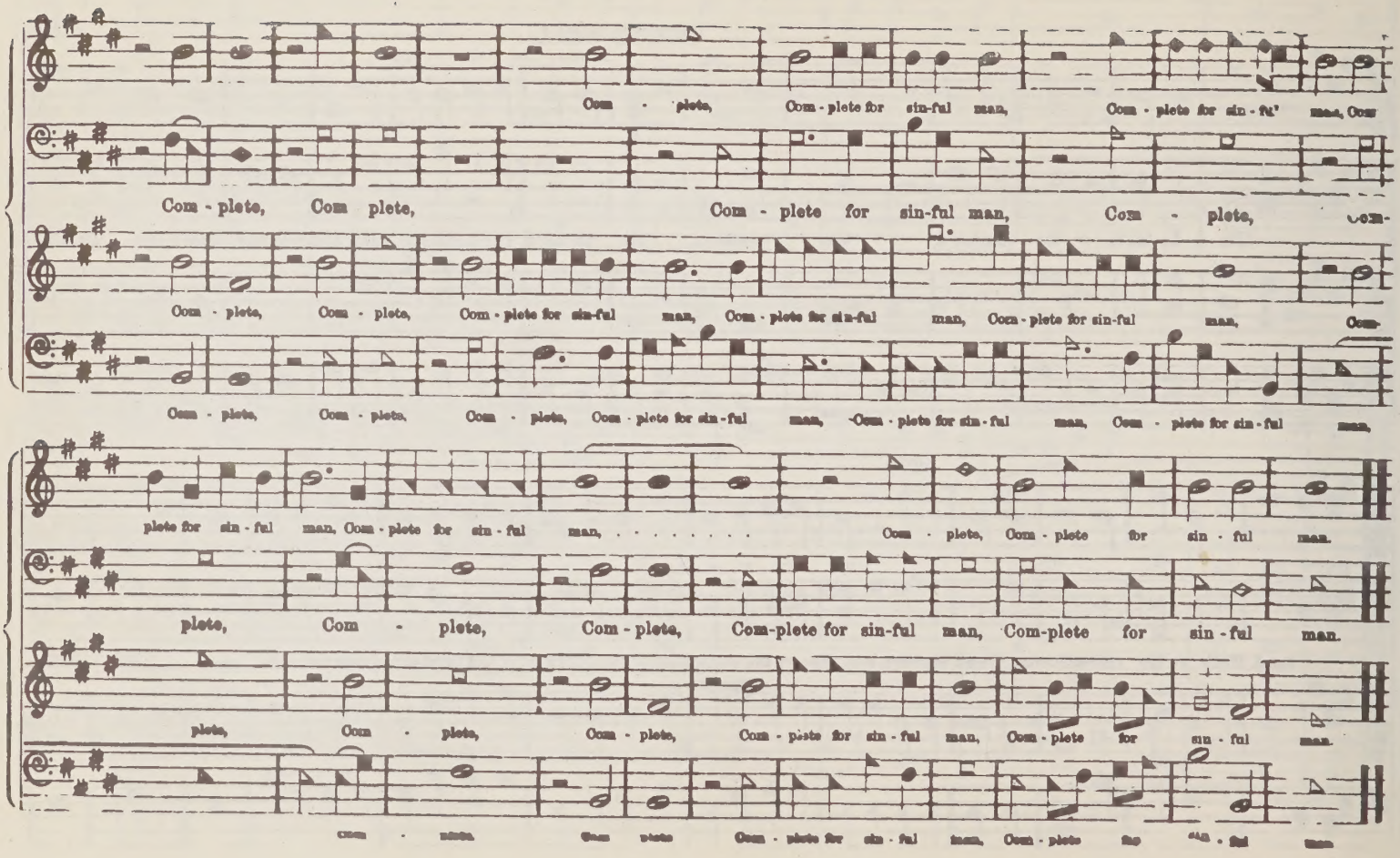
NORWICH. *Continued.*


bright-est beams, Where, &c.
Of his o'er-flow-ing grace. Where Je-sus sheds the
Je-sus sheds the brightest beams Of his o'er-flow-ing grace! Where Je-sus sheds the brightest beams Of his o'er-flow-ing grace!
Je-sus sheds the bright-est beams, Where Je-sus sheds the bright-est beams
Where Je-sus sheds the
bright-est beams Where Je-sus sheds the bright-est beams
Of his o'er-flow-ing, his o'er-flow-ing grace! Where Je-sus sheds the
bright-est beams Of his o'er-flow-ing grace! Sweet, &c.
Sit smi-ling on his
Sweet ma-jes-ty and aw-ful love Sit smi-ling on his
bright-est beams Of his o'er-flow-ing grace! Sweet, &c.
Sit smi-ling on his
Sweet, &c.

NORWICH. *Concluded.*


brow, And all the glorious, all the glorious ranks a - bove At
brow, And
brow, And all the glorious ranks a - bove, And, &c. At hum - ble dis - tance
brow, And all the glorious ranks a - bove At hum - ble dis - tance bow. . .
hum-ble dis - . tance bow. And, &c. At hum . . . ble dis - tance bow.
all the glo - rious ranks a - bove At hum-ble dis-tance bow, At hum - ble dis - tance bow.
bow. . . . . And, &c. At, &c.
And, &c. At, &c.


'Tis fin-ish'd, 'tis fin-ish'd, 'tis fin-ish'd, 'tis fin-ish'd, The Redeemer said, And meek-ly bow'd his dy - ing
head. While we the sentence scan, Come, sinners, and observe the word, Behold the conquest of the Lord, Complete for sinful man, Com - plete,


Com - plete, Com - plete for sin-ful man, Com - plete for sin-ful' man, Com
Com - plete, Com plete, Com - plete for sin-ful man, Com - plete, Com-
Com - plete, Com - plete, Com - plete for sin-ful man, Com - plete for sin-ful man, Com - plete for sin-ful man, Com-
Com - plete, Com - plete, Com - plete, Com - plete for sin-ful man, Com - plete for sin-ful man, Com - plete for sin-ful man,
plete for sin - ful man, Com - plete for sin - ful man, Com - plete, Com - plete for sin - ful man.
plete, Com - plete, Com - plete, Com-plete for sin-ful man, Com-plete for sin - ful man.
plete, Com - plete, Com - plete, Com - plete for sin - ful man, Com - plete for sin - ful man.

NEW APPENDIX.

The Committee appointed by the Musical Convention to enlarge "The Sacred Harp," met according to appointment and have adopted about one hundred pieces, being new compositions never before published, for a second Appendix to 'The Sacred Harp."

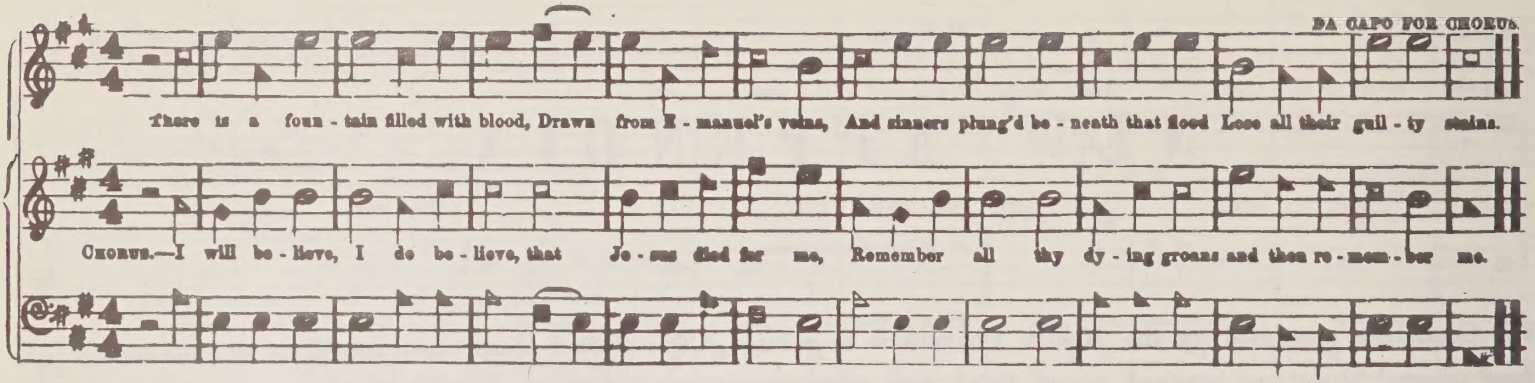
All of which is respectfully submitted,

B. F. White,
E. T. Pound,
J. P. Reese,
R. F. Ball,
A. Ogletree,
T. Waller,
J. T. Edmunds,
A. S. Webster,

Committee.

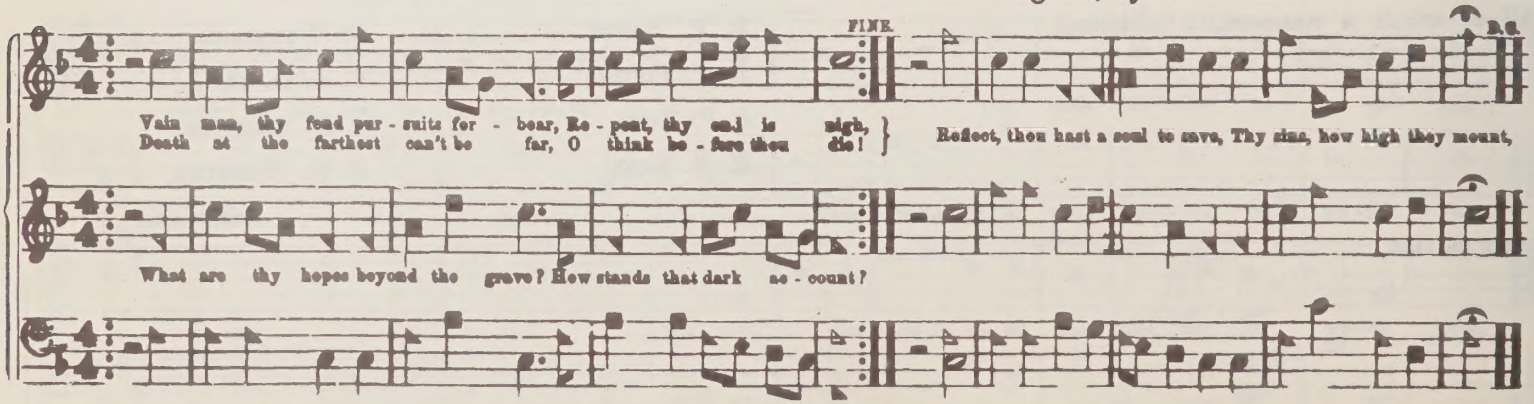
January 1st, 1858.

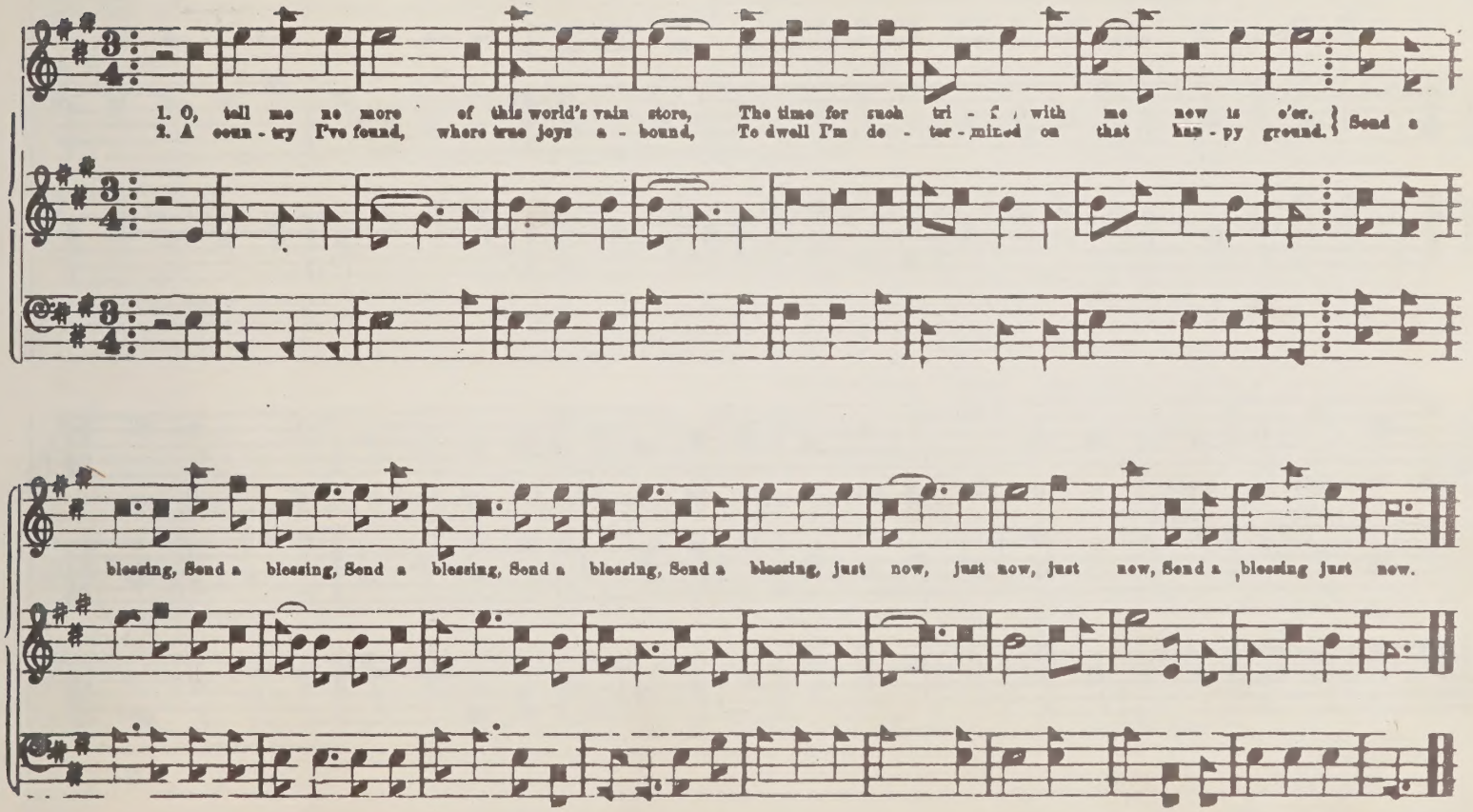
REMEMBER ME. C. M.

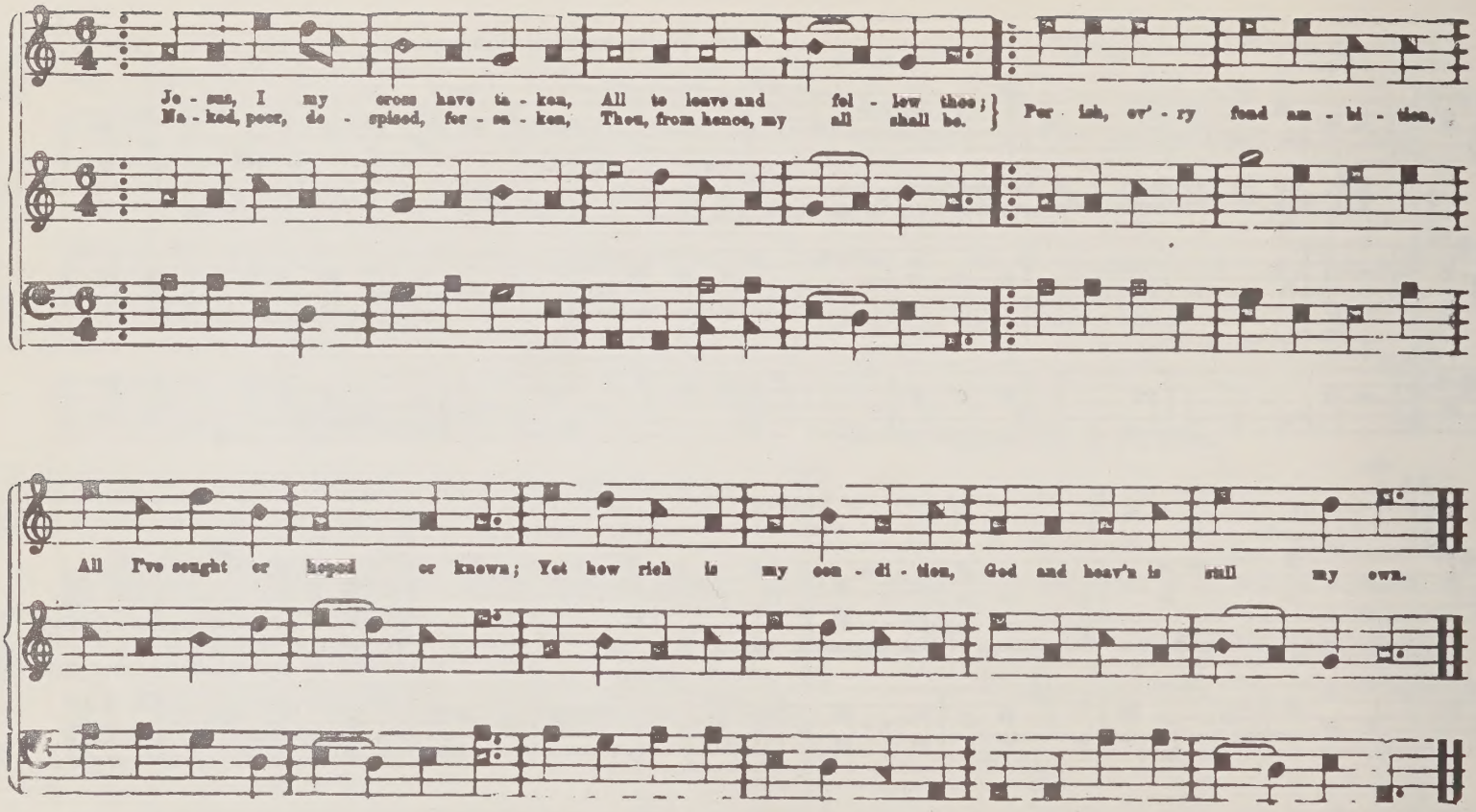

DA CAPO FOR CHORUS.
There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from E - manuel's veins, And sinners plung'd be - neath that flood Lose all their guil - ty stains.
Chorus.—I will be - lieve, I do be - lieve, that Je - sus died for me, Remember all thy dy - ing groans and then re - mem - ber me.

NEWMAN. C. M.

Music original, by *J. P. Ross.*


FINE.
D.S.
Vain man, thy fond pur - suits for - bear, Re - pent, thy end is nigh,
Death at the farthest can't be far, O think be - fore thou die!
Reflect, thou hast a soul to save, Thy sins, how high they mount,
What are thy hopes beyond the grave? How stands that dark ac - count?


1. O, tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such tri - f , with me now is o'er.
2. A coun - try I've found, where true joys a - bound, To dwell I'm de - ter - mined on that hap - py ground.
Send a
blessing, Send a blessing, Send a blessing, Send a blessing, Send a blessing, just now, just now, just now, Send a blessing just now.


Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low thee;
Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shall be.
Per - ish, ev' - ry fond am - bi - tion,
All I've sought or hoped or known; Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n is still my own.

HEAVENLY DOVE C. M.

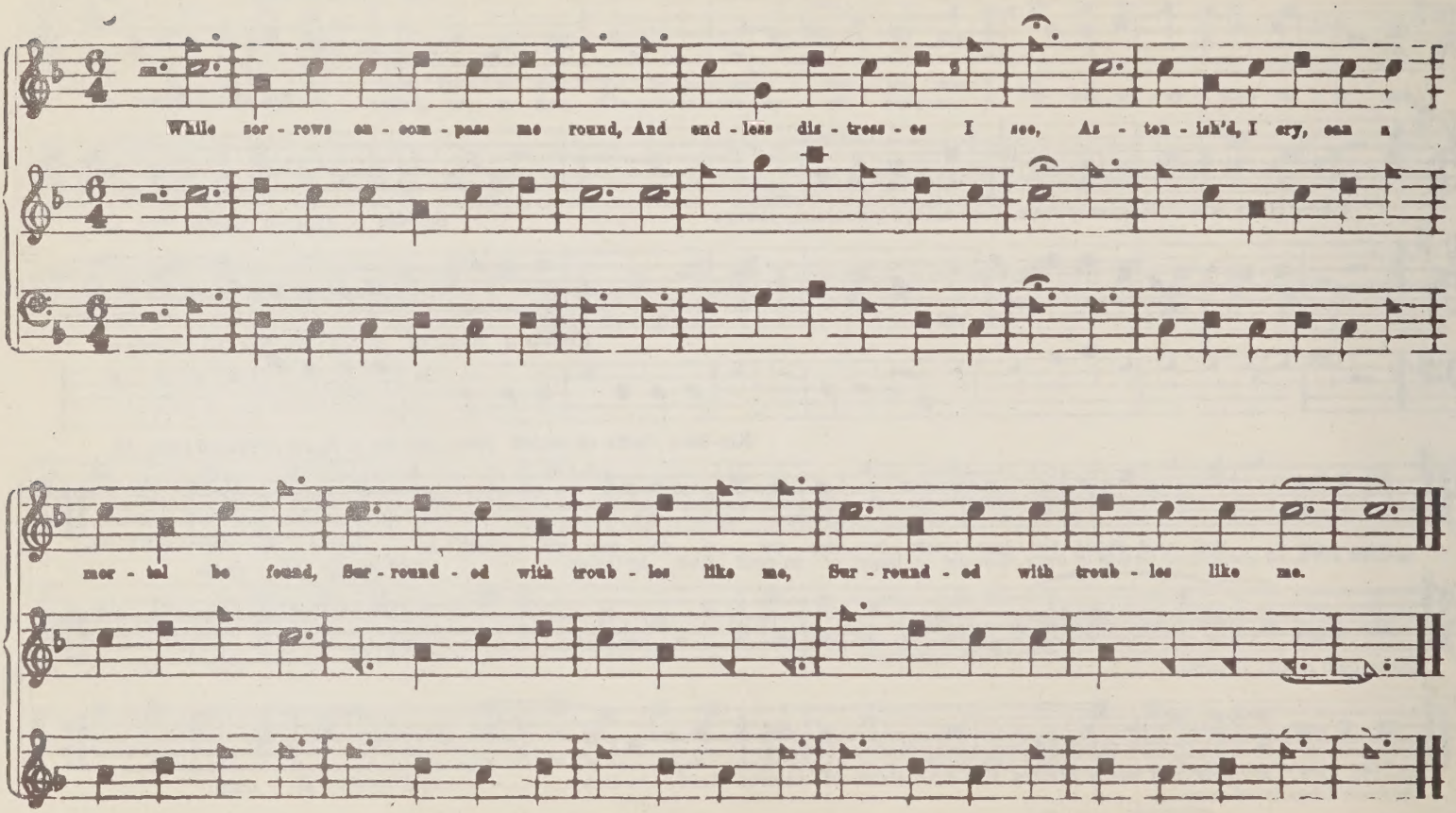
A. Ogletree.

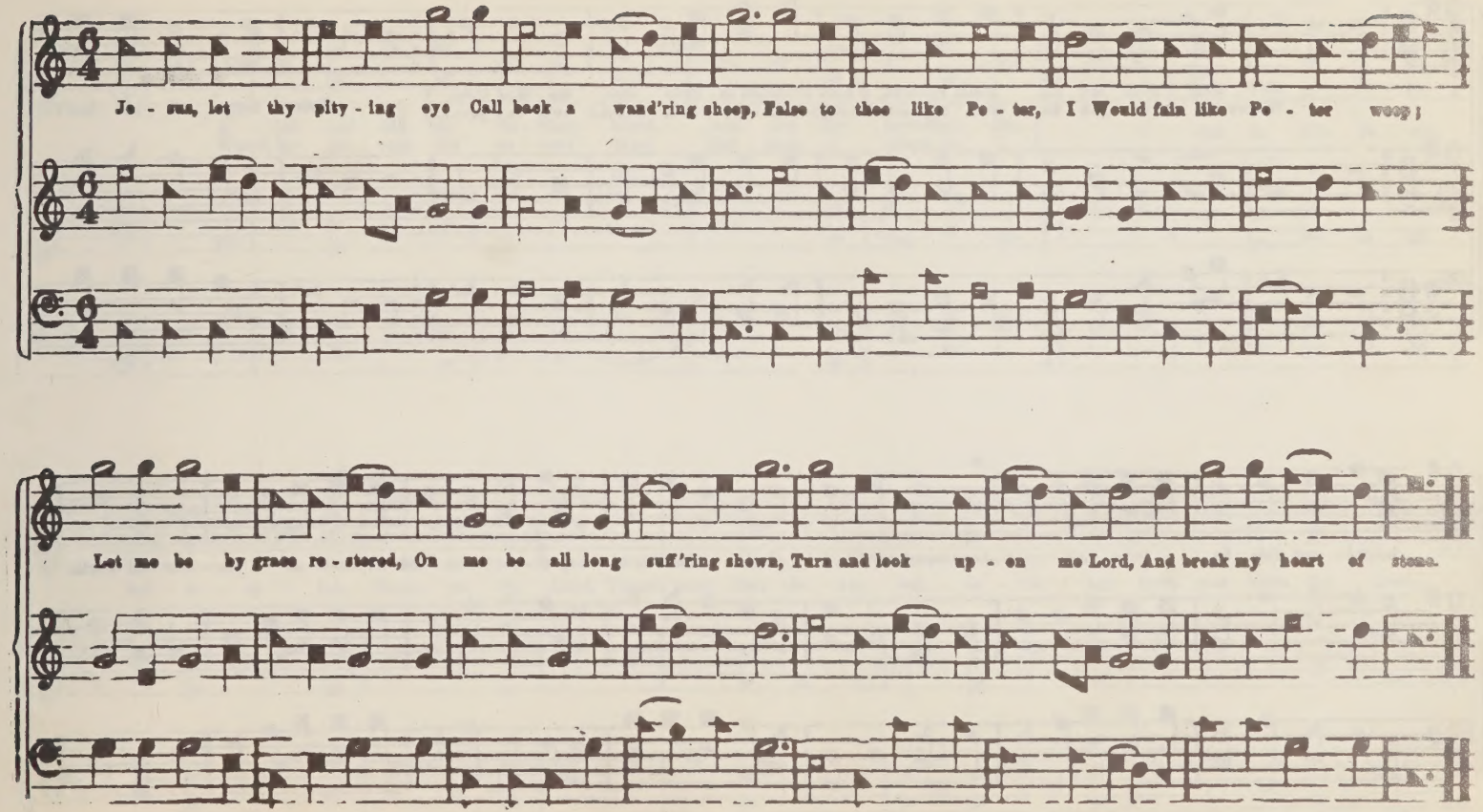
Kin-dle a flame of
Come Ho-ly Spir-it, Heavenly dove, With all thy quick'ning powers
Kin-dle a flame of sacred love, In
Kin-dle a flame of sacred love, Kin-dle a flame of
Kin-dle a flame of sacred love, Kin-dle a flame of sacred love, In
sa-cred love, In these cold hearts of ours. Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love, In these cold hearts of. ours.
these cold hearts of ours..... .. ..
sa-cred love, In these cold hearts of ours Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love, In these..... cold hearts of ours.
these cold hearts of ours.....

ENDLESS DISTRESS.

8s, 11s. (*Original.*) By *Rev. Edmund Dumas.*

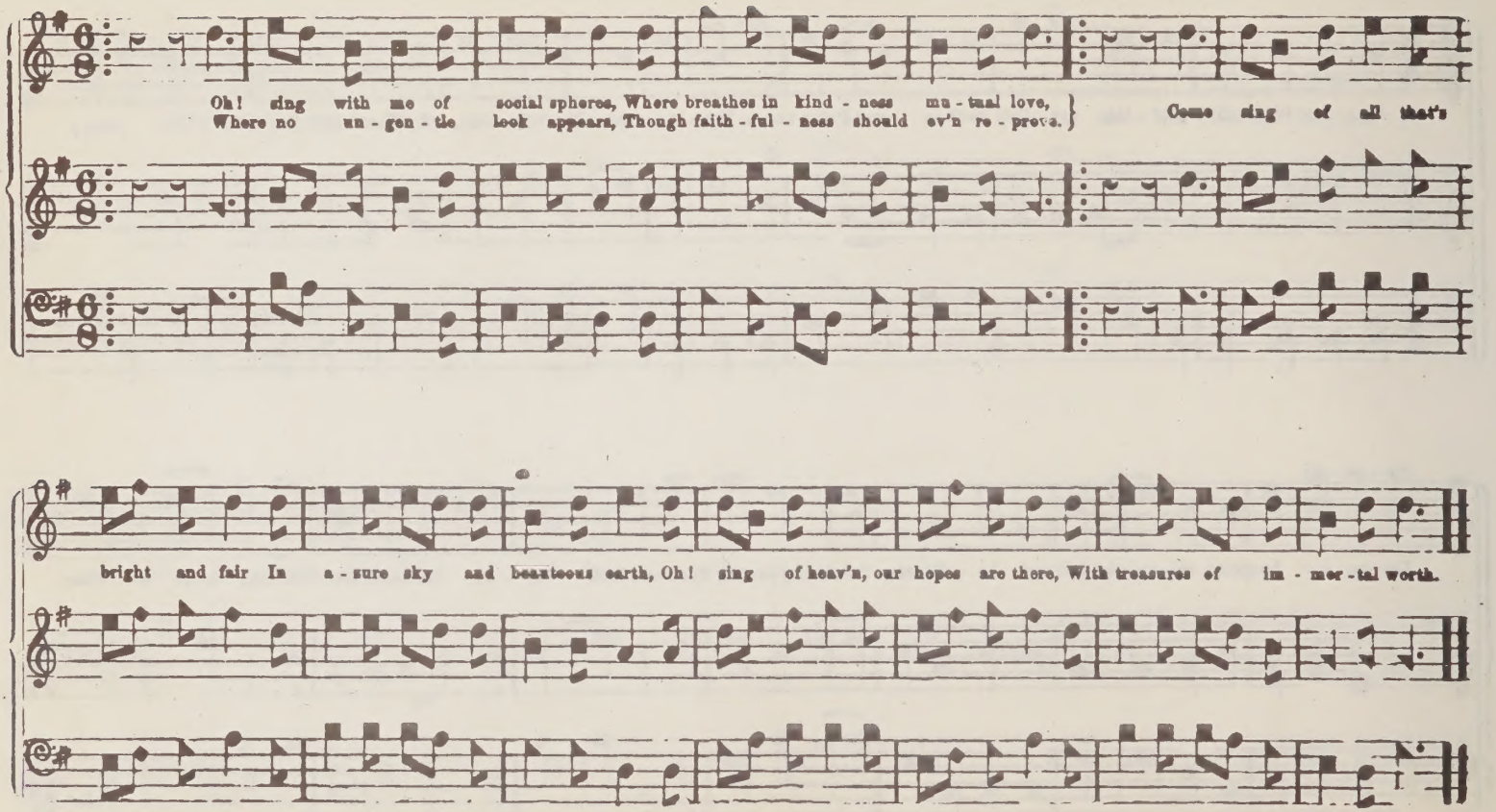
Floyd's Primitive Hymn Book, No. 382.

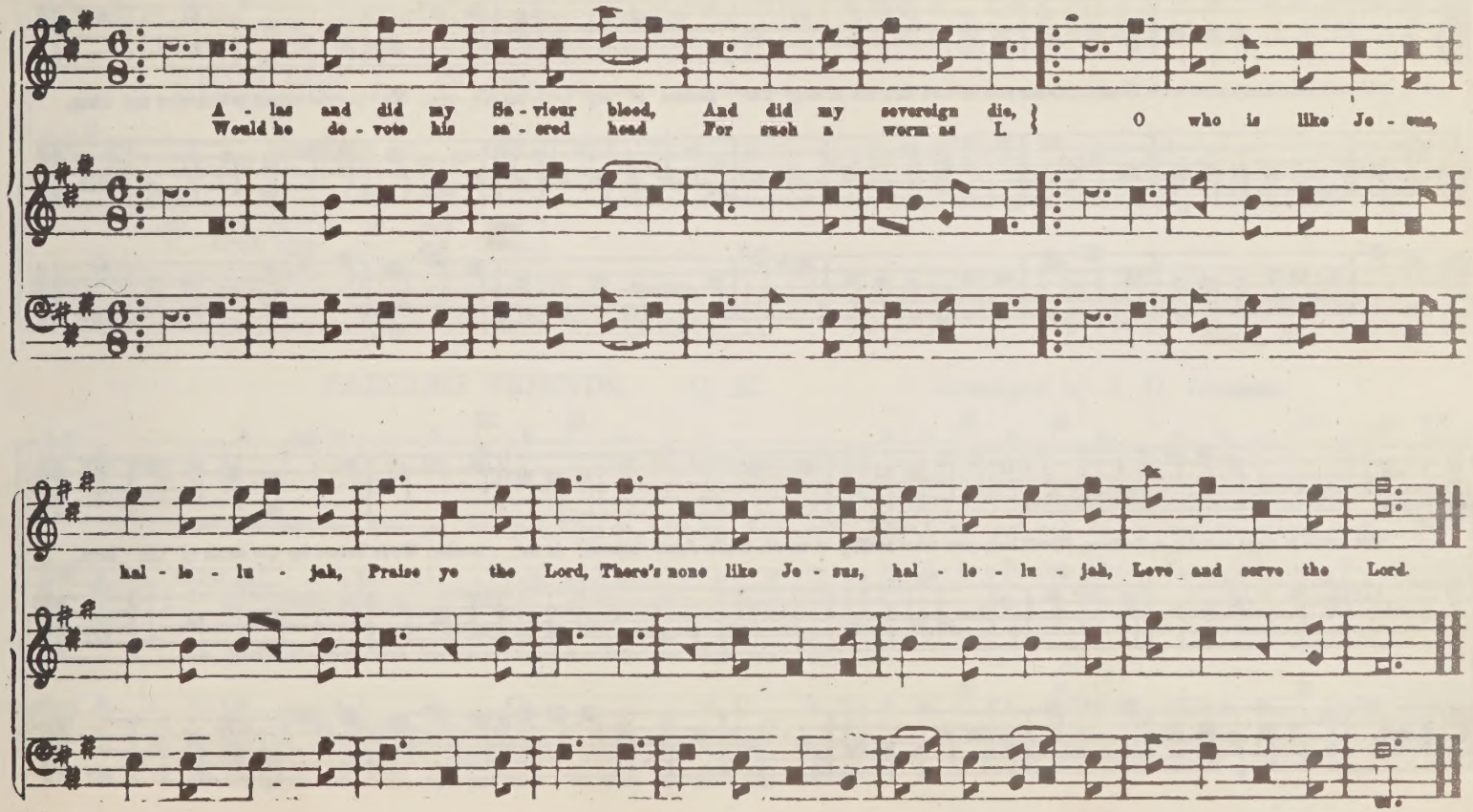

While sor - rows en - com - pass me round, And end - less dis - tress - es I see, As - ton - ish'd, I cry, can a
mor - tal be found, Sur - round - ed with troub - les like me, Sur - round - ed with troub - les like me.


Je - sus, let thy pity - ing eye Call back a wand'ring sheep, False to thee like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep;
Let me be by grace re - stored, On me be all long suff'ring shown, Turn and look up - on me Lord, And break my heart of stone.

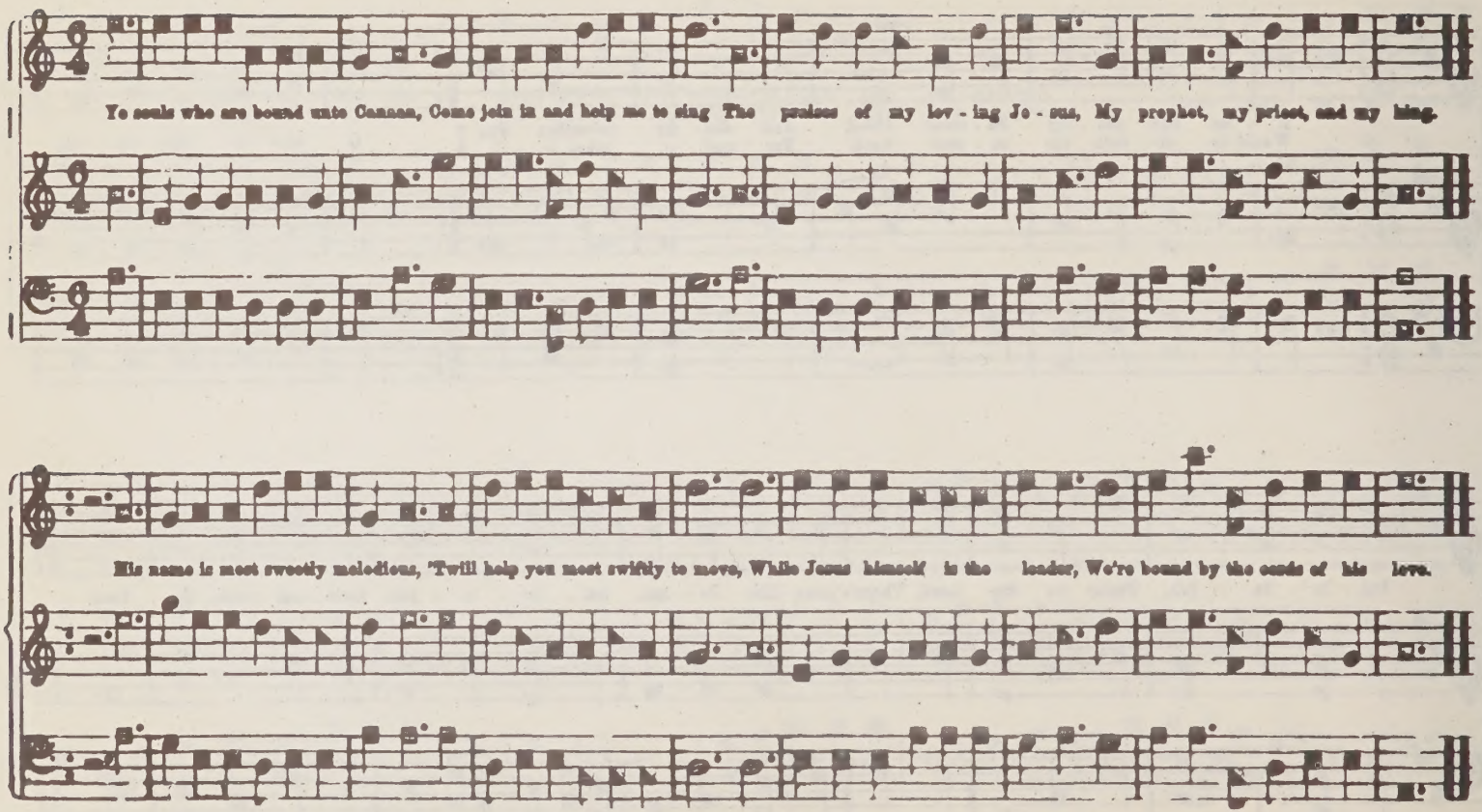
OH SING WITH ME.

By Miss P. R. Lancaster.

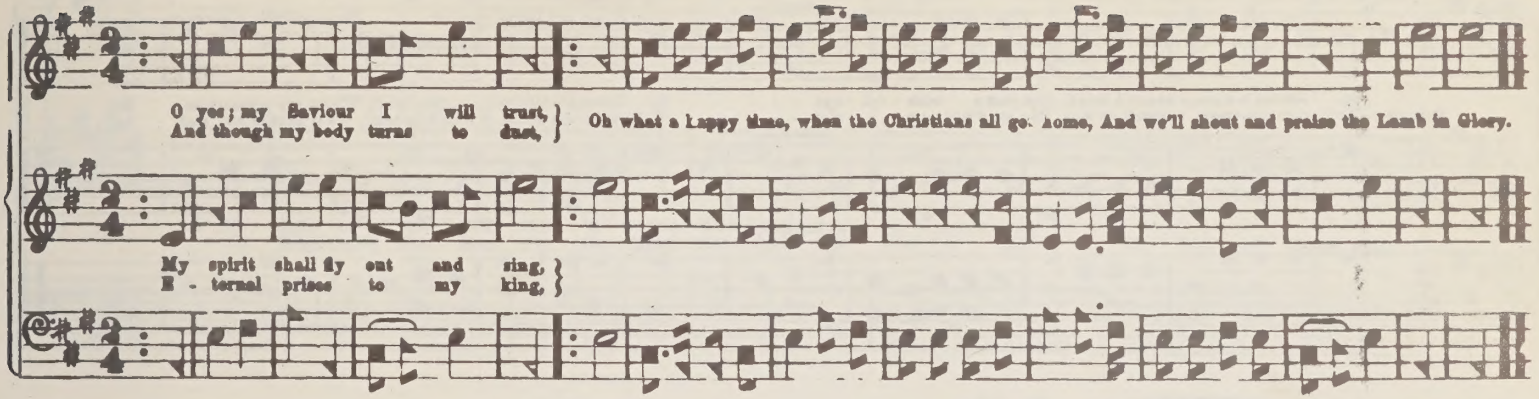

Oh! sing with me of social spheres, Where breathes in kind - ness mu - tual love,
Where no un - gen - tle look appears, Though faith - ful - ness should ev'n re - prove.
Come sing of all that's
bright and fair In a - zure sky and beauteous earth, Oh! sing of heav'n, our hopes are there, With treasures of im - mor - tal worth.


A - las and did my Sa - viour blood, And did my sovereign die,
Would he de - vote his sa - cred head For such a worm as I
O who is like Je - sus,
hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord, There's none like Je - sus, hal - le - lu - jah, Love and serve the Lord.

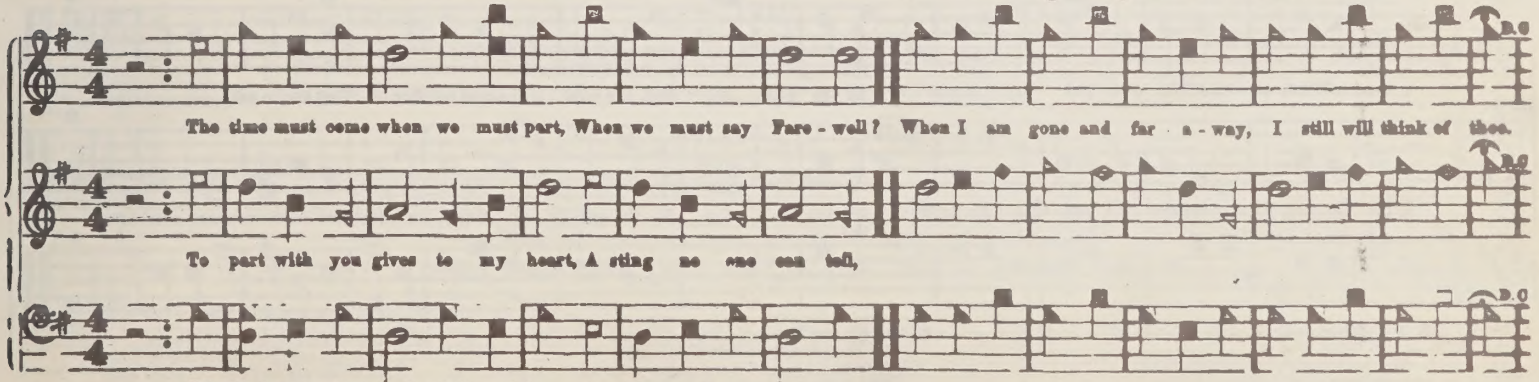
HELP ME TO SING. F. M. B. F. White.


Ye souls who are bound unto Canaan, Come join in and help me to sing The praises of my lov - ing Je - sus, My prophet, my priest, and my king.
His name is most sweetly melodious, 'Twill help you most swiftly to move, While Jesus himself is the leader, We're bound by the cords of his love.

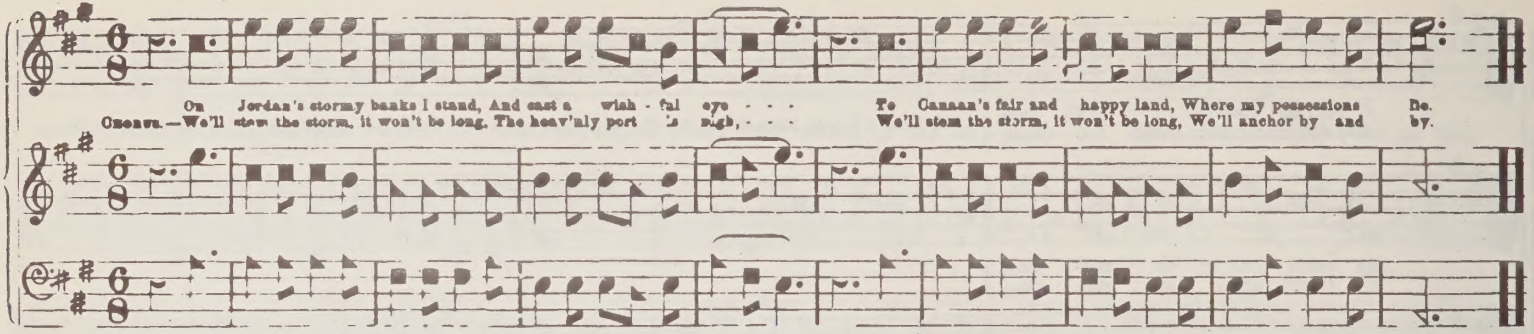
HAPPY HOME. L. M. *J. P. Rees.*


O yes; my Saviour I will trust,
And though my body turns to dust,
Oh what a happy time, when the Christians all go home, And we'll shout and praise the Lamb in Glory.
My spirit shall fly out and sing,
E - ternal praise to my king,

PARTING FRIENDS. C. M. Arranged by *J. C. Graham.*

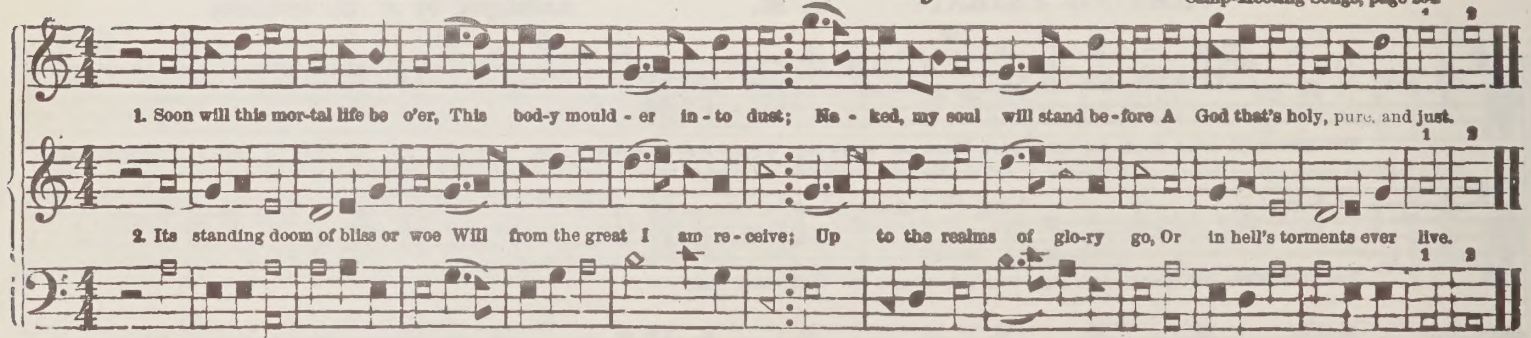

The time must come when we must part, When we must say Fare - well? When I am gone and far a - way, I still will think of thee.
To part with you gives to my heart, A sting no one can tell,
I'll think of thee both night and day. O then re - mem - ber me.

THE HEAVENLY PORT C. M. By *Eld. Edmund* [illegible] Aug. 8, 1859


On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye - - - To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.
Chorus.—We'll stem the storm, it won't be long. The heav'nly port is nigh, - - - We'll stem the storm, it won't be long, We'll anchor by and by.

EUREKA. L. M. *By J. P. Rees.*

Camp-Meeting Songs, page 204.

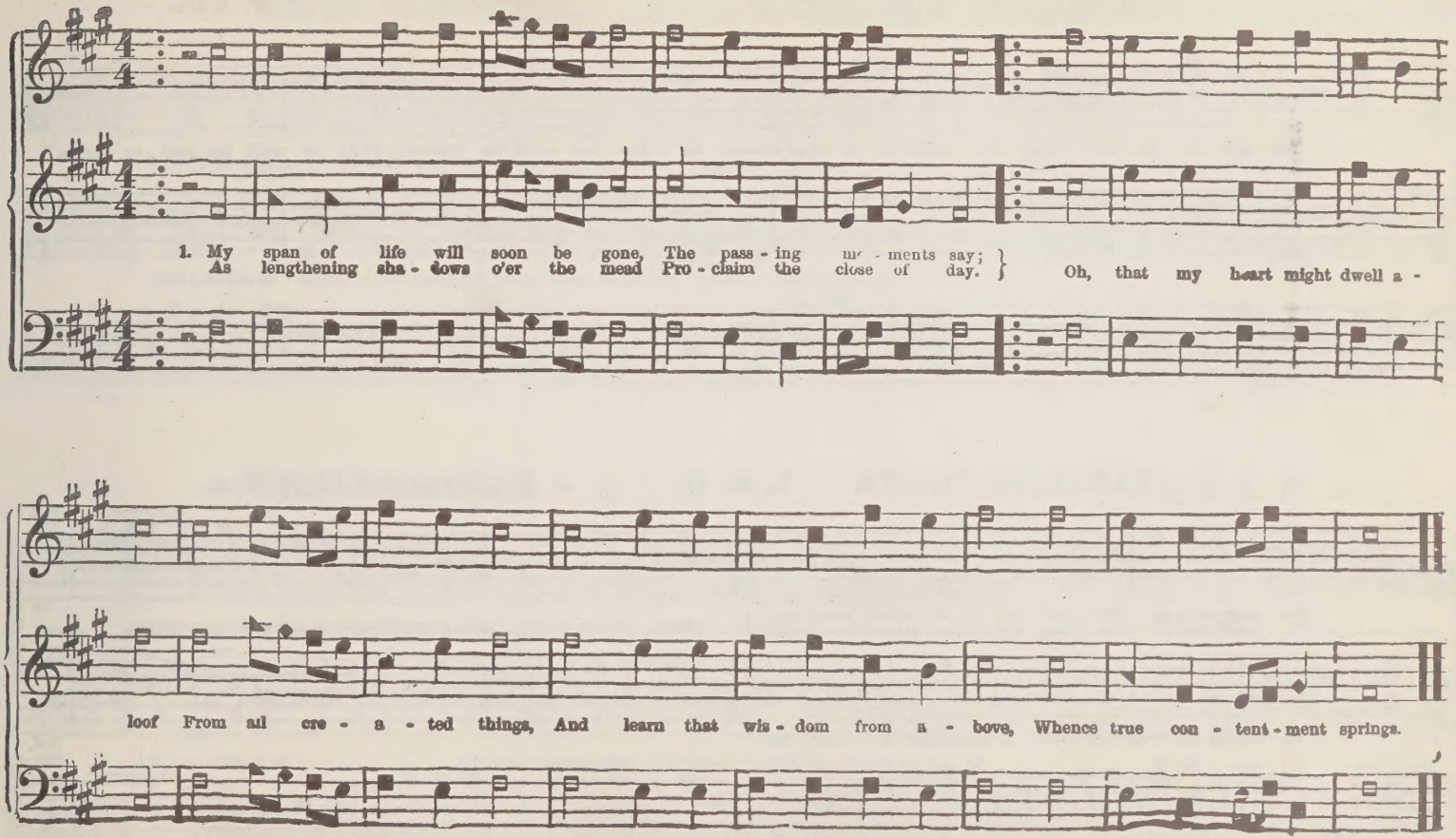

1. Soon will this mor-tal life be o'er, This bod-y mould - er in - to dust; Na - ked, my soul will stand be-fore A God that's holy, pure, and just.
2. Its standing doom of bliss or woe Will from the great I am re - ceive; Up to the realms of glo-ry go, Or in hell's torments ever live.

3. Without an int'rest in the blood
Of Jesus shed on Calvary,
We can't escape his vengeful rod,
However we may live or die.

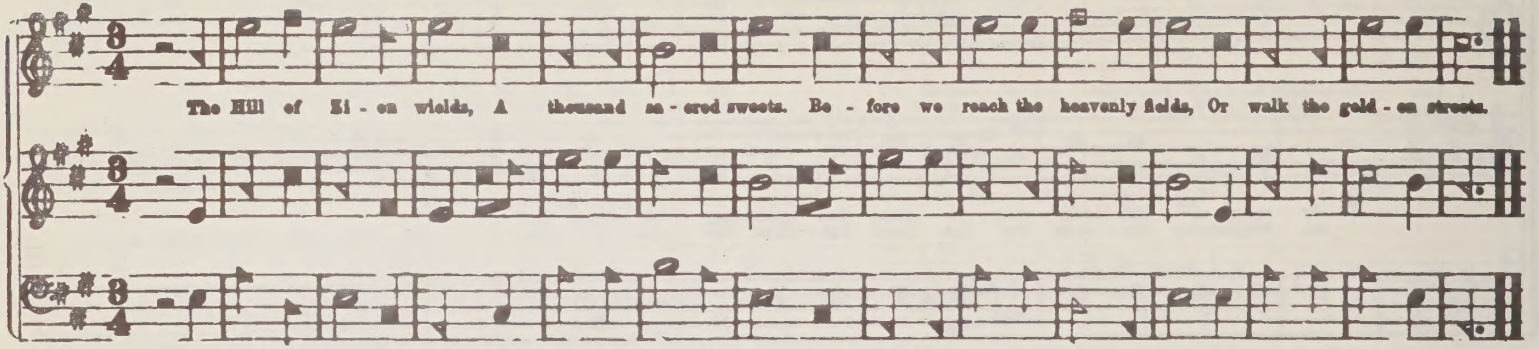
4. Away, then, all self-righteousness!
My soul from nature's sleep arise,
Be justified by faith thro' grace
And claim a mansion in the skies.

5. Perfection's height may I ascend,
And feel my soul dissolved in love;
That when my days below shall end,
Angels may waft my soul above.

SPAN OF LIFE. C. M. D. (Original.) *S. M. Brown.*


1. My span of life will soon be gone, The pass - ing mo - ments say;
As lengthening sha - dows o'er the mead Pro - claim the close of day.
Oh, that my heart might dwell a -
loof From all cre - a - ted things, And learn that wis - dom from a - bove, Whence true con - tent - ment springs.

380 THE HILL OF ZION. S. M (*Original.*) *B. F. White*



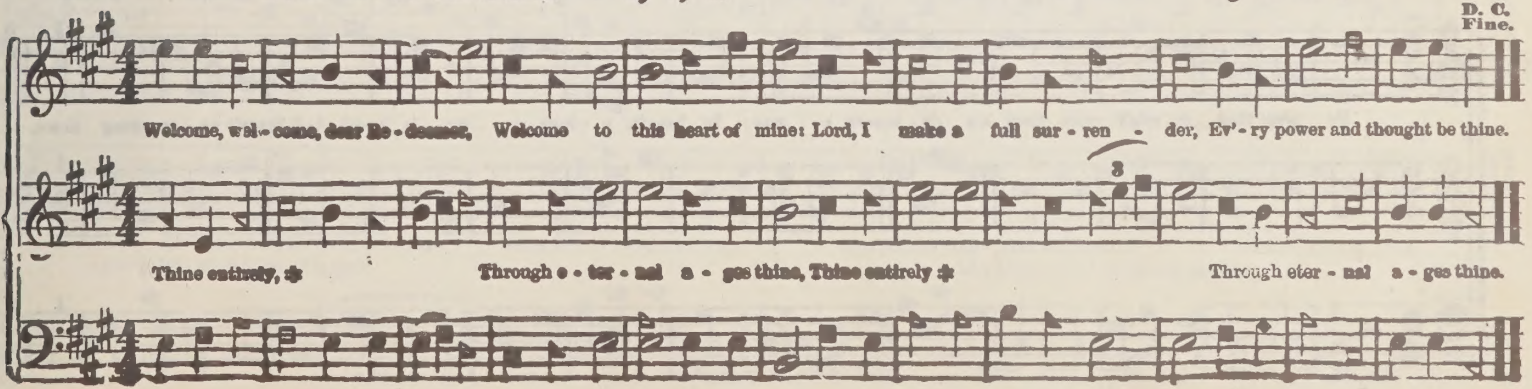
PARADISE PLAINS. L. M. D. *J. L. Hinton* and *H. S. Rees.*

D.C.
The busy scene of life is clos'd, And ac - tive useful - ness is o'er;
The body's laid in calm repose, And sin shall ne'er distress it more.
The happy soul is gone to rest, Where cares no more shall spoil its peace:
Re - clining on its Saviour's breast, It shall enjoy e - ternal bliss.
D.C.

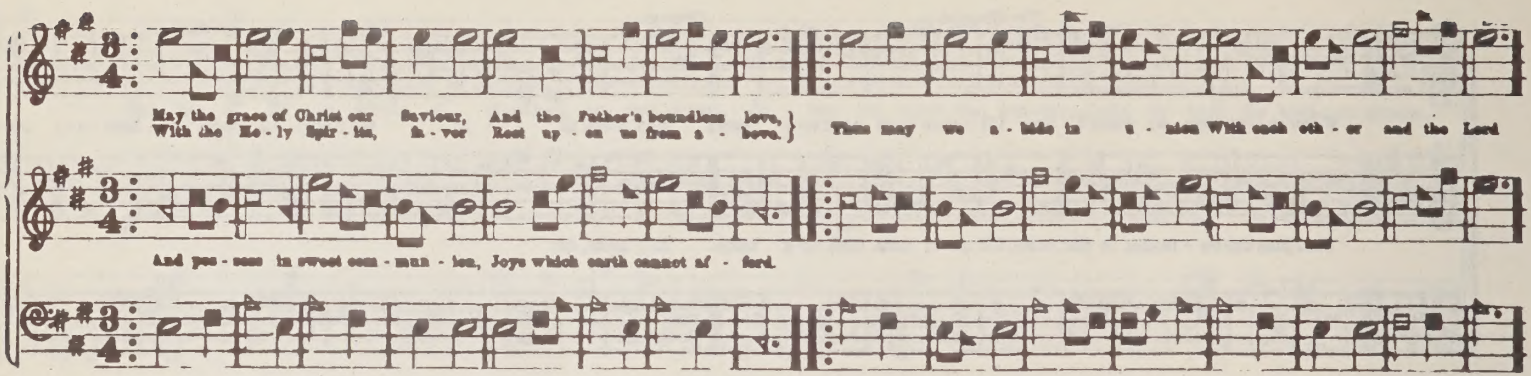
NEVER TURN BACK. Arr. for the Organ, by *J. P. Rees & Miss F. E. Parkerson.*

Chorus.
Chorus.
When to that bless-ed world I rise, I'll never turn back an-y more; Any more, :|: :|: my Lord: I'll never turn back an-y more.
And join the an-thems in the skies, I'll never turn back an-y more. Any more, &c.

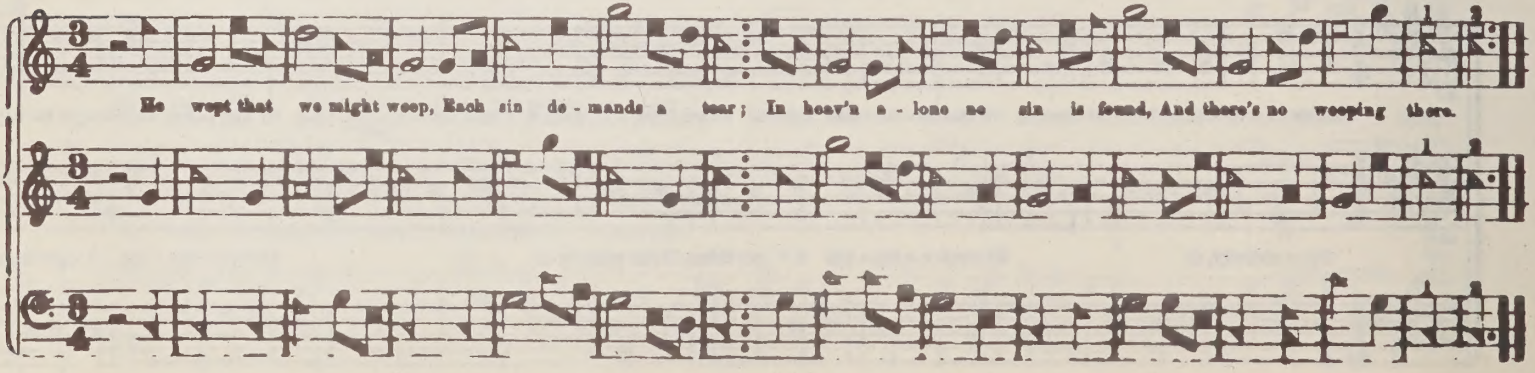
THE SURRENDER. 8, 7, 4. *By S. R. P.*


D. C.
Fine.
Welcome, wel-come, dear Re-deemer, Welcome to this heart of mine: Lord, I make a full sur-ren-der, Ev'-ry power and thought be thine.
Thine entirely, ‡ Through e-ter-nal a-ges thine, Thine entirely ‡ Through eter-nal a-ges thine.

SWEET COMMUNION. 8s & 7s. *H. S. Ross & J. H. Jenkins.*


May the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love,
With the Ho - ly Spir - it, Ev - er Rest up - on us from a - bove.
Thus may we a - bide in u - nion With each oth - er and the Lord
And pos - sess in sweet com - mun - ion, Joys which earth cannot af - ford.

JESUS WEPT. S. M. (*Original.*) By *John P. Ross.* 1855.



ETERNAL DAY C. M.

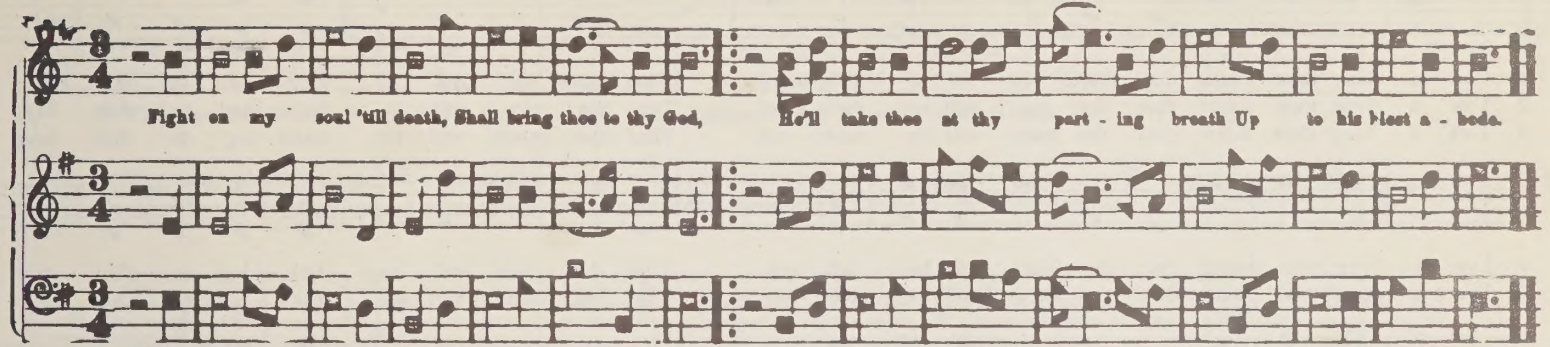
with that enraptured h st t'appe ir And worship at thy feet.
O what of all my sufferings here, If, Lord, thou count me meet, with hat enraptured host t'appear, And worship at thy feet.
with that enraptured host t'appear, with that enraptured host appear, Give
1 2
Give, joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends away, But let me find them all again, In that eternal day
1 2
Give joy or grief, ease or pain. Take life or friends away, But let me find them all again In that eternal day.
joy or grief, give ease or pain, But let me find them all again.
1 2

PANTING FOR HEAVEN. 8s. (Original.) *S. M. Brown.*

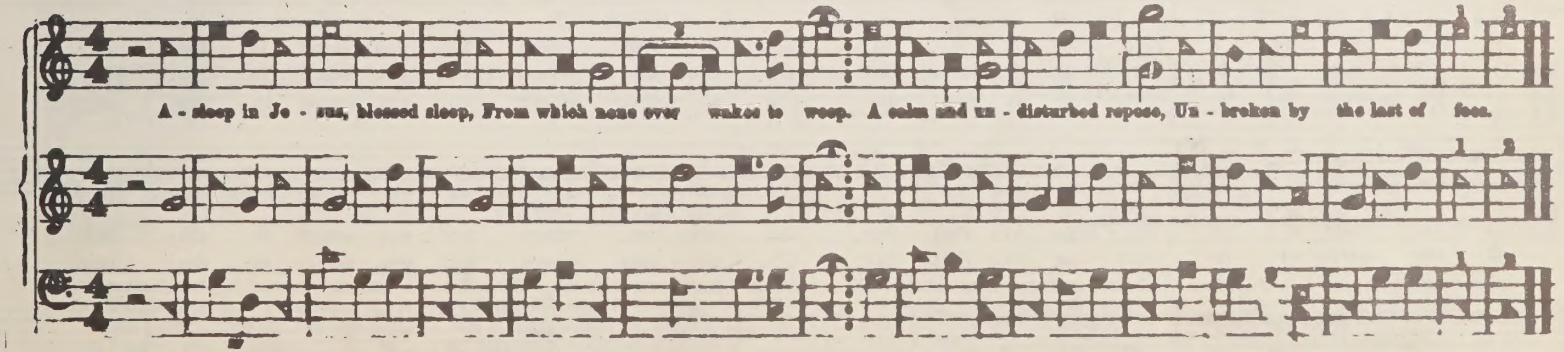
ARTIST HARMONY
Page 423.

Oh, when will the pe - riod ap - pear, When I shall take my flight to your song? I'm wea-ry of lin-ger-ing here, And I long to your Saviour be - long. I'm fetter'd
I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay; I struggle, &c.
I'm fettered and chain'd up in clay; . . . . I strug-gle and pant to be free: I long to be soaring a - way, My God and my Saviour to see.
and chained up in clay; . . . . . I struggle. &c.

FIGHT ON. S. M. (*Original.*) *J. P. Ross.*



ASLEEP IN JESUS. L. M. (*Original.*) *J. P. Ross.*

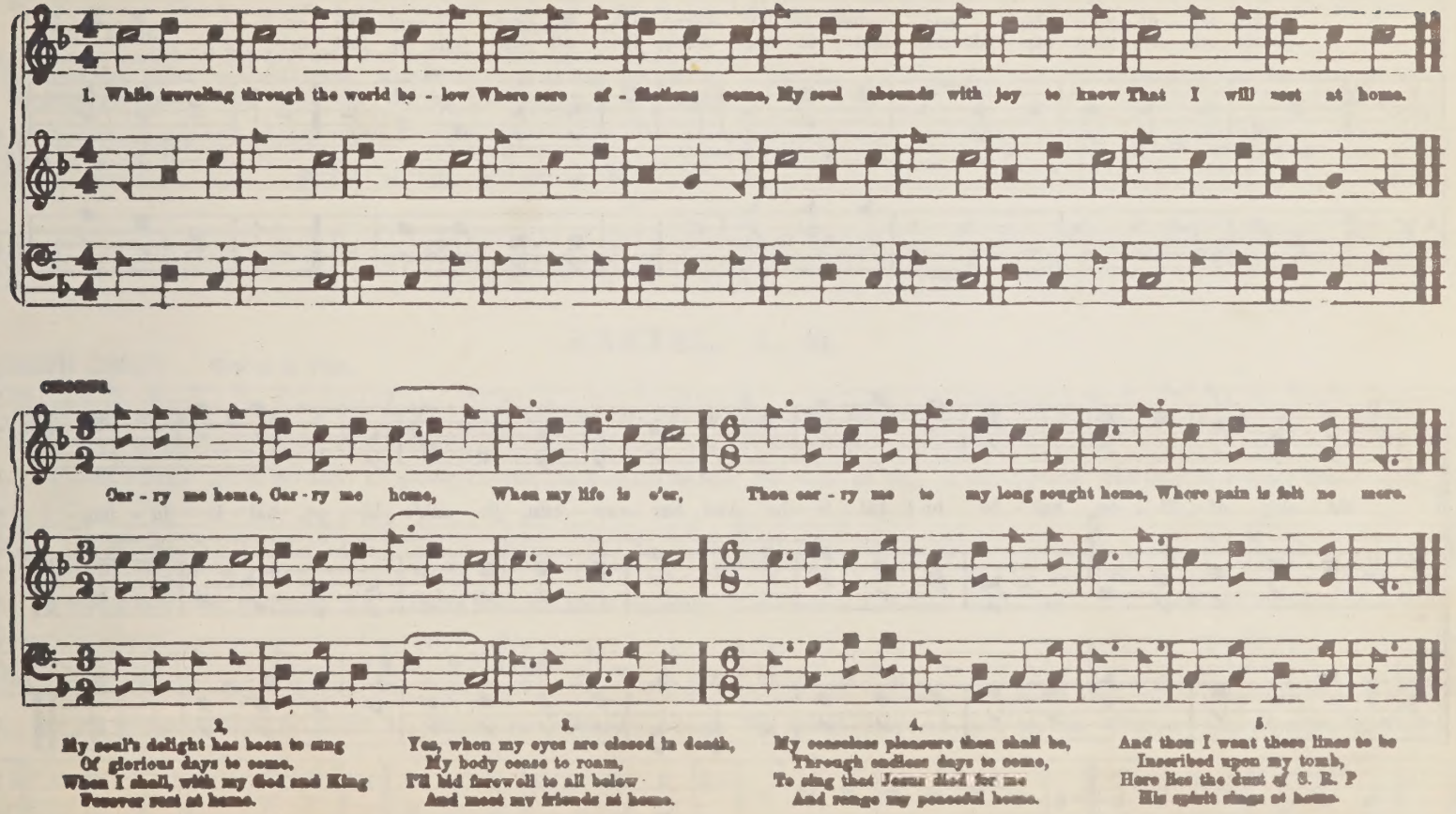

A - sleep in Je - sus, blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep. A calm and un - disturbed repose, Un - broken by the last of foes.

THE GREAT DAY.

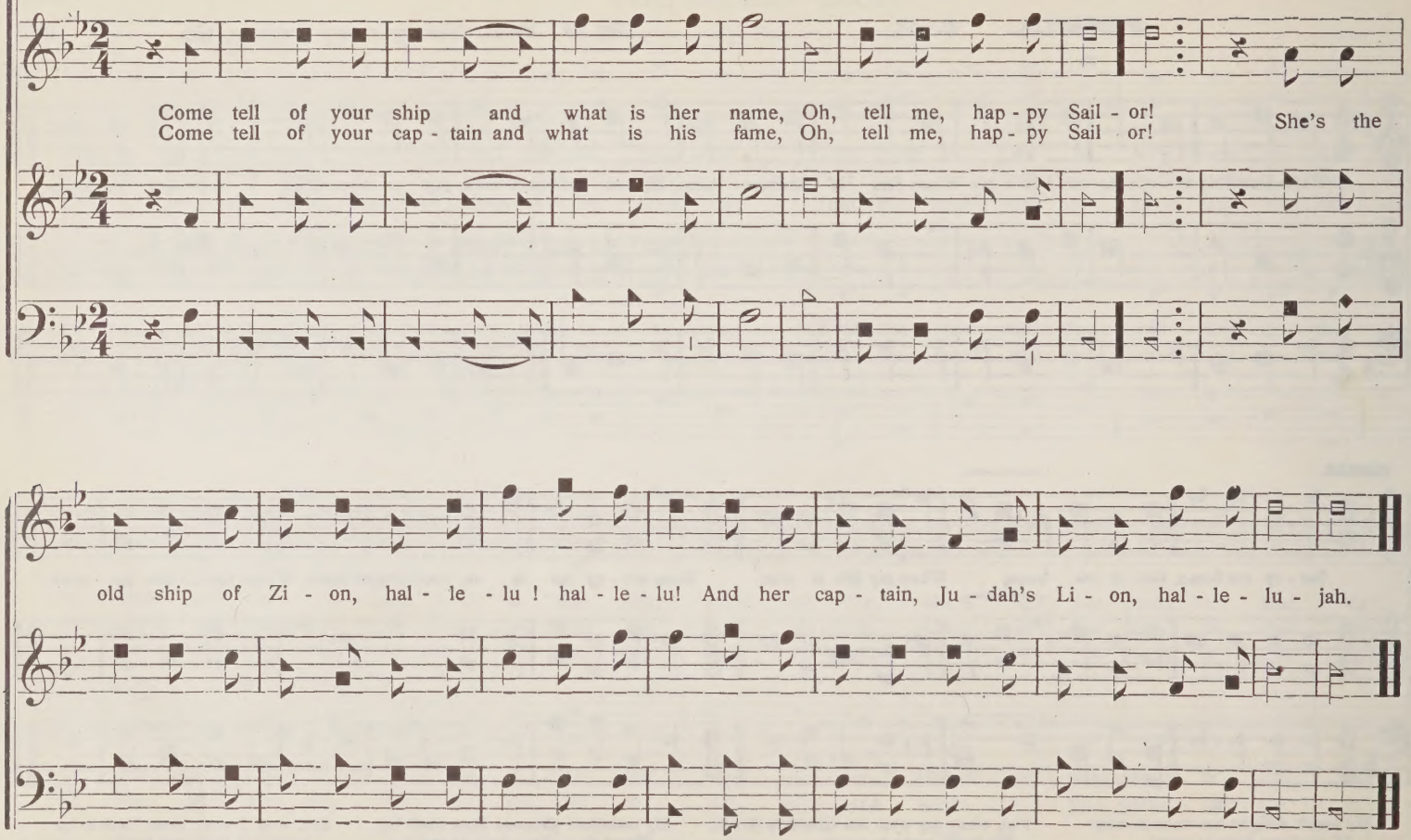
(As sung by Judge Falkerner of Ala,)

JOHN P. ROSS.

1. I've a long time heard that there will be a judg-ment, That there will be a judg - ment in that day;
2. I've a long time heard that the sun will be dark- ened, That the sun will be dark - ened in that day;
3. I've a long time heard that the moon will be bleed - ing, That the moon will be bleed - ing in that day;
4. I've a long time heard that the stars will be fall - ing, That the stars will be fall - ing in that day:
5. I've a long time heard that the earth will be burn - ing, That the earth will be burn - ing in that day:
O, there will be a judg - ment in that day, Oh, sin - ner, where will you stand in that day.
O the sun will be dark - ened in that day Oh, sin - ner, where will you stand in that day.
O the moon will be bleed - ing in that day Oh, sin - ner, where will you stand in that day.
O the stars will be fall - ing in that day, Oh, sin - ner, where will you stand in that day.
O the earth will be burn - ing in that day. Oh, sin - ner, where will you stand in that day.


1. While traveling through the world be - low Where sore af - flictions come, My soul abounds with joy to know That I will rest at home.
CHORUS.
Car - ry me home, Car - ry me home, When my life is o'er, Then car - ry me to my long sought home, Where pain is felt no more.
2.
My soul's delight has been to sing
Of glorious days to come,
When I shall, with my God and King
Forever rest at home.
3.
Yes, when my eyes are closed in death,
My body cease to roam,
I'll bid farewell to all below
And meet my friends at home.
4.
My ceaseless pleasure then shall be,
Through endless days to come,
To sing that Jesus died for me
And range my peaceful home.
5.
And then I want these lines to be
Inscribed upon my tomb,
Here lies the dust of S. R. P
His spirit sings at home.

THE HAPPY SAILOR. B. F. White.


Come tell of your ship and what is her name, Oh, tell me, hap - py Sail - or!
Come tell of your cap - tain and what is his fame, Oh, tell me, hap - py Sail or!
She's the
old ship of Zi - on, hal - le - lu ! hal - le - lu! And her cap - tain, Ju - dah's Li - on, hal - le - lu - jah.

HARMAN. L. M. D.

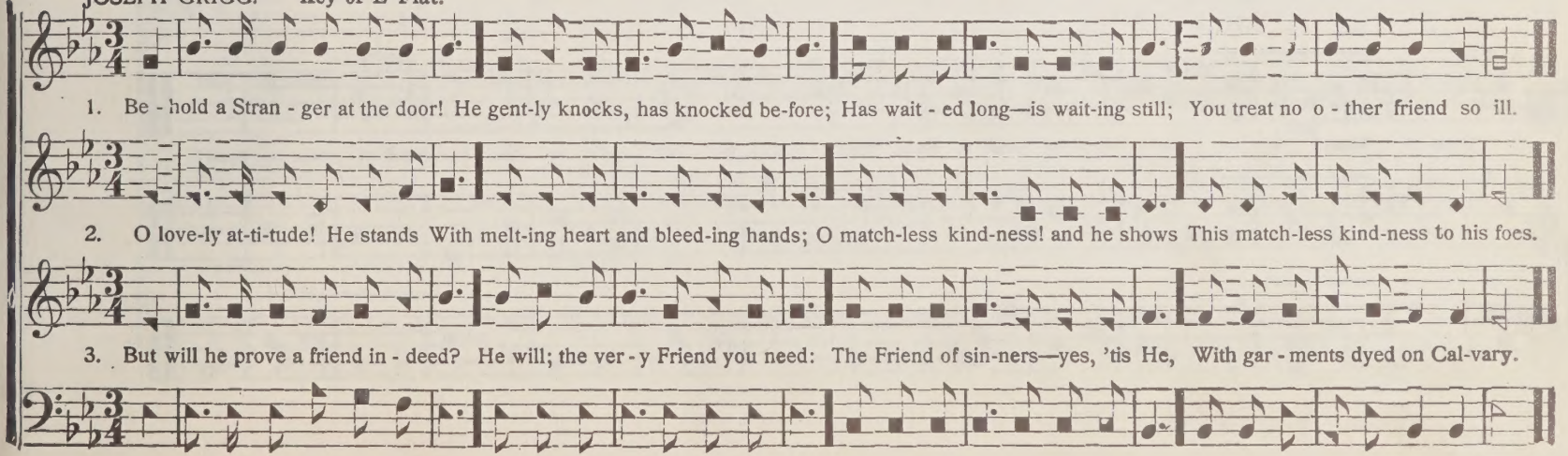
Key of B Flat.

FINE. D. C.

1. Sweet is the light of Sab-bath eve, And soft the sun-beam lin-ger-ing there,
Far these blest hours the world I leave, Waft-ed on wings of faith and pray-er.
The time how love-ly and how still! Peace shines and smiles on all be-low—
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill, All fair with even-ing's set-ting glow.

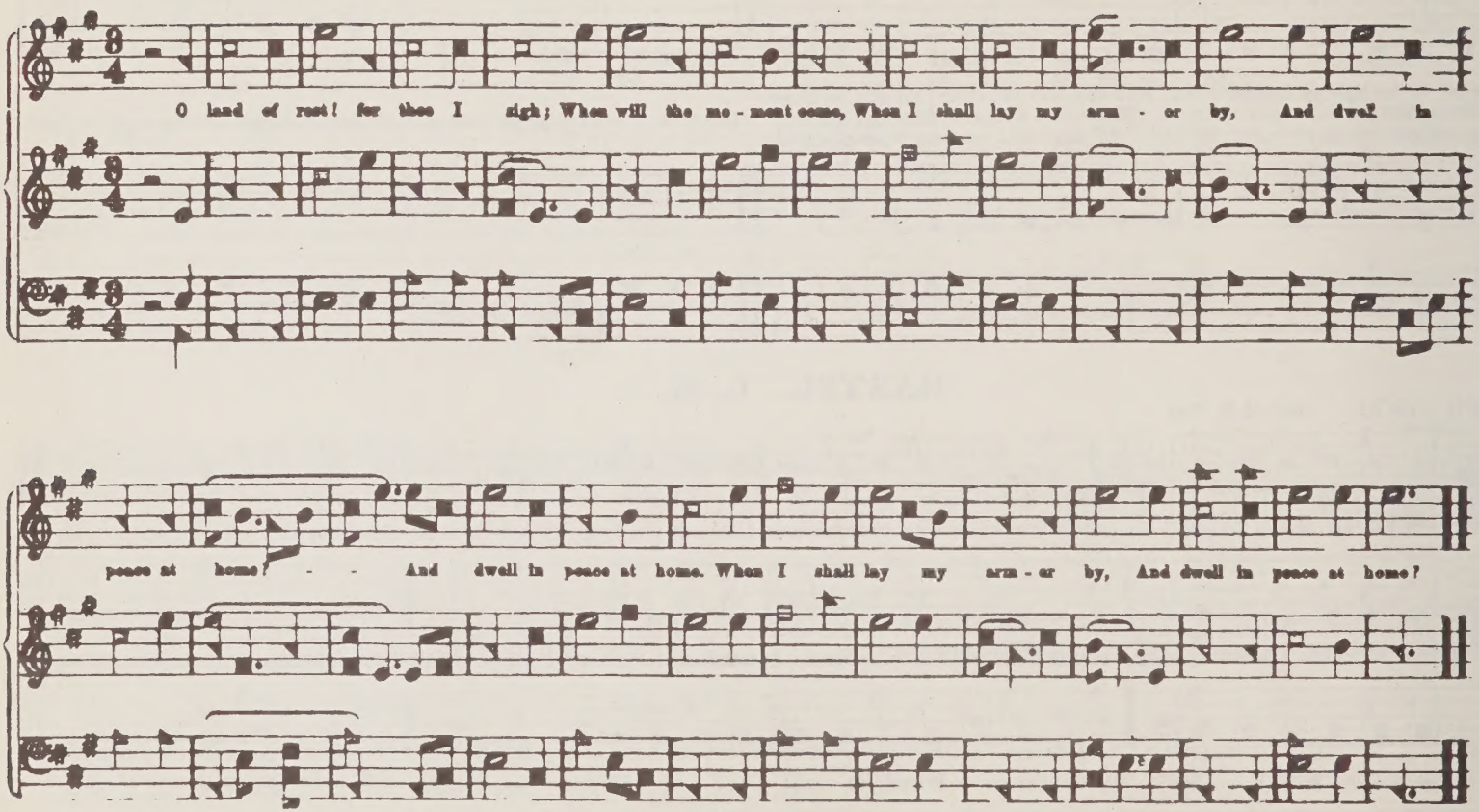
HARTEL. L. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG. Key of E Flat.

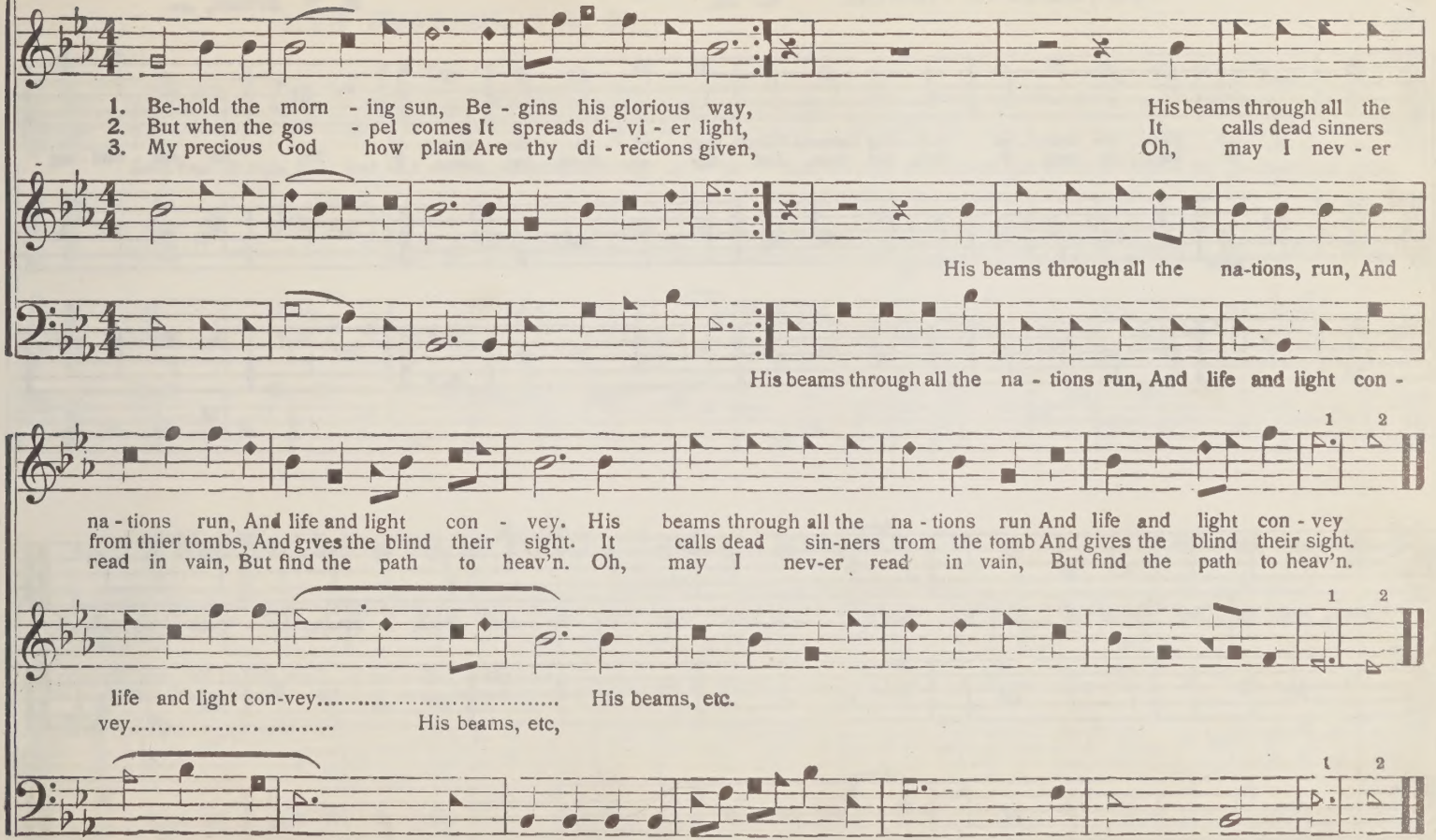

1. Be - hold a Stran - ger at the door! He gent-ly knocks, has knocked be-fore; Has wait - ed long—is wait-ing still; You treat no o - ther friend so ill.
2. O love-ly at-ti-tude! He stands With melt-ing heart and bleed-ing hands; O match-less kind-ness! and he shows This match-less kind-ness to his foes.
3. But will he prove a friend in - deed? He will; the ver - y Friend you need: The Friend of sin-ners—yes, 'tis He, With gar - ments dyed on Cal-vary.

NEW PROSPECT. C. M.

W. S. Turner.

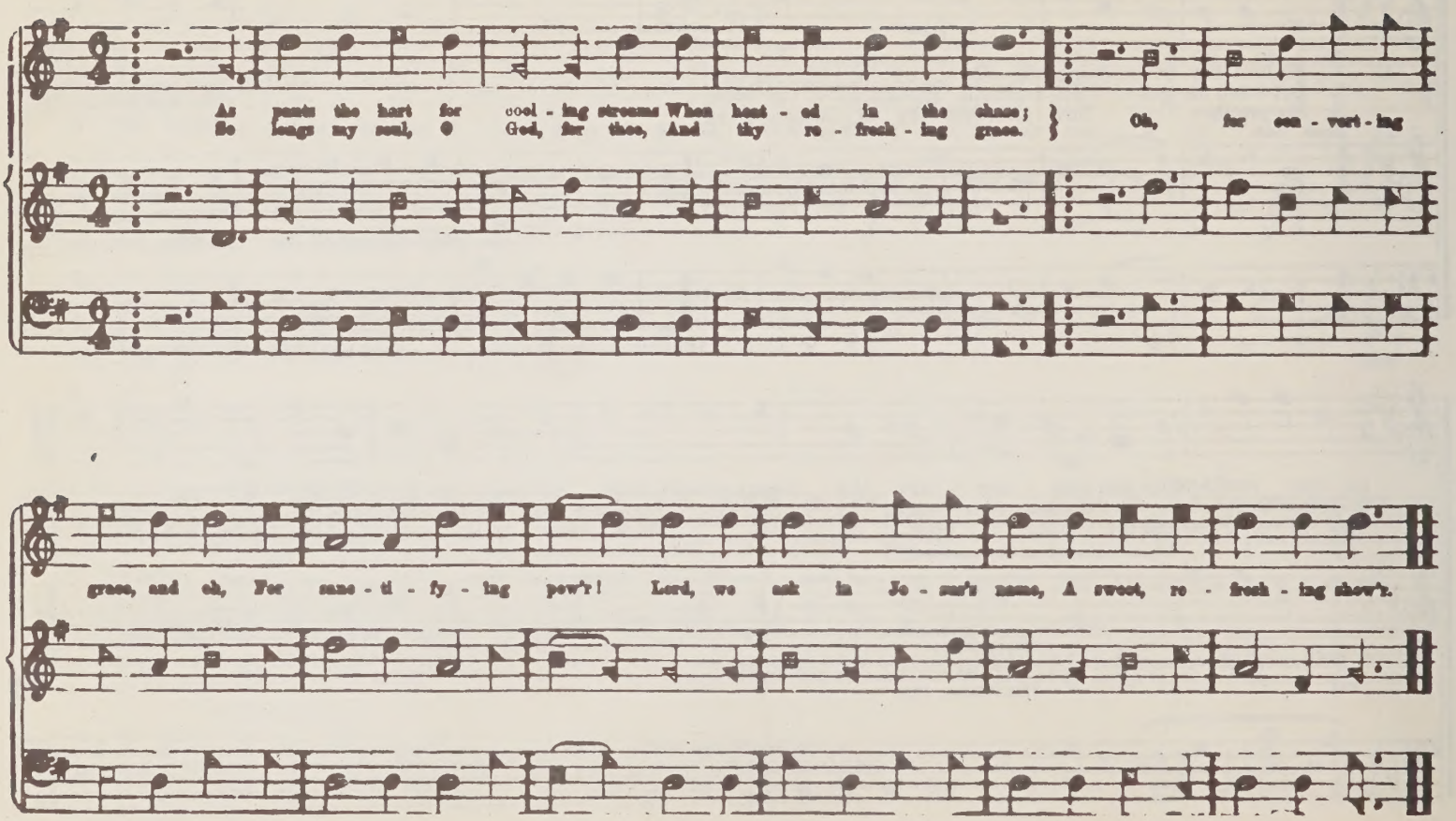

O land of rest! for thee I sigh; When will the mo - ment come, When I shall lay my arm - or by, And dwell in
peace at home! - - And dwell in peace at home. When I shall lay my arm - or by, And dwell in peace at home!

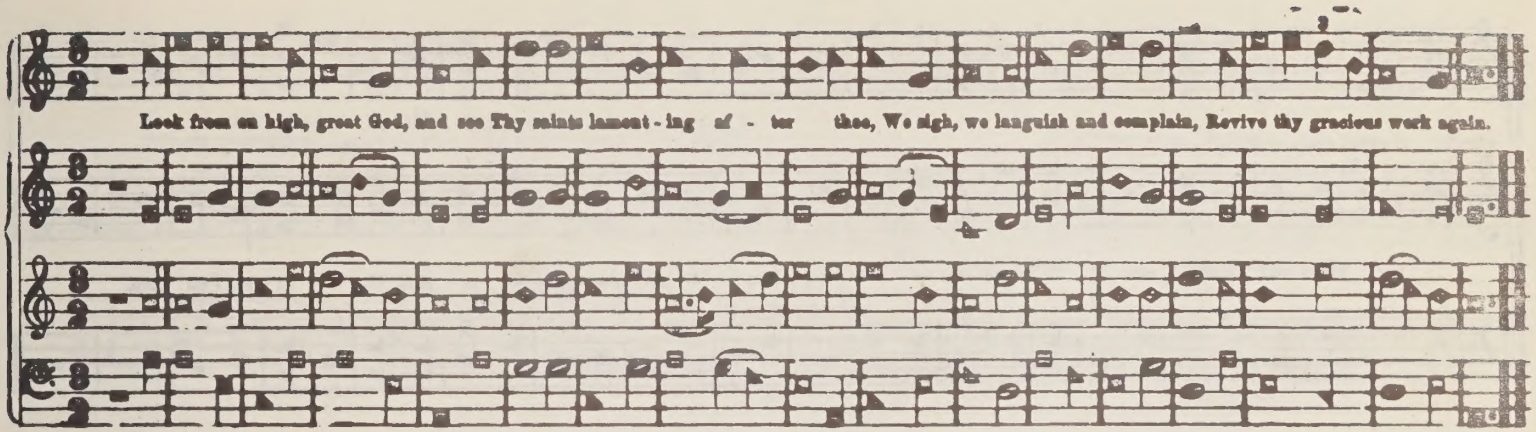
SOUNDING JOY. S. M. B. F. White.


1. Be-hold the morn - ing sun, Be - gins his glorious way, His beams through all the
2. But when the gos - pel comes It spreads di- vi - er light, It calls dead sinners
3. My precious God how plain Are thy di - rections given, Oh, may I nev - er
His beams through all the na-tions, run, And
His beams through all the na - tions run, And life and light con -
1 2
na - tions run, And life and light con - vey. His beams through all the na - tions run And life and light con - vey
from thier tombs, And gives the blind their sight. It calls dead sin-ners trom the tomb And gives the blind their sight.
read in vain, But find the path to heav'n. Oh, may I nev-er read in vain, But find the path to heav'n.
1 2
life and light con-vey..... His beams, etc.
vey..... ..... His beams, etc,
1 2

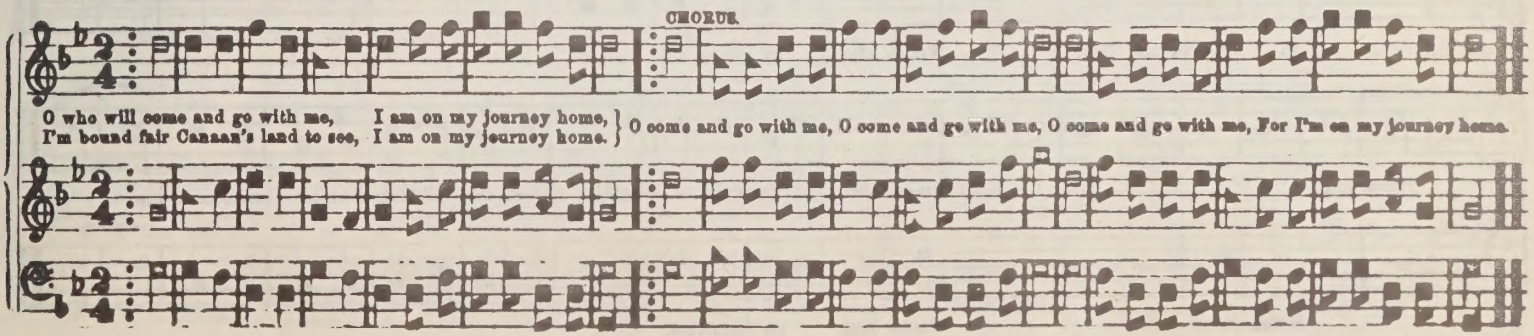
CONVERTING GRACE. C. M.

E. E. Brown, arr.


As pants the hart for cool - ing streams When heat - ed in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re - fresh - ing grace.
Oh, for con - vert - ing
grace, and oh, For sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r! Lord, we ask in Je - sus's name, A sweet, re - fresh - ing show'r.

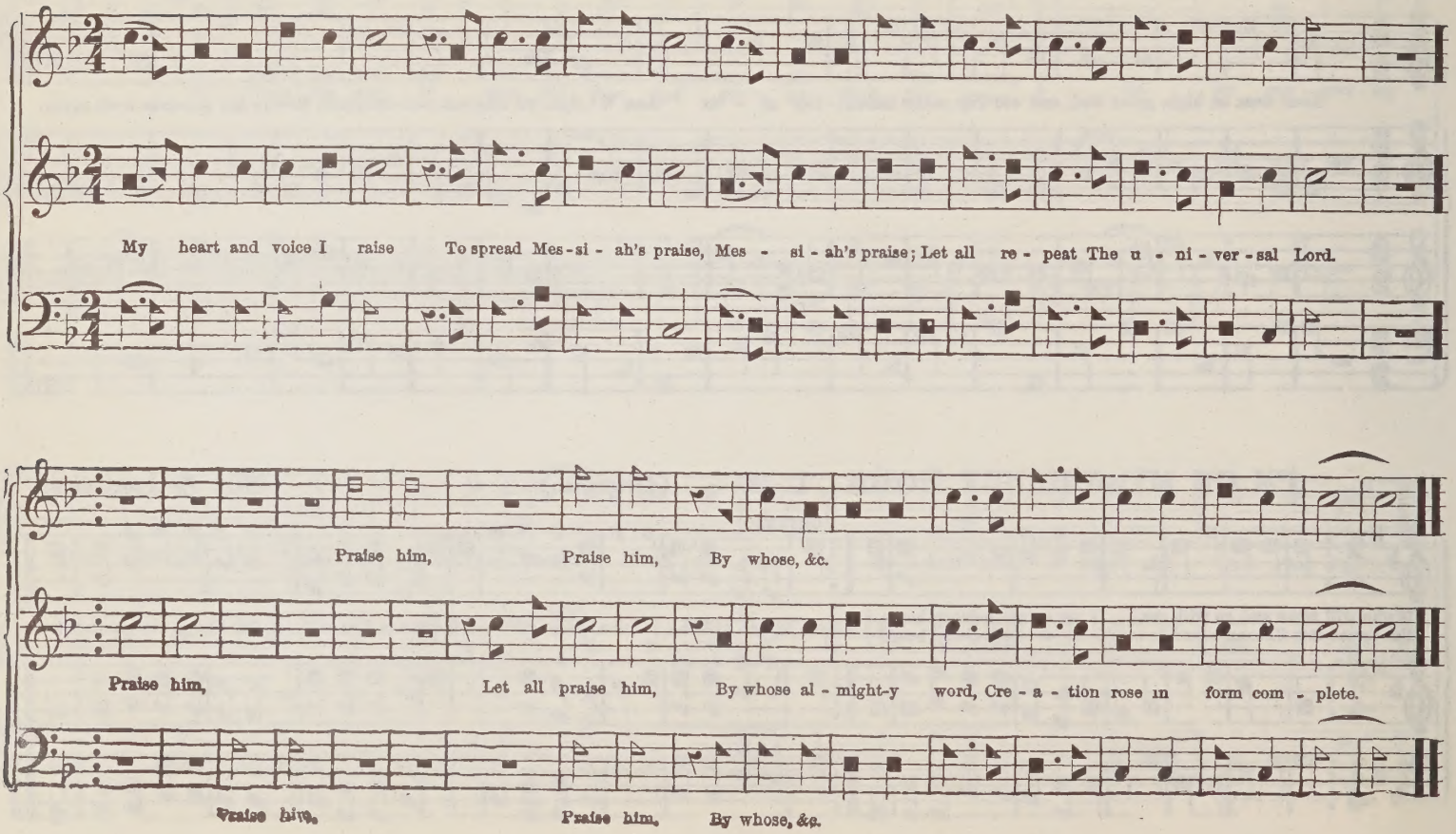

Look from on high, great God, and see Thy saints lament - ing af - ter thee, We sigh, we languish and complain, Revive thy gracious work again.

I'M ON MY JOURNEY HOME. L. M. (*Original.*) *Miss S. Lancaster.*


CHORUS.
O who will come and go with me, I am on my journey home,
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see, I am on my journey home.
O come and go with me, O come and go with me, O come and go with me, For I'm on my journey home.

MESSIAH'S PRAISE. 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 8. (Original.)

By R. F. M. Mann and Jas. A. Spark.


My heart and voice I raise To spread Mes-si-ah's praise, Mes-si-ah's praise; Let all re-peat The u-ni-ver-sal Lord.
Praise him, Praise him, By whose, &c.
Praise him, Let all praise him, By whose al-might-y word, Cre-a-tion rose in form com-plete.
Praise him, Praise him, By whose, &c.

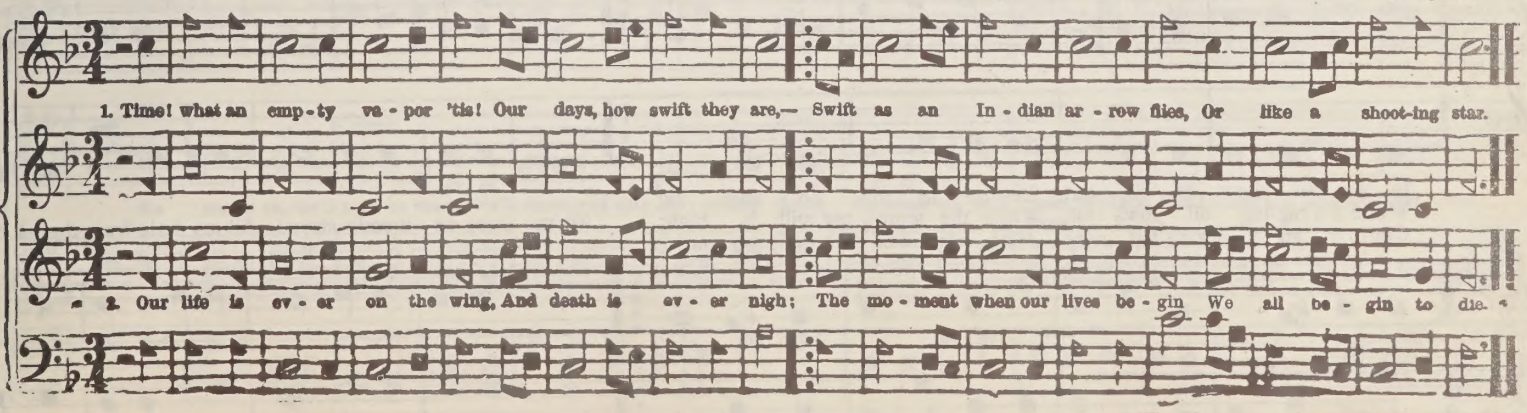
CAN I LEAVE YOU?

Arranged by John P. Ross.

Yes, my native land, I love thee, All thy scenes I love them well,
Friends, connections, happy country, Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you, Far in heathen lands to dwell?
Can I leave you, Far in, etc.
Can I leave you, Far in, etc.

FLEETING DAYS. C. M. (Original.)

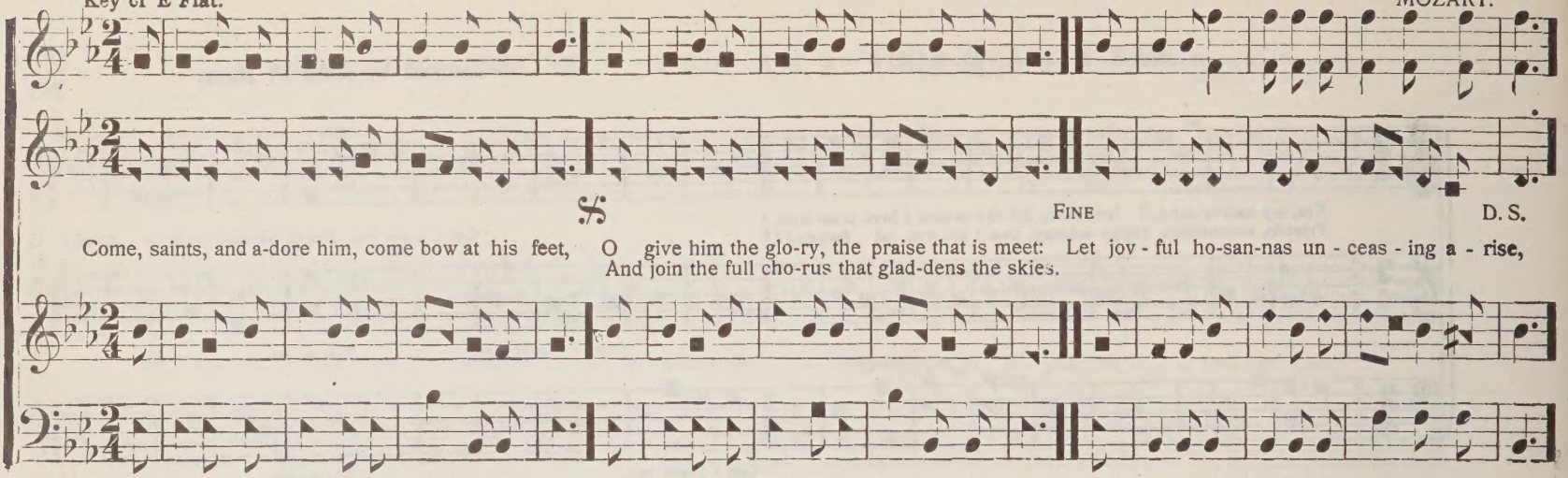
By Henry G. Mann. Oct. 26, 1869.


1. Time! what an emp-ty va-por 'tis! Our days, how swift they are,— Swift as an In-dian ar-row flies, Or like a shoot-ing star.
2. Our life is ev-er on the wing, And death is ev-er nigh; The mo-ment when our lives be-gin We all be-gin to die.

AMORA. 11s.

Key of E Flat.

MOZART.



Come, saints, and a-dore him, come bow at his feet, O give him the glo-ry, the praise that is meet: Let joy - ful ho-san-nas un - ceas - ing a - rise,
And join the full cho-rus that glad-dens the skies.

BOXLEY. 7s.

Key of G Minor.

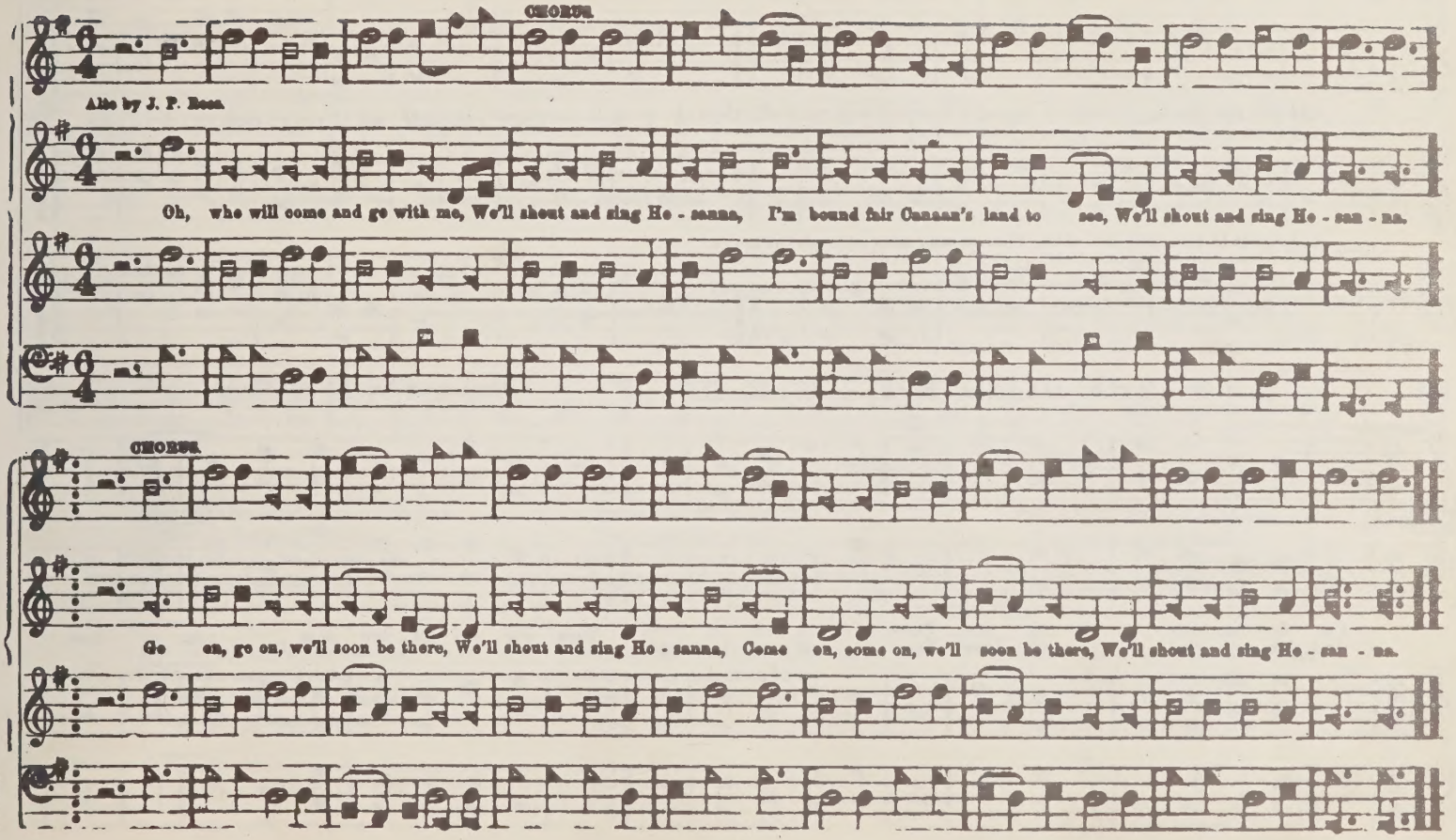
D. C.

1. Je - sus, Sa - viour of my soul; Let me to thy bo - som fly;
While the rag-ing bil - lows roll, While the temp - est still is high:
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.

All my trust on thee is stayed: All my help from thee I bring:

WE'LL SOON BE THERE. L. M.

By Oliver Bradfield.


CHORUS.
Alto by J. P. Ross.
Oh, who will come and go with me, We'll shout and sing Ho - sanna, I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see, We'll shout and sing Ho - san - na.
CHORUS.
Go on, go on, we'll soon be there, We'll shout and sing Ho - sanna, Come on, come on, we'll soon be there, We'll shout and sing Ho - san - na.

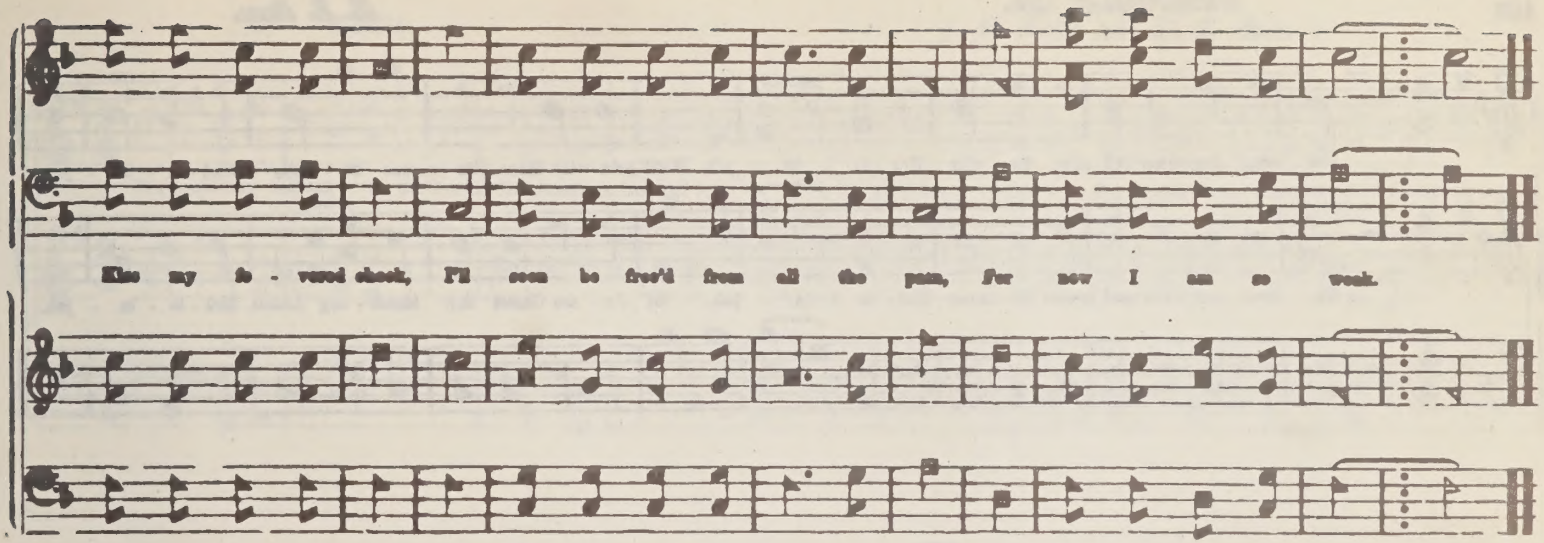
FAREWELL TO ALL. L. M (Original.) By *J. P. Rees.*

D.C
And now my friends, both old and young, I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And if on earth we meet no more, O, may we meet on Canaan's shoree.
I hope you'll all remember me, If you on earth no more I see.
D.C
An interest in your prayers I crave, That we may meet beyound the grave.
D.C

THE DYING BOY. C. M. D. Composed by *H. S. Rees.*

SOFTLY.
I'm dy - ing, moth - er, dy - ing now, Please raise my ach - ing head,
And fan my heat - ed, burn - ing brow, Your boy will soon be dead.
Turn o'er my pil - low once a - gain, And

THE DYING BOY. (Conclusion.



How light the lamps, my mother dear,
The sun has pass'd away;
I soon must go, but do not fear,
I'll live in endless day.

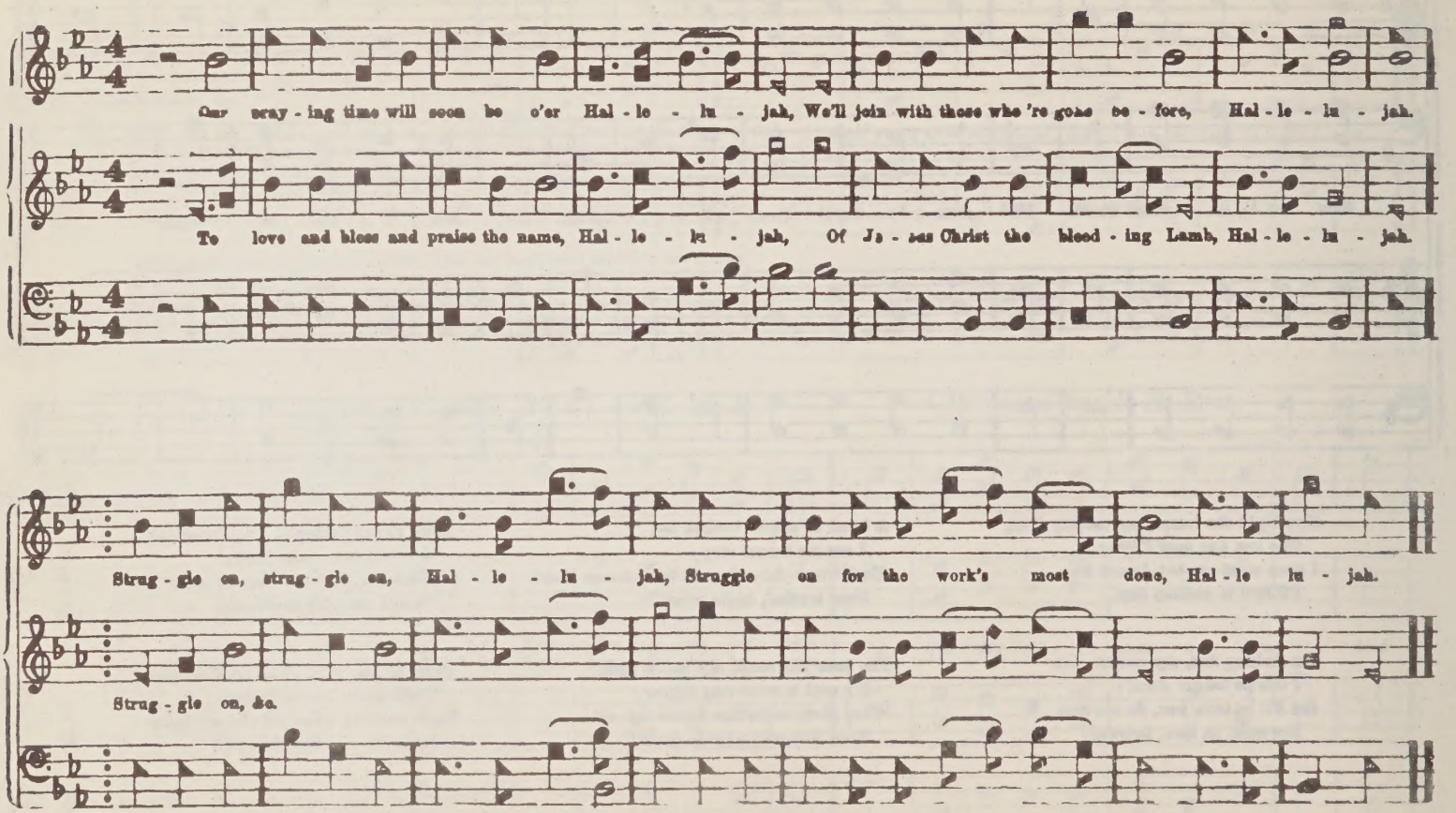
I'm sinking fast, my mother dear
I can no longer dwell;
But I'll be with you, do not fear,
But now, oh now, farewell!

A band of angels beckon me,
I can no longer stay;
Hark! how they sing, "We welcome thee:
Dear brother, haste away."

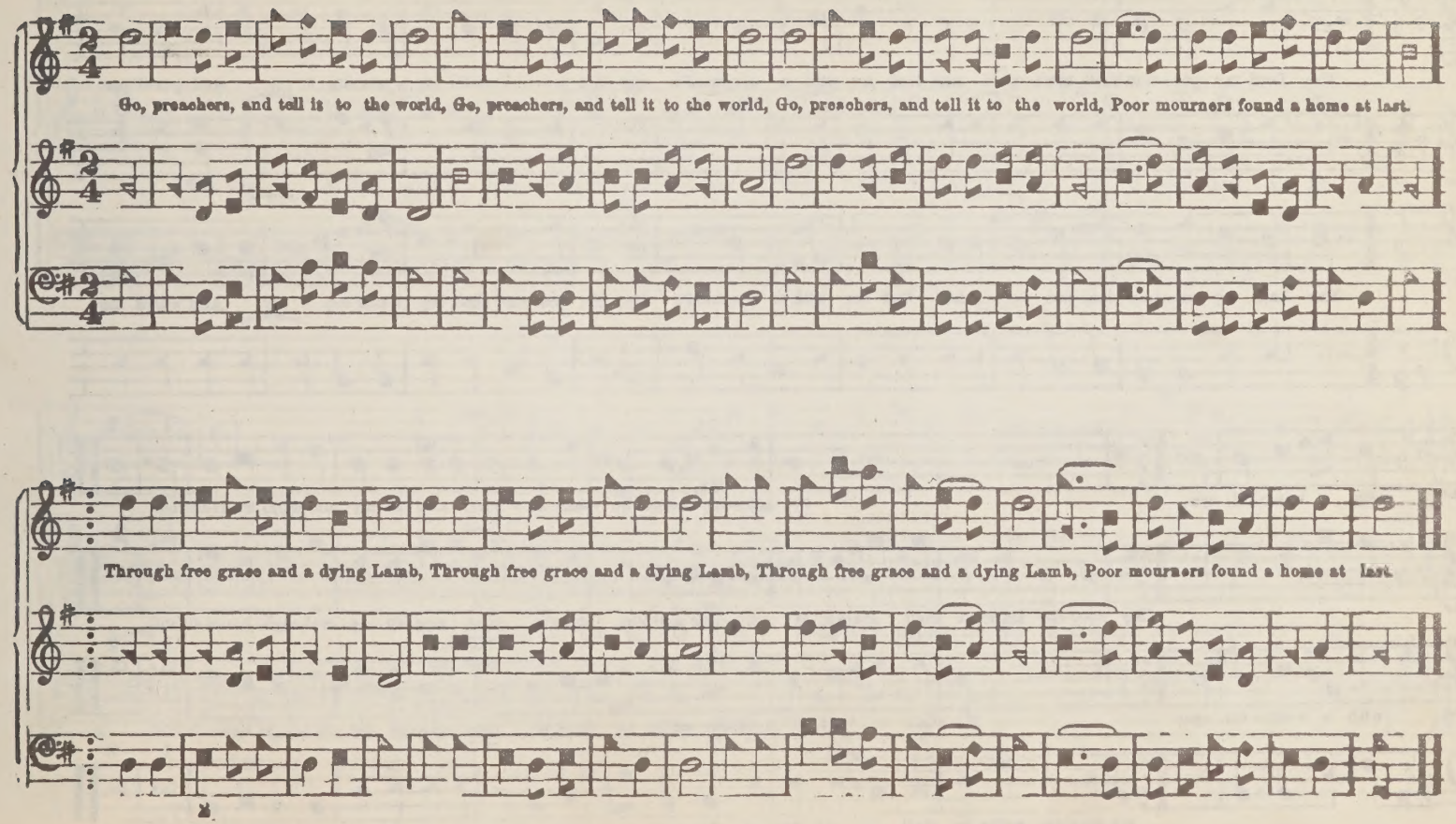
The hour has come, my end is near,
My soul is mounting higher;
What glorious strains salute my ear
From heaven's angelic choir?

Their flowing robes in brightness shine,
A crown is on each head;
Say, mother, will not such be mine
When I am with the dead?

Then do not weep, sweet mother, now,
'Twill break this body frail,
Those burning tears fall o'er my brow—
Farewell, oh! fare thee well!

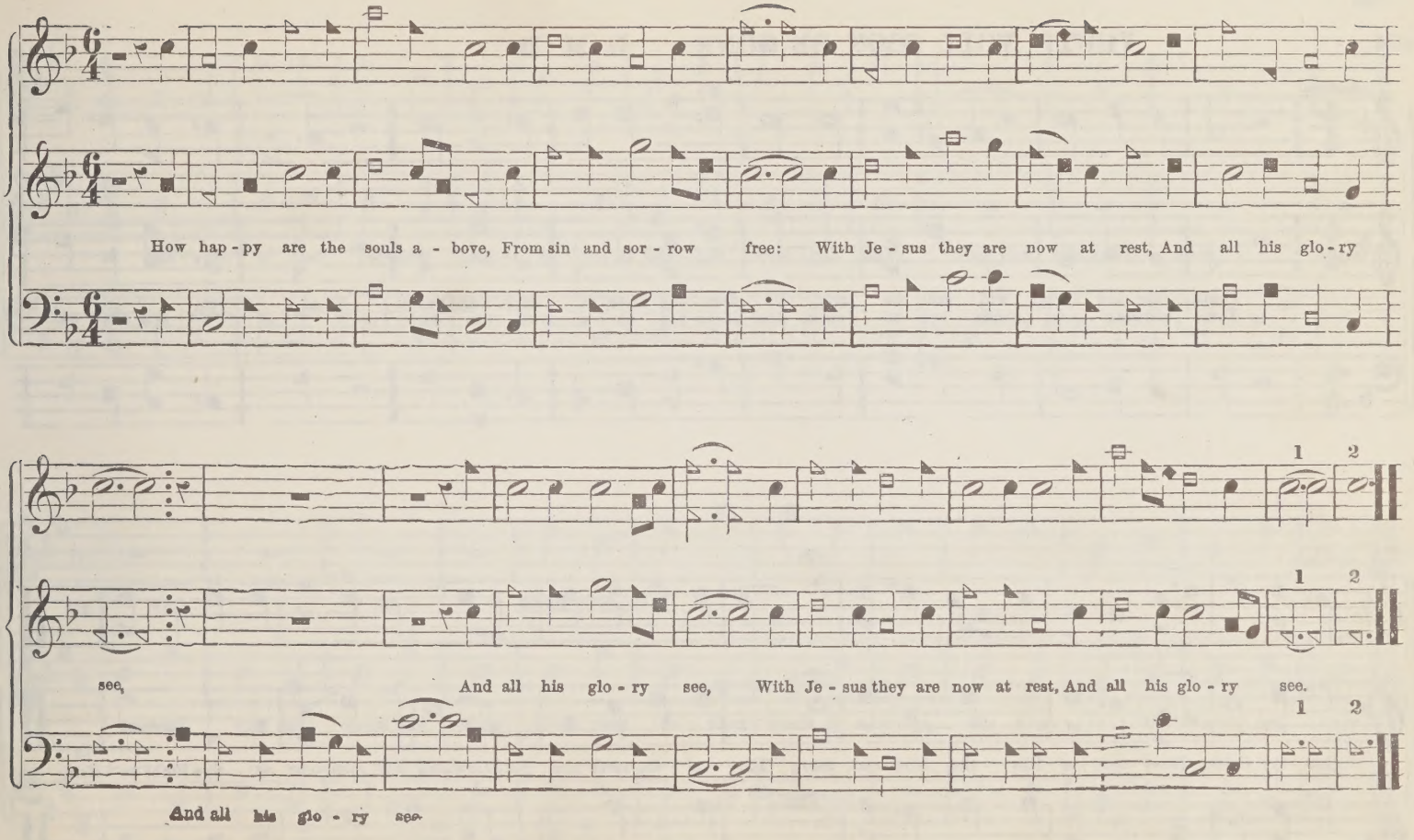

Our stray - ing time will soon be o'er Hal - le - lu - jah, We'll join with those who 're gone be - fore, Hal - le - lu - jah.
To love and bless and praise the name, Hal - le - lu - jah, Of Je - sus Christ the bleed - ing Lamb, Hal - le - lu - jah.
Strug - gle on, strug - gle on, Hal - le - lu - jah, Struggle on for the work's most done, Hal - le lu - jah.
Strug - gle on, &c.

CUBA. *J. H. Bolen* and *H. S. Ross.*

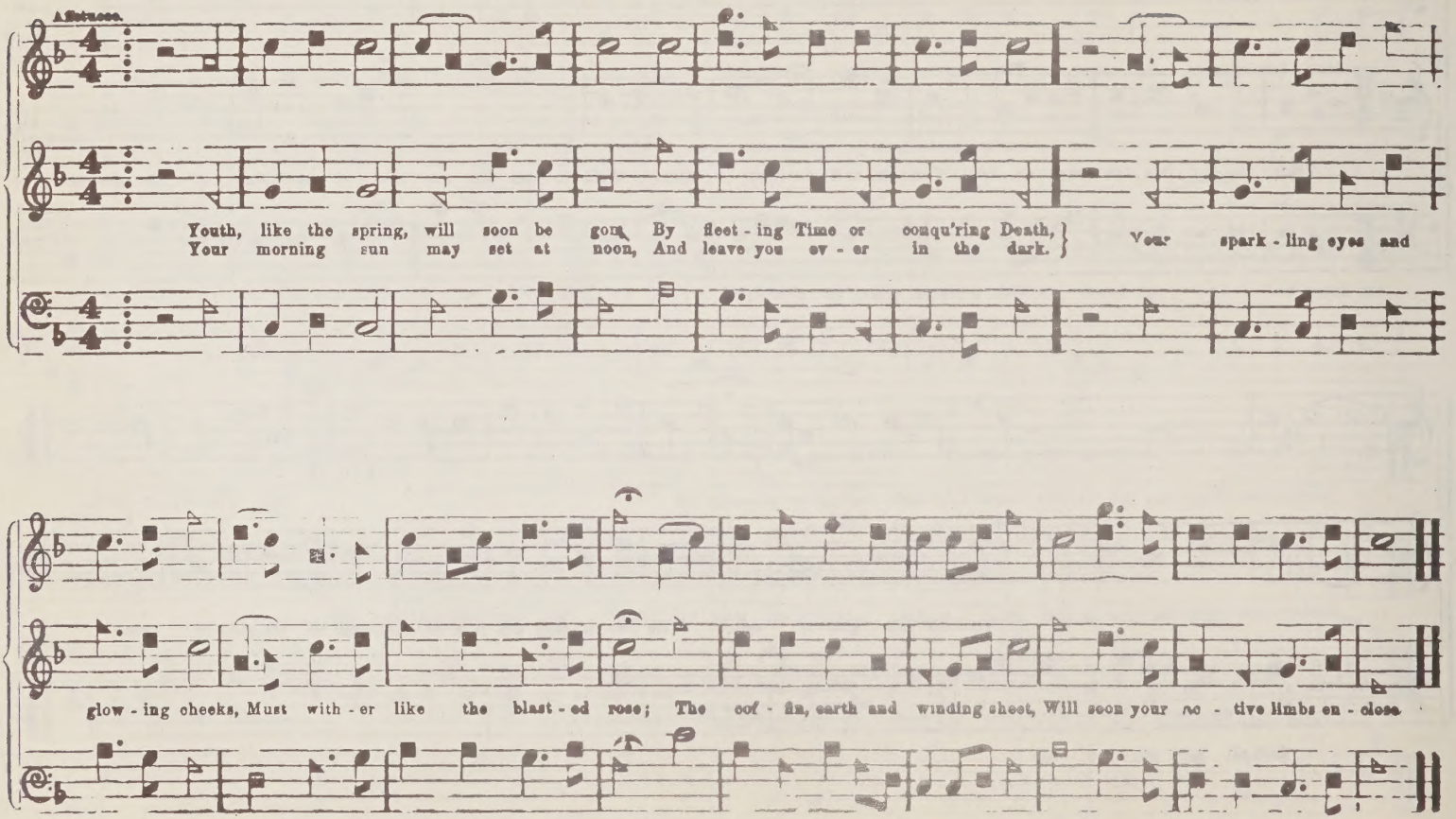

Go, preachers, and tell it to the world, Go, preachers, and tell it to the world, Go, preachers, and tell it to the world, Poor mourners found a home at last.
Through free grace and a dying Lamb, Through free grace and a dying Lamb, Through free grace and a dying Lamb, Poor mourners found a home at last.

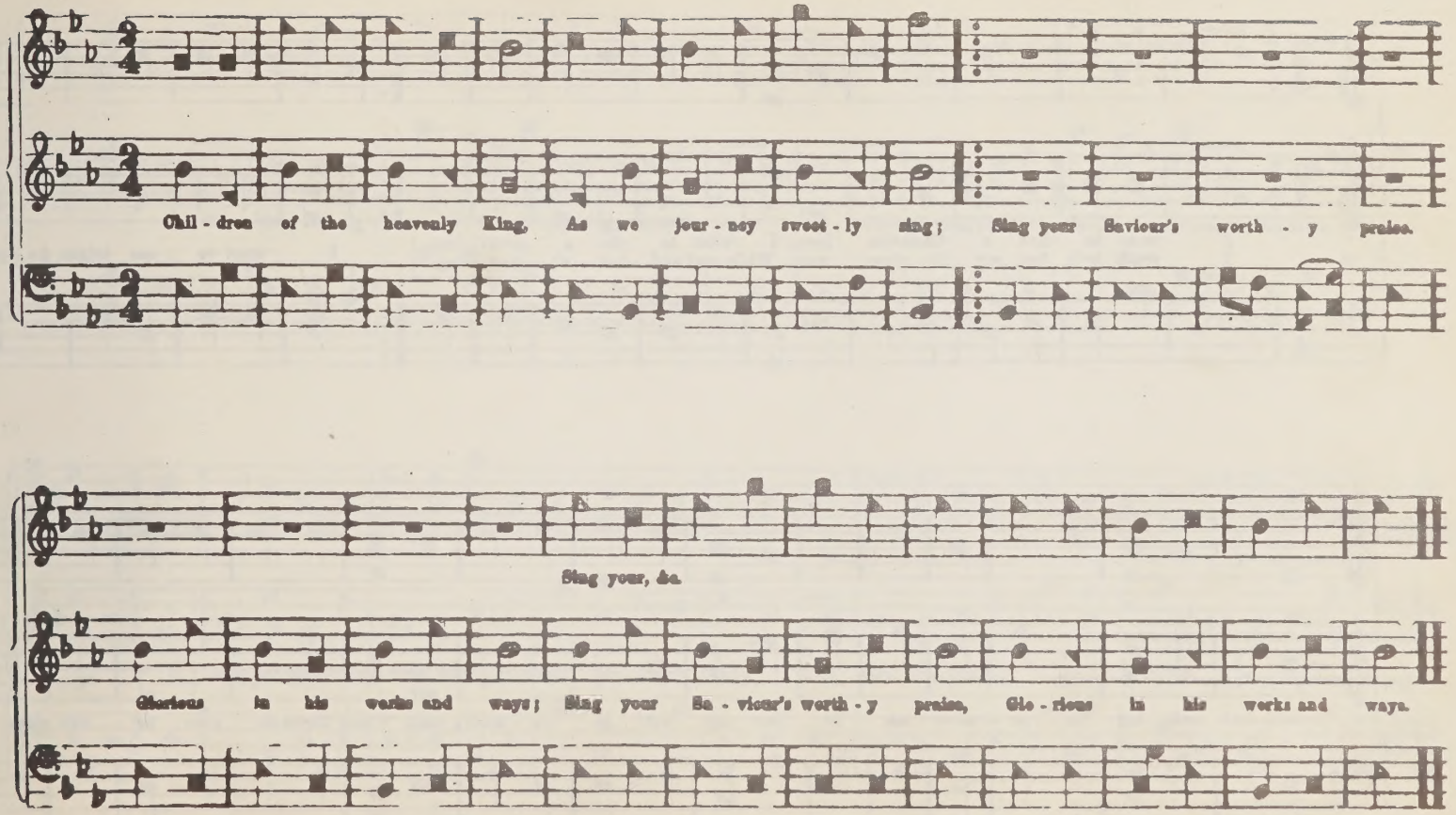
PROTECTION. L. M. Six lines. (Original.) *By C. F. Letson.*

The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His pre - sence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me
The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me
with a watch-ful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall at - tend. And all my mid-night hours defend.
My noon-day walks he shall at-tend, My noon - day walks he shall at - tend, And all my mid-night hours defend.
with a watch - ful eye;
He shall at - tend, My noon-day walks he shall at - tend, And all my mid-night hours defend.
My noon-day walks he shall at - tend, My noon - day walks he shall at - tend. And all my mid-night hours defend.

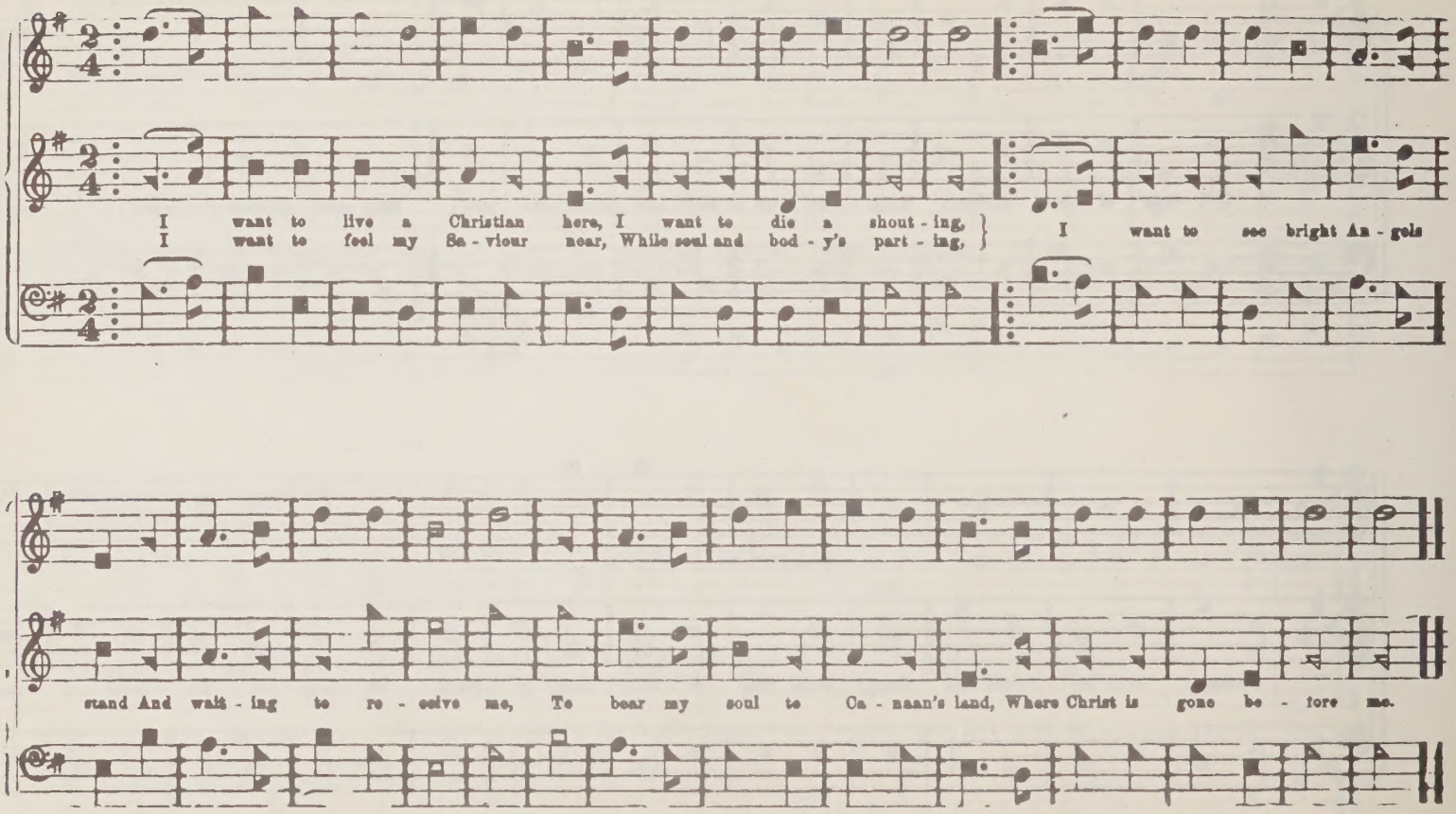

How hap - py are the souls a - bove, From sin and sor - row free: With Je - sus they are now at rest, And all his glo - ry
1 2
see, And all his glo - ry see, With Je - sus they are now at rest, And all his glo - ry see.
1 2
And all his glo - ry see.

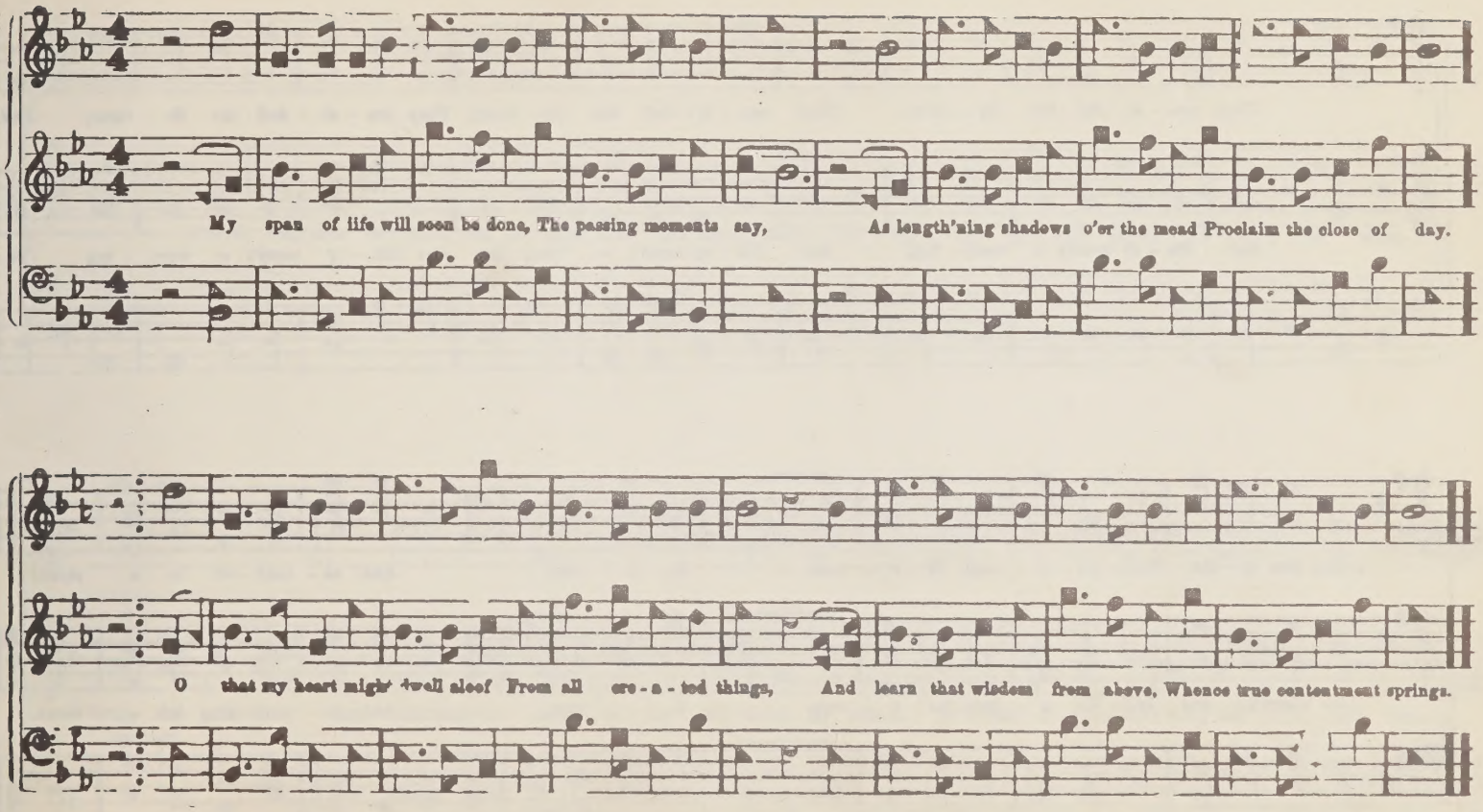
YOUTH WILL SOON BE GONE. L. M. D.


A Distance.
Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone, By fleet - ing Time or conqu'ring Death,
Your morning sun may set at noon, And leave you ev - er in the dark.
Your spark - ling eyes and
glow - ing cheeks, Must with - er like the blast - ed rose; The cof - fin, earth and winding sheet, Will soon your ac - tive limbs en - close.


Chil - dren of the heavenly King, As we jour - ney sweet - ly sing; Sing your Saviour's worth - y praise.
Sing your, &c.
Glorious in his works and ways; Sing your Sa - viour's worth - y praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.

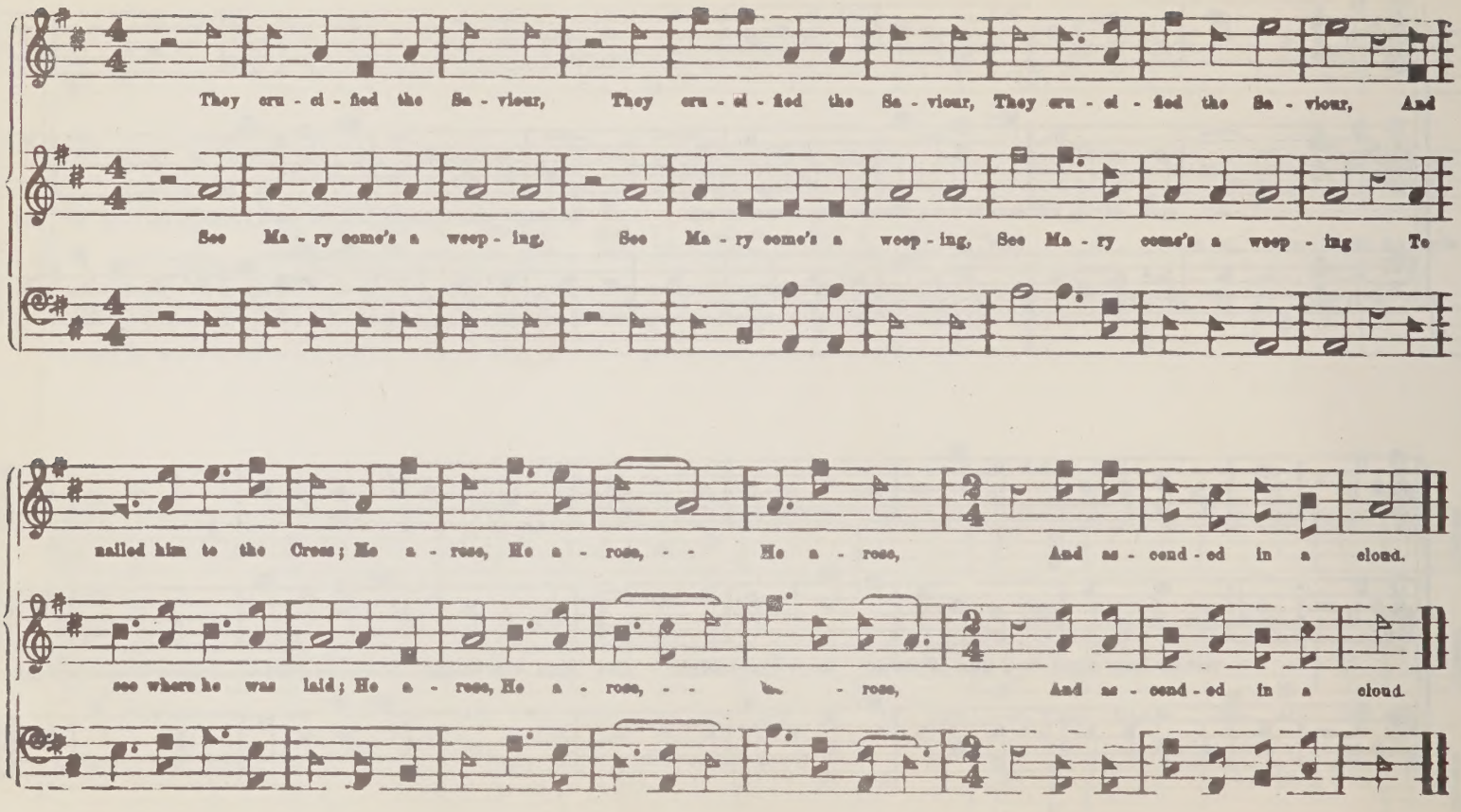
NEW HARMONY. 8, 7. Arranged by *Miss M. L. A. Lancaster.*

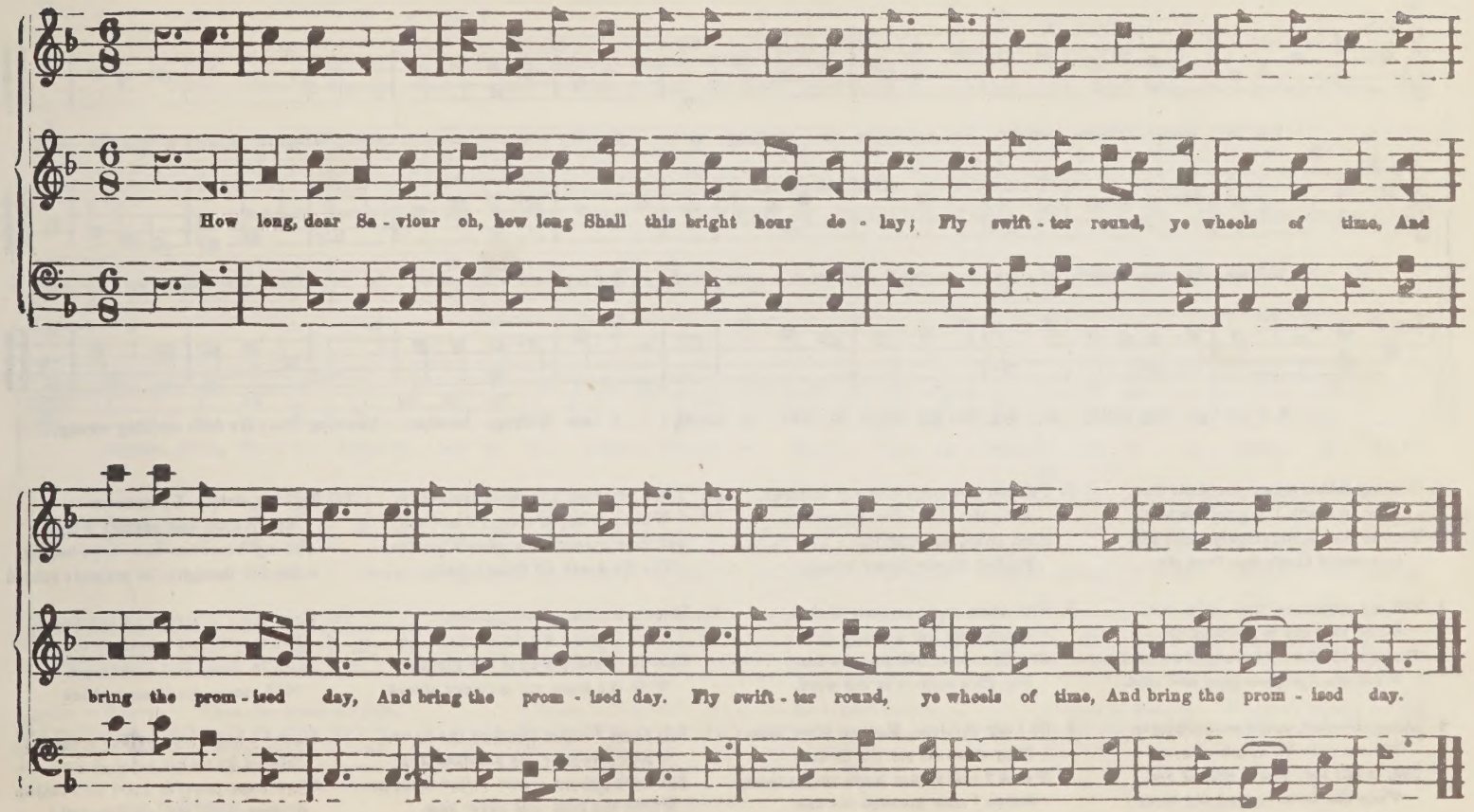

I want to live a Christian here, I want to die a shout - ing,
I want to feel my Sa - viour near, While soul and bod - y's part - ing,
I want to see bright An - gels
stand And wait - ing to re - ceive me, To bear my soul to Ca - naan's land, Where Christ is gone be - fore me.


My span of life will soon be done, The passing moments say, As length'ning shadows o'er the mead Proclaim the close of day.
O that my heart might dwell aloof From all cre-a-ted things, And learn that wisdom from above, Whence true contentment springs.

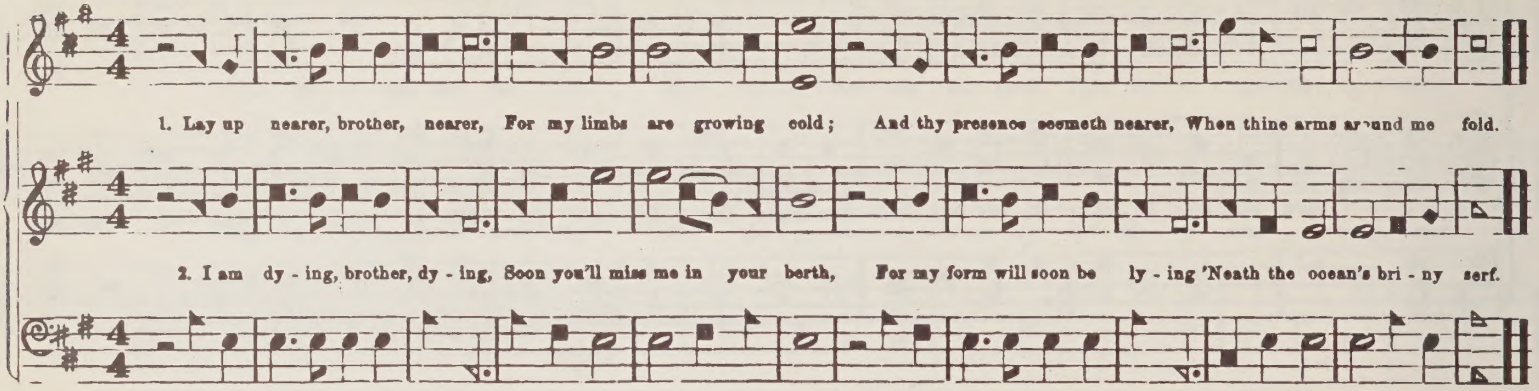
WEEPING MARY.

By J. P. Ross.


They cru - ci - fied the Sa - viour, They cru - ci - fied the Sa - viour, They cru - ci - fied the Sa - viour, And
See Ma - ry come's a weep - ing, See Ma - ry come's a weep - ing, See Ma - ry come's a weep - ing To
nailed him to the Cross; He a - rose, He a - rose, - - He a - rose, And as - cend - ed in a cloud.
see where he was laid; He a - rose, He a - rose, - - a - rose, And as - cend - ed in a cloud.


How long, dear Sa - viour oh, how long Shall this bright hour de - lay; Fly swift - ter round, ye wheels of time, And
bring the prom - ised day, And bring the prom - ised day. Fly swift - ter round, ye wheels of time, And bring the prom - ised day.

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN. 8, 7. *Ball & Drinkard.*


1. Lay up nearer, brother, nearer, For my limbs are growing cold; And thy presence seemeth nearer, When thine arms around me fold.
2. I am dy - ing, brother, dy - ing, Soon you'll miss me in your berth, For my form will soon be ly - ing 'Neath the ocean's bri - ny serf.
3. I am go - ing, surely go - ing, But my hope in God is strong; I am willing, brother, knowing That He doth nothing wrong.

4. Tell my father when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him,
Prayed that I might only meet him
In a world that's free from sin.

5. Tell my mother,— God assist her,
Know that she is growing old,—
That her child would glad have kissed her
When his lips grew pale and cold.

6. Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I'll speak of now;
Tell, O tell her, how I missed her,
When the fever burned my brow

7. Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impressed,
Hold them as when last I held them,
Folded closely to my breast.

8. Give them early to their Maker,
Putting all her trust in God,
And He never will forsake her,
For He's said so in his word.

9. Oh! my children, Heaven bless them;
They were all my life to me;
Would I could once more caress them,
Before I sink beneath the sea.

10. 'Twas for them I crossed the ocean,
What my hopes were I'd not tell,
But they gained an orphan's portion—
Yet He doeth all things well.

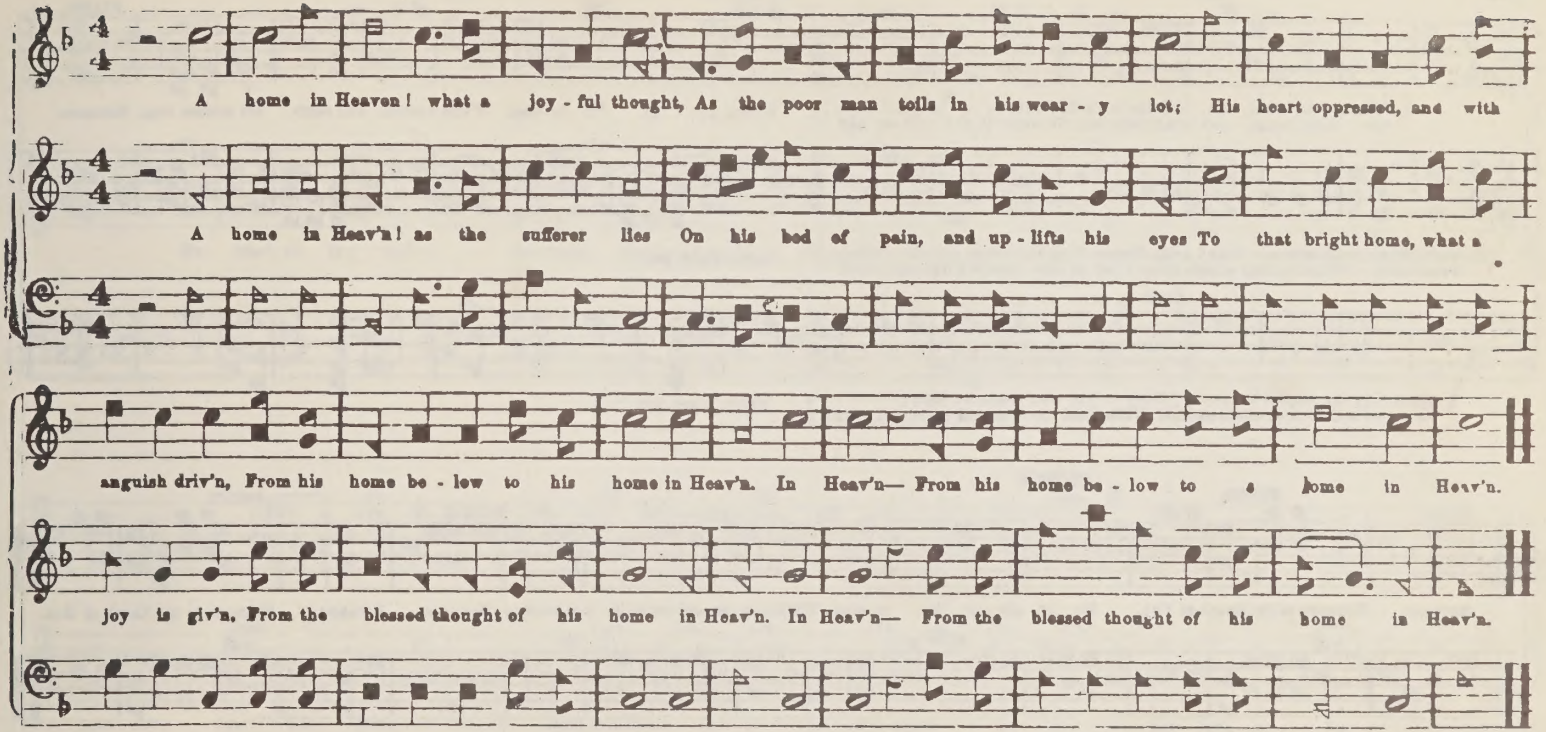
11. Listen, brother, closely listen,
Don't forget a single word,
That in death my eyes did glisten
With the tears her memory stored.

12. Tell them I never reached the haven,
Where I sought the precious dust,
But have gained a port called Heaven
Where the gold will never rust.

13. Tell my sisters, I remember
Every kind and parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender,
By the thoughts its memory stirred

14. Urge them to secure an entrance
For they'll find a brother there
Faith in Jesus and repentance
Will secure for them a share

15. Hark! I hear my Saviour speaking,
'Tis—I know his voice so well,
When I am gone, O don't be weeping
Brother, hear my last farewell!


A home in Heaven! what a joy-ful thought, As the poor man toils in his wear-y lot; His heart oppressed, and with
A home in Heav'n! as the sufferer lies On his bed of pain, and up-lifts his eyes To that bright home, what a
anguish driv'n, From his home be-low to his home in Heav'n. In Heav'n— From his home be-low to a home in Heav'n.
joy is giv'n, From the blessed thought of his home in Heav'n. In Heav'n— From the blessed thought of his home in Heav'n.

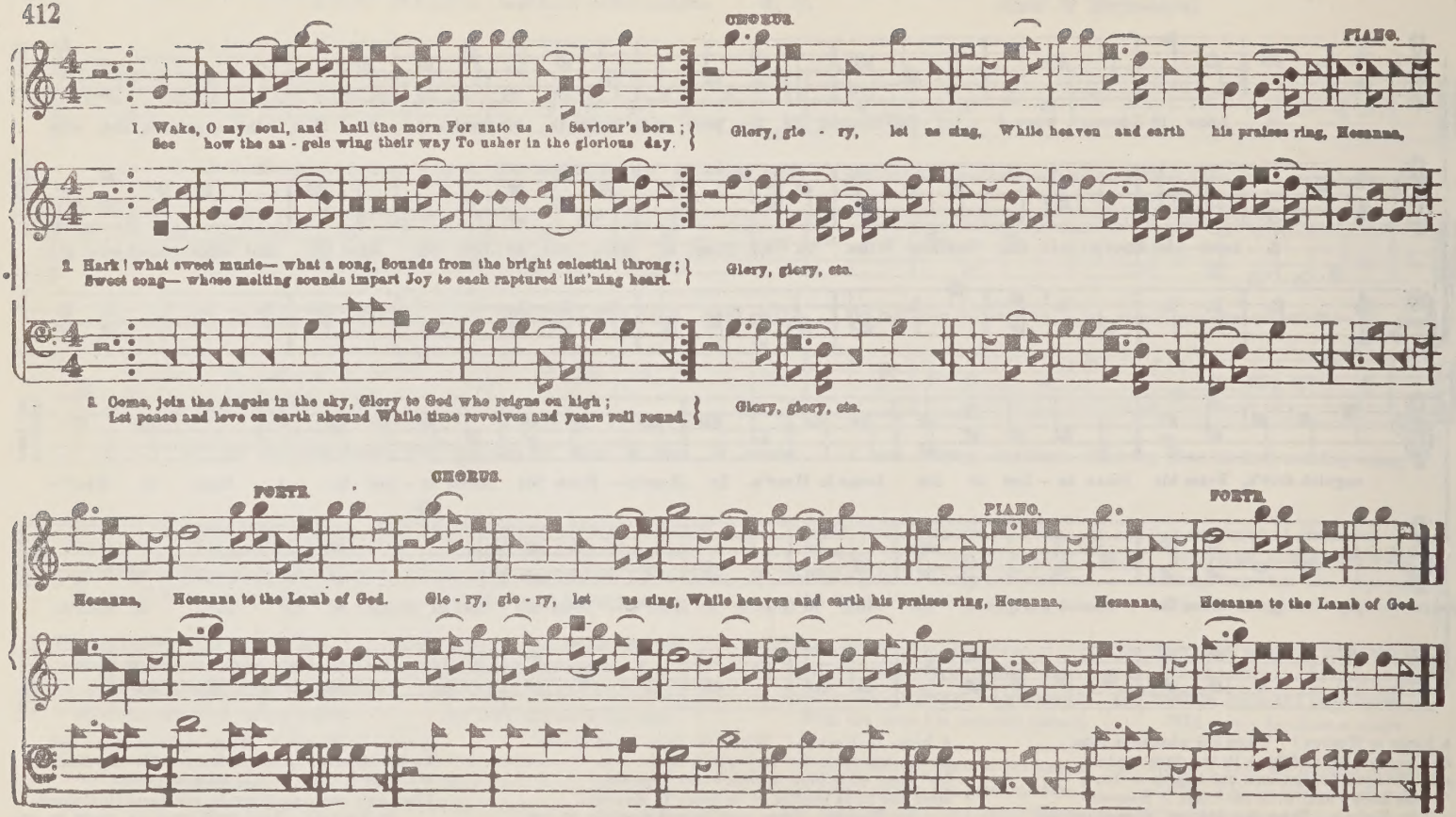
A home in Heaven! When our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in Heaven
In Heaven—From the blessed thought of our home in Heaven.

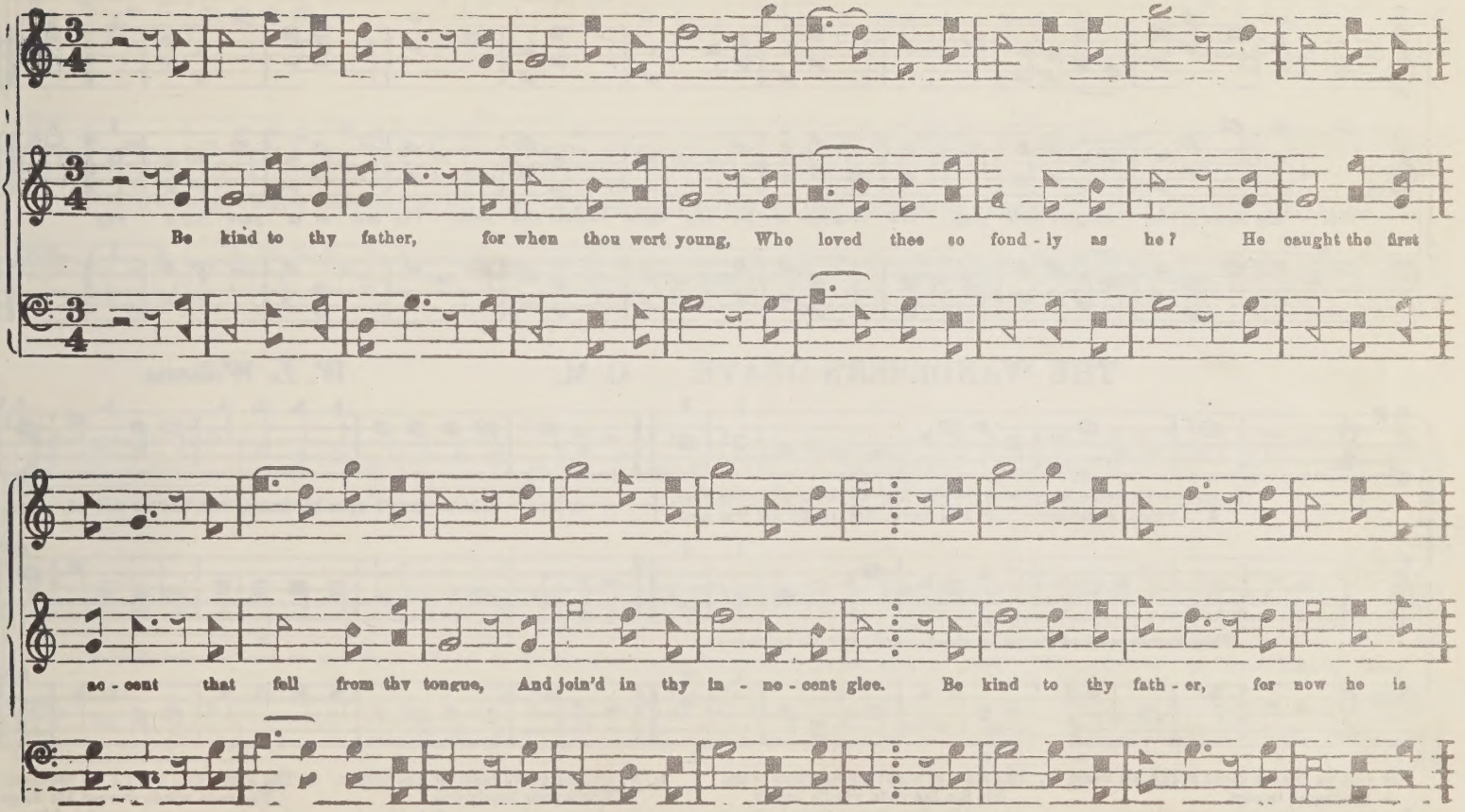
A home in Heaven! When the faint heart bleeds
By the Spirit stroke, for its evil deeds,
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of its home in Heaven.
In Heaven—From the blessed thought of its home in Heaven.

A home in Heaven! When our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead,
We wait in hope on the promise given,
That we'll meet up there in our home in Heaven.
In Heaven! That we'll meet up there in our home in Heaven.

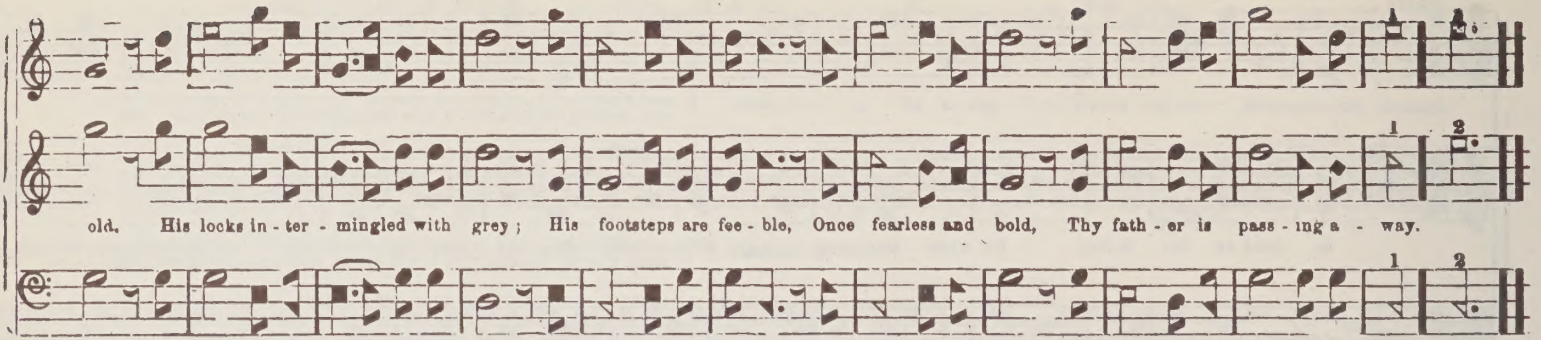
NEW HOSANNA.

H. Spense

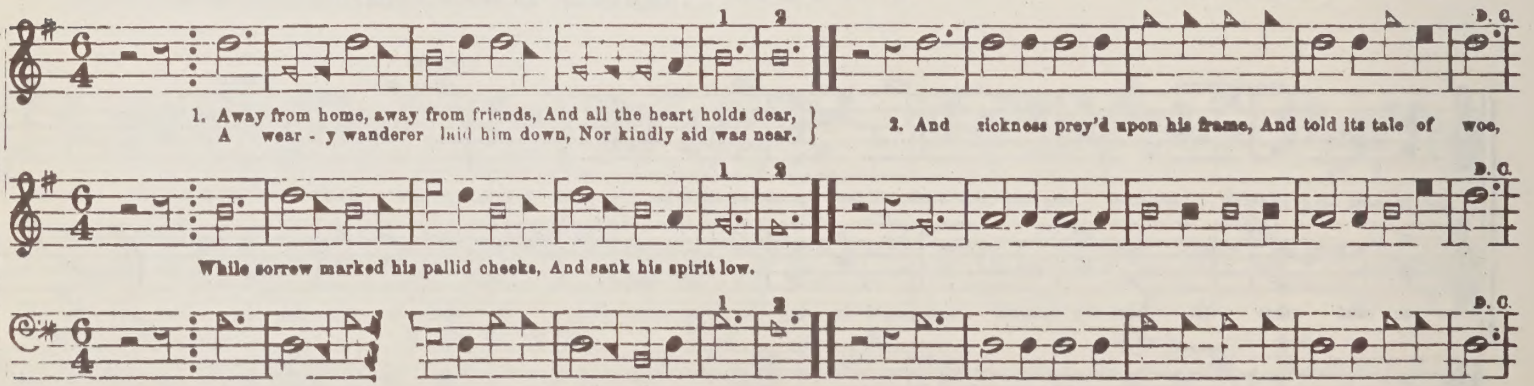

CHORUS.
PIANO.
1. Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn For unto us a Saviour's born;
See how the an - gels wing their way To usher in the glorious day.
Glory, glo - ry, let us sing, While heaven and earth his praises ring, Hosanna,
2. Hark! what sweet music— what a song, Sounds from the bright celestial throng;
Sweet song— whose melting sounds impart Joy to each raptured list'ning heart.
Glory, glory, etc.
3. Come, join the Angels in the sky, Glory to God who reigns on high;
Let peace and love on earth abound While time revolves and years roll round.
Glory, glory, etc.
FORTE.
CHORUS.
PIANO.
FORTE.
Hosanna, Hosanna to the Lamb of God. Glo - ry, glo - ry, let us sing, While heaven and earth his praises ring, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna to the Lamb of God.


Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young, Who loved thee so fond - ly as he? He caught the first
ac - cent that fell from thy tongue, And join'd in thy in - no - cent glee. Be kind to thy fath - er, for now he is

THE LOVED ONES. *Concluded.*



THE WANDERER'S GRAVE. C. M. *W. L. Williams.*


1. Away from home, away from friends, And all the heart holds dear,
A wear - y wanderer laid him down, Nor kindly aid was near.
2. And sickness prey'd upon his frame, And told its tale of woe,
While sorrow marked his pallid cheeks, And sank his spirit low.
D. C.

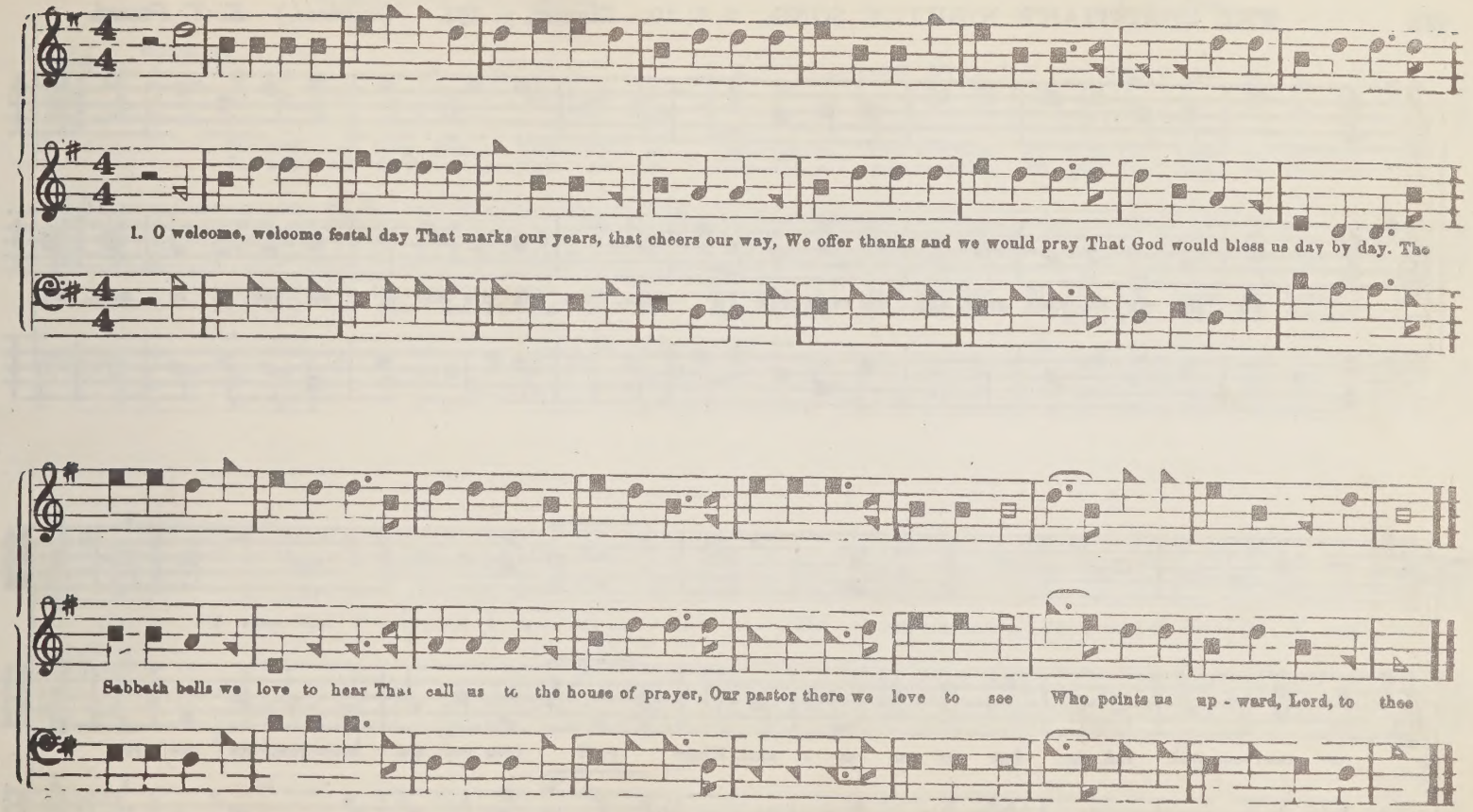
Nor waiting friends stood round his couch
A healing to impart,
Nor human voice spoke sympathy,
To soothe his aching heart.

3. The stars of night his watchers were,
His fan the rude wind's breath,
And while they sighed their hollow moans,
He closed his eyes in death.

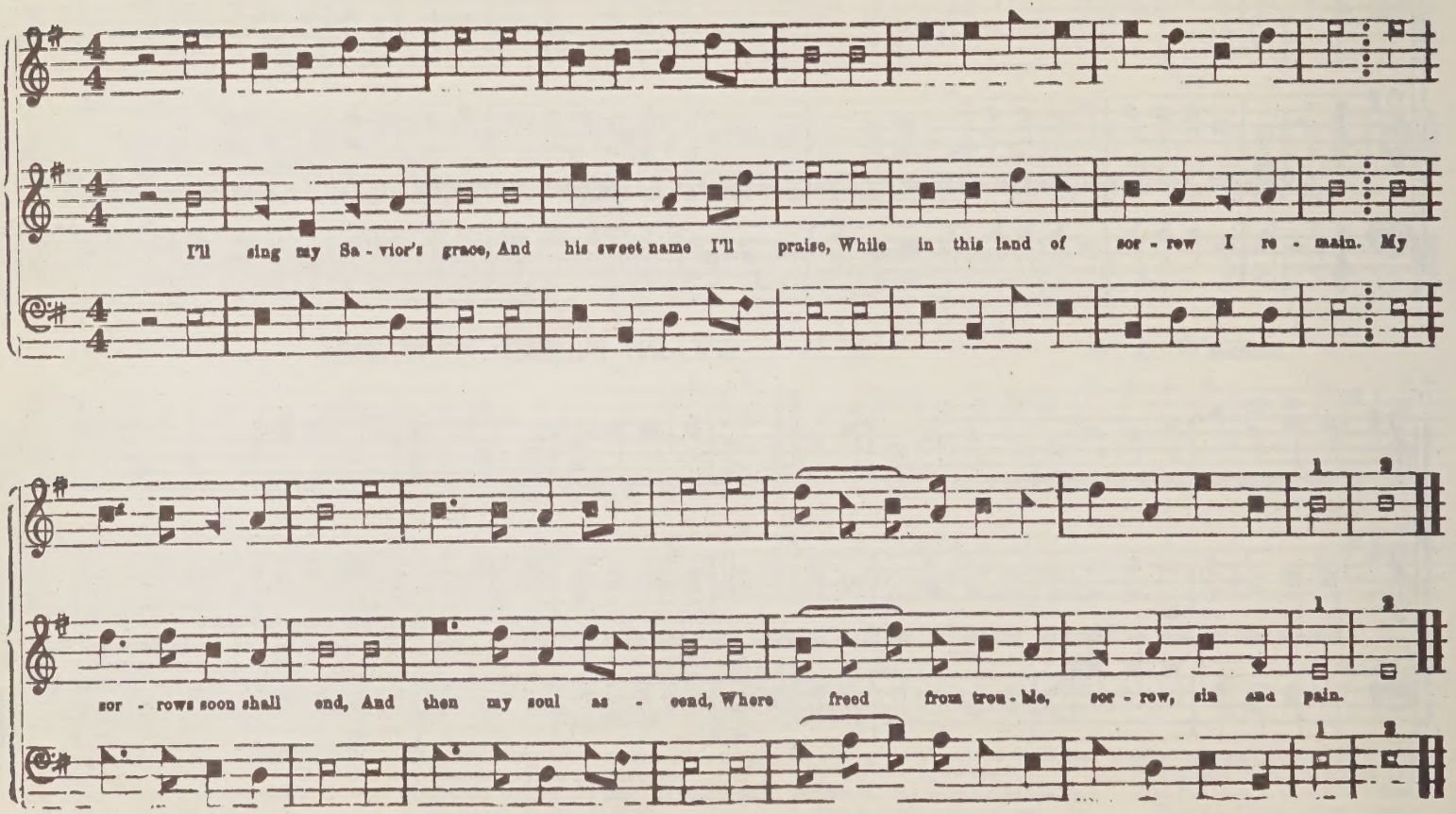
5. No willing grave received the corpse
Of this poor lonely one,
His bones, alas, were left to bleach,
And moulder 'neath the sun.

6. The night wolf howl'd his requiem,
The rude winds danced his dirge
And o'er anon in mournful chime,
Woh'd forth the mellow sum-

UNION GROVE. L. M. *W. L. Williams.*

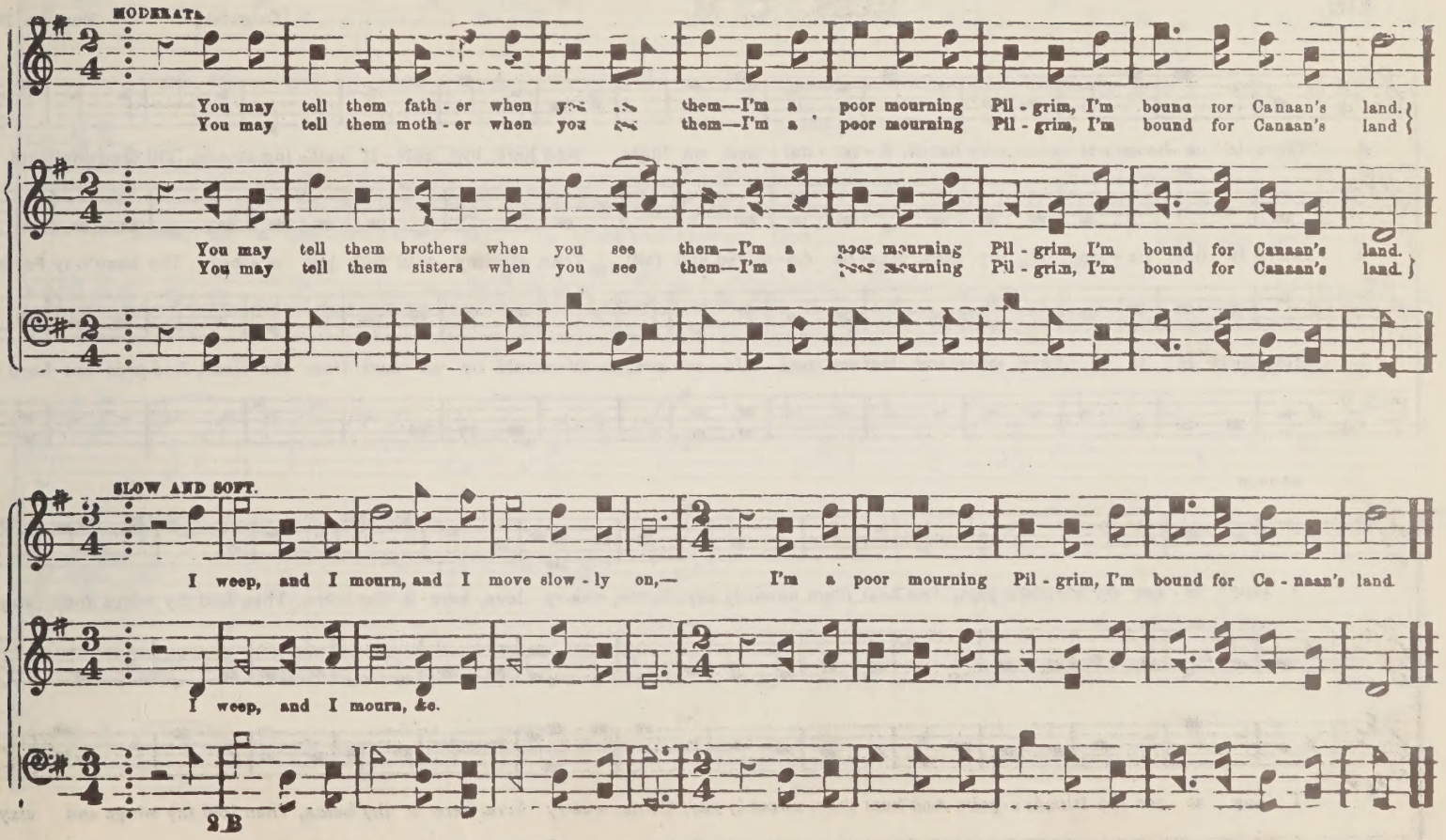

1. O welcome, welcome festal day That marks our years, that cheers our way, We offer thanks and we would pray That God would bless us day by day. The
Sabbath bells we love to hear That call us to the house of prayer, Our pastor there we love to see Who points us up - ward, Lord, to thee

THE CHRISTIAN'S NIGHTLY SONG. 6, 6, 10. Cluster, p. 382. (*Original.*) *E. T. Pound.*


I'll sing my Sa - vior's grace, And his sweet name I'll praise, While in this land of sor - row I re - main. My
sor - rows soon shall end, And then my soul as - cend, Where freed from trou - ble, sor - row, sin and pain.
1
2

WEEPING PILGRIM.

J. P. Rees.

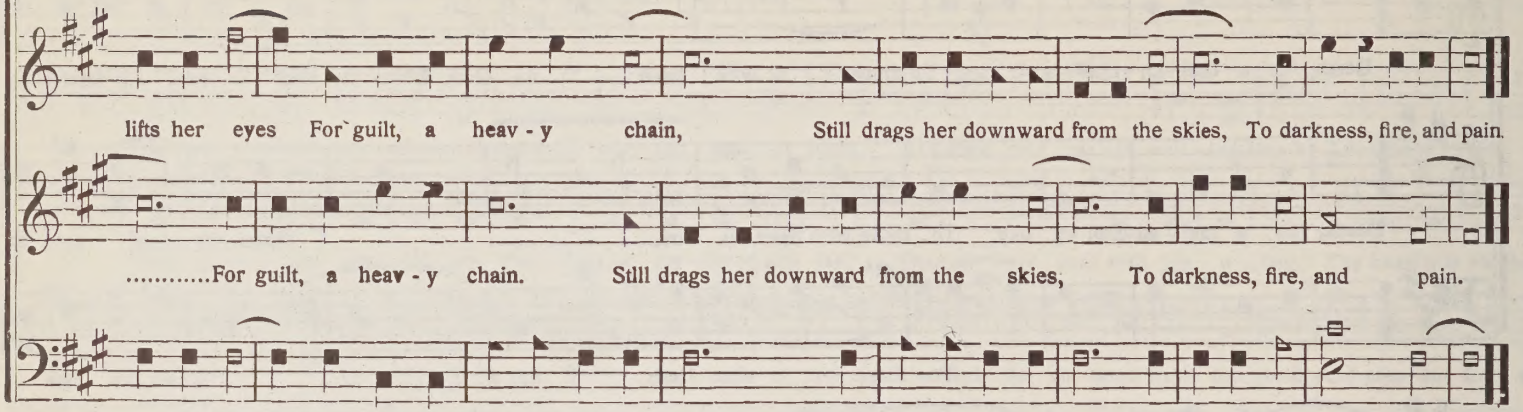

MODERATA.
You may tell them fath - er when you see them—I'm a poor mourning Pil - grim, I'm bound for Canaan's land.
You may tell them moth - er when you see them—I'm a poor mourning Pil - grim, I'm bound for Canaan's land
You may tell them brothers when you see them—I'm a poor mourning Pil - grim, I'm bound for Canaan's land.
You may tell them sisters when you see them—I'm a poor mourning Pil - grim, I'm bound for Canaan's land.
SLOW AND SOFT.
I weep, and I mourn, and I move slow - ly on,— I'm a poor mourning Pil - grim, I'm bound for Ca - naan's land.
I weep, and I mourn, &c.
2 B

418. **REES. C. M.** [Original.] EDMOND DUMAS.

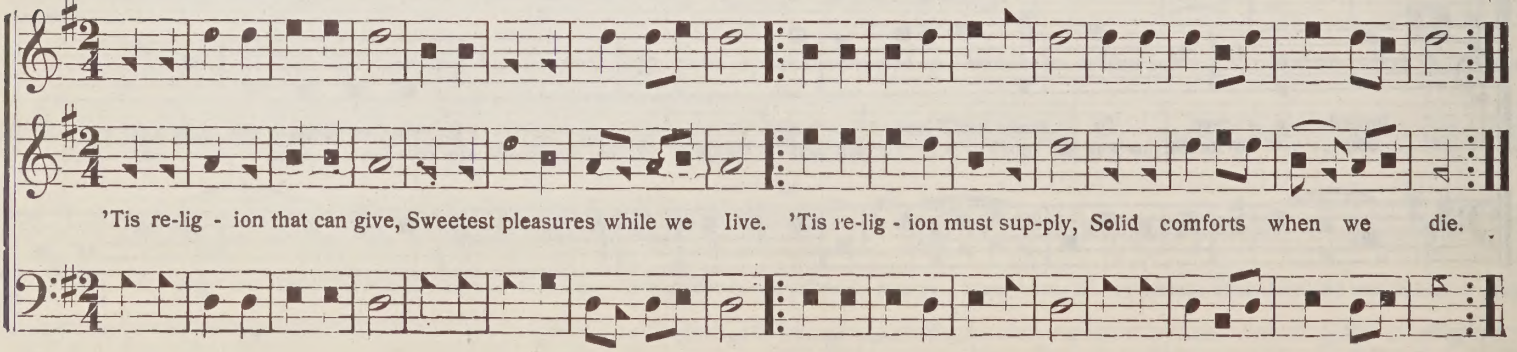
1. There is a house not made with hands, E - ter - nal and on high; And here my spir - it wait - ing stands, 'Till God shall bid it fly.
2. Short- ly this vis - ion of my clay, Must be dis- solved and fall; Then O my soul with joy o - bey, Thy heav'n-ly Fa-ther's call.
3. 'Tis pleas- ant to be - lieve thy grace, But we had rath - er see; We would be ab - sent from the flesh, And pres- ent Lord with Thee.
CHORUS
I long to see my friends a-gain, And hear them sweet-ly say; Come, wea-ry love, here is thy home, Then fold thy wings and stay.
I long to see my friends a-gain, And hear them sweet-ly say; Come, wea-ry love, here is thy home, Then fold thy wings and stay.

Death, 'tis a mel - an - chol - y day, To those who have no God, When the poor soul is forced a-
Death, 'tis a mel - an-chol - y day, To those who have no God,..... When the poor soul is
To those who have no God,..... When the poor
way to seek her last a - bode,..... In vain - to heav'n she
forced a - way, To seek her last a - bode. In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes.....
soul is forced a-way to seek her last a - bode. In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes for guilt a

MELANCHOLY DAY. Concluded.

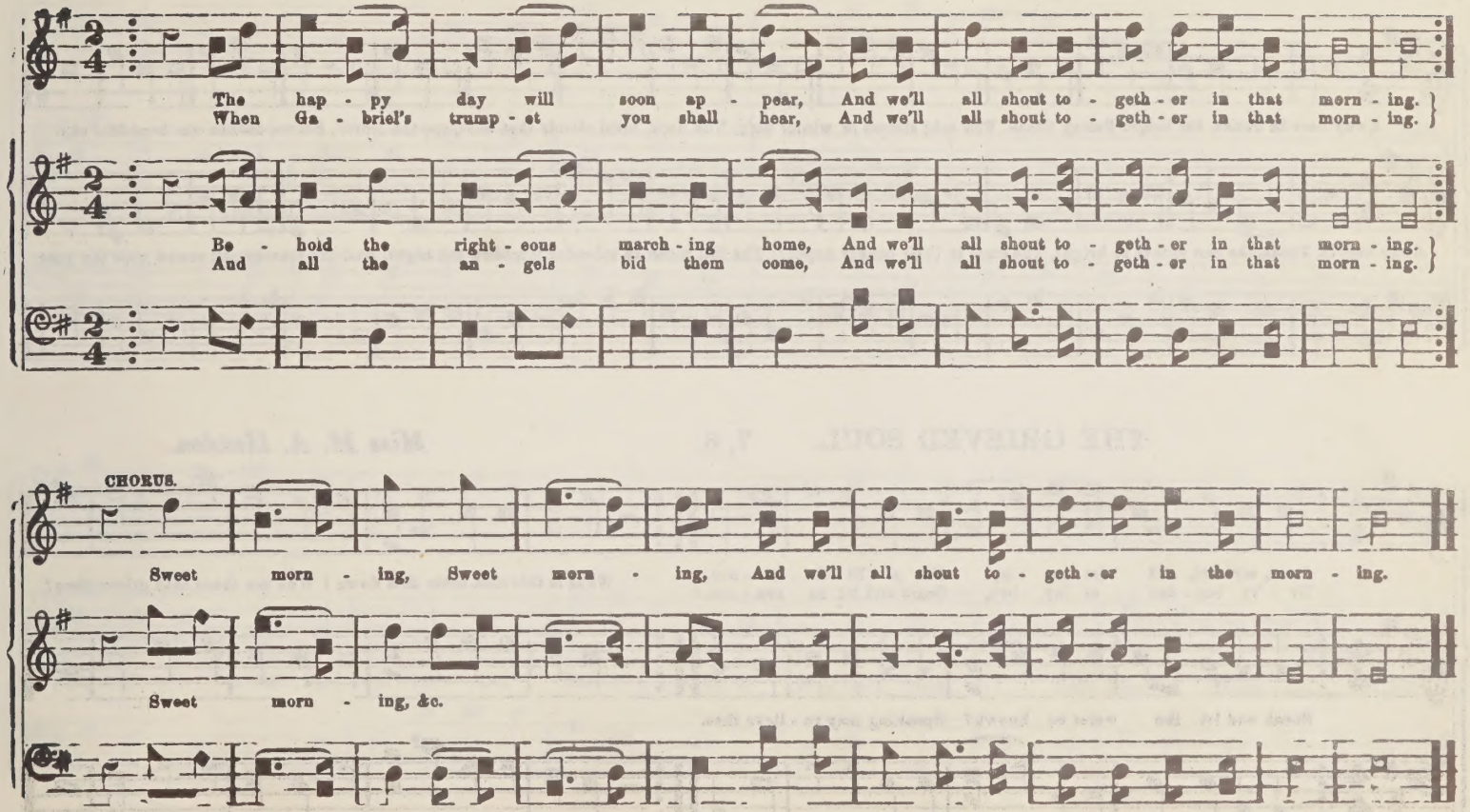

lifts her eyes For guilt, a heav - y chain, Still drags her downward from the skies, To darkness, fire, and pain.
.....For guilt, a heav - y chain. Still drags her downward from the skies, To darkness, fire, and pain.
heav - y chain. Still drags her downward from the skies, To darkness, fire, and pain, To darkness, fire, and pain.

RELIGION IS SWEET. 7s. W. R. Waldrup.



SWEET MORNING. L. M.

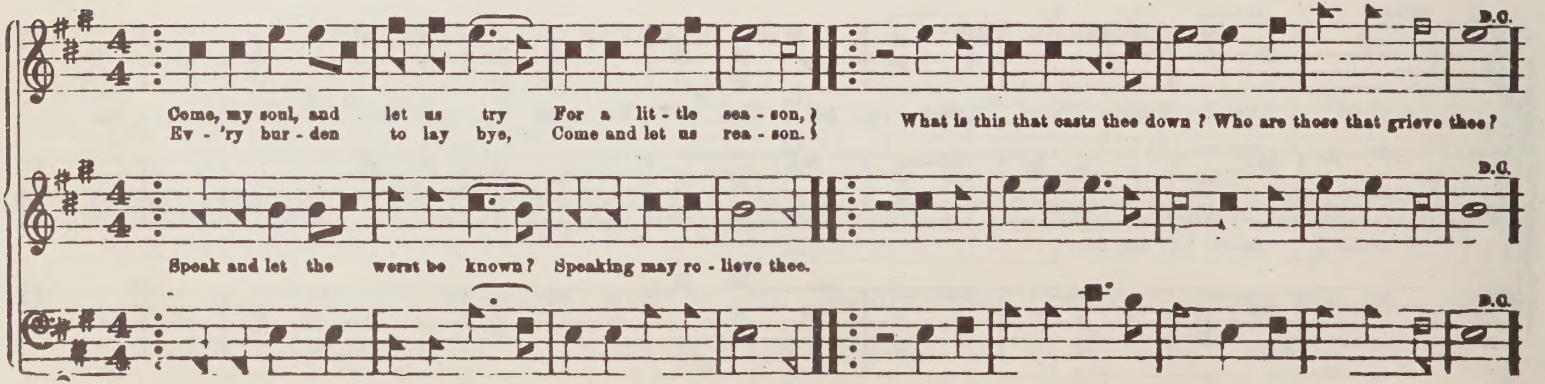
Arranged by *H. S. Ross*

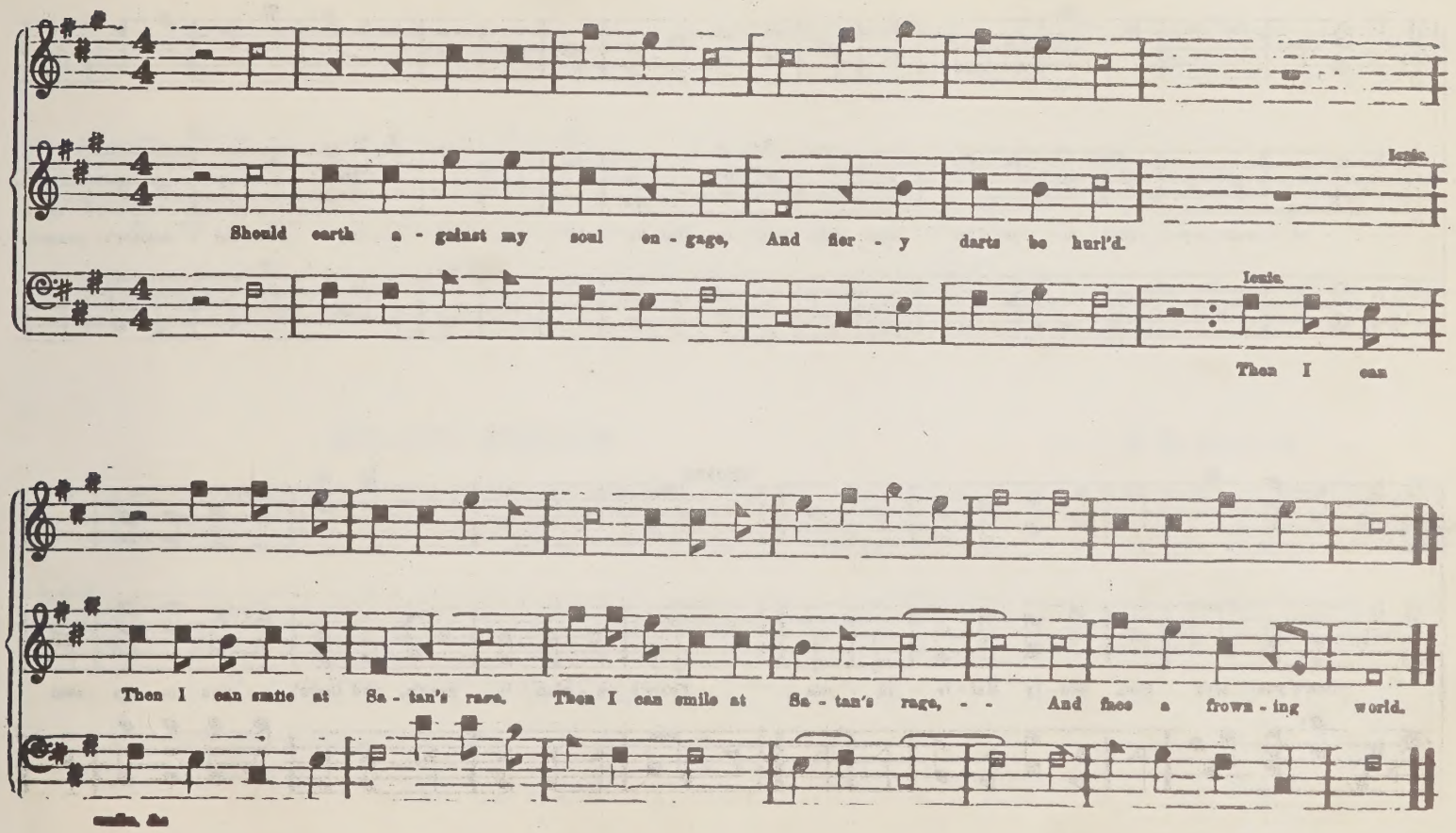

The hap - py day will soon ap - pear, And we'll all shout to - geth - er in that morn - ing.
When Ga - briel's trump - et you shall hear, And we'll all shout to - geth - er in that morn - ing.
Be - hold the right - eous march - ing home, And we'll all shout to - geth - er in that morn - ing.
And all the an - gels bid them come, And we'll all shout to - geth - er in that morn - ing.
CHORUS.
Sweet morn - ing, Sweet morn - ing, And we'll all shout to - geth - er in the morn - ing.
Sweet morn - ing, &c.

A SONG OF TEXAS. 11, 6. *S. W. Palmer & H. R. B.*

Away here in Texas, the bright Sunny South, The cold storms of winter defy, The dark, lurid clouds that envelope the North, Scarce darken our beautiful sky.
Away here in Texas, the sun shines so bright, The stars in their beauty appear; The full moon in splendor illumin's the night, And the seasons roll round with the year

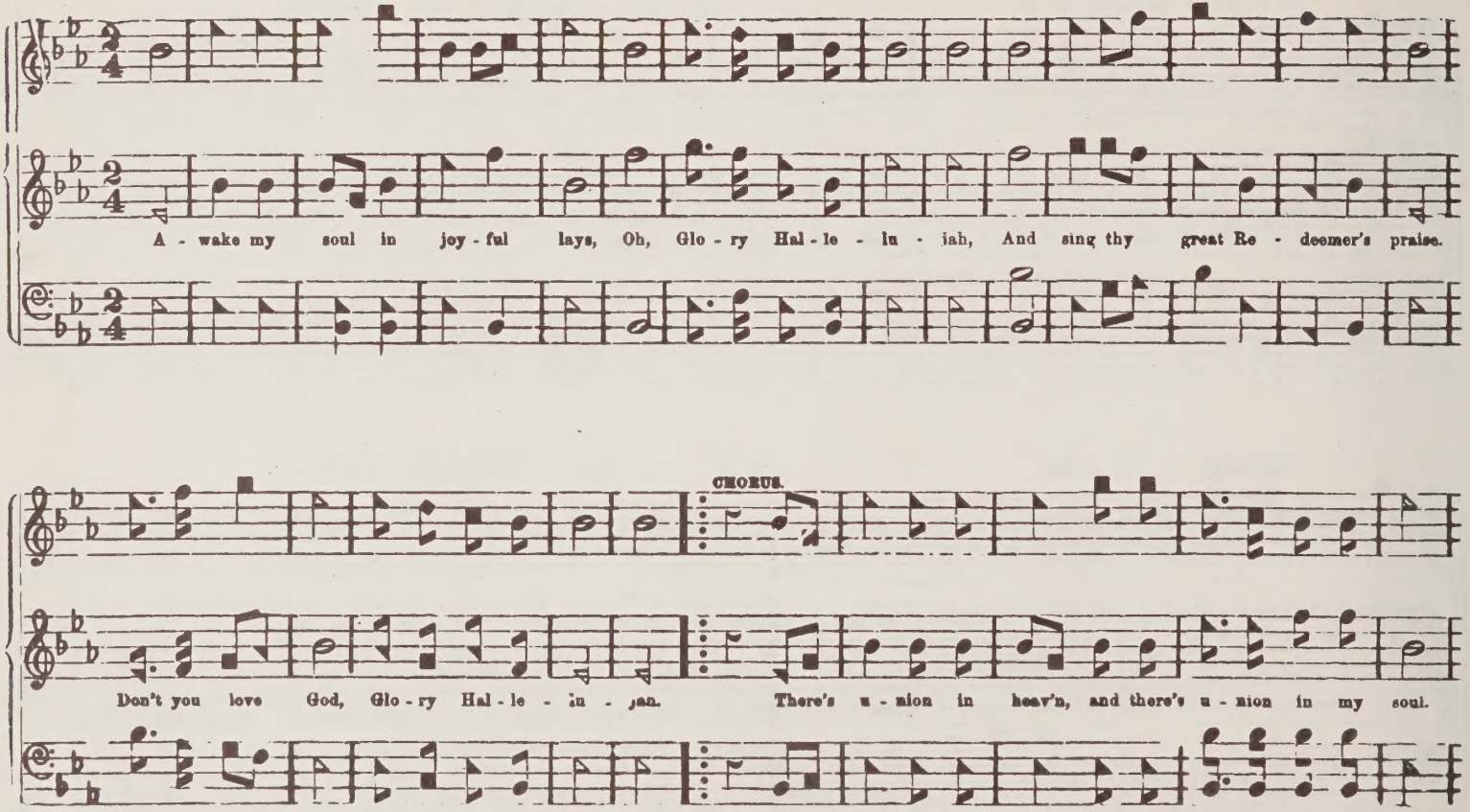
THE GRIEVED SOUL. 7, 6. *Miss M. A. Hendon.*


Come, my soul, and let us try For a lit - tle sea - son,
Ev - 'ry bur - den to lay bye, Come and let us rea - son.
What is this that casts thee down? Who are those that grieve thee?
D.C.
Speak and let the worst be known? Speaking may re - lieve thee.
D.C.
D.C.

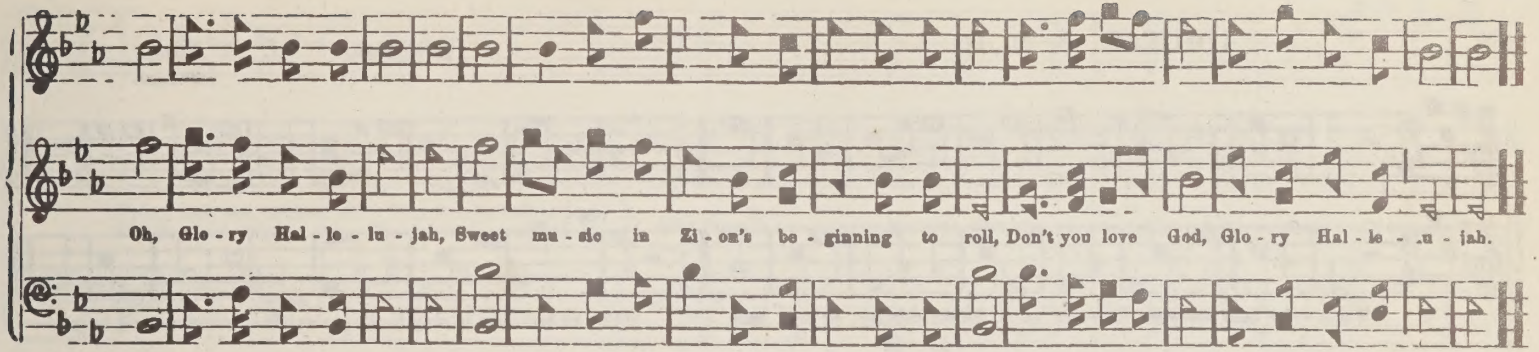

Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fier - y darts be hurl'd.
Then I can
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage. Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, - - And face a frown - ing world.

SWEET UNION. L. M.

J. P. Rees.

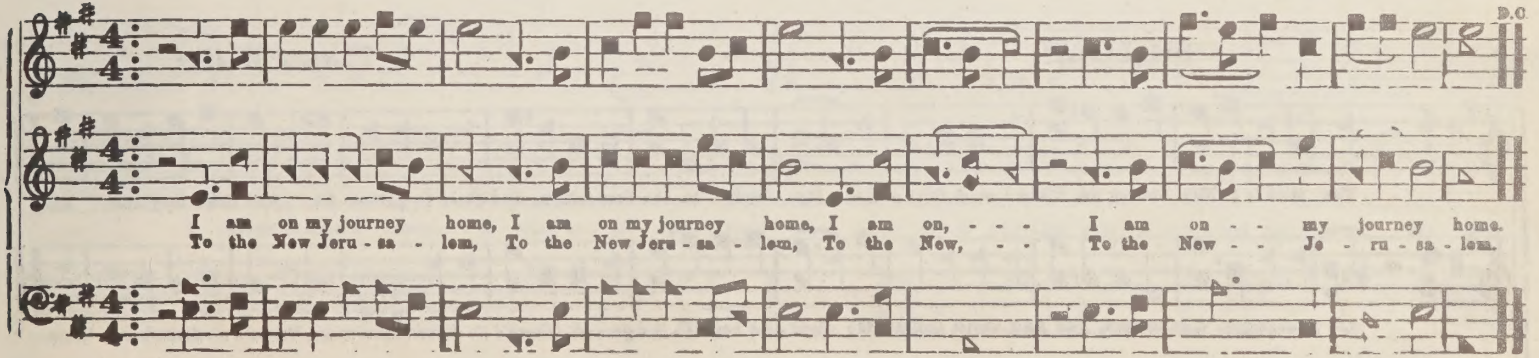

A - wake my soul in joy - ful lays, Oh, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah, And sing thy great Re - deemer's praise.
CHORUS.
Don't you love God, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah. There's u - nion in heav'n, and there's u - nion in my soul.

SWEET UNION. *Concluded.*



GOLDEN STREETS.

J. L. Pickard.


D.C
I am on my journey home, I am on my journey home, I am on, - - - I am on - - my journey home.
To the New Jeru - sa - lem, To the New Jeru - sa - lem, To the New, - - To the New - - Je - ru - sa - lem.

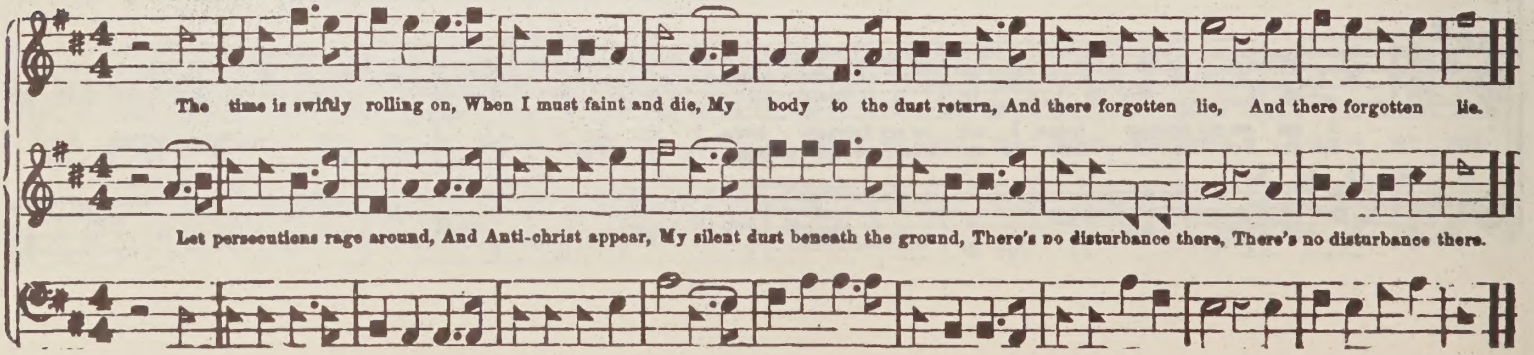
DUMAS. C. M.

(*Original.*) *J. P. Ross.*

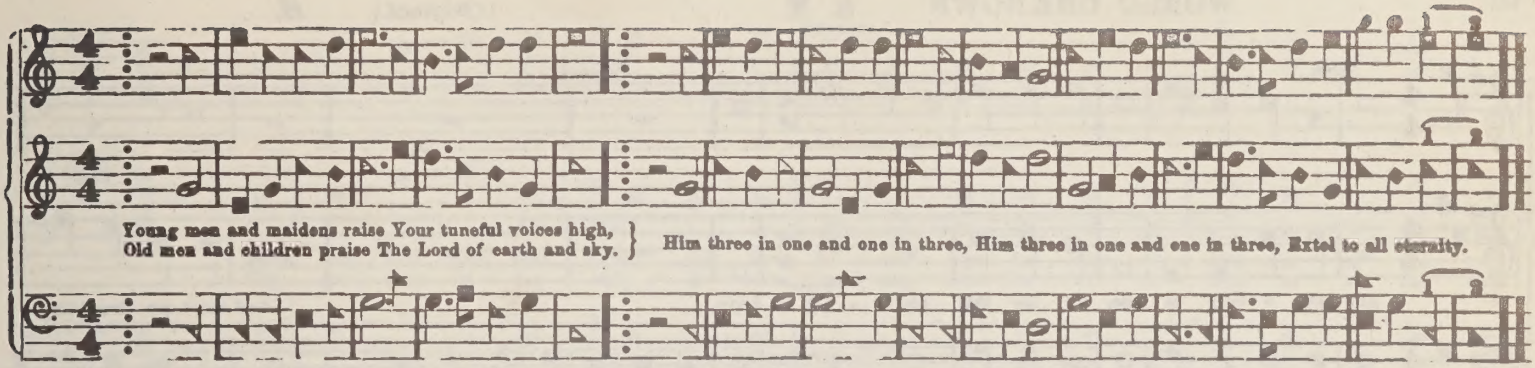
When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less time to sing God's praise, Than when we first begun.

SHILOAH. C. M.

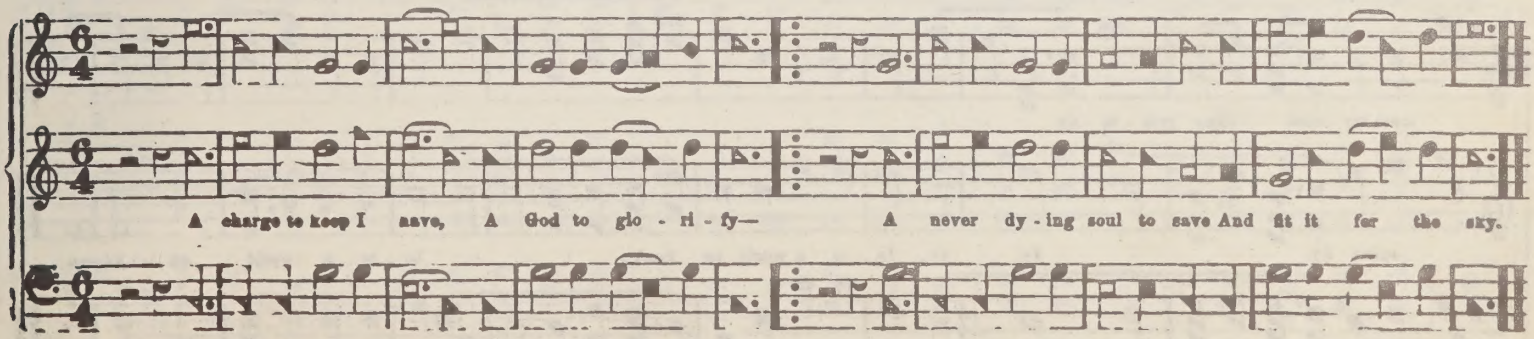
Thomas Waller.


The time is swiftly rolling on, When I must faint and die, My body to the dust return, And there forgotten lie, And there forgotten lie.
Let persecutions rage around, And Anti-christ appear, My silent dust beneath the ground, There's no disturbance there, There's no disturbance there.

HOPE H. M.

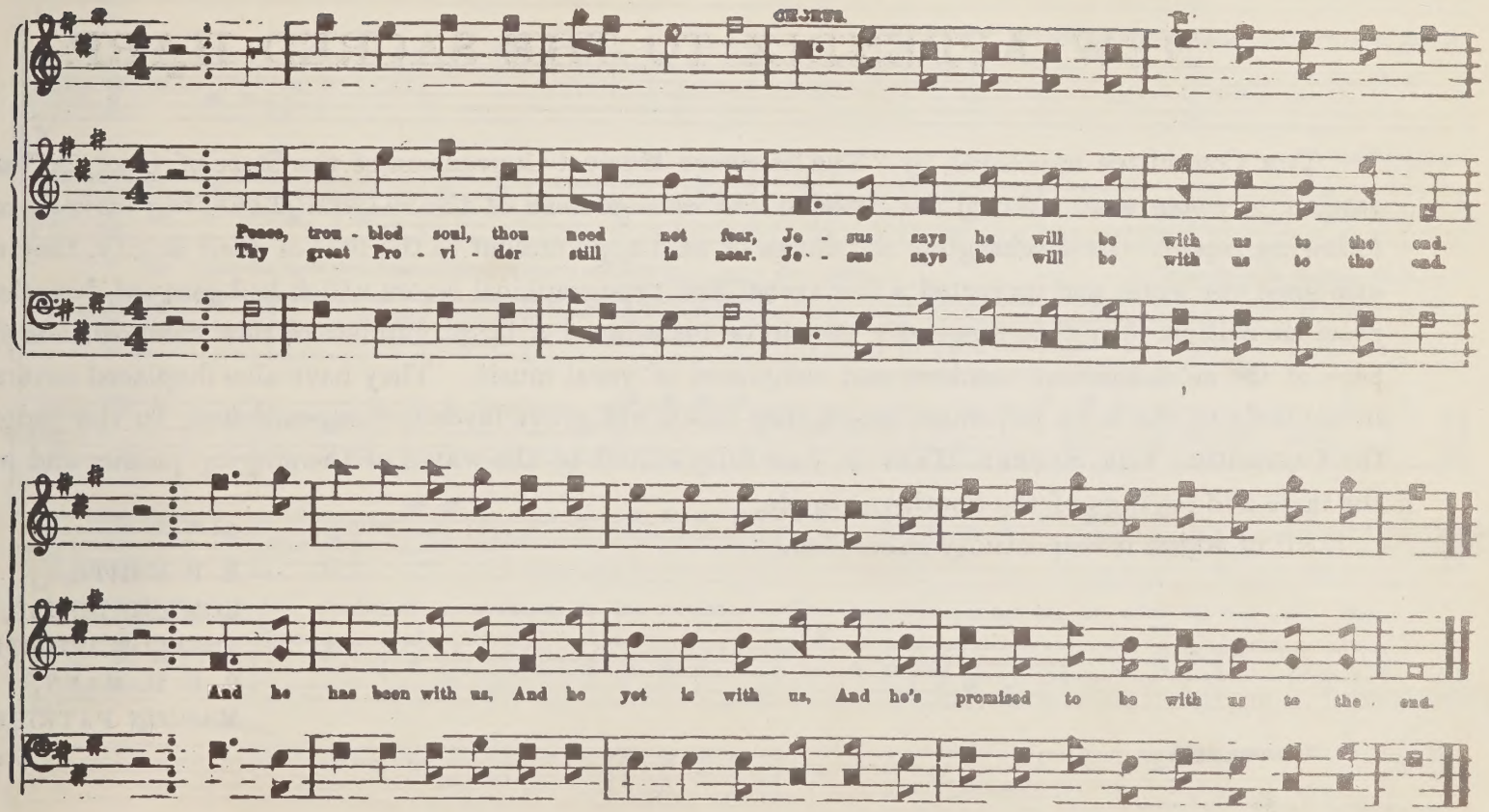

Young men and maidens raise Your tuneful voices high,
Old men and children praise The Lord of earth and sky.
Him three in one and one in three, Him three in one and one in three, Extol to all eternity.

WILLIAMS. S. M. *Oliver Bradfield.*



WORLD UNKNOWN S. M. (Original.) H.

Largo.
Recitative.
And
And am I born to die, To lay this bod - y down,
And must my trembling
And must my tremb - ling spir - it fly - - In - to a
must my trem - bling spir - it fly - -
spirit fly, - - - - fly, fly, In - to a world un - known, - - - In - to a world un - known.
world unknown. - - In - to a world unknown. - - - - - - In - to


CHORUS.
Peace, trou - bled soul, thou need not fear, Je - sus says he will be with us to the end.
Thy great Pro - vi - der still is near. Je - sus says he will be with us to the end.
And he has been with us, And he yet is with us, And he's promised to be with us to the end.

NEW APPENDIX TO THE SACRED HARP.

THE Committee appointed by "The Southern Musical Convention of the State of Georgia," at its last session, to whom were referred the revision and enlargement of the SACRED HARP, beg leave to make the following report. In discharging the duties of said appointment to the best of their ability, they carefully examined the work, and corrected a few verbal and typographical errors which had escaped detection in the previous edition. In this Appendix they have introduced a large number of new compositions from the pens of the most eminent teachers and composers of vocal music. They have also displaced several pieces in the body of the work for others which they think will prove favorite compositions. In the judgment of the Committee THE SACRED HARP is now fully suited to the wants of the singing public, and will meet the taste and feelings of the Southern people.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

B. F. WHITE,
EDMUND DUMAS,
ABSALOM OGLETREE,
R. F. M. MANN,
MARION PATRICK.
Committee.

NOVEMBER, 1869.

NEW BETHANY. L. M. (Original.) *By B. F. White. Jr.*

Be - fore the birth of ancient times, Before the birth of
Be - fore the birth of
Ere mountains rear'd their forms sublime, Or heav'n and earth in or - der stood,
Before the birth of ancient times, Be -
Be - fore the birth of ancient times,
1 2
an - cient times, Be - fore the birth of an - cient times, Be - fore the birth of an - cient times, From ever - last - ing, ev - er - last - ing, thou art God.
fore

CHEVES. L. M.

By Oliver Bradfield. 1857.

'Tis grace divine, all conquering free, 'Tis grace divine, all conquering free, Or it had

Grace, tis a most delightful theme, 'Tis grace that rescues guilty man; 'Tis grace divine, all conquering free, 'Tis grace divine, all conquering free, Or it had

'Tis grace divine, &c.

'TIS WONDER. L. M.

(Original.) *By J. P. Rees.* 1857.

CHORUS.

FINE.

1 2

1 2

nev - er rescued me, Or it had never rescued me.

1 2

Oh, 'tis a glorious myste - ry, 'Tis a wonder
That I should ever saved be! 'Tis a wonder.

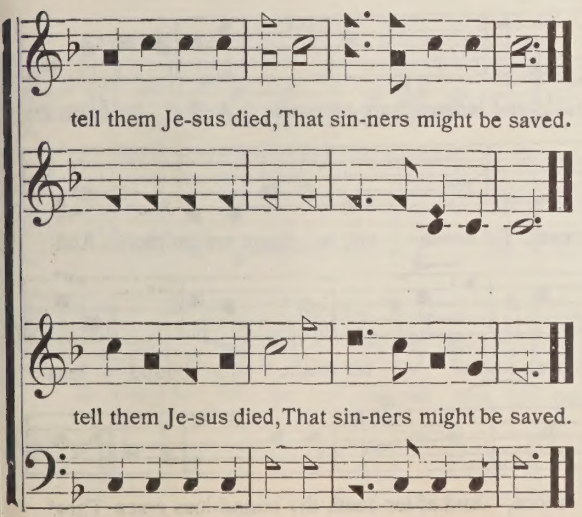
(am saved.
'Twill be a wonder, wonder, a wonder, 'Twill be a wonder, If

CEYLON'S ISLE. 7s and 6s.

Key of F.

ELDER E. DUMAS.

1. What tho' the spi-cy breez-es, Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's Isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleas-es, And on - ly man is vile. Go Min-is-ters of Je-sus, O go to Cey-lon's Isle..... Go preach a lov-ing Sav-iour O
2. The morn-ing light is break-ing, The dark-ness dis-ap-pears,
The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears. Go Min-is-ters of Je-sus, O go to Cey-lon's Isle..... Go preach a lov-ing Sav-iour O



THE SAVIOUR'S CALL. 6s.

Key of G.

E. HERITAGE.

1. Come wand'ring sheep, oh come! I'll bind thee to my breast, I'll bear thee to thy home, And lay thee down to rest.
2. I saw thee stray for - lorn, And heard thee faint-ly cry, And on the tree of scorn, For thee I deigned to die.
3. I shield thee from a - larms; And wilt thou not be blest? I bear thee in my arms: Thou bear me in thy breast.

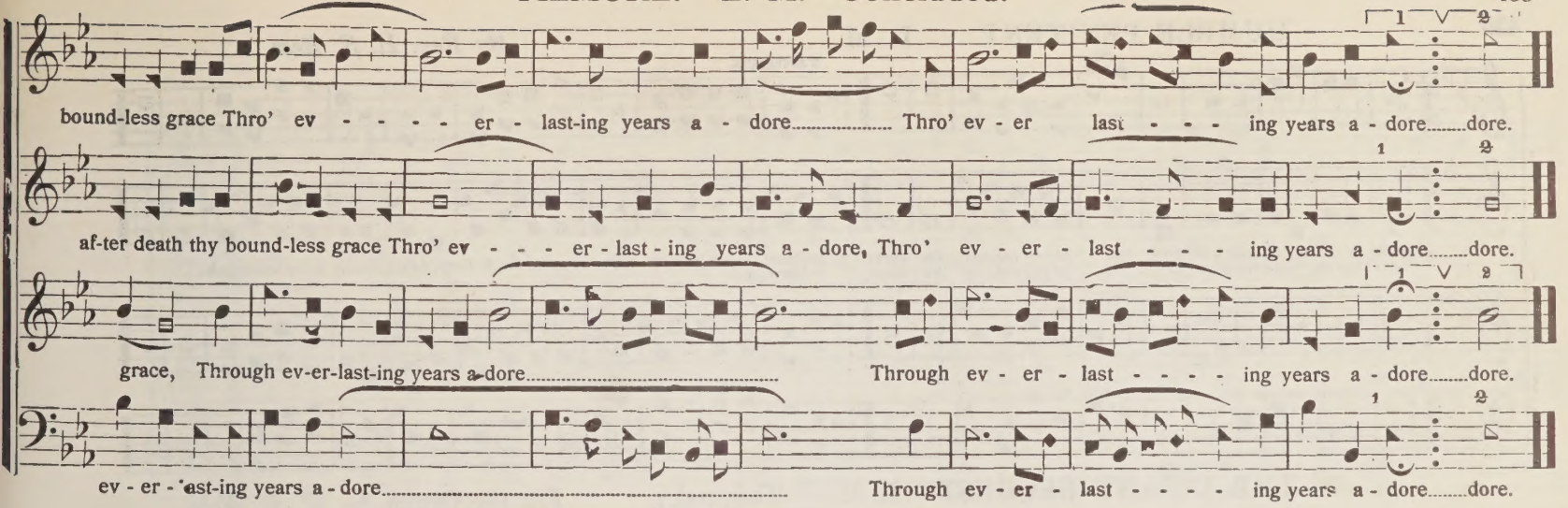
FILMORE. L. M.

Key of E Flat.

JOHN P. REES.

1. Great God, let all my tune-ful pow'r A-wake.....and sing thy migh-ty name; Thy hand re-volves my cir-cling hours, Thy hand from whence my being
2. Sea-sons and moons still roll-ing round In beauti.....ous or-der speak thy praise: And years with smil-ing mer-cy crown'd, To thee suc - cess - ive hon-ors
3. My life, my health, my friends, I owe All to.....thy vast un-bound-ed love; Ten thous - and pre - cious gifts be-low, And hope of no - bler joys a-
came. Thus will I sing till na-ture cease, Till sense..... and language are no more; And af - ter death thy
raise. Thus will I sing till na - ture cease, Till sense and lan-guage are no more, And
bove. Thus will I sing till na-ture cease, Till sense and lan-guage are no more; And af - ter death, thy bound - less
Thus will I sing till na-ture cease, Till sense and lan guage are no more, And af-ter death thy bound-less grace Thro'

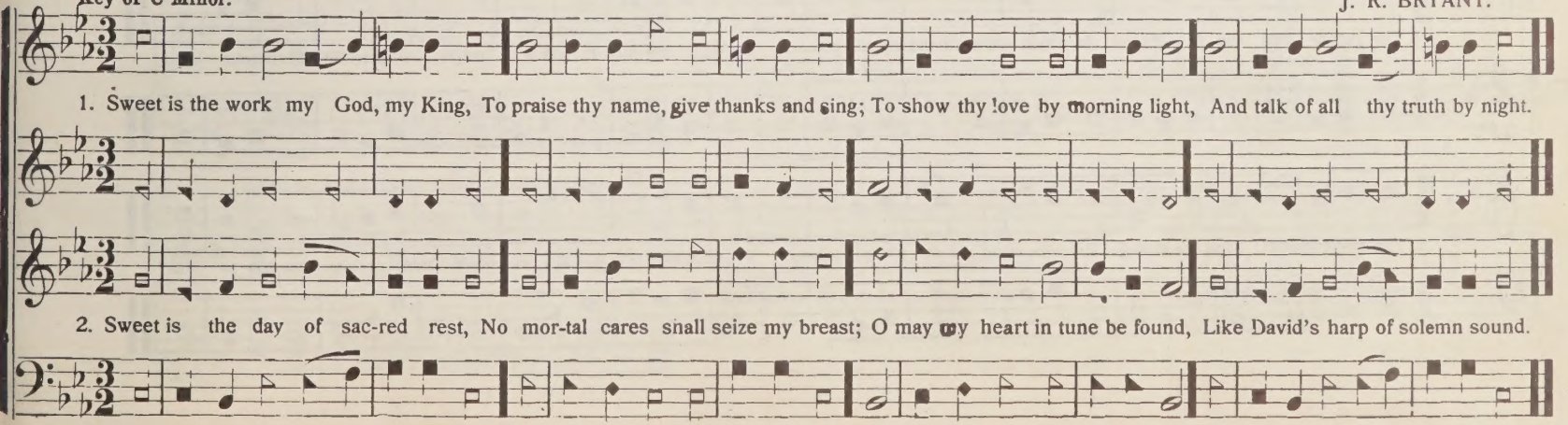
FILMORE. L. M.---Concluded.


bound-less grace Thro' ev - - - - er - last-ing years a - dore..... Thro' ev - er last - - - ing years a - dore.....dore.
af-ter death thy bound-less grace Thro' ev - - - er - last - ing years a - dore, Thro' ev - er - last - - - ing years a - dore.....dore.
grace, Through ev-er-last-ing years a-dore..... Through ev - er - last - - - - ing years a - dore.....dore.
ev - er - last-ing years a - dore..... Through ev - er - last - - - - ing years a - dore.....dore.

PAYNE. L. M.

Key of C Minor.

J. R. BRYANT.


1. Sweet is the work my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth by night.
2. Sweet is the day of sac-red rest, No mor-tal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

HUMBLE PENITENT. L. M.

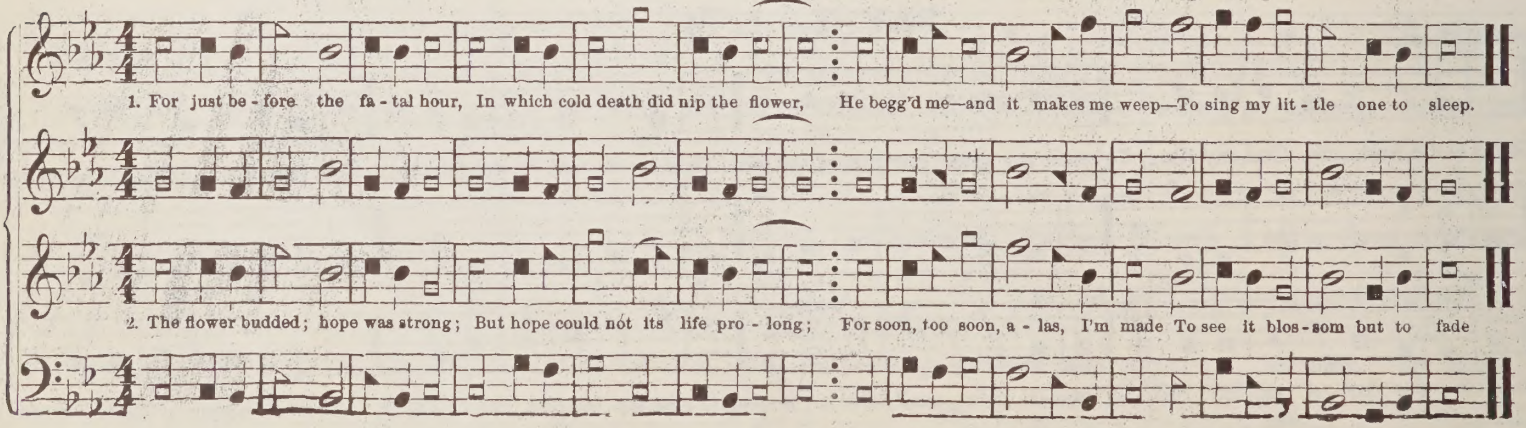
By Rev. H. S. Rees.

CHORUS.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, Oh, pi-ty me, my Sa-viour, Is there a-ny mer-cy here, Oh, pity me, O Lord, And I'll sing halle hallelujah.
Love that the blood was shed for me, Oh, pi-ty me, my Sa-viour, Is there, &c.

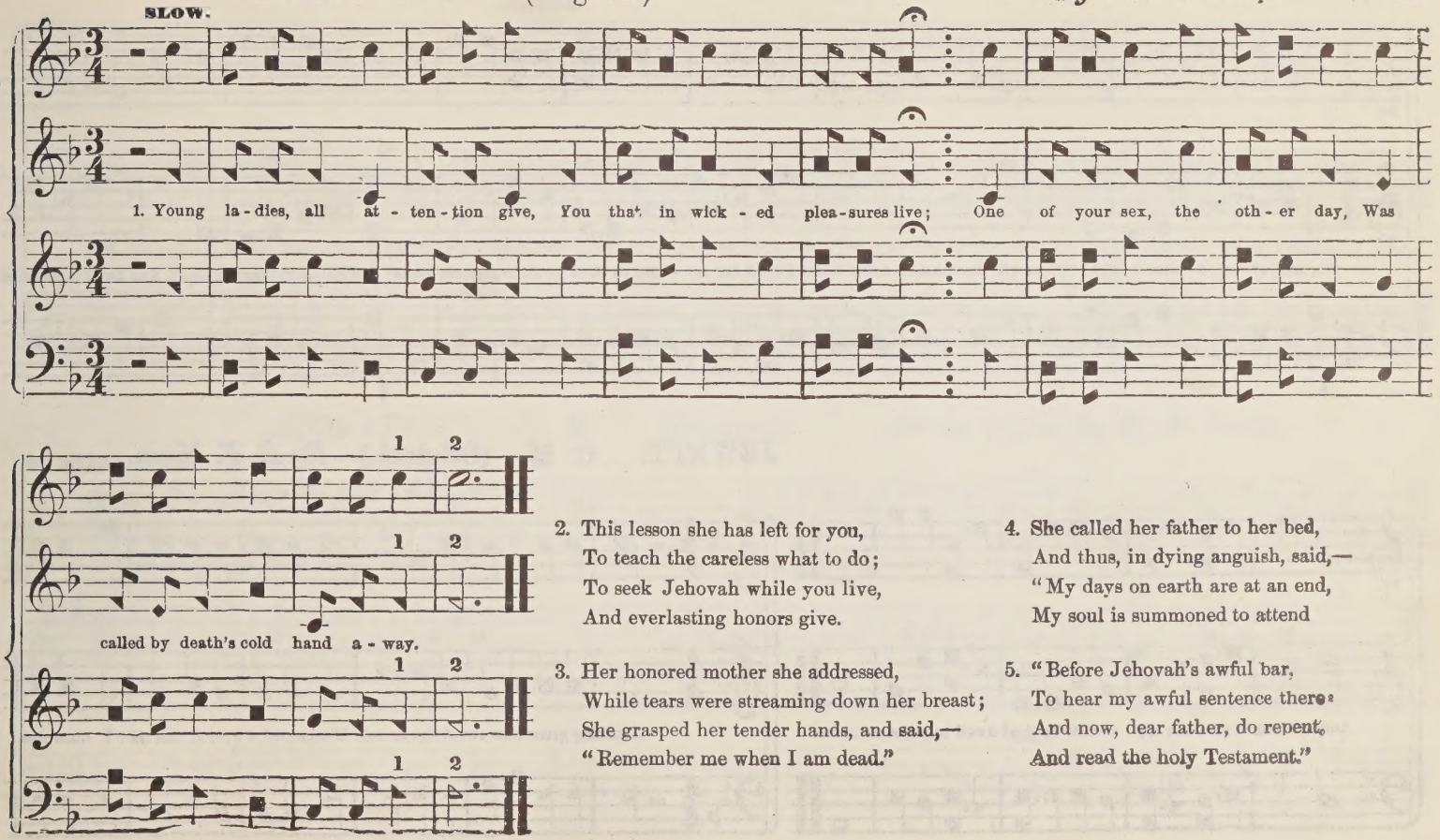
THE INFANT REQUEST. L. M. (Original.)

For the Organ, *by W. T. Webb.*


1. For just be-fore the fa-tal hour, In which cold death did nip the flower, He begg'd me—and it makes me weep—To sing my lit-tle one to sleep.
2. The flower budded; hope was strong; But hope could not its life pro-long; For soon, too soon, a-las, I'm made To see it blos-som but to fade

ESTER. L. M. (Original.)

By John S. Terry.


SLOW.
1. Young la-dies, all at-ten-tion give, You that in wick-ed plea-sures live; One of your sex, the oth-er day, Was
called by death's cold hand a-way.

2. This lesson she has left for you,
To teach the careless what to do;
To seek Jehovah while you live,
And everlasting honors give.

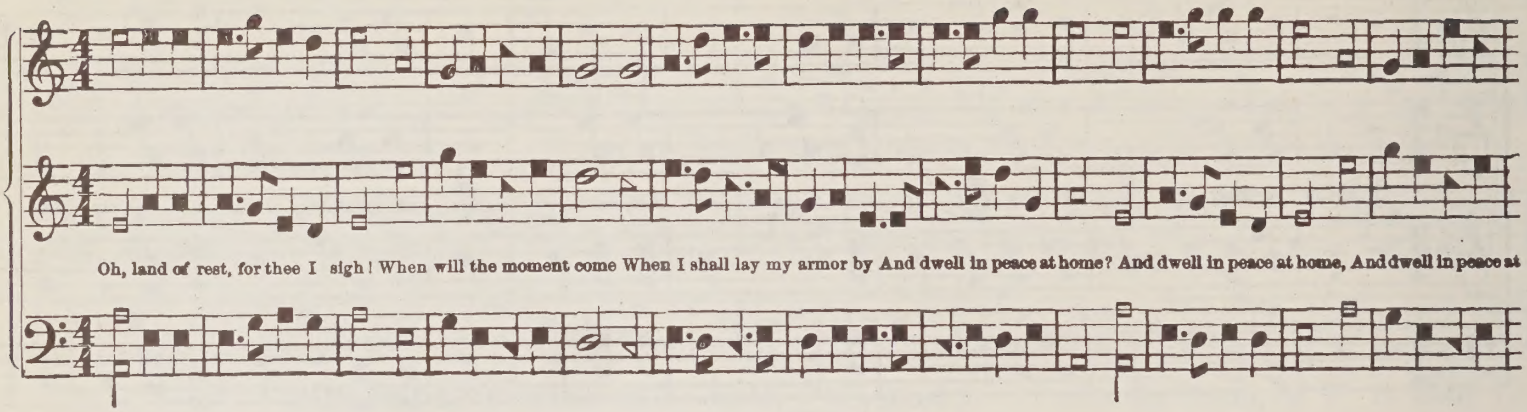
3. Her honored mother she addressed,
While tears were streaming down her breast;
She grasped her tender hands, and said,—
"Remember me when I am dead."

4. She called her father to her bed,
And thus, in dying anguish, said,—
"My days on earth are at an end,
My soul is summoned to attend

5. "Before Jehovah's awful bar,
To hear my awful sentence there:
And now, dear father, do repent,
And read the holy Testament."

MISSOURI. * C. M.

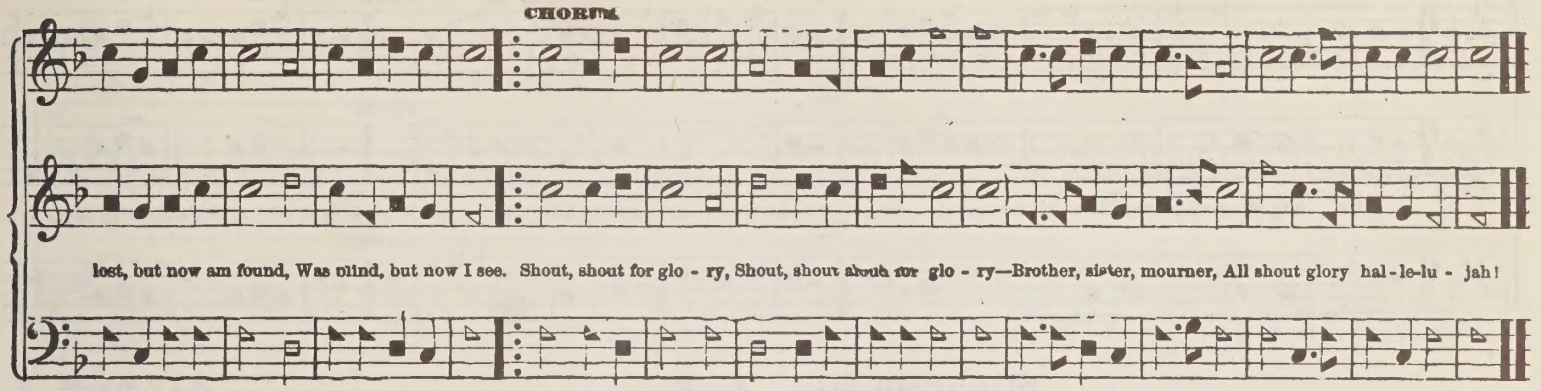
By Eld. Edmund Dumas.


Oh, land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come When I shall lay my armor by And dwell in peace at home? And dwell in peace at home, And dwell in peace at

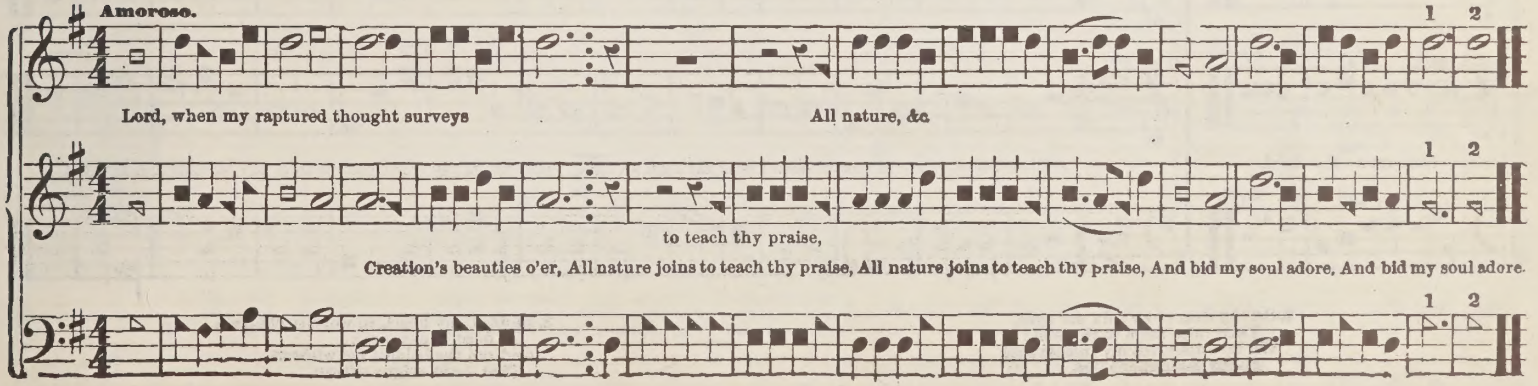
JEWETT. C. M. (Original.) *By R. F. Mann.* Aug. 3, 1858.

home, When I shall lay my ar-mor by And dwell in peace at home.
Amazing grace how sweet the sound! That saved a wretch like me! I once was

JEWETT. Concluded.


CHORUS.
lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see. Shout, shout for glo - ry, Shout, shout about for glo - ry—Brother, sister, mourner, All shout glory hal-le-lu - jah!

ADORATION. C. M. (Original.) *For the Organ, by W. W. Parks.*


Amoroso.
1 2
Lord, when my raptured thought surveys
All nature, &c
1 2
to teach thy praise,
Creation's beauties o'er, All nature joins to teach thy praise, All nature joins to teach thy praise, And bid my soul adore, And bid my soul adore.
1 2

SHADY GROVE. C. M.

By J. D. Arnold

FINE.
FINE.
FINE.
Oh, how stu-pendous was the power that raised me with a word; And every day and every hour, I lean upon the Lord! And ev' - ry day and ev'-ry hour, I

SHARPSBURG. C. M.

By J. P. Rees and J. A. T. Shell.

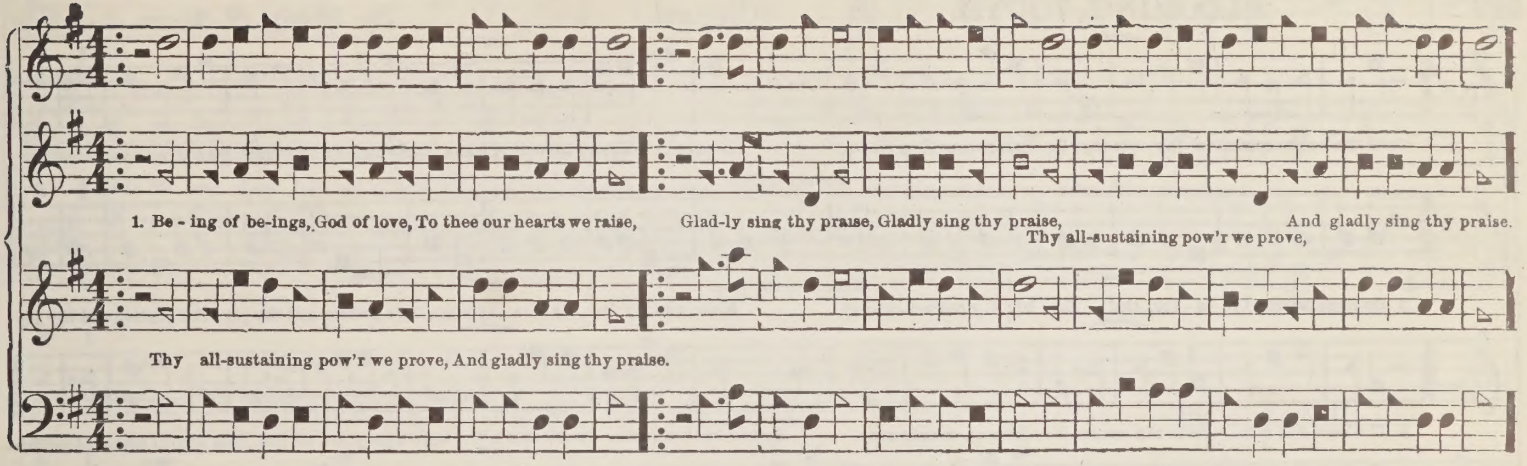
D. S.
D. S.
D. S.
lean upon the Lord.
1. Blest Jesus, while in mortal flesh I hold my frail a - bode, Still would my spirit rest on thee, My Saviour and my God.

2. On thy dear cross I fix my eyes,
Then raise them to thy seat;
Till love dissolves my inmost soul
At my Redeemer's feet.

3. Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms,
Be dead to every sin;
And tell the boldest foe without
That Jesus reigns within.

ISLINGTON. C. M.

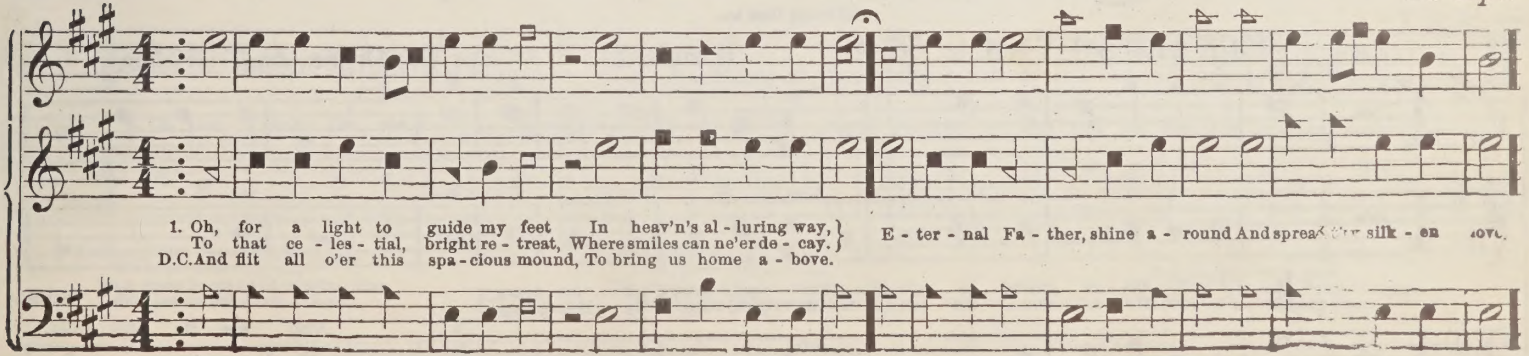
By R. H. Reeves.


1. Be - ing of be-ings, God of love, To thee our hearts we raise, Glad-ly sing thy praise, Gladly sing thy praise, And gladly sing thy praise.
Thy all-sustaining pow'r we prove,
Thy all-sustaining pow'r we prove, And gladly sing thy praise.

HOME ABOVE. C. M. Double. (Original.)

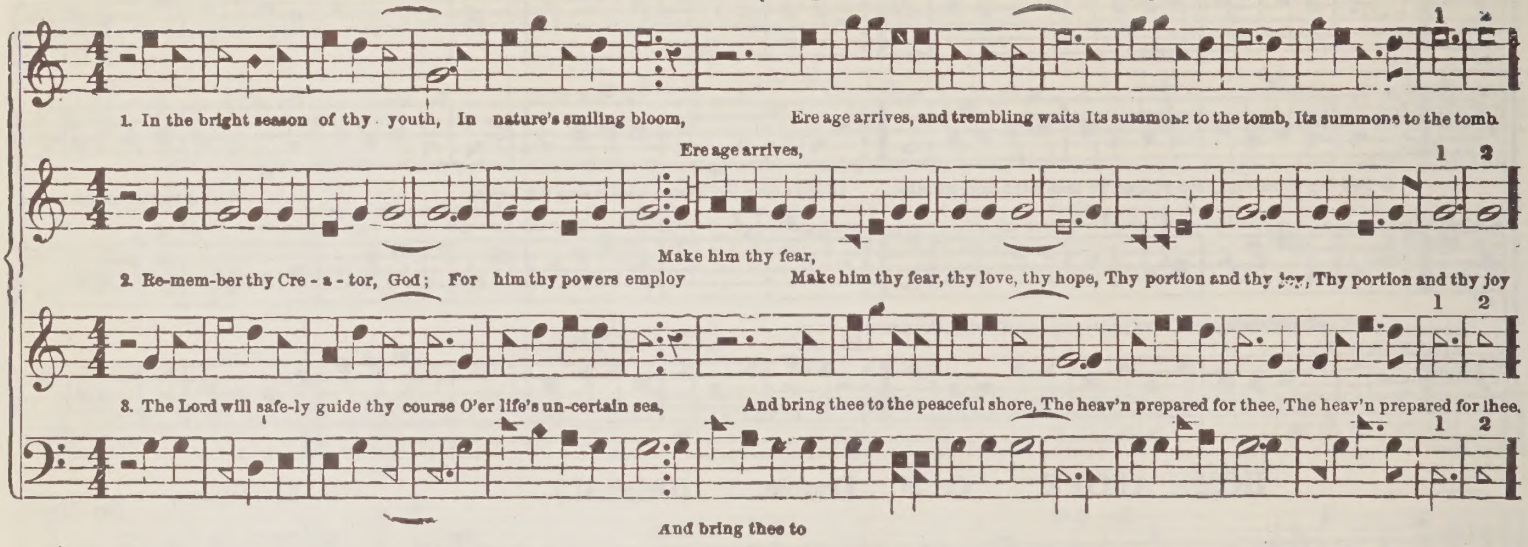
J. L. Hinton.

Da Capo.


1. Oh, for a light to guide my feet In heav'n's al - luring way,
To that ce - les - tial, bright re - treat, Where smiles can ne'er de - cay.
D.C. And flit all o'er this spa - cious mound, To bring us home a - bove.
E - ter - nal Fa - ther, shine a - round And spread Thy silk - en love.

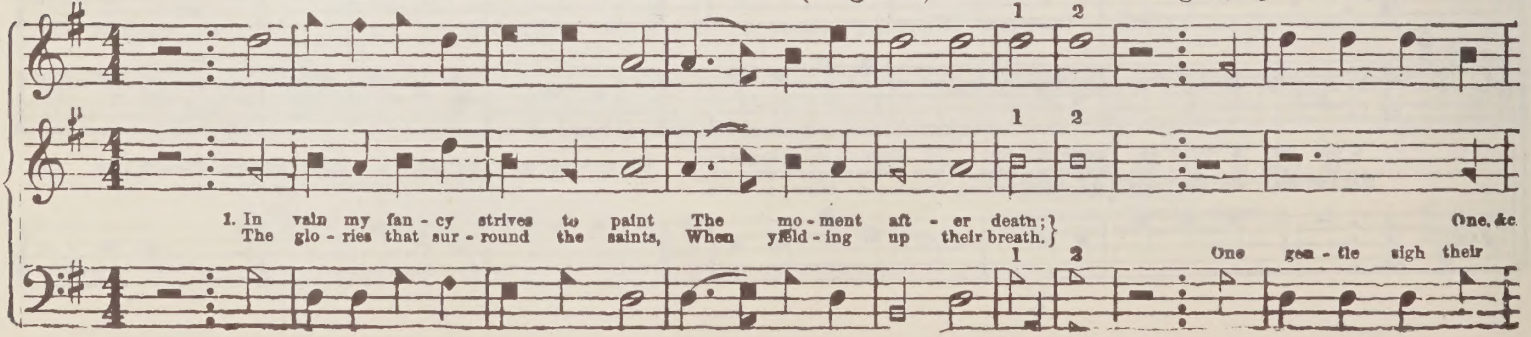
BLOOMING YOUTH. C. M. (Original.)

By Henry G. Mann

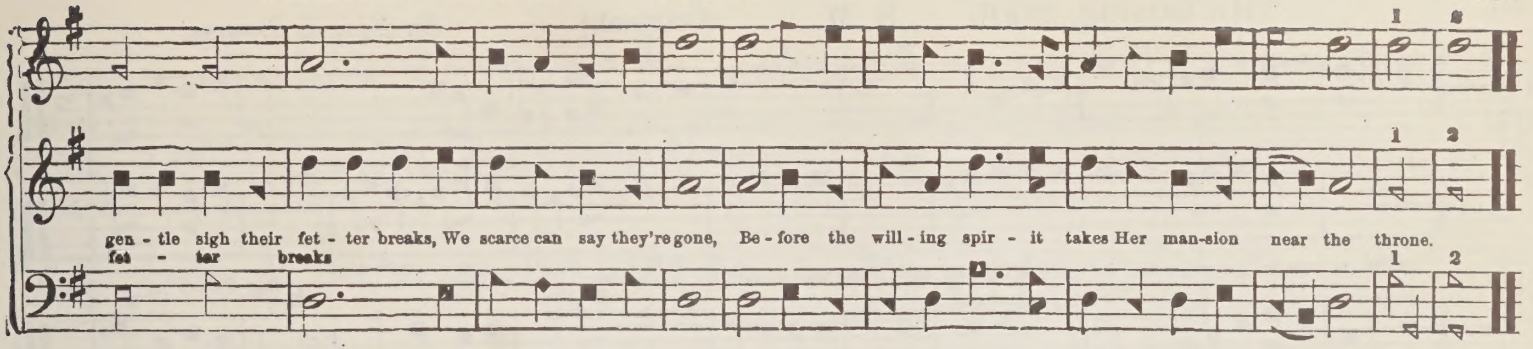

1. In the bright season of thy youth, In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrives, and trembling waits Its summons to the tomb, Its summons to the tomb.
Ere age arrives,
2. Re-mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor, God; For him thy powers employ
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope, Thy portion and thy joy, Thy portion and thy joy
Make him thy fear,
3. The Lord will safe-ly guide thy course O'er life's un-certain sea,
And bring thee to the peaceful shore, The heav'n prepared for thee, The heav'n prepared for thee.
And bring thee to

PICKARD'S HYMN. C. M. (Original.)

For the Organ, *by T. Waller.*


1. In vain my fan - cy strives to paint The mo - ment aft - er death;
The glo - ries that sur - round the saints, When yield - ing up their breath.
One, &c.
One gen - tle sigh their

PICKARD'S HYMN. *Concluded*


gen - tle sigh their fet - ter breaks, We scarce can say they're gone, Be - fore the will - ing spir - it takes Her man-sion near the throne.
fet - ter breaks

BEATRICE. C. M. (Original.) *By I. A. Hill.*

2. I'd tell him how my sins arise;
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

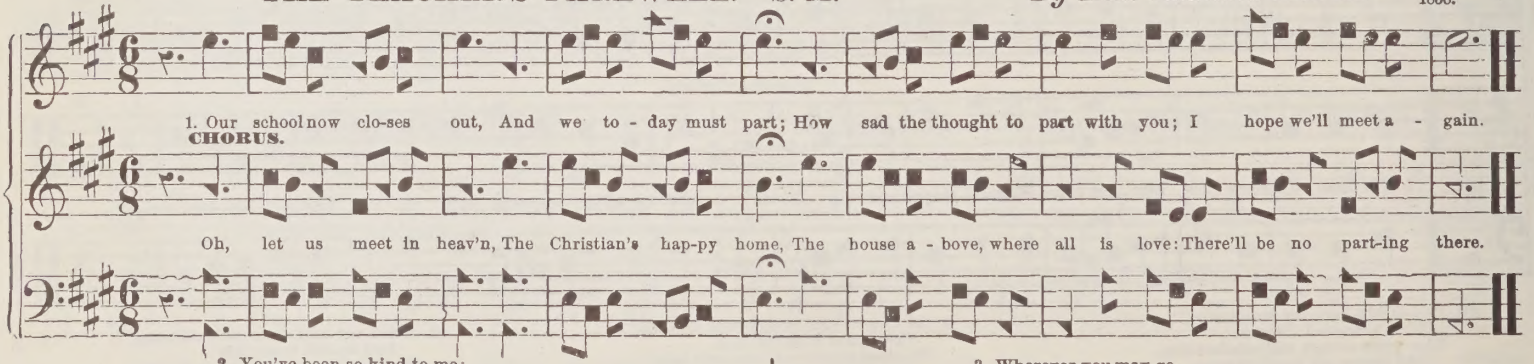
3. He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God:
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood

4. Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace.
He means thy mercy there.

THE GOSPEL POOL. S. M. (Original.) *By Eld. E. Dumas*

1. Be - side the gos - pel pool, Ap - point-ed for the poor, From time to time my helpless soul Has wait-ed for a cure, Has wait-ed for a cure.

THE TEACHER'S FAREWELL. S. M. *By Eld. Edmund Dumas.** 1858.

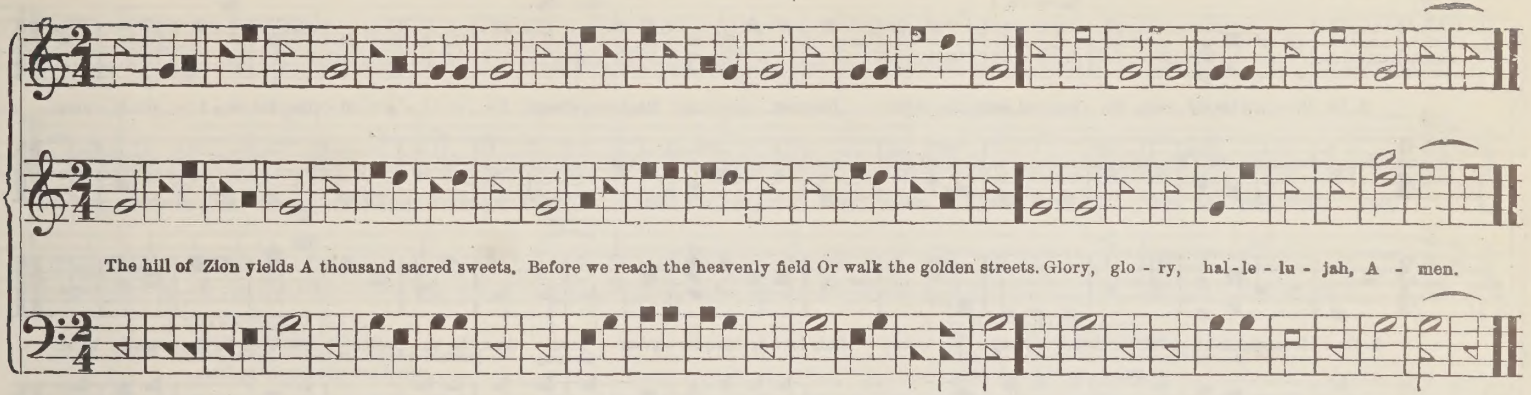

1. Our school now clo-ses out, And we to - day must part; How sad the thought to part with you; I hope we'll meet a - gain.
CHORUS.
Oh, let us meet in heav'n, The Christian's hap-py home, The house a - bove, where all is love: There'll be no part-ing there.

2. You've been so kind to me;
How can I bear the thought:
To part with you, it grieves my heart,
Perhaps to meet no more.—CHORUS.

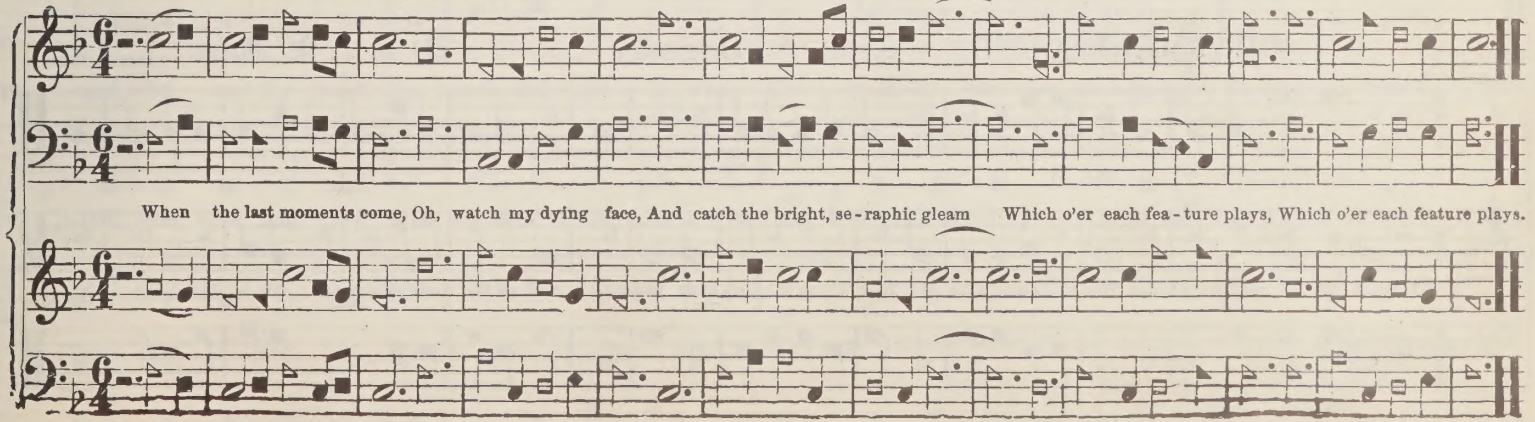
3. Wherever you may go,
Dear students, think of me.
Oh, pray for me, where'er you go,
That we may meet in heaven.—CHORUS.

* Poetry original.

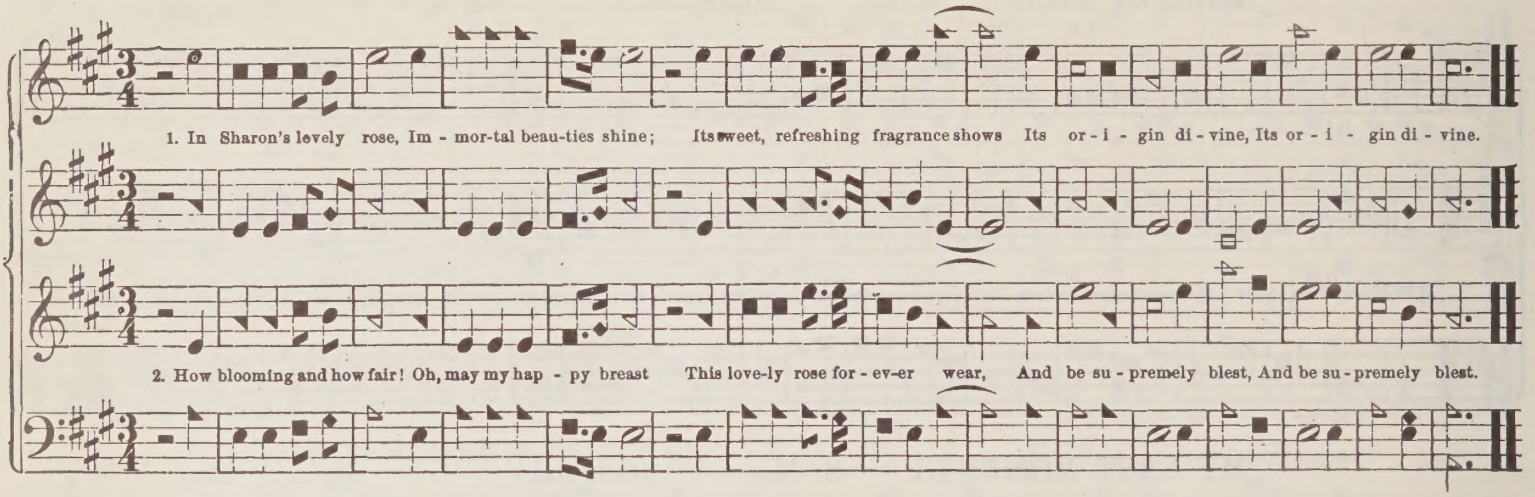
HILL OF ZION. S. M. (Original.) *By R. F. M. Mann.* April 12, 1863. 44


The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly field Or walk the golden streets. Glory, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

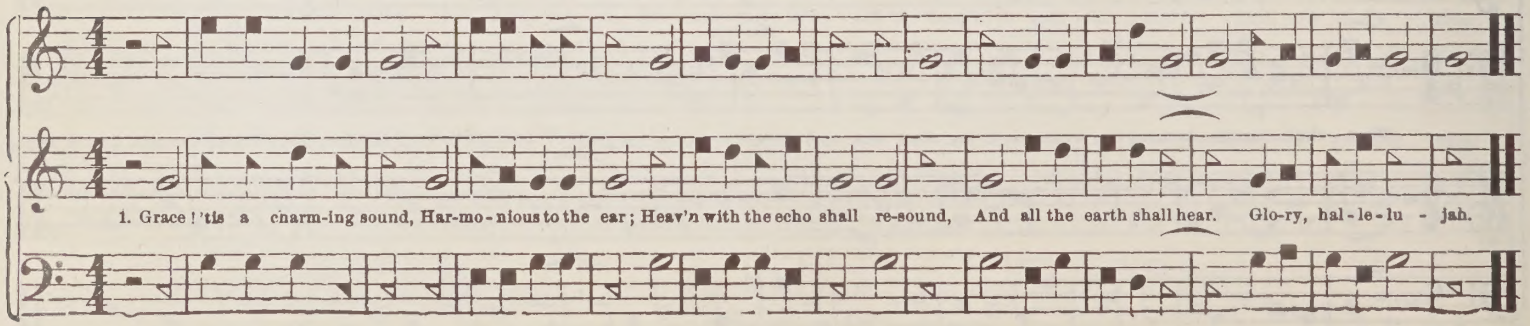
MY LAST MOMENTS. S. M. (Original.) *By J. P. Rees.*


When the last moments come, Oh, watch my dying face, And catch the bright, se - raphic gleam Which o'er each fea - ture plays, Which o'er each feature plays.

SHARON'S LOVELY ROSE. S. M. (Original.) *By Henry G. Mann.* Oct. 30, 1869.


1. In Sharon's lovely rose, Im - mor-tal beau-ties shine; Its sweet, refreshing fragrance shows Its or - i - gin di - vine, Its or - i - gin di - vine.
2. How blooming and how fair! Oh, may my hap - py breast This love-ly rose for - ev-er wear, And be su - premely blest, And be su - premely blest.

CHARMING SOUND. S. M. (Original.) *By R. F. M. Mann.* Jan. 28, 1858.


1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har-mo-nious to the ear; Heav'n with the echo shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear. Glo-ry, hal-le-lu - jah.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

From Pilsbury.

1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee, I call; I can-not live if thou re-move; For thou art all in all.
2. Thy shi-ning grace can cheer This dun-geon where I dwell: Tis par-a-dise when thou art here, If thou de-part, 'tis hell.

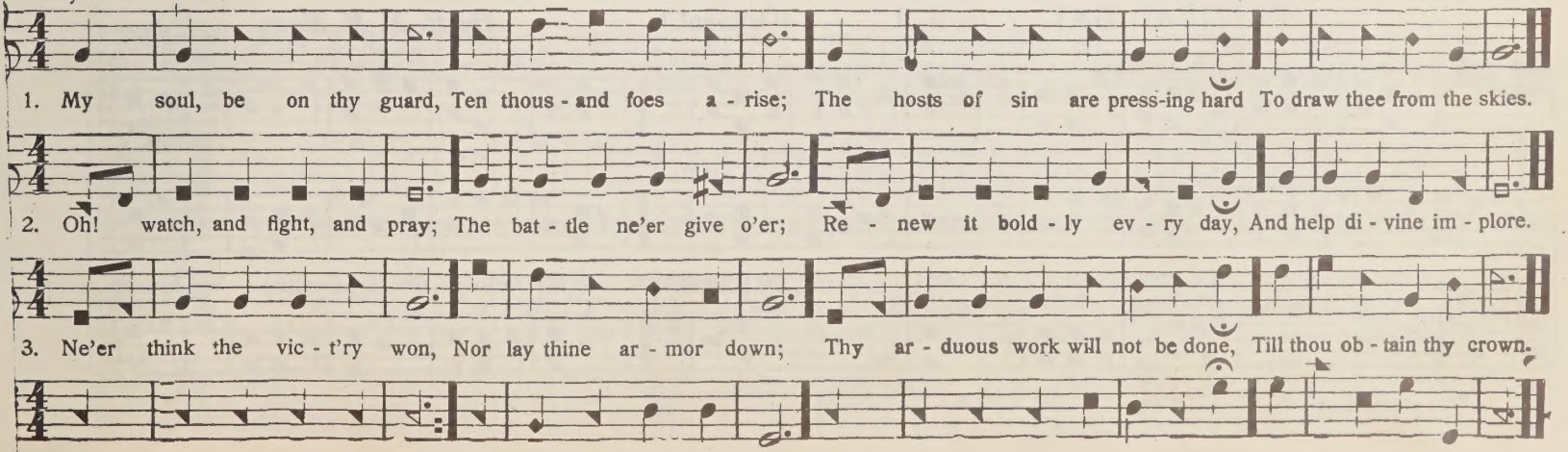
3. The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4. To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

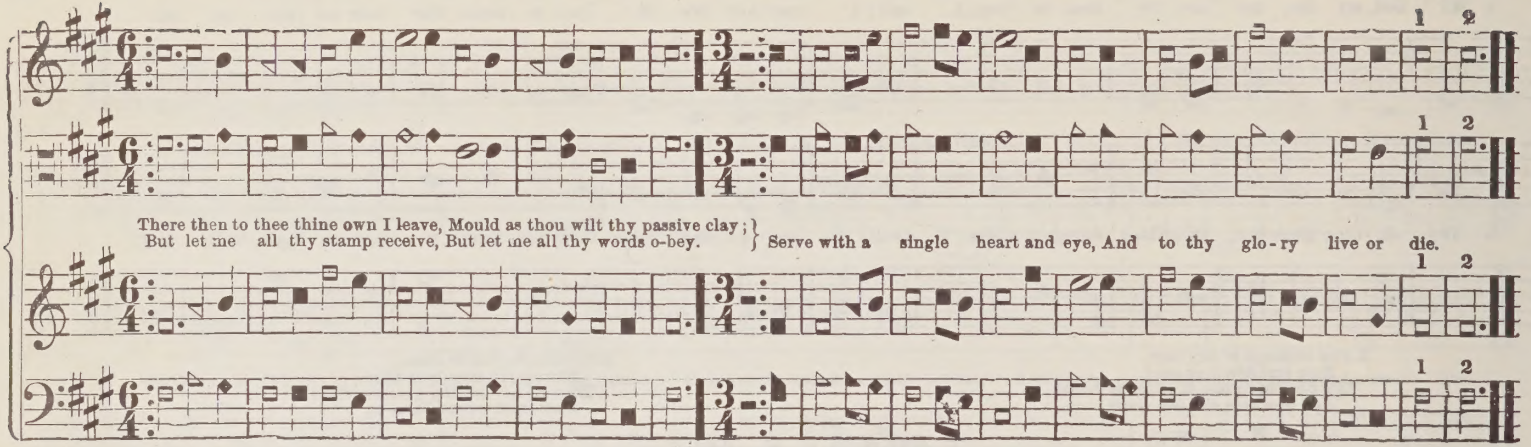
LABAN. S. M.

Key of C.

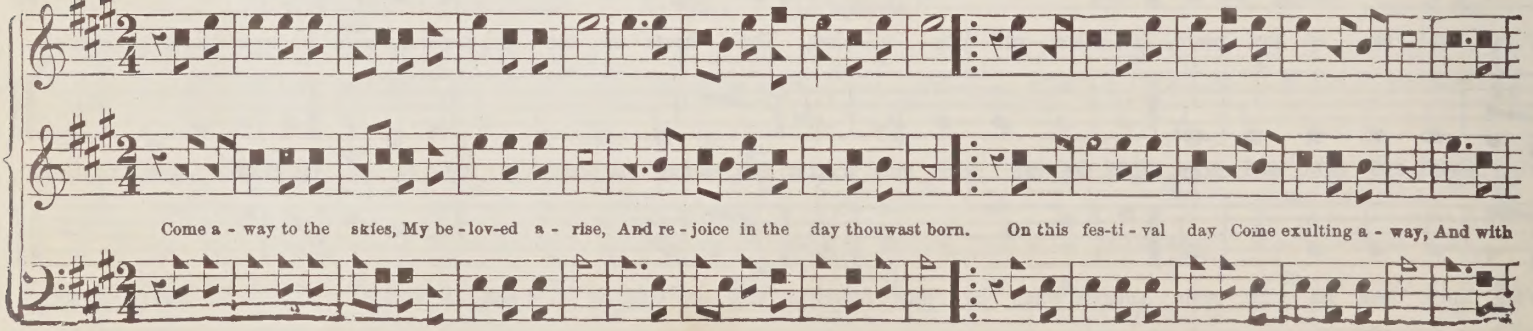
LOWELL MASON.


1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thous-and foes a-rise; The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
2. Oh! watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-new it bold-ly ev-ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.
3. Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down; Thy ar-duous work will not be done, Till thou ob-tain thy crown.

CONSECRATION. 6, 8. (Original.) *By Rev. Wm. S. Turner.*


There then to thee thine own I leave, Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay;
But let me all thy stamp receive, But let me all thy words o-bey.
Serve with a single heart and eye, And to thy glo-ry live or die.

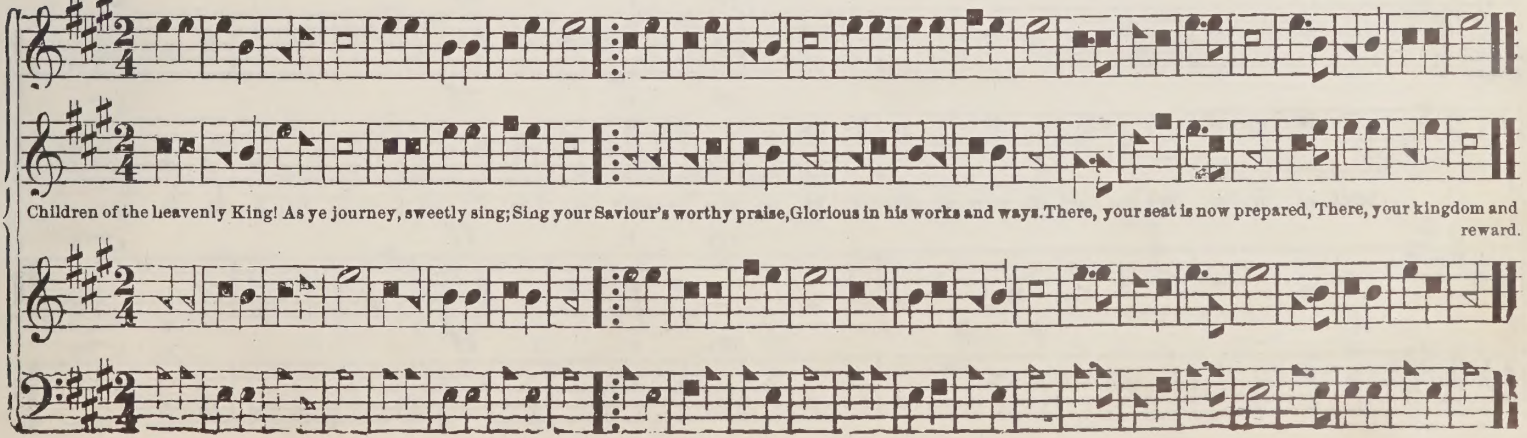
FESTIVAL DAY. 6, 6, 9. (Original.) *By R. F. M. Mann.* Oct. 22, 1869.


Come a - way to the skies, My be - lov-ed a - rise, And re - joice in the day thou wast born. On this fes-ti - val day Come exulting a - way, And with

JESUS REIGNS. 7s. *By Miss Bettie Gunn.*

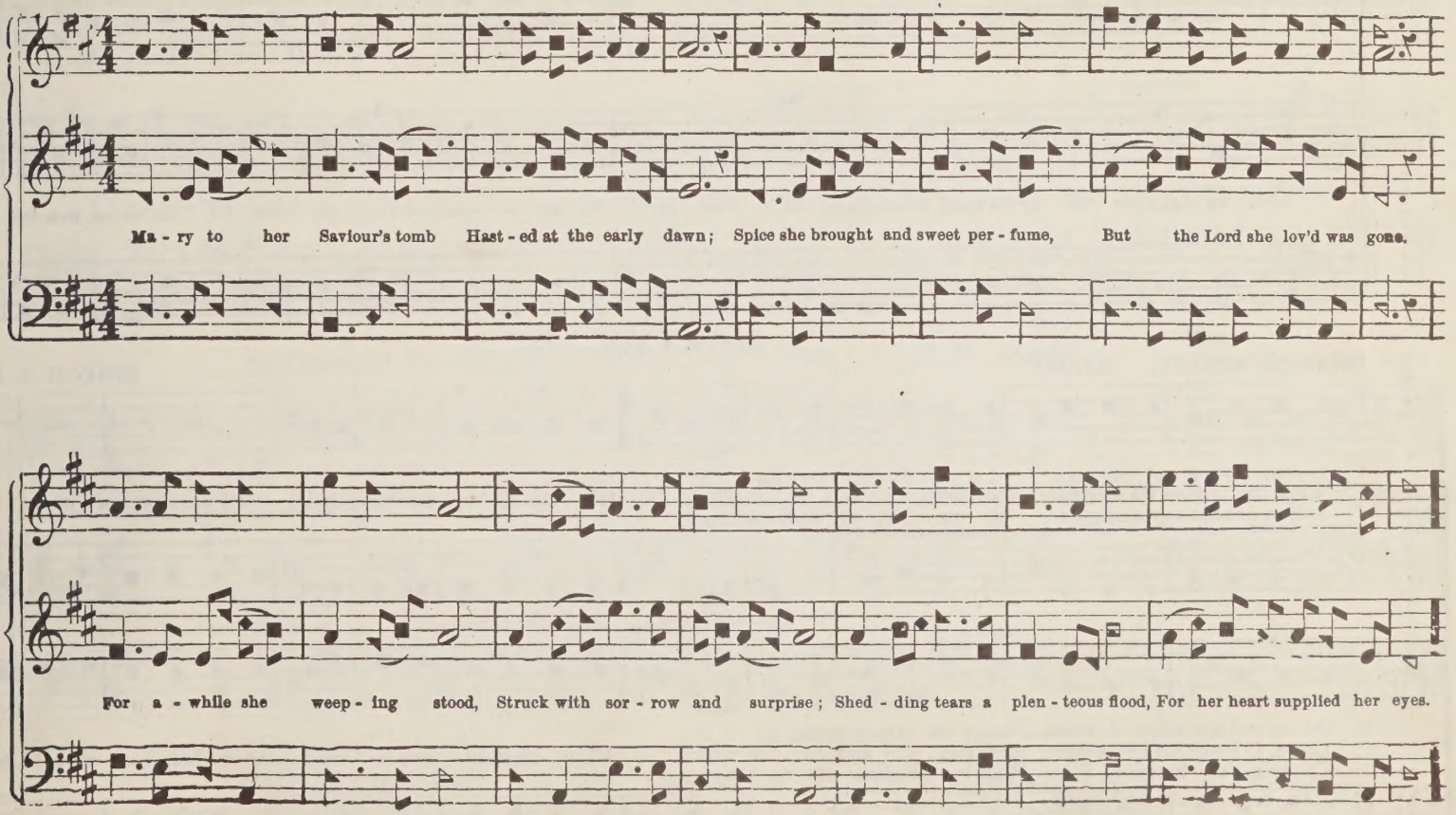
1. Brethren, I am come again; Let us join to pray and sing: Joseph lives and Jesus reigns, Praise him in the highest strain,
singing to Zi - on re - turn.
2. Many days and years have past, Since we met together last; Yet our lives do still remain, Here on earth we meet again.

THE KINGDOM. 7s. (Original.) *By R. F. M. Mann.* June 17, 1869.

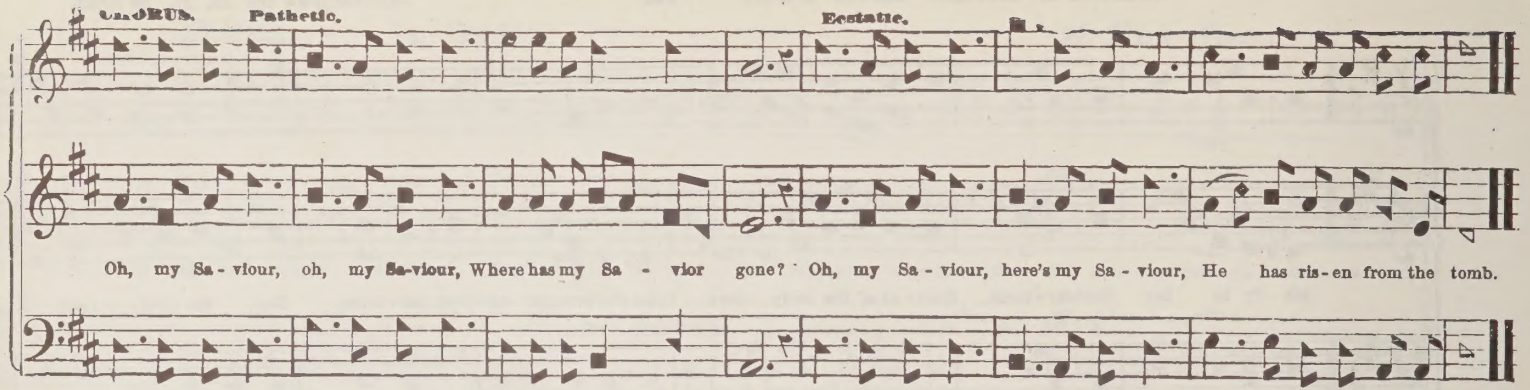

Children of the heavenly King! As ye journey, sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways. There, your seat is now prepared, There, your kingdom and reward.

450 . ELDER. 7s, Double. *M. Mark Wynn.*

Soft and Slow.
1. Gen - tly glides the stream of life, Oft a - long the flow'-ry vale. Or im - pet - uous down the cliff, Rush-ing roars when storms as - sail.
ff
Life's an ev - er va - ried flood, Al - ways roll - ing to its sea; Slow, or quick, or mild, or rude, Tending to e - ter - ni - ty.


Ma - ry to her Saviour's tomb Hast - ed at the early dawn; Spice she brought and sweet per - fume, But the Lord she lov'd was gone.
For a - while she weep - ing stood, Struck with sor - row and surprise; Shed - ding tears a plen - teous flood, For her heart supplied her eyes.

MARY'S GRIEF AND JOY. Concluded.

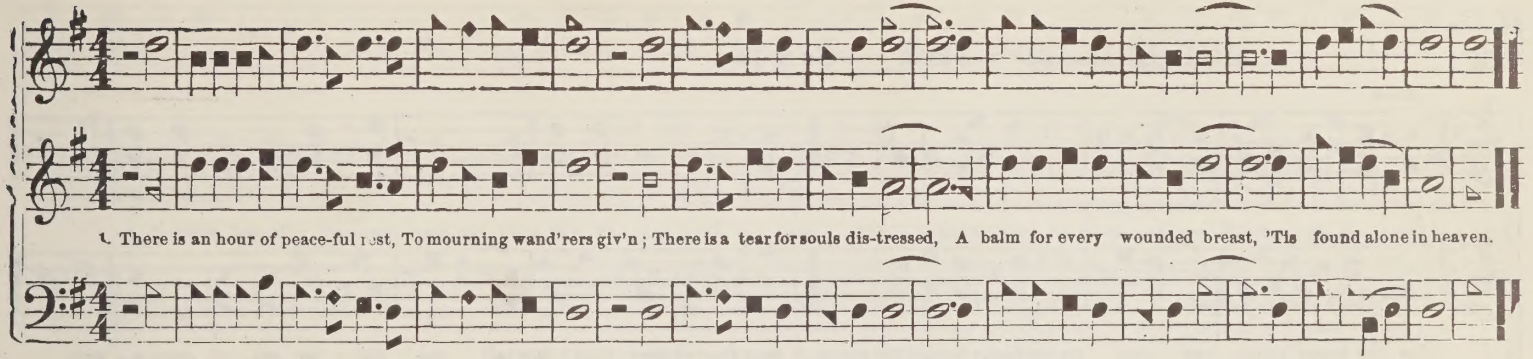

CHORUS.
Pathetic.
Ecstatic.
Oh, my Sa - viour, oh, my Sa-viour, Where has my Sa - vior gone? Oh, my Sa - viour, here's my Sa - viour, He has ris-en from the tomb.

MARTYN. 7s.

CHARLES WESLEY. Key of F. SIMEON B. MARSH.

1. Je-sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the temp-est still is high; Hide, me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Safe in - to the hav - en guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
FINE
D. C.
2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not a-lone; Still sup - port and com-fort me: All my trust on thee is staid; All my help from thee I bring:
Cov-er my de - fenceless head; With the shad-ow of thy wing.

PEACEFUL REST. 8,6,8,6,6. (Original.) *By Henry G. Mann.*


1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourning wand'rers giv'n; There is a tear for souls dis-tressed, A balm for every wounded breast, 'Tis found alone in heaven.

HIGHLANDS OF HEAVEN. 6s & 7s. *J. D. Arnold.*

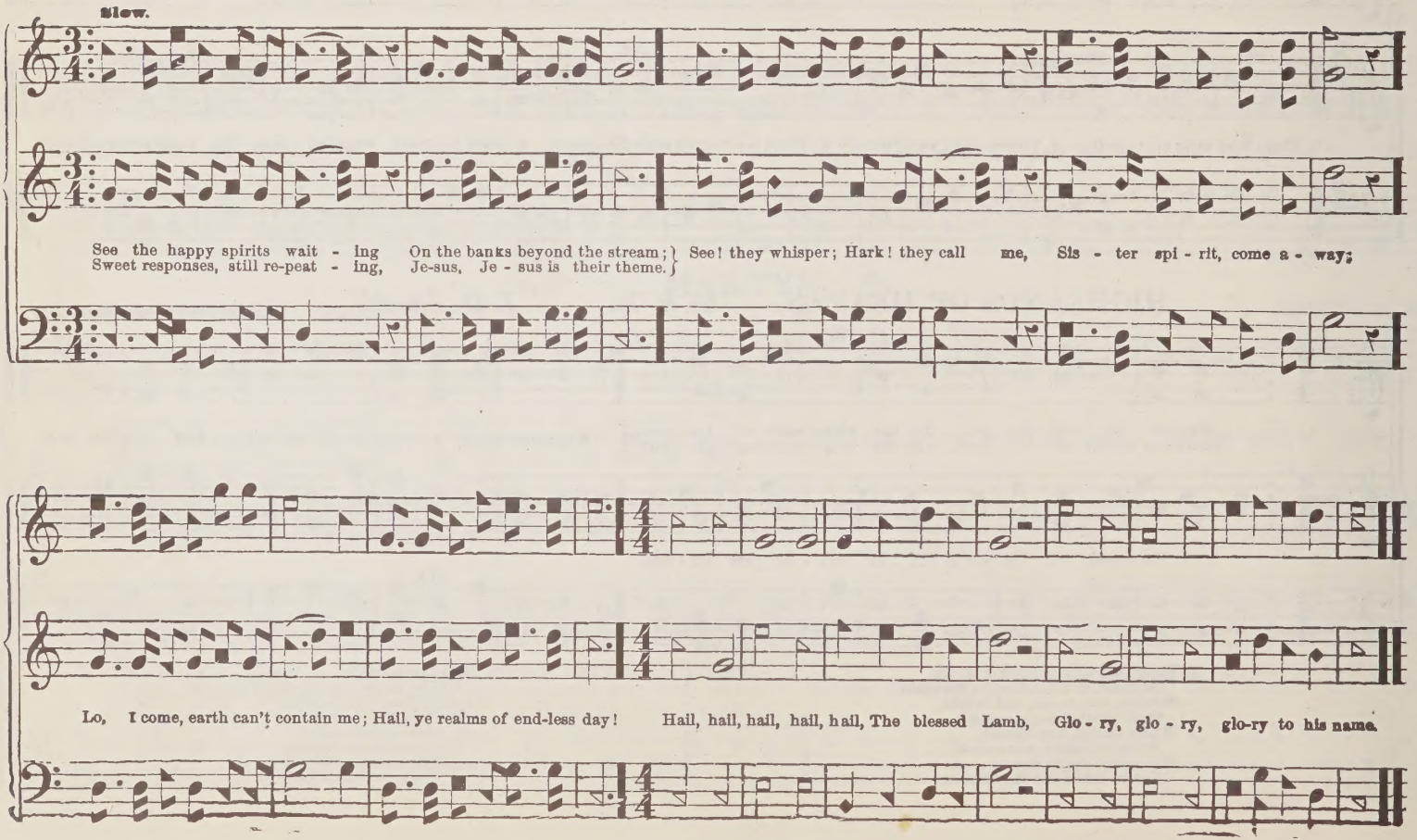
Meth. Prot. Hymn-Book, page 1[illegible]

D. C.
1. Sin - ner, go, will you go, To the high - lands of hea - ven;
Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long sum-mer's giv - en?
Where the bright bloom-ing flow'rs Are their o - dors e - mit - ting;
D. C.
And the leaves of the bow'rs On the breez - es are flit - ting.
D. C.

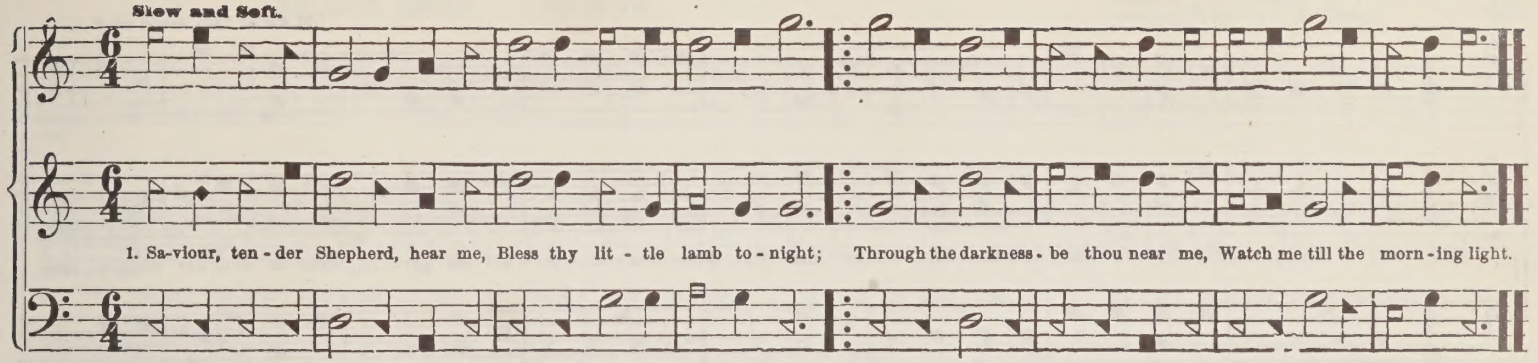
2. Where the saints robed in white,
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining, beauteous, and bright,
Shall inhabit the mountain.
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble, nor sorrow,
Will be felt for to-day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3. He's prepared thee a home:
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come:
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh, come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon.
[illegible]forever, cease pleadin-

THE BLESSED LAMB. 8s & 7s.


Slow.
See the happy spirits wait - ing On the banks beyond the stream;
Sweet responses, still re-peat - ing, Je-sus, Je - sus is their theme.
See! they whisper; Hark! they call me, Sis - ter spi - rit, come a - way;
Lo, I come, earth can't contain me; Hail, ye realms of end-less day!
Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, The blessed Lamb, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo-ry to his name.

VESPER. 8, 7, 8, 7. (Original.) *By C. F. Letson.*


Slow and Soft.
1. Sa-viour, ten-der Shepherd, hear me, Bless thy lit-tle lamb to-night; Through the darkness be thou near me, Watch me till the morn-ing light.

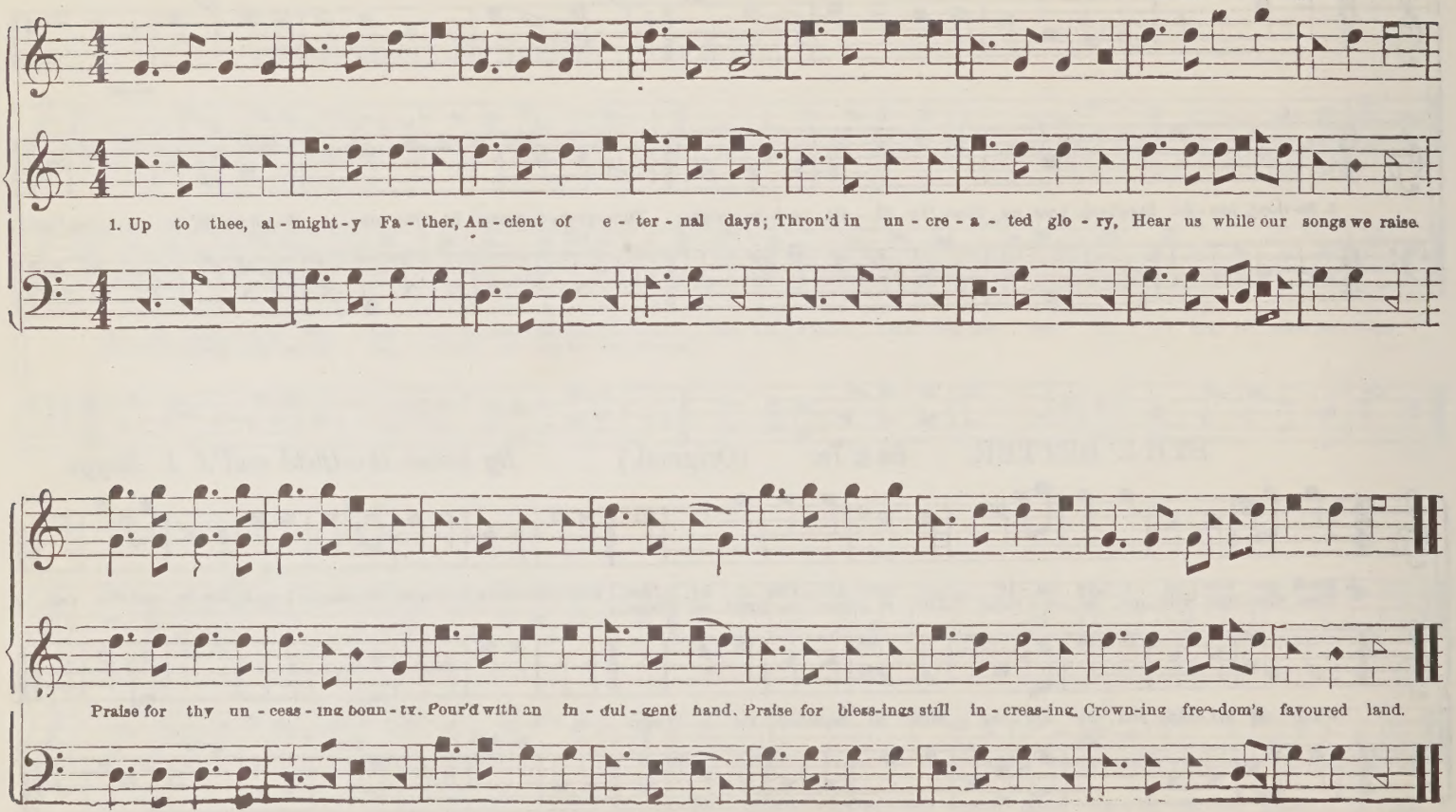
STILL BETTER. 8s & 7s. (Original.) *By Israel Bradfield and J. L. Meggs.*

D.C.
1. Teach me how to do my du-ty In the ser-vice of my Lord, } And with Je-sus Christ, my Sa-viour, I shall live in end-less day,
Then, when time with me is o-ver, I'll re-ceive the great re-ward. }
D.C.
Where my sor-rows and my toil-ing Shall be banished far a-way.
D.C.

ALMIGHTY FATHER. 8s & 7s.

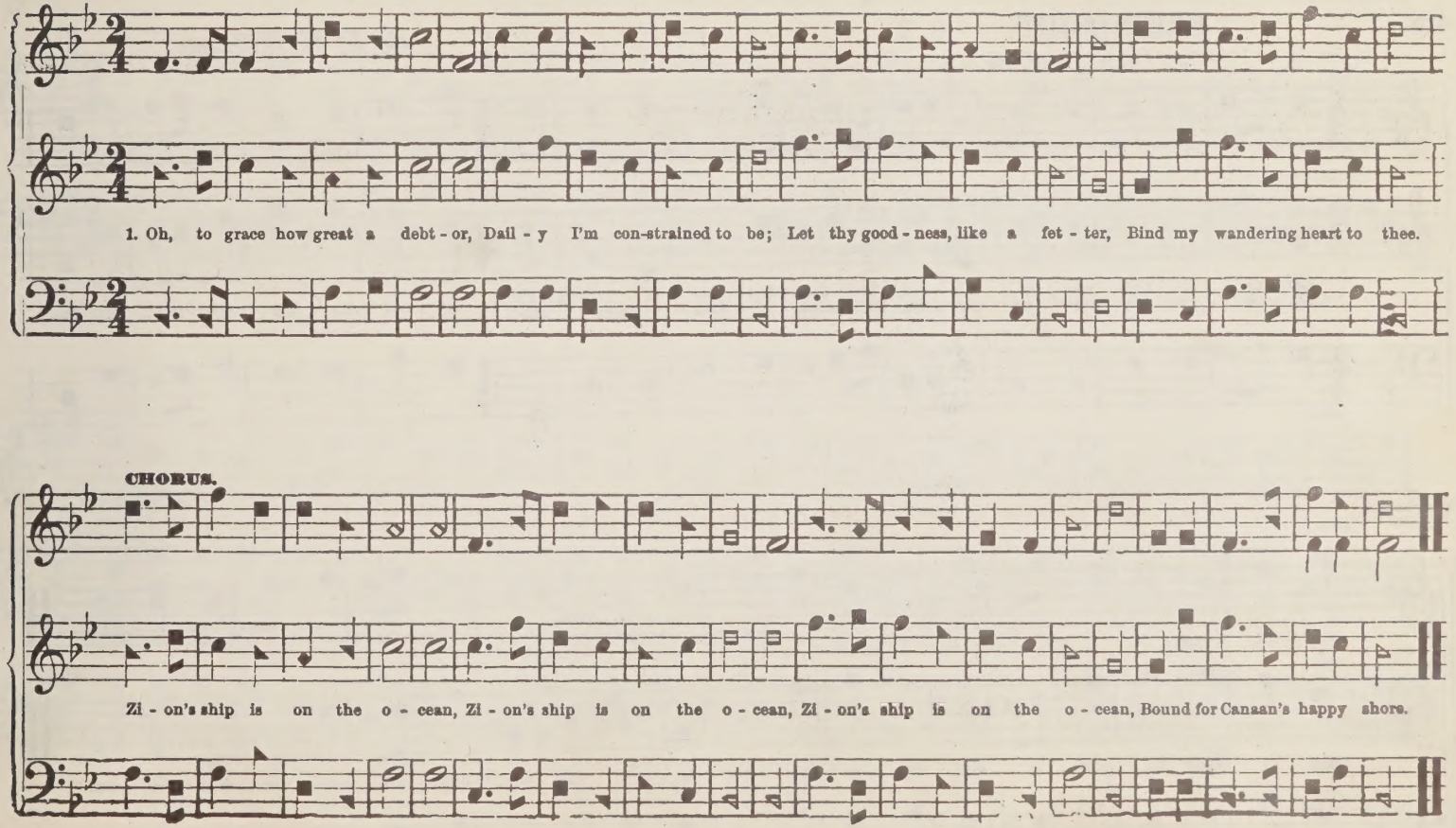
Arranged by B. F. W.

Old Air of "Go, forget me."


1. Up to thee, al - might - y Fa - ther, An - cient of e - ter - nal days; Thron'd in un - cre - a - ted glo - ry, Hear us while our songs we raise.
Praise for thy un - ceas - ing boun - ty, Pour'd with an in - dul - gent hand. Praise for bless-ings still in - creas-ing, Crown-ing free-dom's favoured land.

ZION'S SHIP 8s & 7s.

Tenor by J. D. ARNOLD.
Bass and Treble by C. F. WEBER.

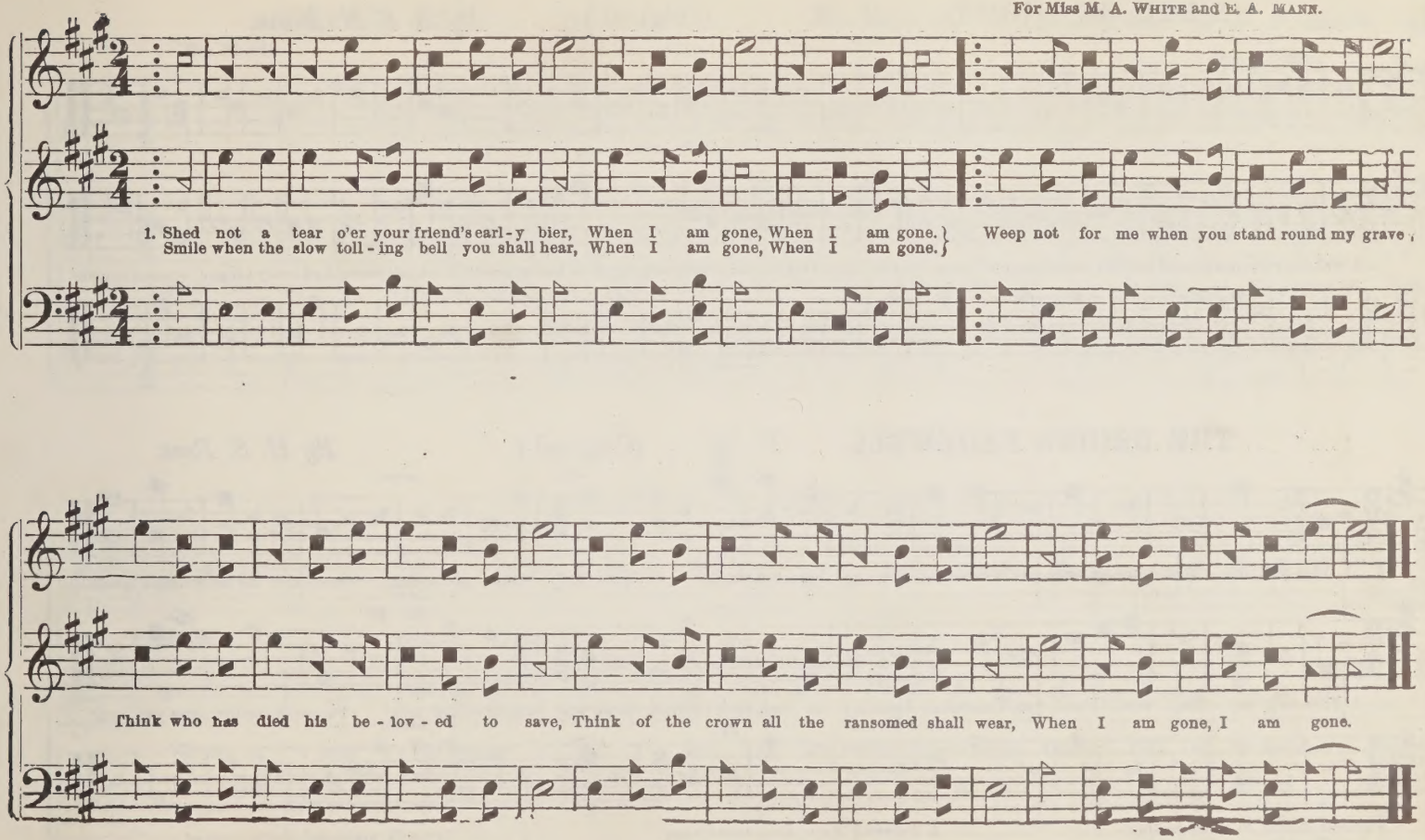

1. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or, Dail - y I'm con-strained to be; Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wandering heart to thee.
CHORUS.
Zi - on's ship is on the o - cean, Zi - on's ship is on the o - cean, Zi - on's ship is on the o - cean, Bound for Canaan's happy shore.

FRIENDSHIP. 8, 7.

By E. F. Williams.

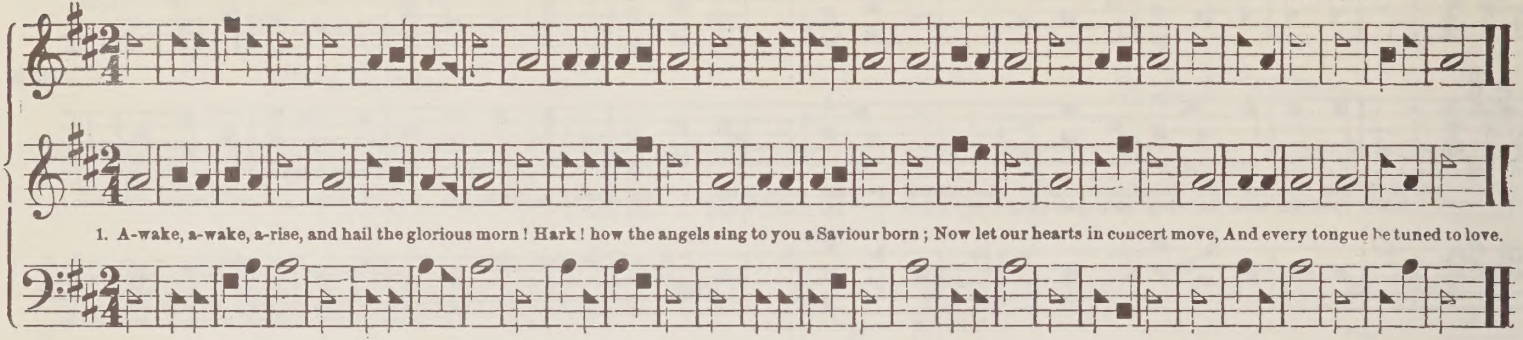
"Mer - cy, O thou son of Da - vid," Thus poor blind Bar - ti - meus prayed;
"Oth - ers by thy grace are sav - ed, Now to me af - ford thine aid."
Ma - ny for his cry - ing chid him;
But he called the loud - er still, Till the gra - cious Sa - viour bid him, "Come, and ask me what you will."

For Miss M. A. WHITE and E. A. MANN.

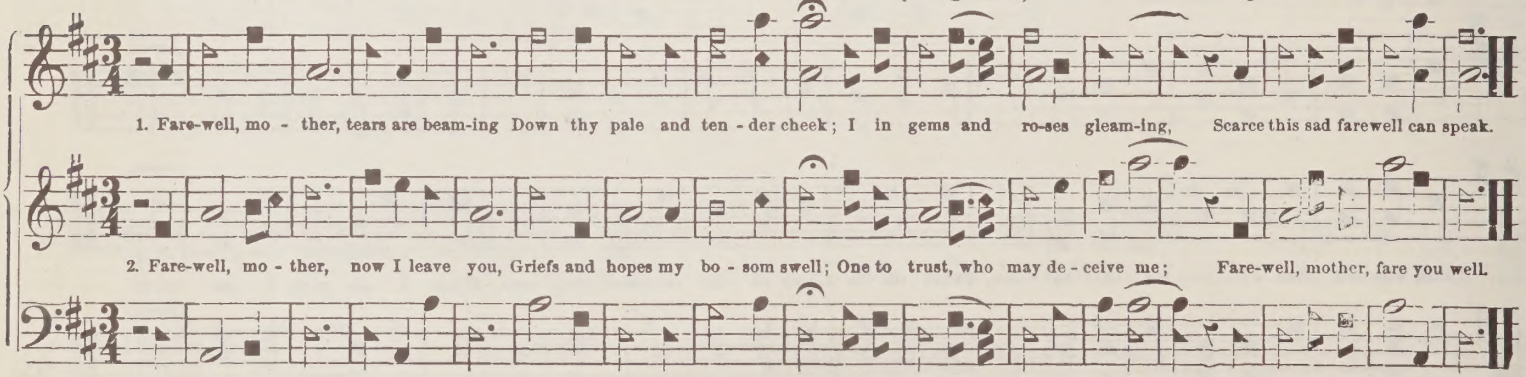

1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's earl-y bier, When I am gone, When I am gone.
Smile when the slow toll-ing bell you shall hear, When I am gone, When I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand round my grave,
Think who has died his be-lov-ed to save, Think of the crown all the ransomed shall wear, When I am gone, I am gone.

BIRTH OF CHRIST. H. M. (Original.) *By R. F. M. Mann.*

Oct. 22, 1869.


1. A-wake, a-wake, a-rise, and hail the glorious morn! Hark! how the angels sing to you a Saviour born; Now let our hearts in concert move, And every tongue be tuned to love.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL. P. M. (Original.) *By H. S. Rees.*


1. Fare-well, mo - ther, tears are beam-ing Down thy pale and ten - der cheek; I in gems and ro-ses gleam-ing, Scarce this sad farewell can speak.
2. Fare-well, mo - ther, now I leave you, Griefs and hopes my bo - som swell; One to trust, who may de - ceive me; Fare-well, mother, fare you well.

3. Farewell, father, thou art smiling,
Yet, the sadness on thy brow,
Winning me without beguiling
To the home from which I go.

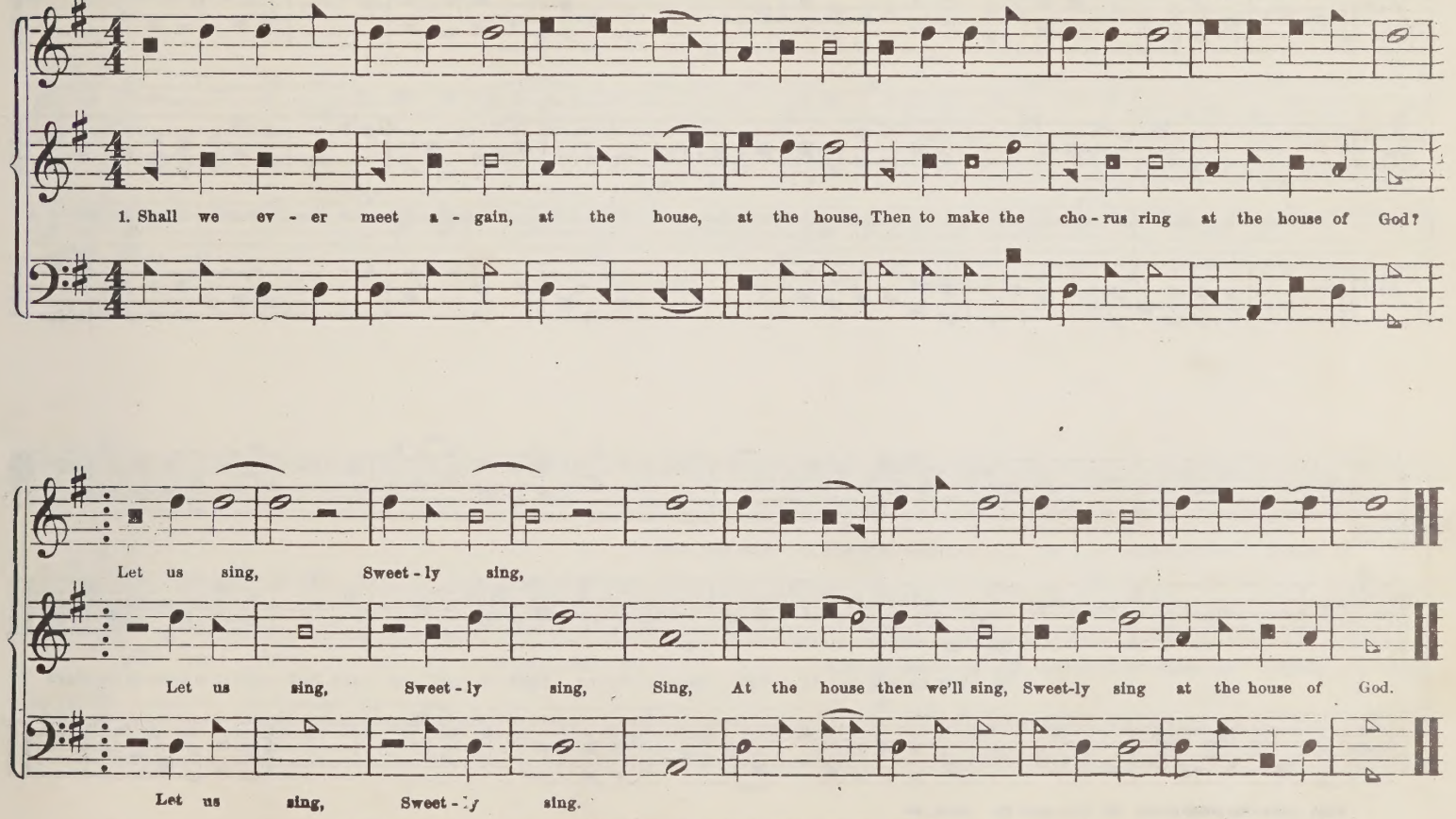
4. Farewell, sister, thou art twining
Round one with affection deep,
Wishing joy but ne'er denying,
Why, blessed bride, should thou weep?

5. Farewell, brave and gentle brother,
Thou'rt more dear than words can tell;
Farewell father, mother, sister,
All ye lov'd ones fare thee well

LET US SING.* (S. P.)

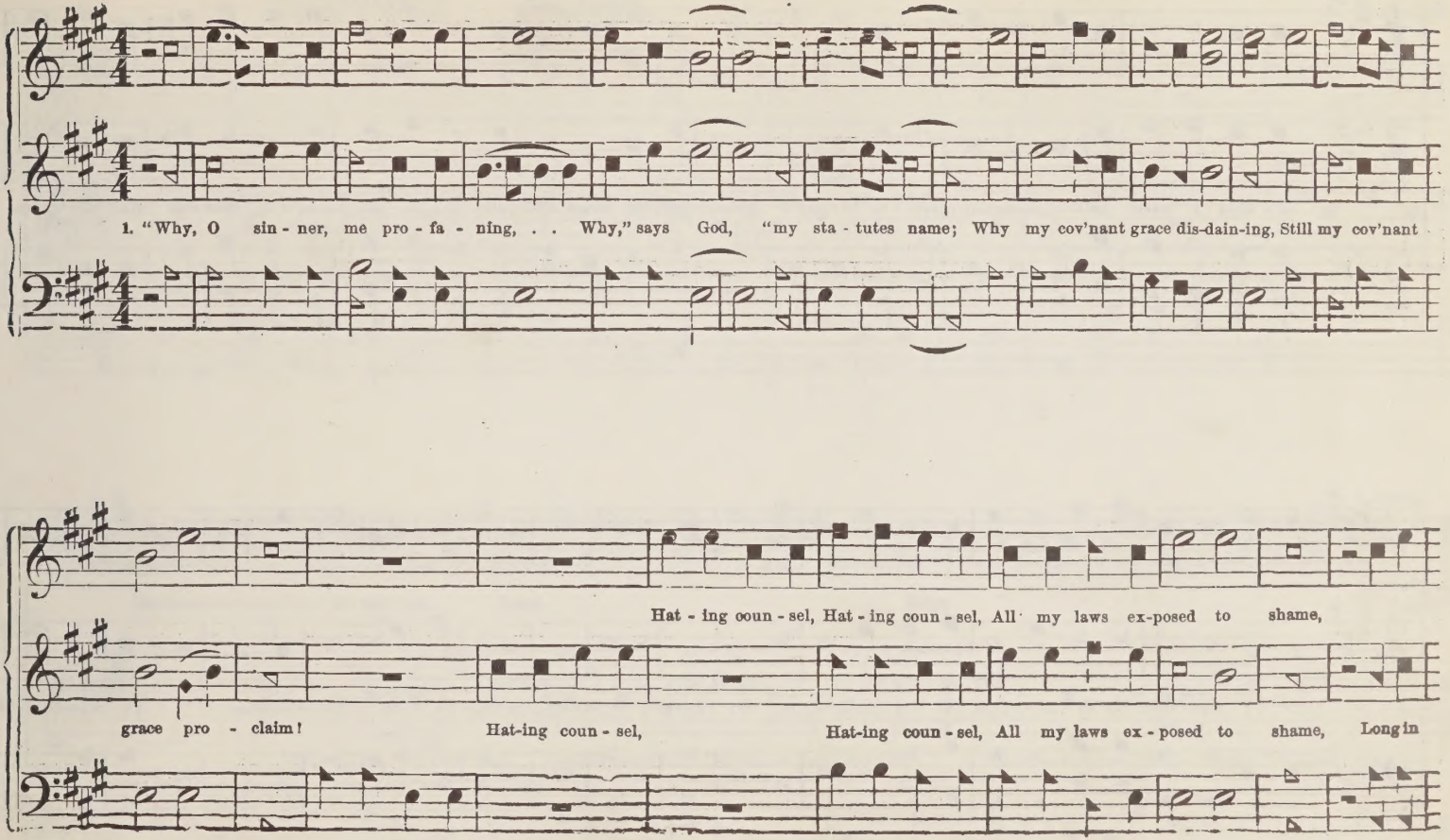
Words and Music *arranged by W. F. Moore.*

March 3, 1867.


1. Shall we ev - er meet a - gain, at the house, at the house, Then to make the cho - rus ring at the house of God?
Let us sing, Sweet - ly sing,
Let us sing, Sweet - ly sing, Sing, At the house then we'll sing, Sweet-ly sing at the house of God.
Let us sing, Sweet - ly sing.

* The air of the above piece is taken from the "Sunday-School Bell": page 60, with some

There is a place where my hopes are stay'd, My heart and my treasures are there; Where virtue and blessings never fade, And fields are e - ternal - ly fair.
By faith its delights I ex - plore, Come, fa - vor my flight, an - gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.
That bliss - ful place is my fa - ther-land, By faith, &c.


1. "Why, O sin - ner, me pro - fa - ning, . . Why," says God, "my sta - tutes name; Why my cov'nant grace dis-dain-ing, Still my cov'nant
Hat - ing coun - sel, Hat - ing coun - sel, All my laws ex-posed to shame,
grace pro - claim! Hat-ing coun - sel, Hat-ing coun - sel, All my laws ex - posed to shame, Long in

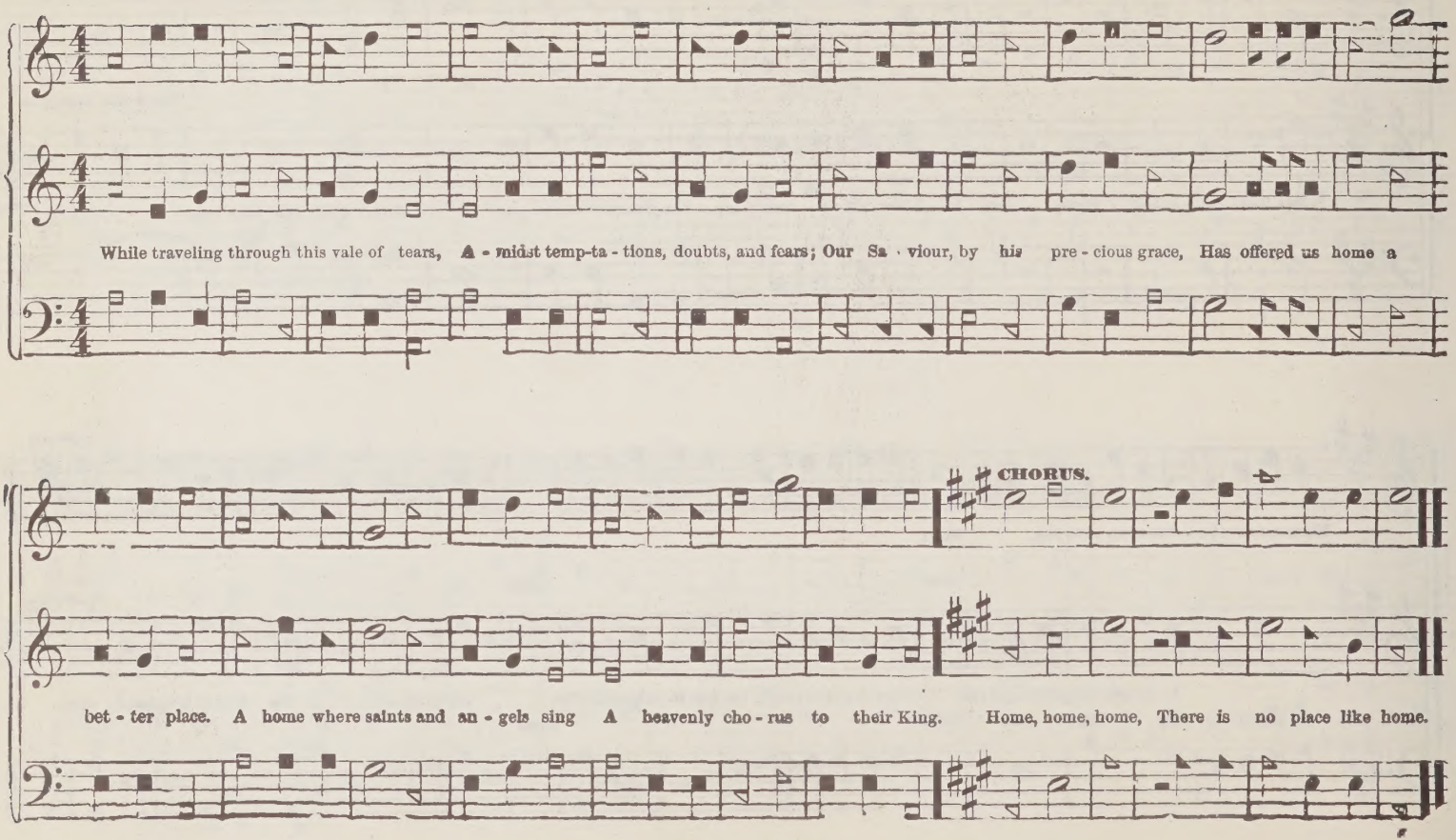
DODDRIDGE. *Continued.*

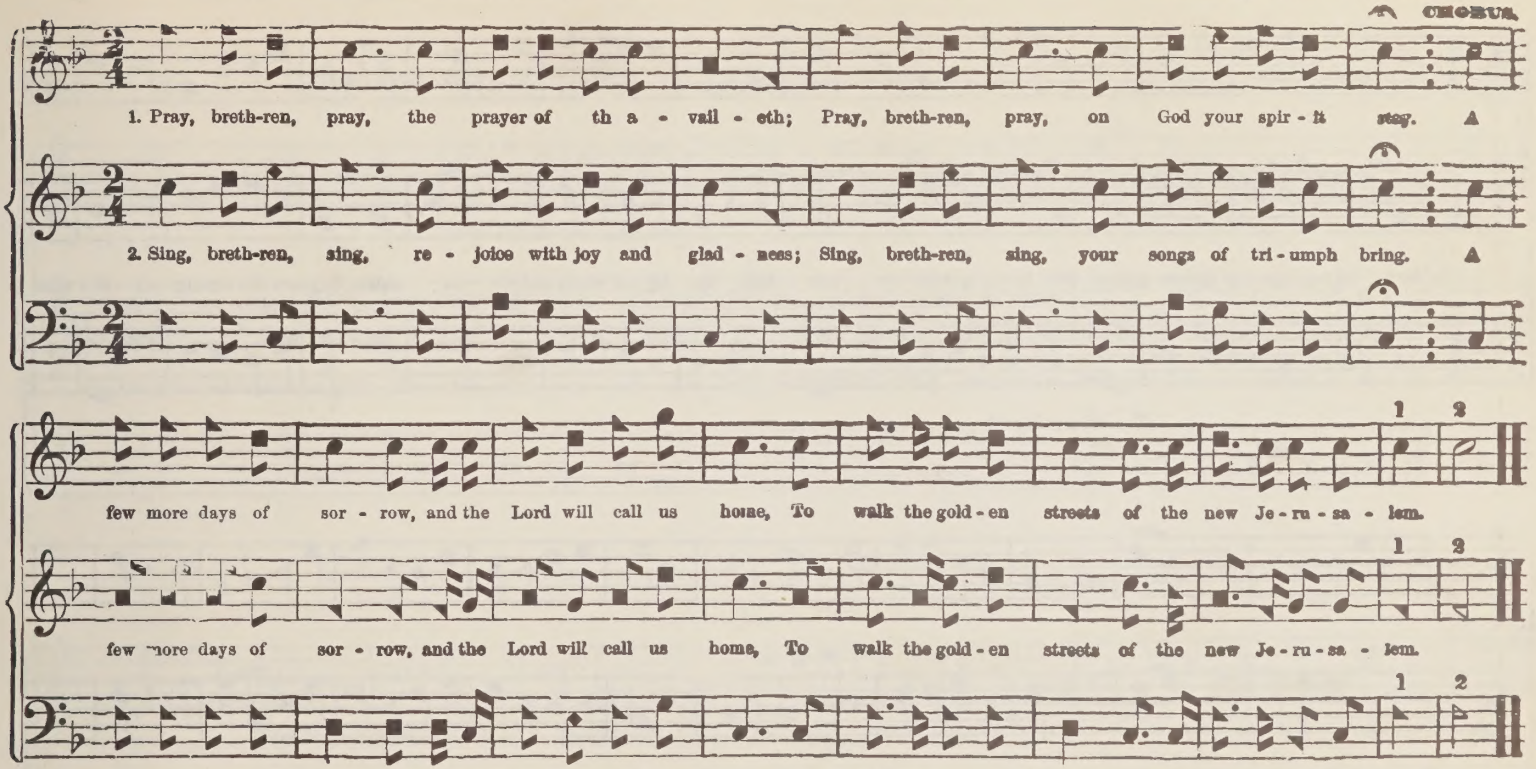
si - lence I have wait - ed, Long thy guilt in se - cret grown; Still, thy heart, with pride e - la - ted, Thought my coun-sels like thy own.
I'll re - prove thee, I'll re - prove thee, Till thy crimes ex - act are known. Sin - ners, hear Je - ho - vah speak-ing! Ye who, thought-

None can save you . .
less God de - spise! Hear, lest in his wrath a - wak - ing, Vengeance rend you as it flies. None can save you,
None can save you, None can save you, None None
None None
If his arm to judgment rise, None can save you, If his arm to judgment rise, None can save you, If his arm to judgment rise.
If his arm to judg - ment rise, None None

HOME. (Original.)

Music and Poetry by B. F. W.


While traveling through this vale of tears, A - midst temp-ta - tions, doubts, and fears; Our Sa - viour, by his pre - cious grace, Has offered us home a
CHORUS.
bet - ter place. A home where saints and an - gels sing A heavenly cho - rus to their King. Home, home, home, There is no place like home.


CHORUS.
1. Pray, breth-ren, pray, the prayer of th a - vail - eth; Pray, breth-ren, pray, on God your spir - it stay. A
2. Sing, breth-ren, sing, re - joice with joy and glad - ness; Sing, breth-ren, sing, your songs of tri - umph bring. A
few more days of sor - row, and the Lord will call us home, To walk the gold - en streets of the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
few more days of sor - row, and the Lord will call us home, To walk the gold - en streets of the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
1 2
1 2
1 2

3. Rise, brethren, rise, your souls by faith ascending;
Rise, brethren, rise, your home is in the skies.
A few more days of sorrow, &c.

4. Home, brethren, home, that home is pure and holy;
Home, brethren, home, no evil there can come.
A few more days of sorrow, &c.

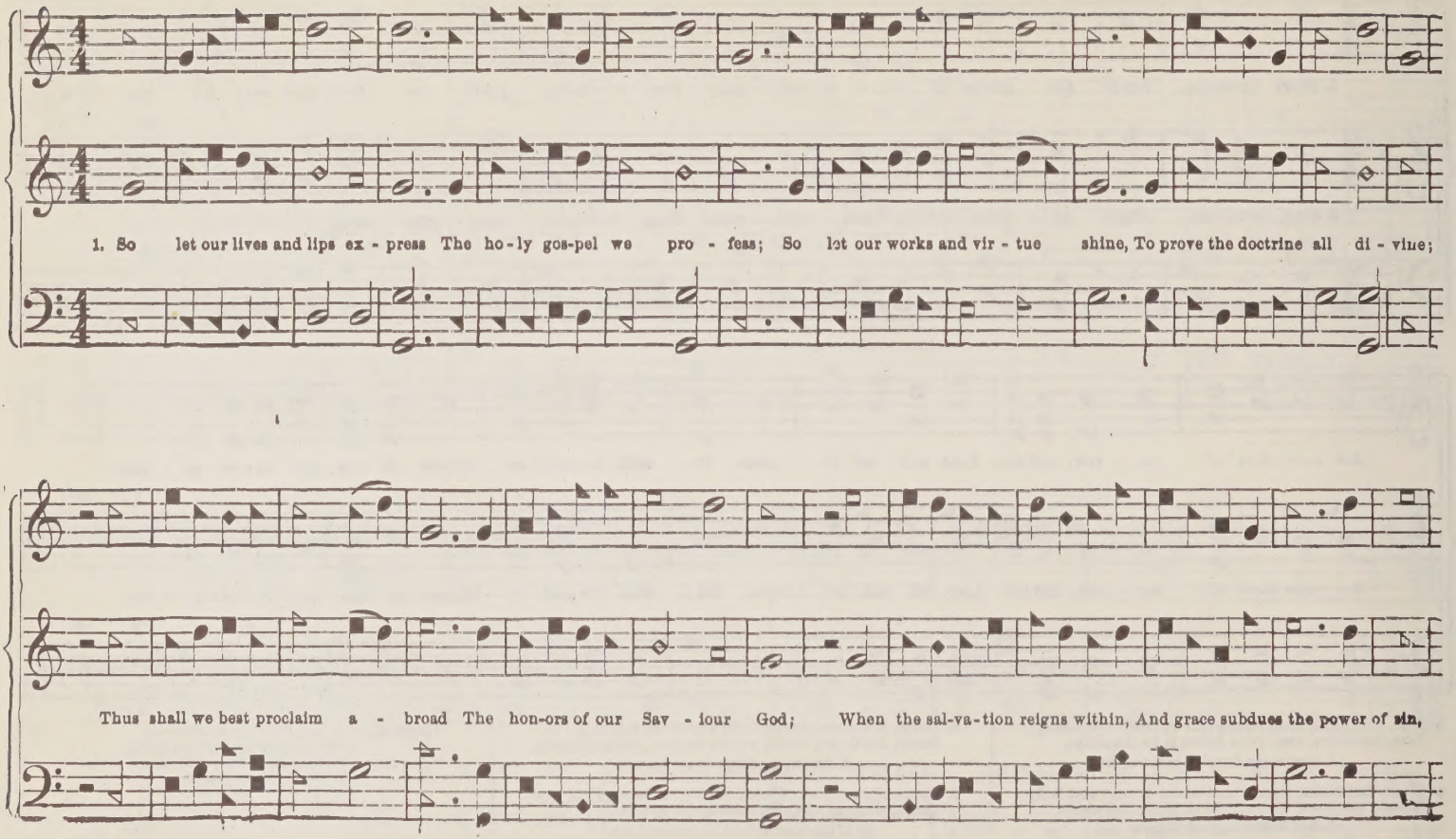
5. Come, brethren, come, we'll travel on together;
Come, brethren, come, we are on our journey home.
A few more days of sorrow, &c.

6. Come, sinners, too, Christ came to save poor sinners;
Come, sinners, too, the message is to you.
A few more days of sorrow, &c.

CHORUS.—Oh, wait not for to-morrow,
For to-morrow may not come.
Repent, and come with us
To the New Jerusalem.

ODE ON PIOUS LIFE.

By B. F. White.

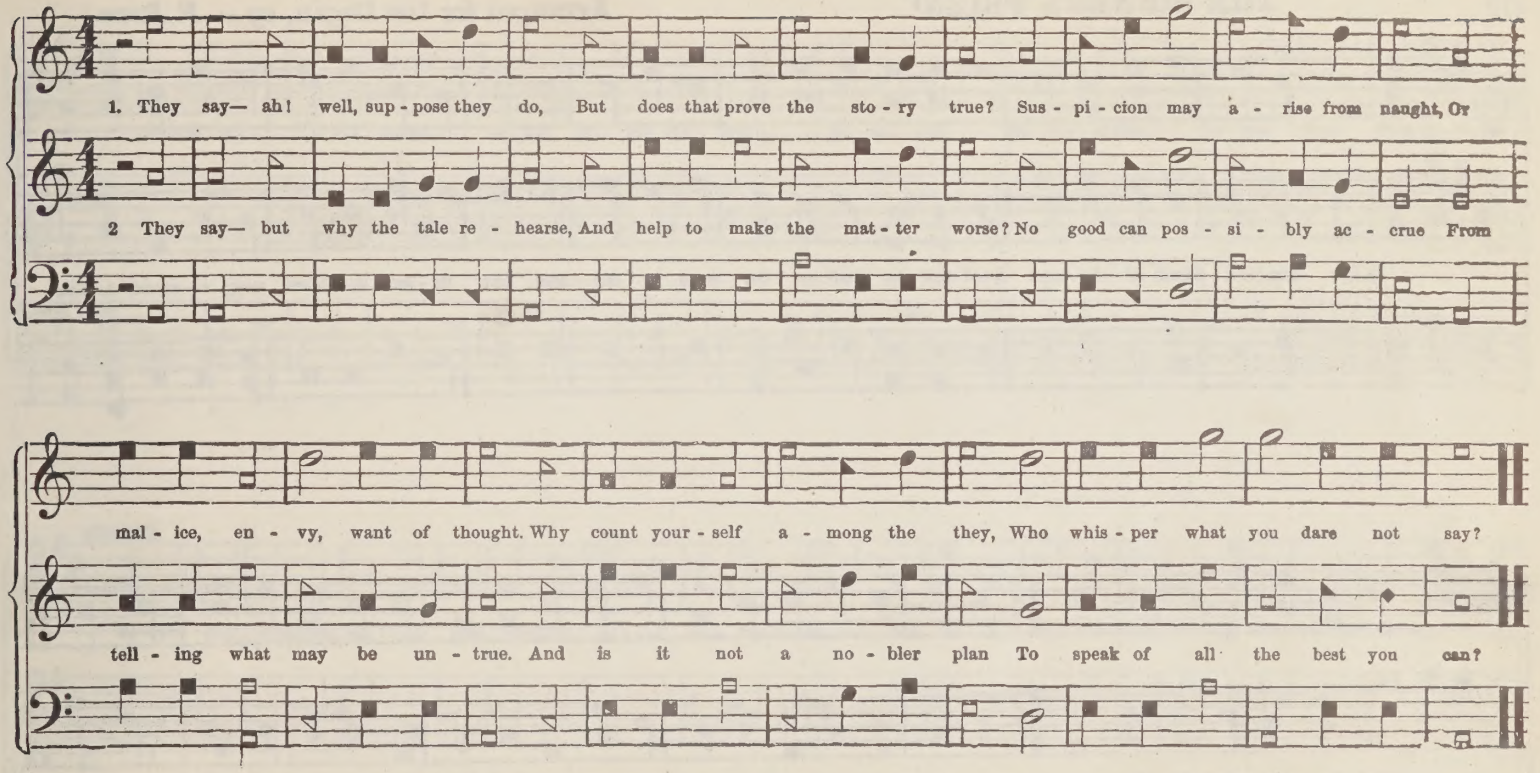

1. So let our lives and lips ex - press The ho - ly gos-pel we pro - fess; So let our works and vir - tue shine, To prove the doctrine all di - vine;
Thus shall we best proclaim a - broad The hon-ors of our Sav - iour God; When the sal-va-tion reigns within, And grace subdues the power of sin,

Pas - sion and en - vy, &c.
Our flesh and sense must be de - nied,—Pas - sion and en - vy, lust and pride, While justice, temp'arnce, truth and love, Our inward pi - e - ty ap - prove.
That blessed hope, That blessed hope,
Re - ligion bears our spirits up, While we expect that blessed hope; The bright appearance of the Lord, And faith stands leaning, And faith stands leaning on his word.
That blessed hope, That blessed hope,

SARDIS. (Original.)

By Miss Sarah Lancaster.

We
Come on, my fel - low pil - - grims, come, And let us all be hast' - - ning home.
We soon shall land on
We soon shall land, &c.
We soon shall land, &c.
1 2
soon shall land, &c.
yon blest shore, Where pains and sorrows are no more, There we our Je - sus shall a - dore,
For - ev - - - er blest.

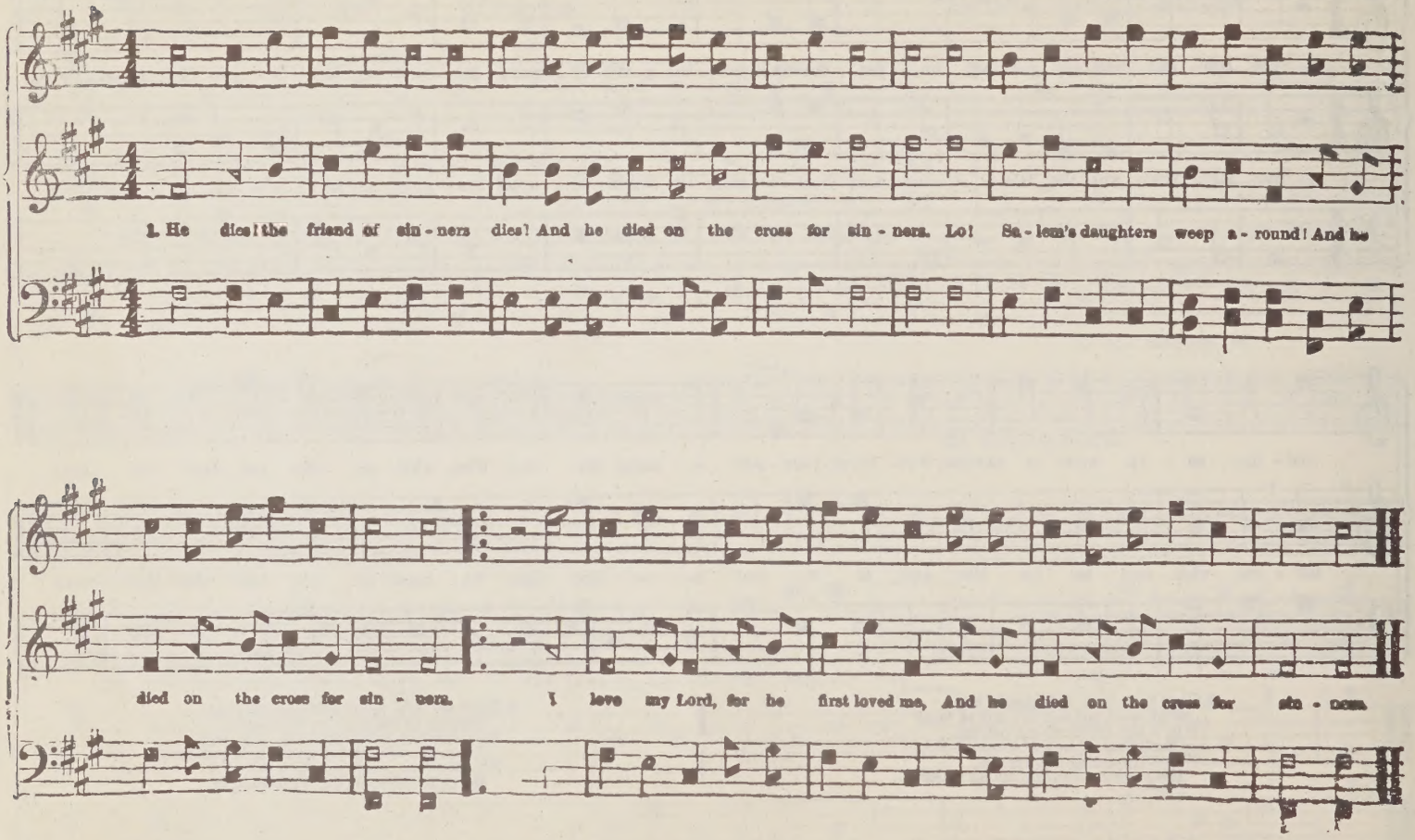

1. They say— ah! well, sup - pose they do, But does that prove the sto - ry true? Sus - pi - cion may a - rise from naught, Or
2 They say— but why the tale re - hearse, And help to make the mat - ter worse? No good can pos - si - bly ac - crue From
mal - ice, en - vy, want of thought. Why count your - self a - mong the they, Who whis - per what you dare not say?
tell - ing what may be un - true. And is it not a no - bler plan To speak of all the best you can?

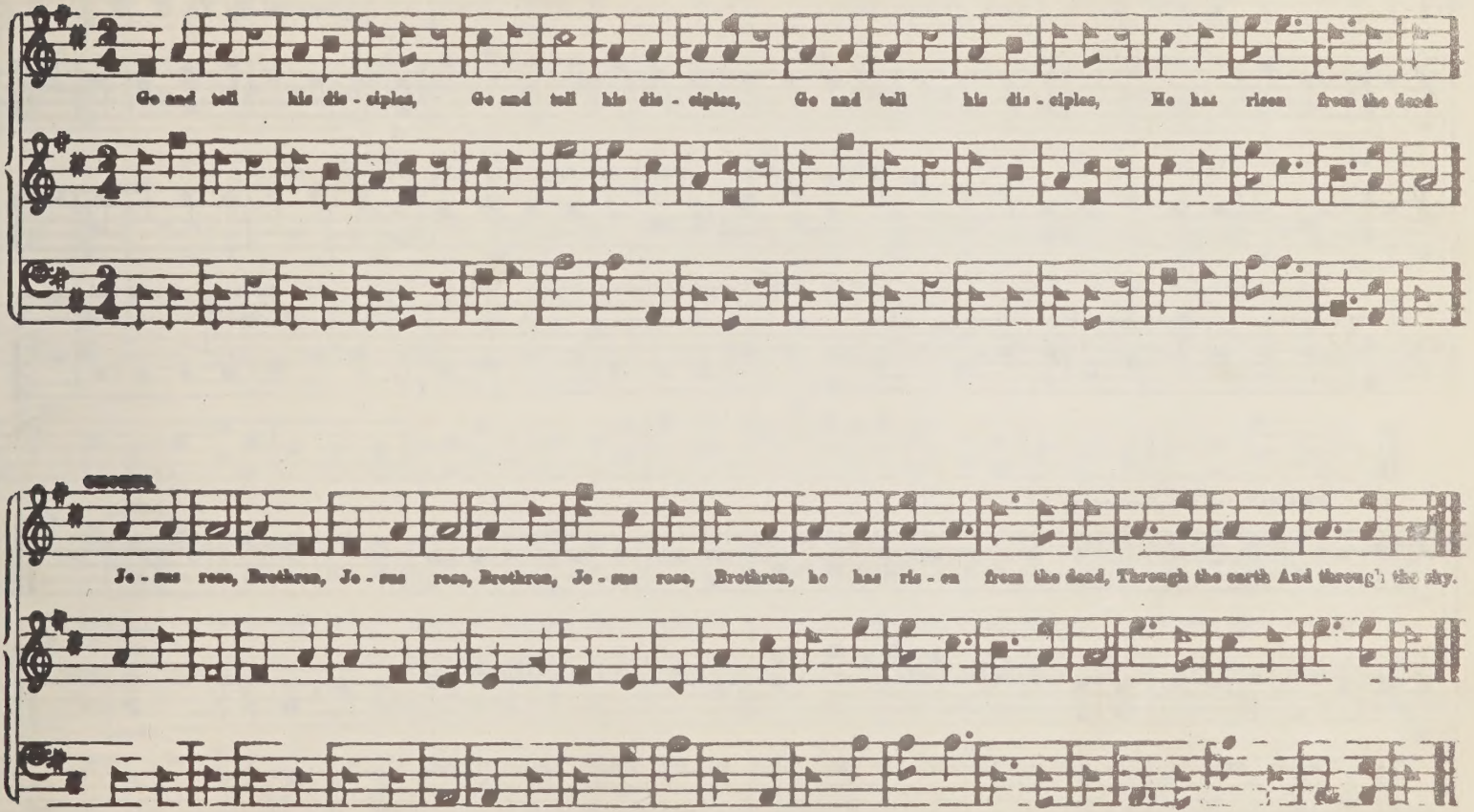
3. They say—well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to go and sin no more?

4. They say—oh, pause and look within;
See how thine heart inclines to sin:
Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour,
Thou, too, should fall beneath its power;
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,
Speak that that's good, or not at all.

THE SINNER'S FRIEND

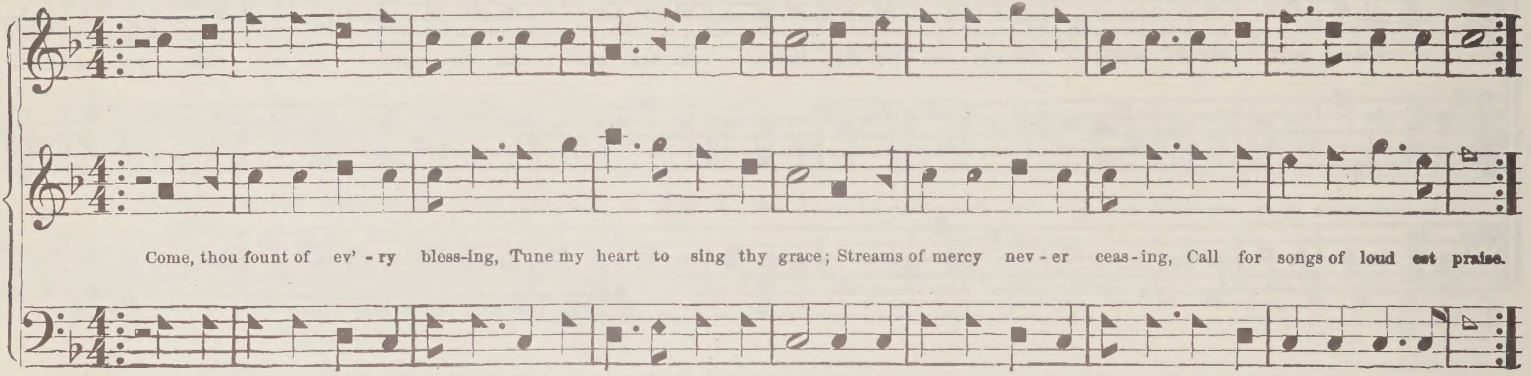
Arranged for the Organ, *by J. P. Rees.*


1. He dies! the friend of sin-ners dies! And he died on the cross for sin-ners. Lo! Sa-lem's daughters weep a-round! And he
died on the cross for sin-ners. I love my Lord, for he first loved me, And he died on the cross for sin-ners.

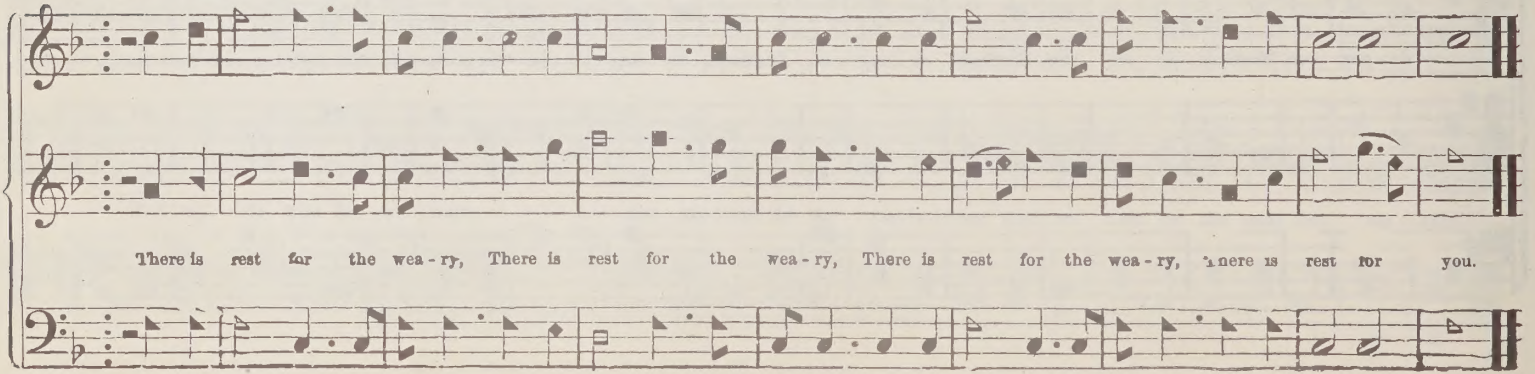

Go and tell his dis - ciples, Go and tell his dis - ciples, Go and tell his dis - ciples, He has risen from the dead.
CHORUS.
Je - sus rose, Brethren, Je - sus rose, Brethren, Je - sus rose, Brethren, he has ris - en from the dead, Through the earth And through the sky.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Original arrangement by B. F. W.


Come, thou fount of ev' - ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mercy nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud est praise.

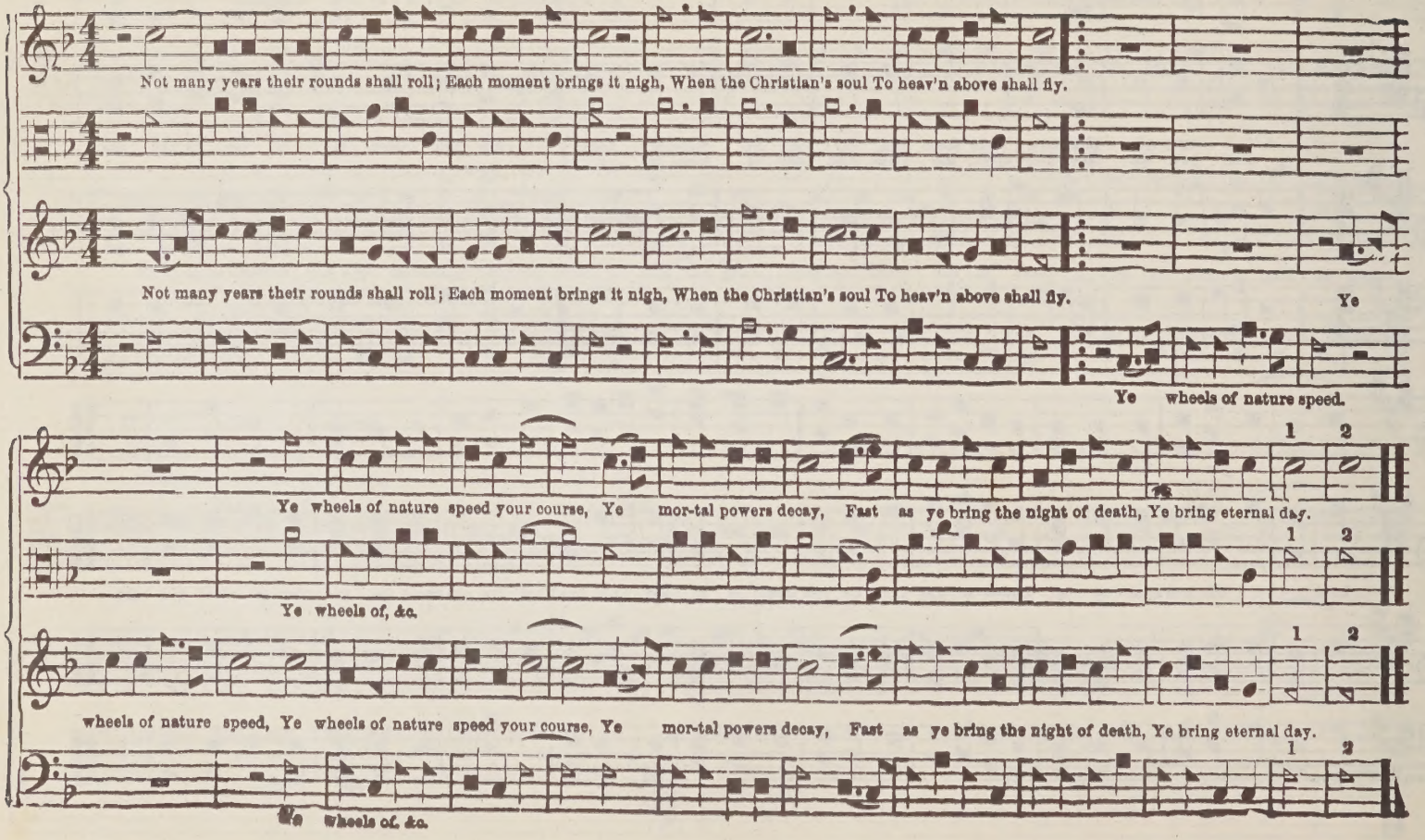
CHORUS for the first part.



CHORUS.
1. Lov - ers of plea-sure more than God, For you he suffered pain;
For you the Sa - viour spilt his blood, And shall he bleed in vain?
Oh, you must be a lov - er of the
Lord . . . Oh, you must be a Lov-er of the Lord, Oh, you must be a lov - er of the Lord, Or you can't go to heaven when you die.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FLIGHT. (Original.)

By W. F. Moore. 1868.


Not many years their rounds shall roll; Each moment brings it nigh, When the Christian's soul To heav'n above shall fly.
Not many years their rounds shall roll; Each moment brings it nigh, When the Christian's soul To heav'n above shall fly.
Ye
Ye wheels of nature speed.
1 2
Ye wheels of nature speed your course, Ye mor-tal powers decay, Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring eternal day.
Ye wheels of, &c.
wheels of nature speed, Ye wheels of nature speed your course, Ye mor-tal powers decay, Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring eternal day.
Ye wheels of, &c.

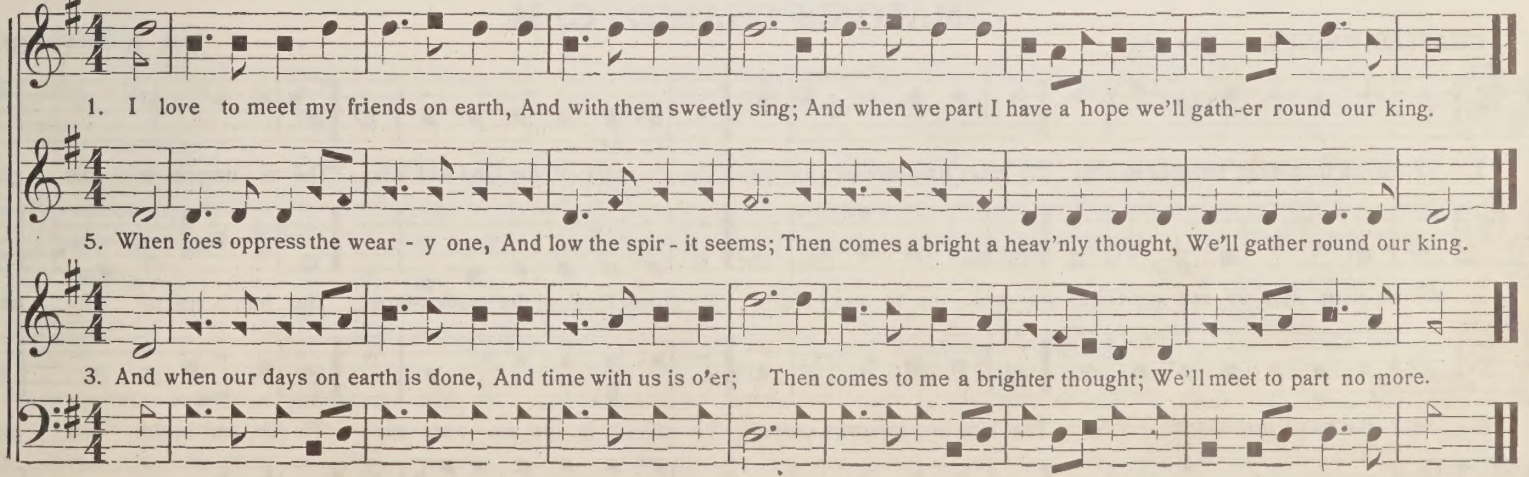
NEW APPENDIX

TO THE

SACRED HARP

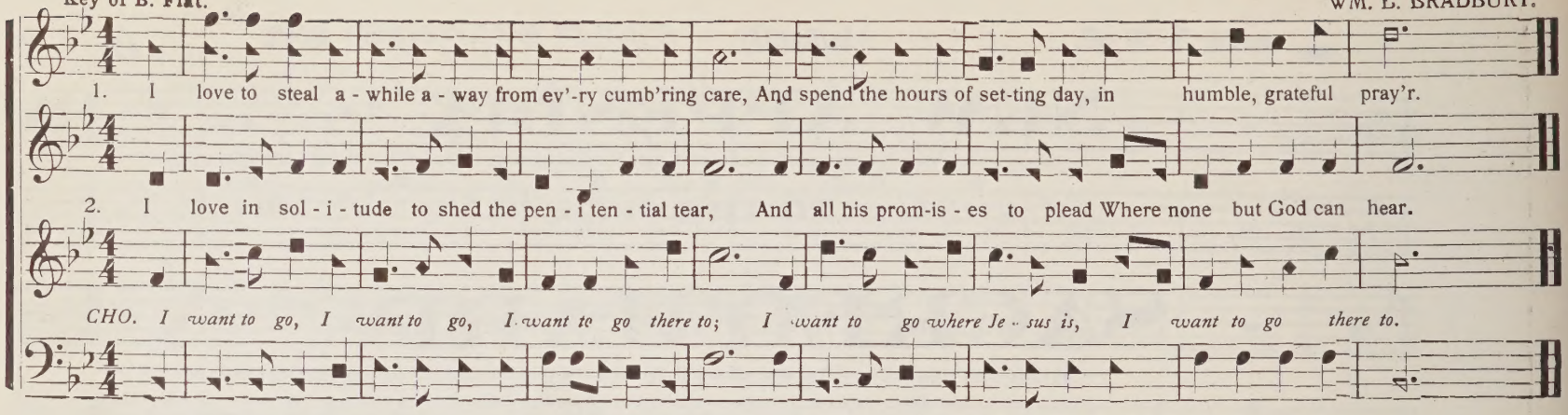
A LOVELY THOUHT.

S. A. R. S. A. RETHERFORD.


1. I love to meet my friends on earth, And with them sweetly sing; And when we part I have a hope we'll gath-er round our king.
5. When foes oppress the wear - y one, And low the spir - it seems; Then comes a bright a heav'nly thought, We'll gather round our king.
3. And when our days on earth is done, And time with us is o'er; Then comes to me a brighter thought; We'll meet to part no more.

BROWN. C. M.

Key of B. Flat. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. I love to steal a - while a - way from ev'-ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of set-ting day, in humble, grateful pray'r.
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed the pen - i ten - tial tear, And all his prom-is - es to plead Where none but God can hear.
CHO. I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there to; I want to go where Je - sus is, I want to go there to.

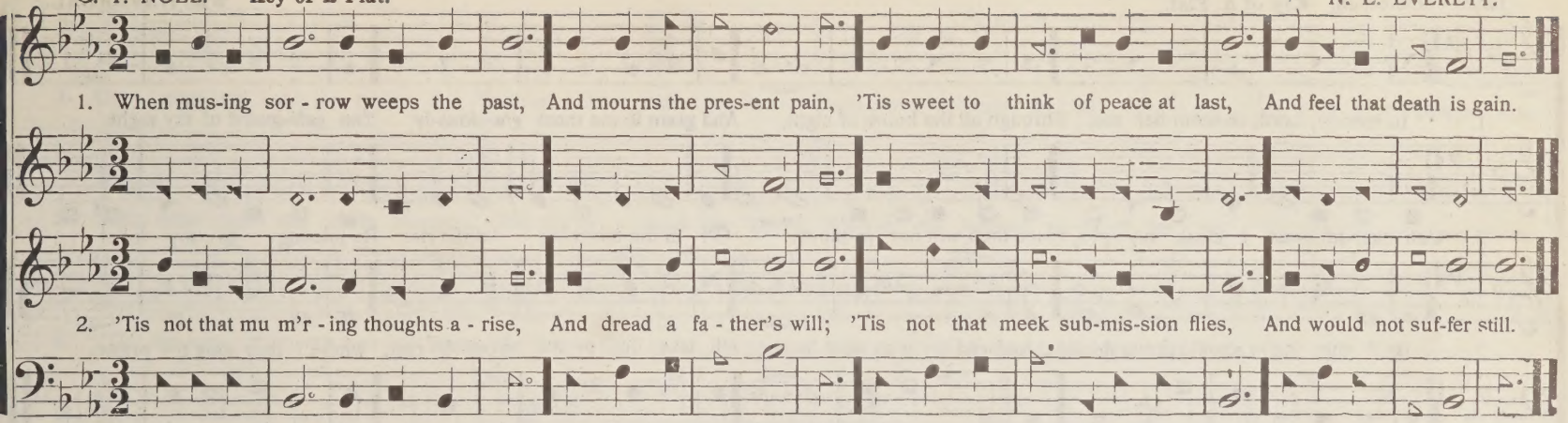
MASON'S CHANT. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. Key of D. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise— The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace.
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim, To spread thro' all the earth a-broad The hon - ors of thy name.
3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease; 'Tis mu-sic in the sin - ners ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

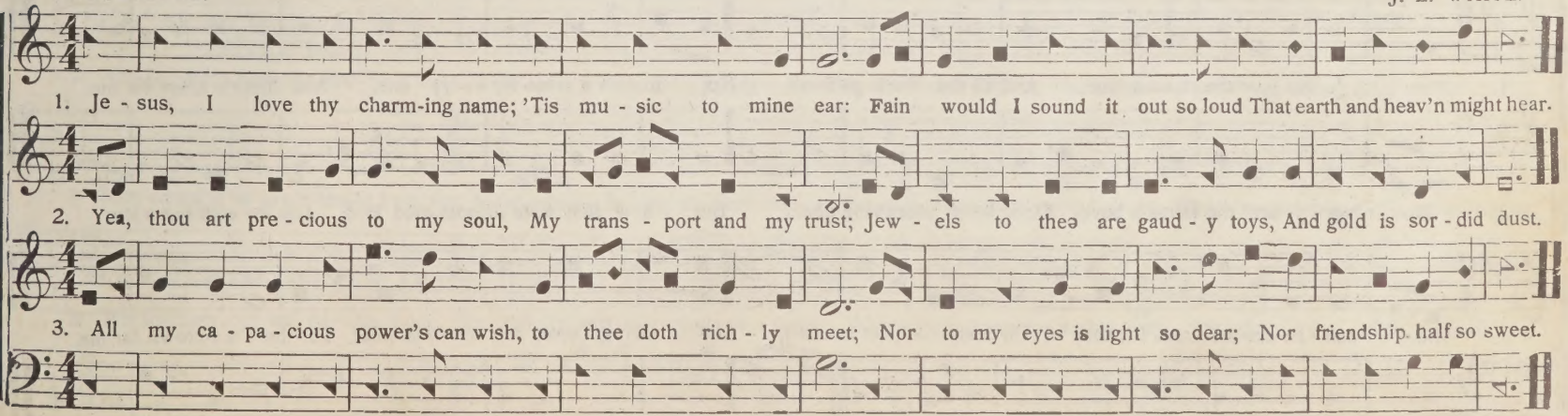
EVERETT. C. M.

G. T. NOEL. **Key of E Flat.** N. E. EVERETT.


1. When mus-ing sor - row weeps the past, And mourns the pres-ent pain, 'Tis sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain.
2. 'Tis not that mu m'r - ing thoughts a - rise, And dread a fa - ther's will; 'Tis not that meek sub-mis-sion flies, And would not suf-fer still.

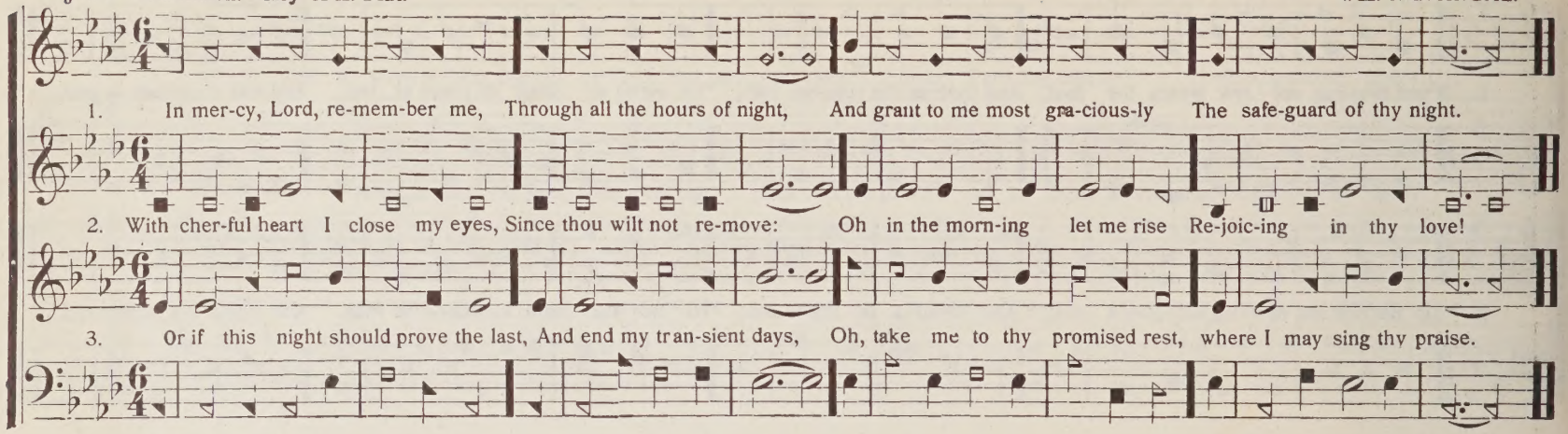
PRECIOUS JESUS, C. M.

P. DODRIDGE. J. L. WHITE.


1. Je - sus, I love thy charm-ing name; 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear: Fain would I sound it out so loud That earth and heav'n might hear.
2. Yea, thou art pre - cious to my soul, My trans - port and my trust; Jew - els to thee are gaud - y toys, And gold is sor - did dust.
3. All my ca - pa - cious power's can wish, to thee doth rich - ly meet; Nor to my eyes is light so dear; Nor friendship half so sweet.

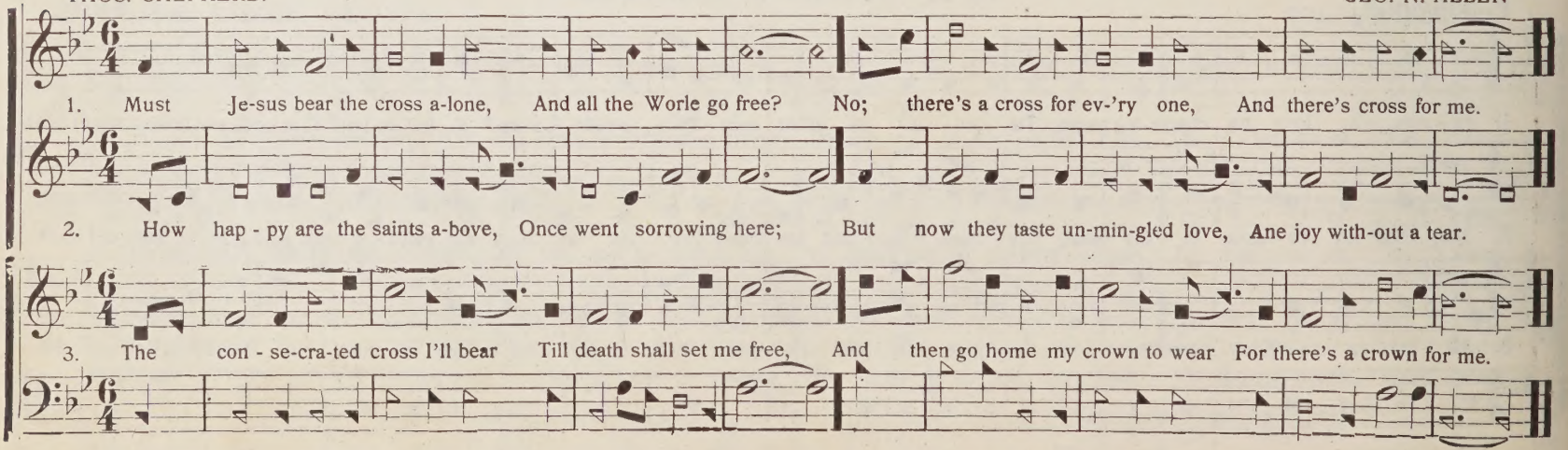
EVAN. C. M.

Jones Versification. **Key of A. Flat.** WM. HAVARGAL.


1. In mer-cy, Lord, re-mem-ber me, Through all the hours of night, And grant to me most gra-cious-ly The safe-guard of thy night.
2. With cher-ful heart I close my eyes, Since thou wilt not re-move: Oh in the morn-ing let me rise Re-joic-ing in thy love!
3. Or if this night should prove the last, And end my tran-sient days, Oh, take me to thy promised rest, where I may sing thy praise.

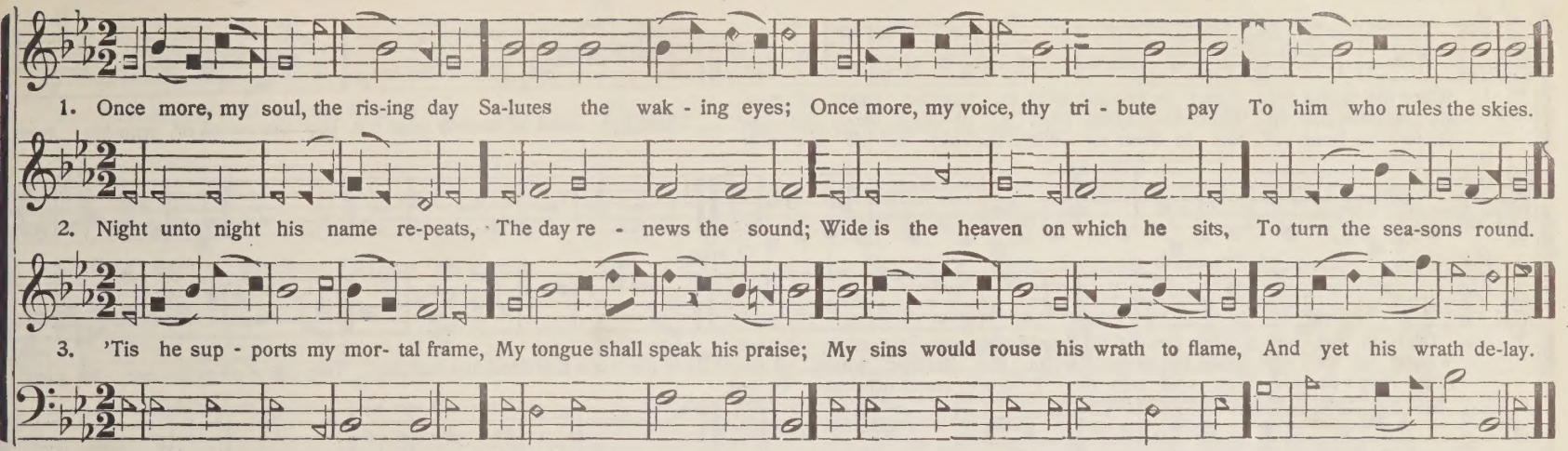
MAITLAND. C. M.

THOS. SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN


1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the Worle go free? No; there's a cross for ev-'ry one, And there's cross for me.
2. How hap - py are the saints a-bove, Once went sorrowing here; But now they taste un-min-gled love, Ane joy with-out a tear.
3. The con - se-cra-ted cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free, And then go home my crown to wear For there's a crown for me.

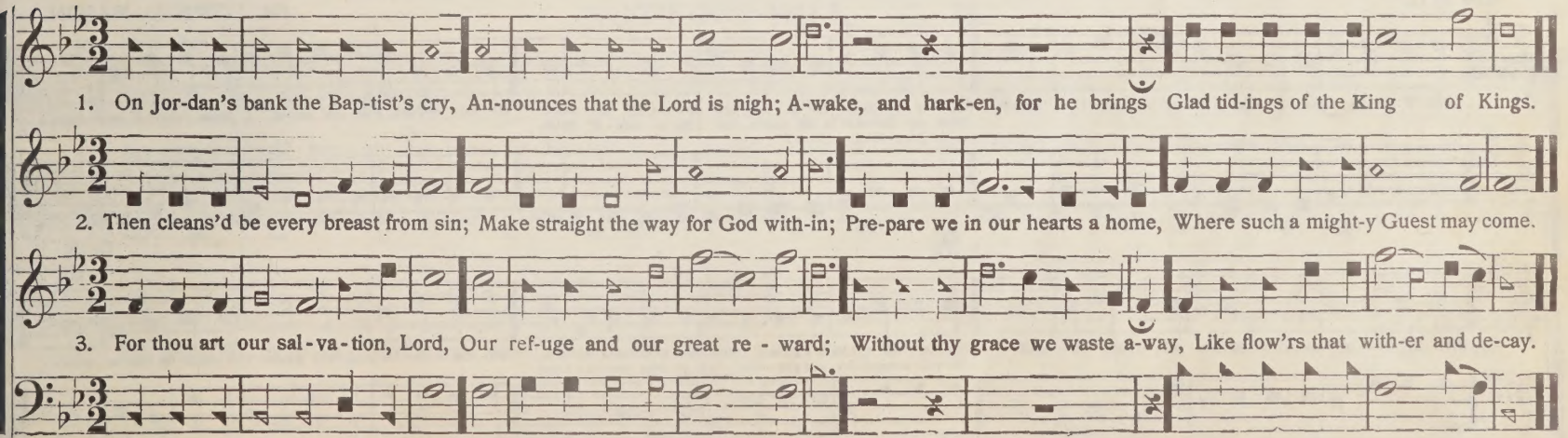
WARWICK. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. **Key of E Flat.** STANLEY


1. Once more, my soul, the ris-ing day Sa-lutes the wak - ing eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tri - bute pay To him who rules the skies.
2. Night unto night his name re-peats, The day re - news the sound; Wide is the heaven on which he sits, To turn the sea-sons round.
3. 'Tis he sup - ports my mor- tal frame, My tongue shall speak his praise; My sins would rouse his wrath to flame, And yet his wrath de-lay.

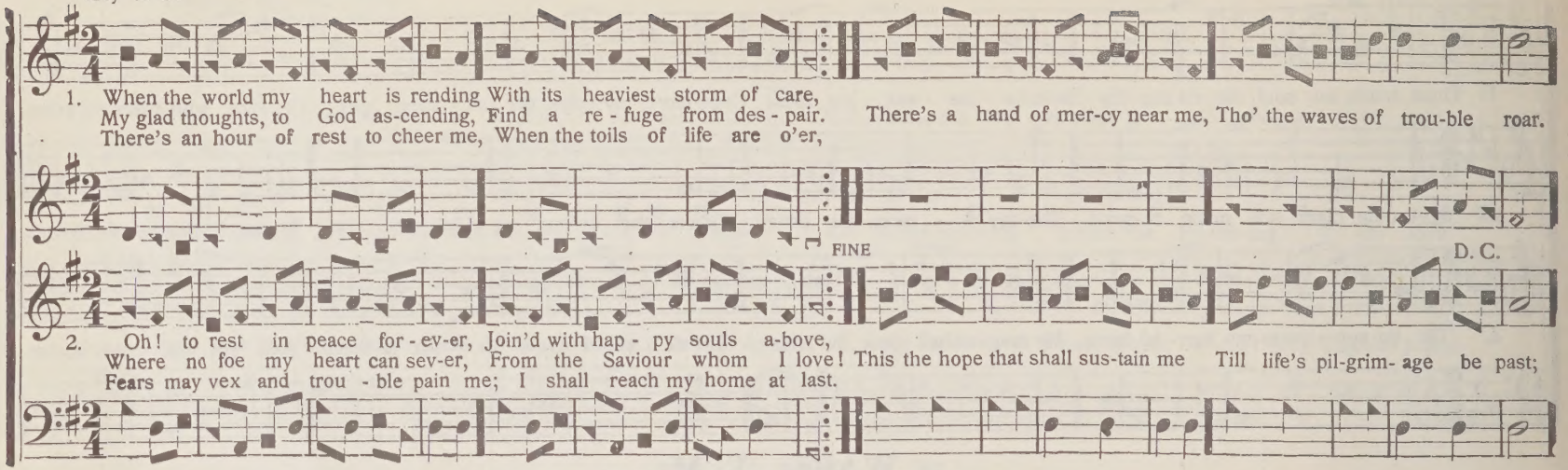
WARE. L. M.

J. CHANDLER. **Key of B Flat.** GEO. KINGSLEY.


1. On Jor-dan's bank the Bap-tist's cry, An-nounces that the Lord is nigh; A-wake, and hark-en, for he brings Glad tid-ings of the King of Kings.
2. Then cleans'd be every breast from sin; Make straight the way for God with-in; Pre-pare we in our hearts a home, Where such a might-y Guest may come.
3. For thou art our sal-va-tion, Lord, Our ref-uge and our great re - ward; Without thy grace we waste a-way, Like flow'rs that with-er and de-cay.

SELMA. C. M. D.

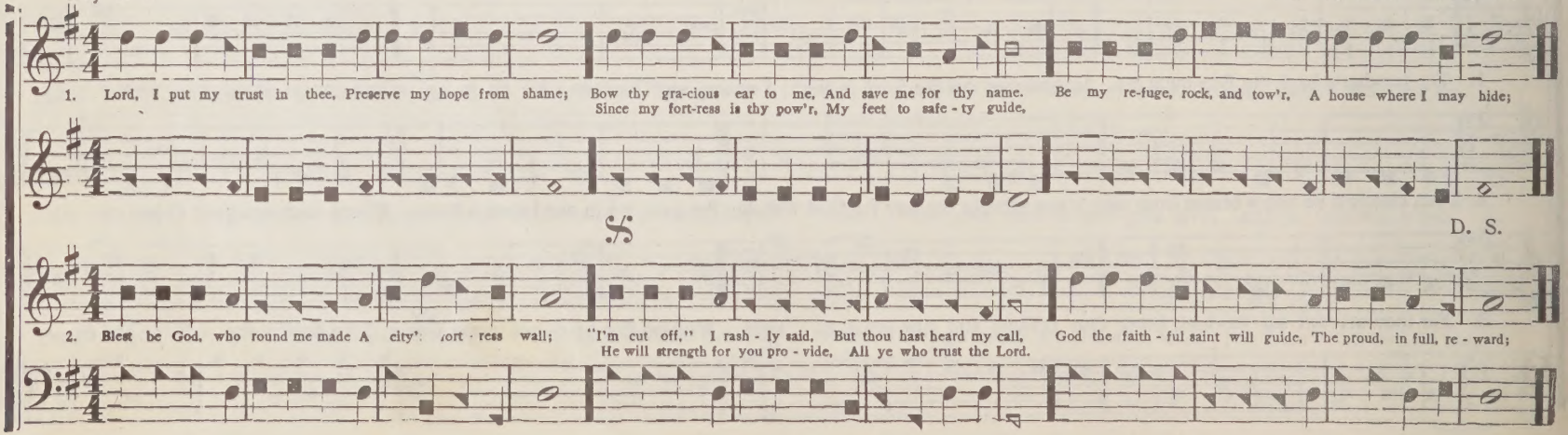
Key of G.


1. When the world my heart is rending With its heaviest storm of care,
My glad thoughts, to God as-cending, Find a re - fuge from des - pair. There's a hand of mer-cy near me, Tho' the waves of trou-ble roar.
There's an hour of rest to cheer me, When the toils of life are o'er,
FINE
D. C.
2. Oh! to rest in peace for - ev-er, Join'd with hap - py souls a-bove,
Where no foe my heart can sev-er, From the Saviour whom I love! This the hope that shall sus-tain me Till life's pil-grim- age be past;
Fears may vex and trou - ble pain me; I shall reach my home at last.

MALAND. 7s. Æ 6s..

Key of G.

DR. LOWELL MASON.


1. Lord, I put my trust in thee, Preserve my hope from shame; Bow thy gra-cious ear to me, And save me for thy name. Be my re-fuge, rock, and tow'r, A house where I may hide;
Since my fort-ress is thy pow'r, My feet to safe - ty guide,
D. S.
2. Blest be God, who round me made A city's fort - ress wall; "I'm cut off," I rash - ly said, But thou hast heard my call, God the faith - ful saint will guide, The proud, in full, re - ward;
He will strength for you pro - vide, All ye who trust the Lord.

BETHANY. 6s and 4s.

SARAH F. ADAMS. Key of G.

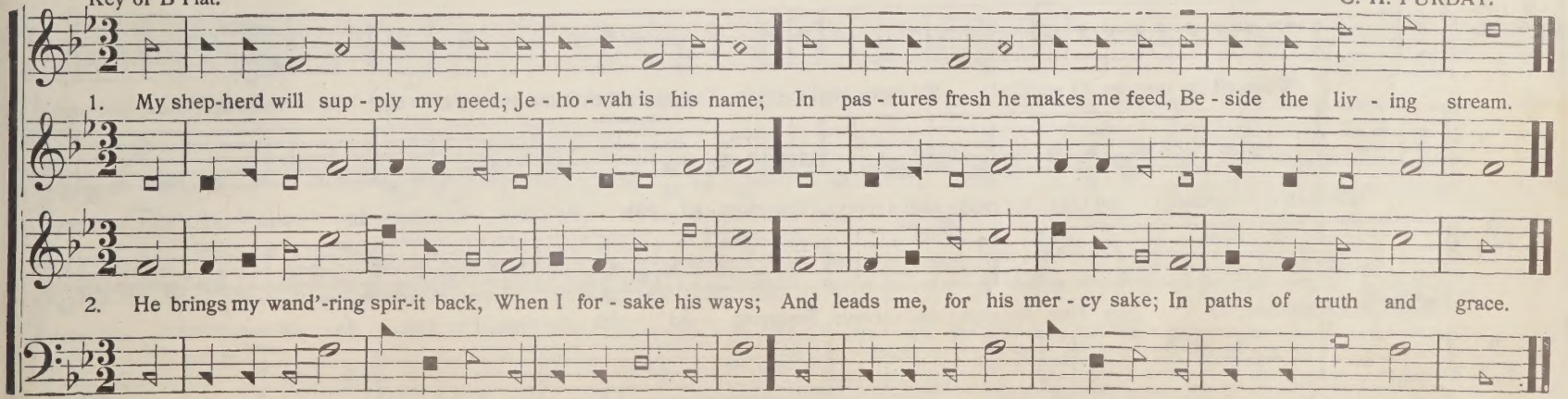
DR. LOWELL MASON. D. S.

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.
2. Tho' like a wanderer, Daylight all gone, Dark-ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone. Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.
3. There let the way appear Steps up to heav'n; All that thou send-est me, In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

NOTTING HILL. C. M.

Key of B Flat.

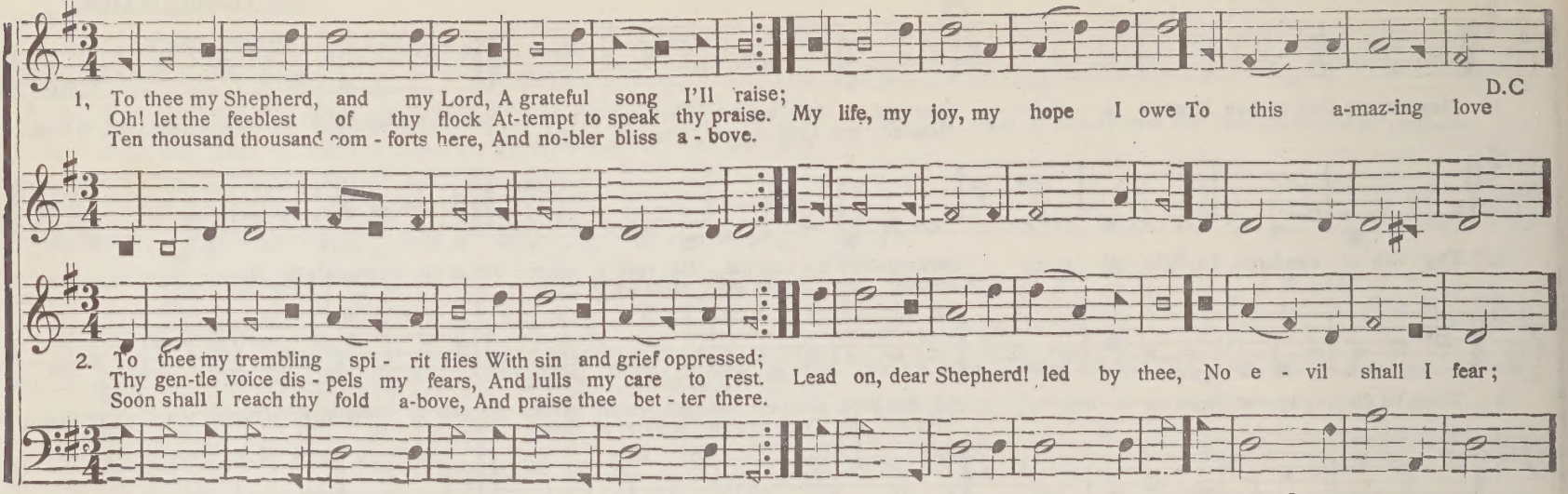
C. H. PURDAY.


1. My shep-herd will sup - ply my need; Je - ho - vah is his name; In pas - tures fresh he makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream.
2. He brings my wand'-ring spir-it back, When I for - sake his ways; And leads me, for his mer - cy sake; In paths of truth and grace.

FLEMING. C. M.

Key of G.

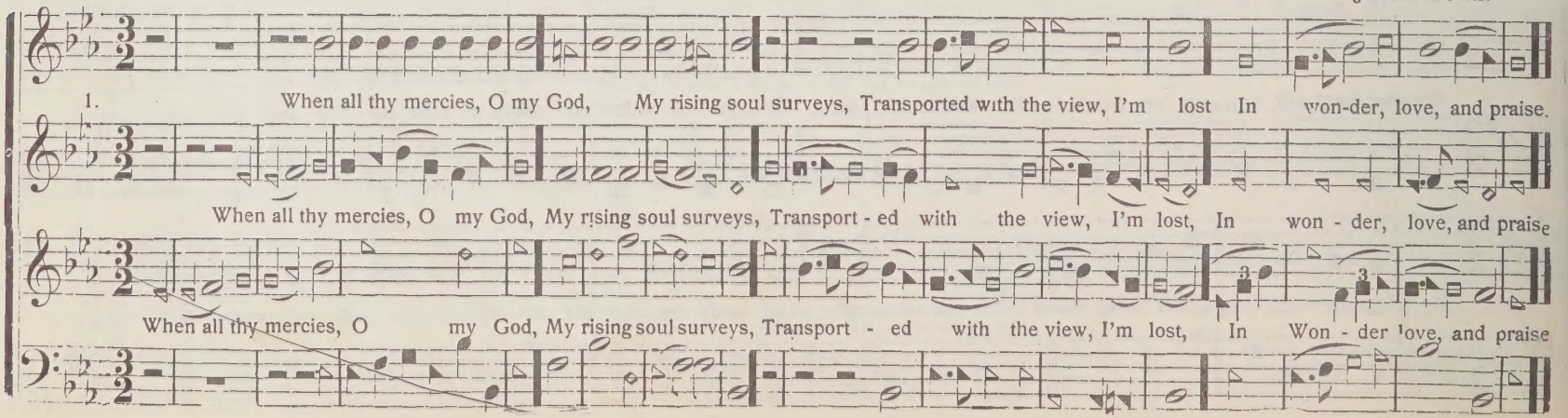
THOMAS HASTING.


1, To thee my Shepherd, and my Lord, A grateful song I'll raise;
Oh! let the feeblest of thy flock At-tempt to speak thy praise. My life, my joy, my hope I owe To this a-maz-ing love
Ten thousand thousand com - forts here, And no-bler bliss a - bove.
D.C
2. To thee my trembling spi - rit flies With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gen-tle voice dis - pels my fears, And lulls my care to rest. Lead on, dear Shepherd! led by thee, No e - vil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold a-bove, And praise thee bet - ter there.

GENEVA. C. M.

Key of E Flat

JOHN COLE.


1. When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.
When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Transport - ed with the view, I'm lost, In won - der, love, and praise
When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Transport - ed with the view, I'm lost, In Won - der love, and praise

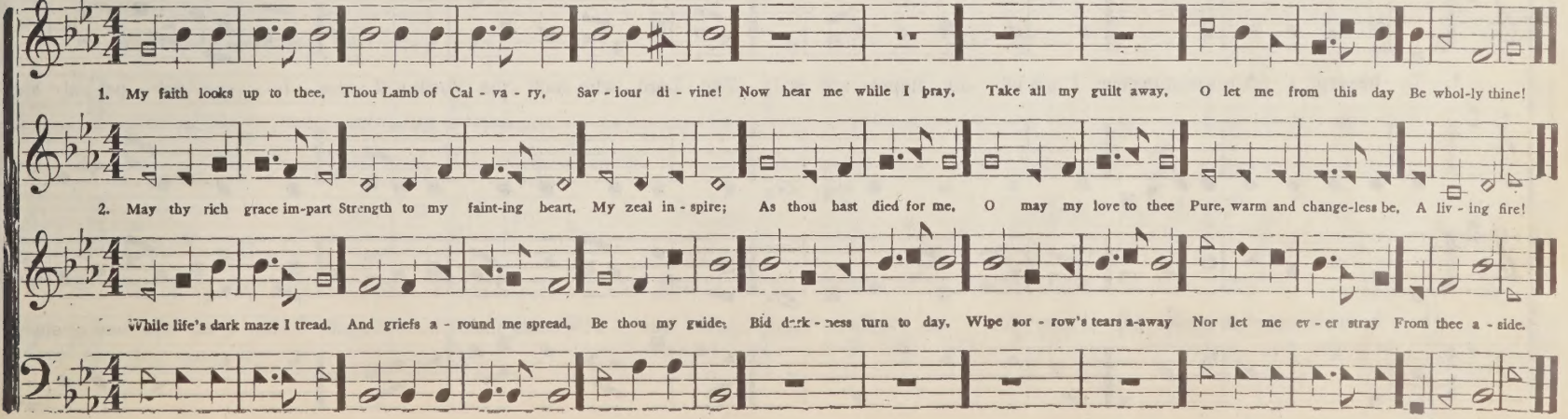
CECIL. 8s, 7s and 4.

Key of E.

1. Ev - ry hu - man tie may per - ish; Friend to friend un - faith - ful prove;
Moth-ers cease their own to cher - ish; Heav - en and earth at last re - move; But no chang - es can a - vert a fath - ers love.
2. In the fur - nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can nev - er cease to love thee; Thou art pre - cious in his sight: God is with thee, God thine ev - er - last - ing light.

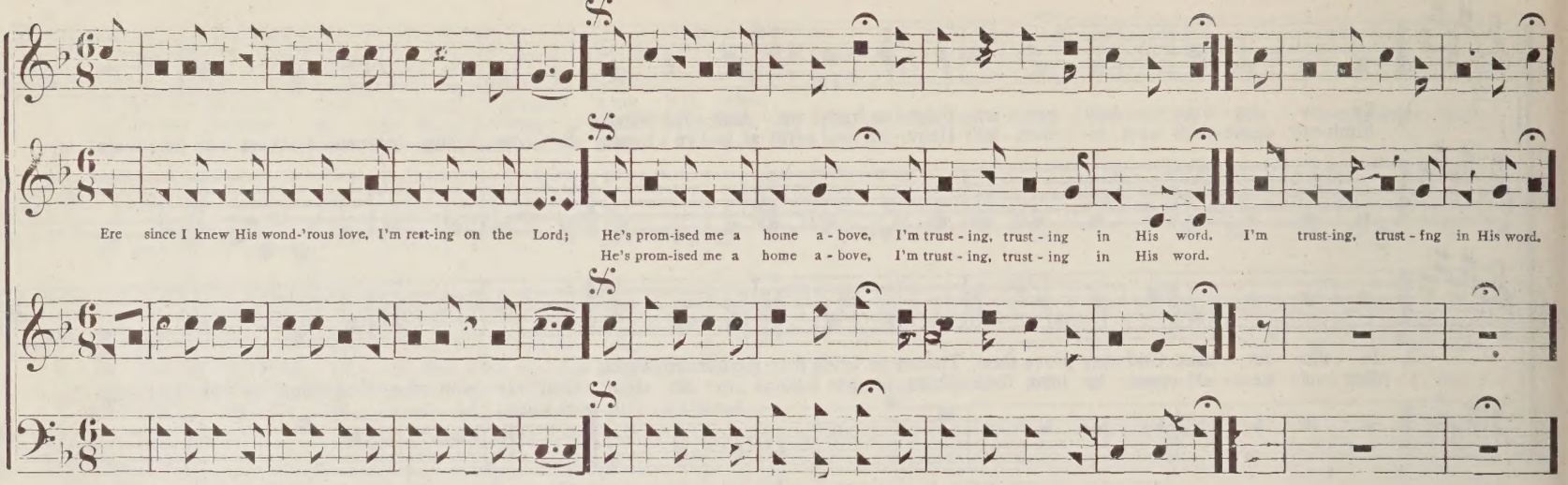
OLIVET. 6s and 4s.

RAY PALMER. Key of E Flat. DR. LOWELL MASON.


1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt away, O let me from this day Be whol-ly thine!
2. May thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As thou hast died for me, O may my love to thee Pure, warm and change-less be, A liv - ing fire!
While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's tears a-away Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.

TRUSTING.

MARY E. DAVIS **Key of F.** FINE. MARY E. DAVIS *D. C.*


Ere since I knew His wond-'rous love, I'm rest-ing on the Lord; He's prom-ised me a home a - bove, I'm trust - ing, trust - ing in His word. I'm trust-ing, trust - fng in His word.
He's prom-ised me a home a - bove, I'm trust - ing, trust - ing in His word.

MEDFIELD. C. M.

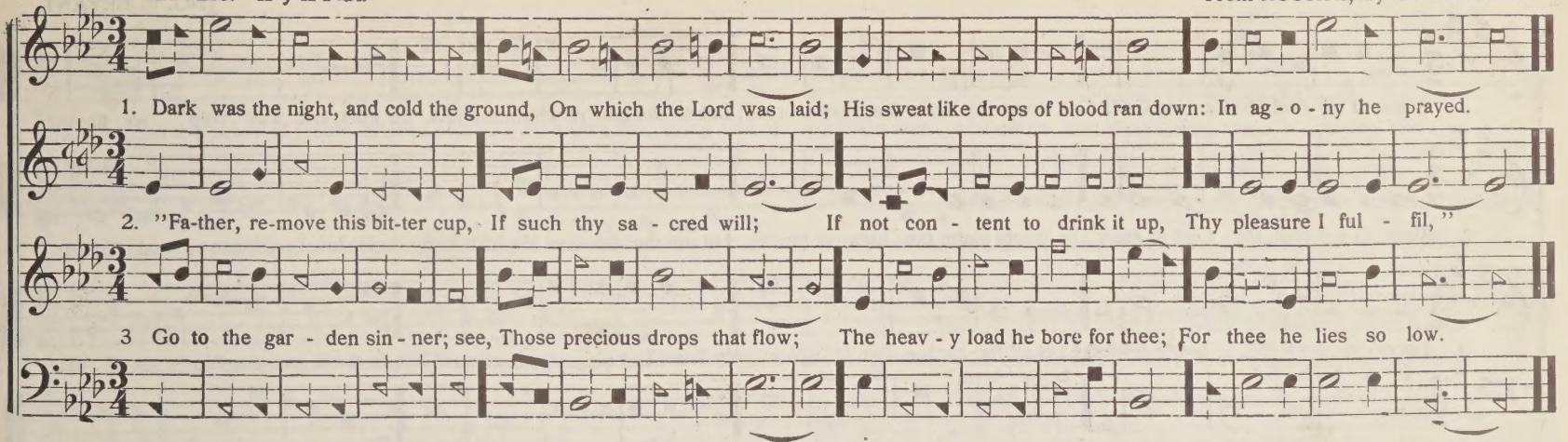
Key of G. W. M. MATHER.

1. To heaven I lift my wait-ing eye, There all my hopes are laid; The Lord, who built the earth and skies, Is my per - pet-ual aid.
Their steadfast feet shall nev-er fall, Whom he de- signs to keep; His ear at - tends their hum-ble call, His eyes can nev-er sleep.

MANOAH. C. M.

THOMAS HAWEIS. Key A Flat.

From ROSSINI, by GREATOREX.


1. Dark was the night, and cold the ground, On which the Lord was laid; His sweat like drops of blood ran down: In ag - o - ny he prayed.
2. "Fa-ther, re-move this bit-ter cup, If such thy sa - cred will; If not con - tent to drink it up, Thy pleasure I ful - fil,"
3 Go to the gar - den sin - ner; see, Those precious drops that flow; The heav - y load he bore for thee; For thee he lies so low.

LISBON. S. M.

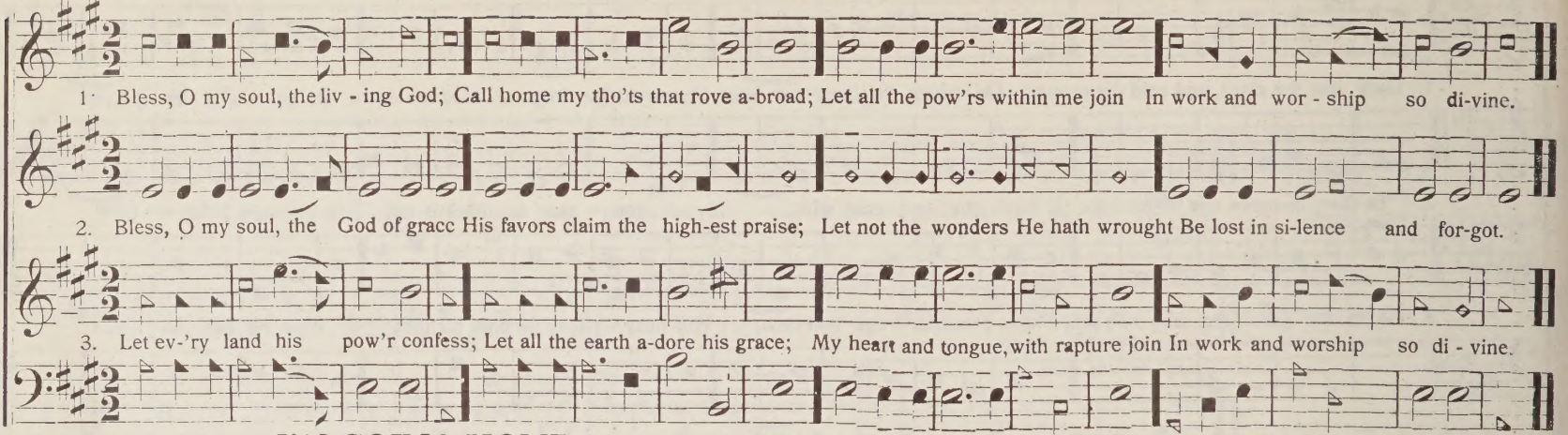
ISAAC WATTS. Key of B Flat.

DANIEL REID.

1. Wel-come sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise, Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.
2 The King him - self comes near, And feasts his saints to - day; Here may we sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
3. One day, a - mid the place Where Christ, my Lord, hath been, Is sweet - er than ten thous - and days With - in the tents of sin.

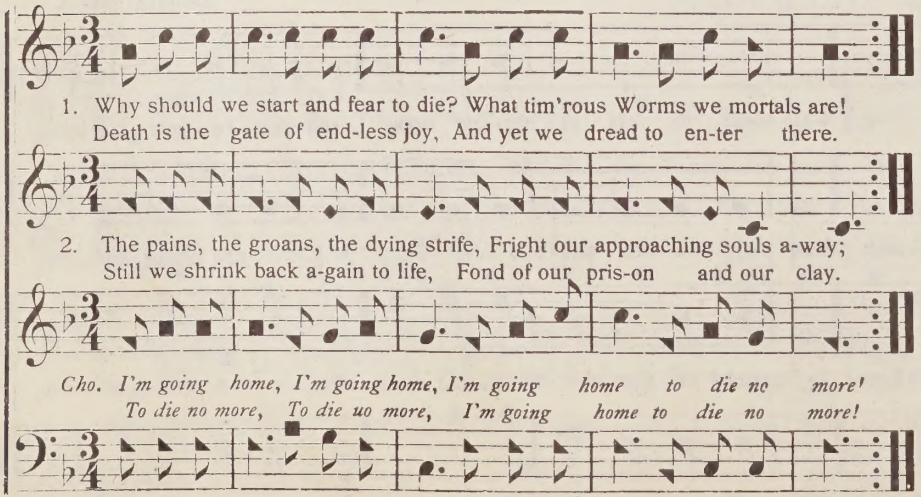
WALDEN. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Key of A. JNO. R. BRYANT.


1. Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God; Call home my tho'ts that rove a-broad; Let all the pow'rs within me join In work and wor - ship so di-vine.
2. Bless, O my soul, the God of gracc His favors claim the high-est praise; Let not the wonders He hath wrought Be lost in si-lence and for-got.
3. Let ev-'ry land his pow'r confess; Let all the earth a-dore his grace; My heart and tongue, with rapture join In work and worship so di - vine.

I'M GOING HOME.

REV. WM. HUNTER. WM- MILLER.


1. Why should we start and fear to die? What tim'rous Worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of end-less joy, And yet we dread to en-ter there.
2. The pains, the groans, the dying strife, Fright our approaching souls a-way;
Still we shrink back a-gain to life, Fond of our pris-on and our clay.
Cho. I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home to die no more!
To die no more, To die no more, I'm going home to die no more!

3. Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4. Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breath my life out sweetly there.

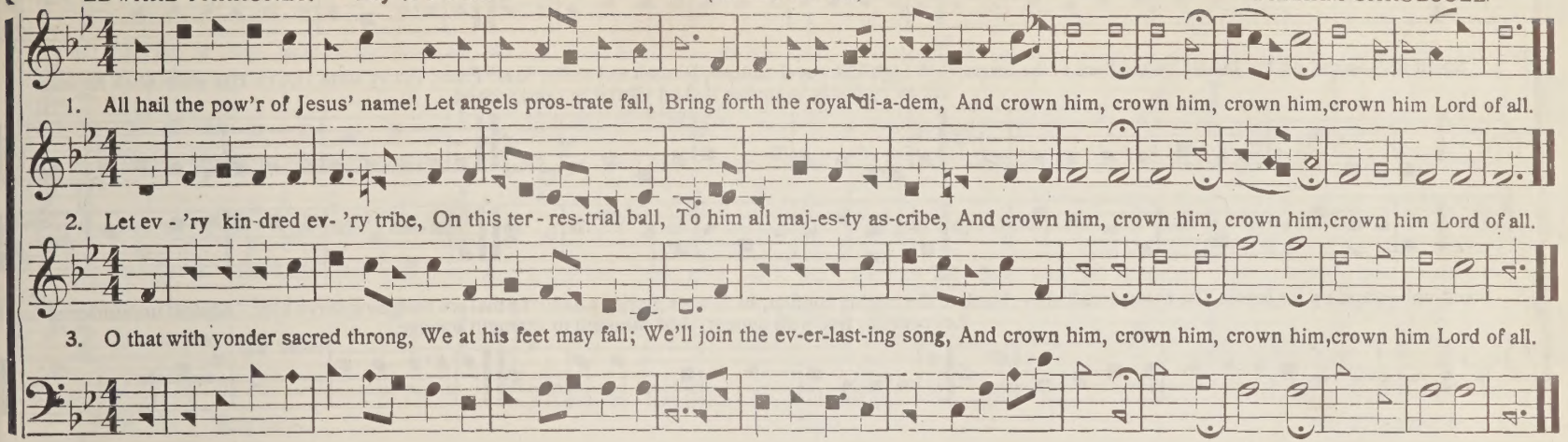
SECOND HYMN.

1. My heavn'ly home is bright and fair;
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
It's glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out shines;
That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

2. My Father's house is built ou high,
Far far a-bove the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heav'nly mansion mine shall be

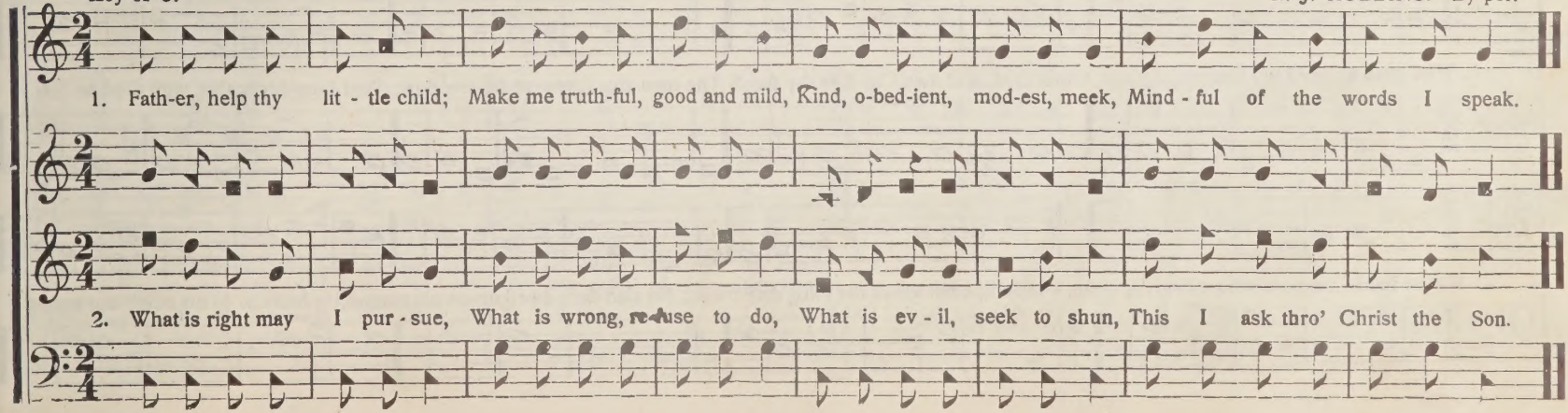
ALL HAIL THE POWER.

EDWARD PARRONET. Key of B Flat. (MILES LANE.) WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.


1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels pros-trate fall, Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him,crown him Lord of all.
2. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred ev- 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, To him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown him, crown him, crown him,crown him Lord of all.
3. O that with yonder sacred throng, We at his feet may fall; We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown him, crown him, crown him,crown him Lord of all.

CHILDRENS' MORNING PRAYER.

Key of C. R. J. ROBBINS. By per.

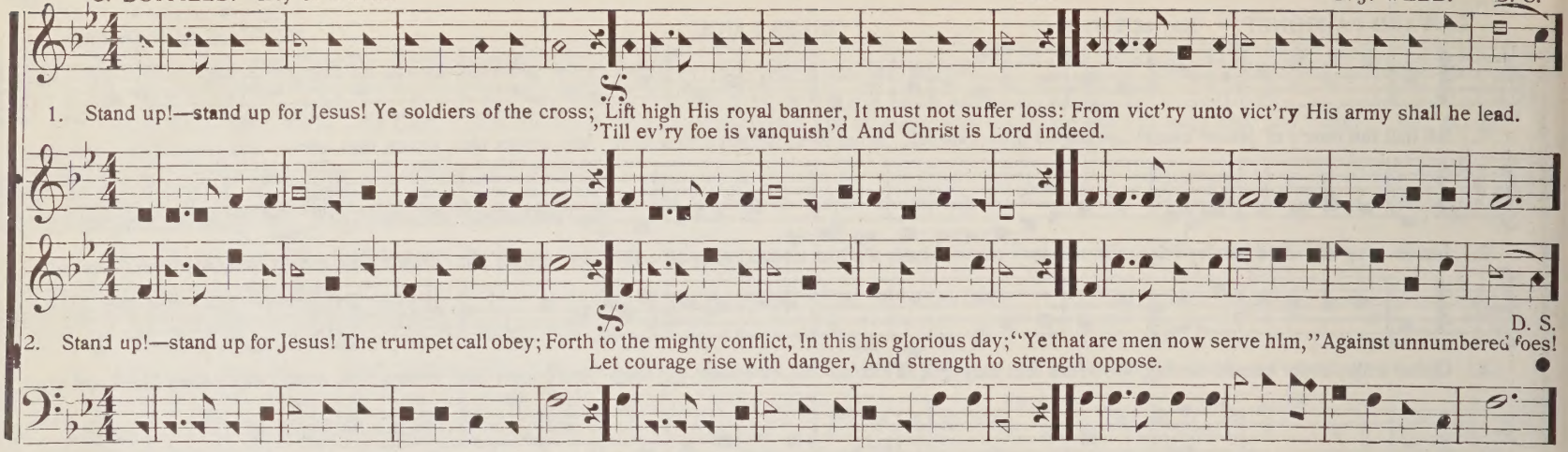

1. Fath-er, help thy lit - tle child; Make me truth-ful, good and mild, Kind, o-bed-ient, mod-est, meek, Mind - ful of the words I speak.
2. What is right may I pur - sue, What is wrong, re-fuse to do, What is ev - il, seek to shun, This I ask thro' Christ the Son.

WEBB. 7s and 6s.

G. DUFFIELD. Key of B Flat.

FINE

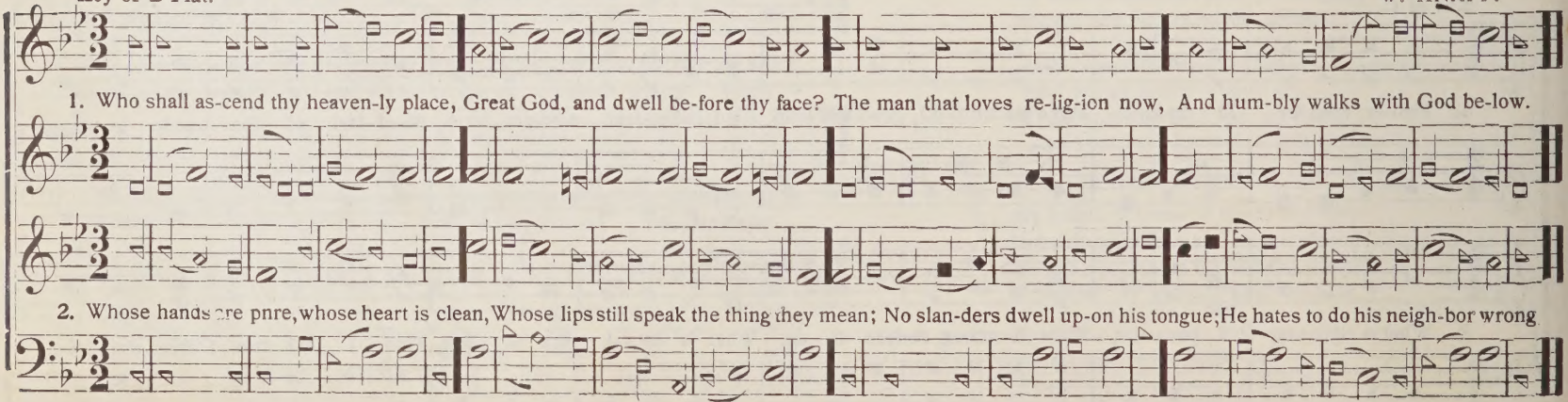
G. J. WEBB. D. S.


1. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His royal banner, It must not suffer loss: From vict'ry unto vict'ry His army shall he lead.
'Till ev'ry foe is vanquish'd And Christ is Lord indeed.
D. S.
2. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus! The trumpet call obey; Forth to the mighty conflict, In this his glorious day; "Ye that are men now serve him," Against unnumbered foes!
Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.

ALL-SAINTS. L. M.

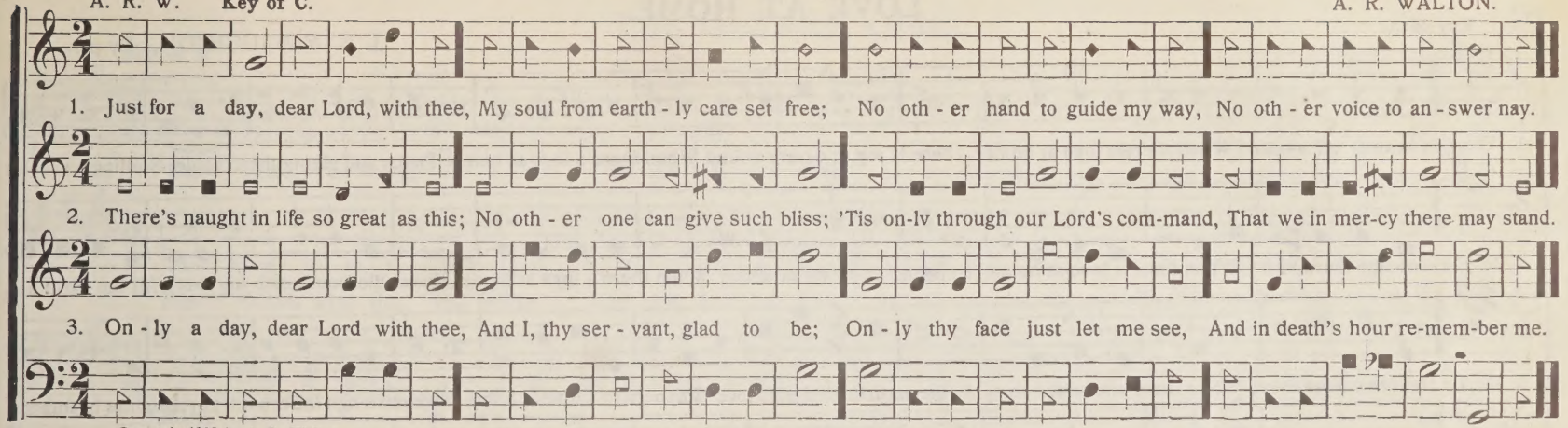
Key of B Flat.

W. KNAPP.


1. Who shall as-cend thy heaven-ly place, Great God, and dwell be-fore thy face? The man that loves re-lig-ion now, And hum-bly walks with God be-low.
2. Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean, Whose lips still speak the thing they mean; No slan-ders dwell up-on his tongue; He hates to do his neigh-bor wrong

JUST FOR A DAY. L. M.

A. R. W. Key of C. A. R. WALTON.


1. Just for a day, dear Lord, with thee, My soul from earth - ly care set free; No oth - er hand to guide my way, No oth - er voice to an - swer nay.
2. There's naught in life so great as this; No oth - er one can give such bliss; 'Tis on-ly through our Lord's com-mand, That we in mer-cy there may stand.
3. On - ly a day, dear Lord with thee, And I, thy ser - vant, glad to be; On - ly thy face just let me see, And in death's hour re-mem-ber me.

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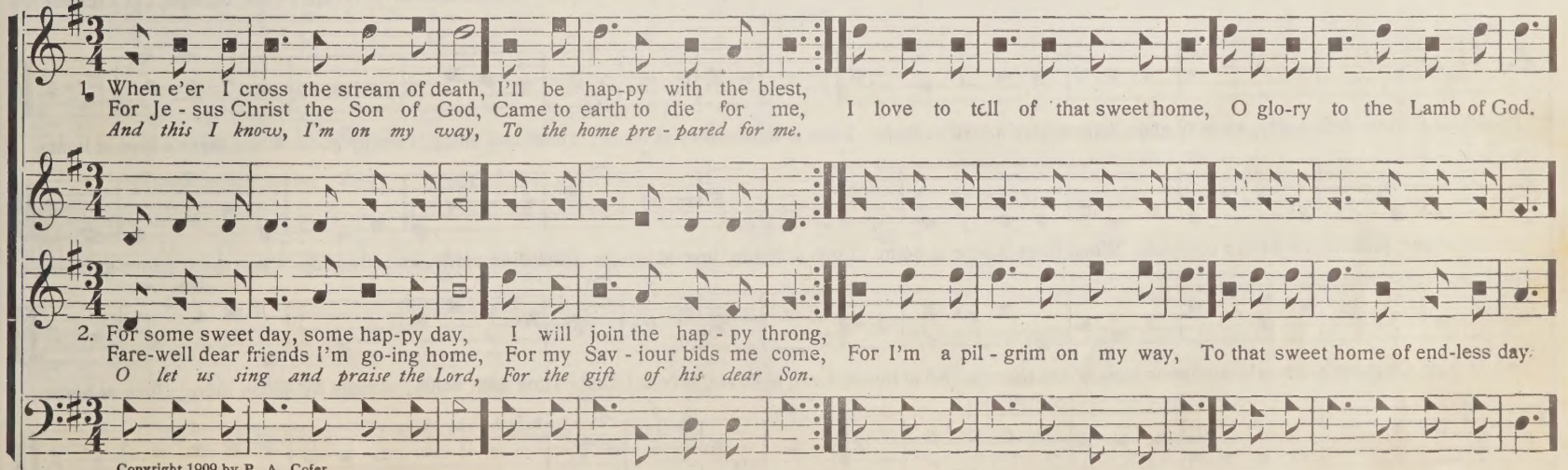
JESUS DIED FOR ME. 8s and 7s.

P. A. C. Key of G. FINE P. A. COFER. D. C.


1. When e'er I cross the stream of death, I'll be hap-py with the blest,
For Je - sus Christ the Son of God, Came to earth to die for me, I love to tell of that sweet home, O glo-ry to the Lamb of God.
And this I know, I'm on my way, To the home pre - pared for me.
2. For some sweet day, some hap-py day, I will join the hap - py throng,
Fare-well dear friends I'm go-ing home, For my Sav - iour bids me come, For I'm a pil - grim on my way, To that sweet home of end-less day.
O let us sing and praise the Lord, For the gift of his dear Son.

Copyright 1909 by P. A. Cofer.

LOVE AT HOME.

Key of A.

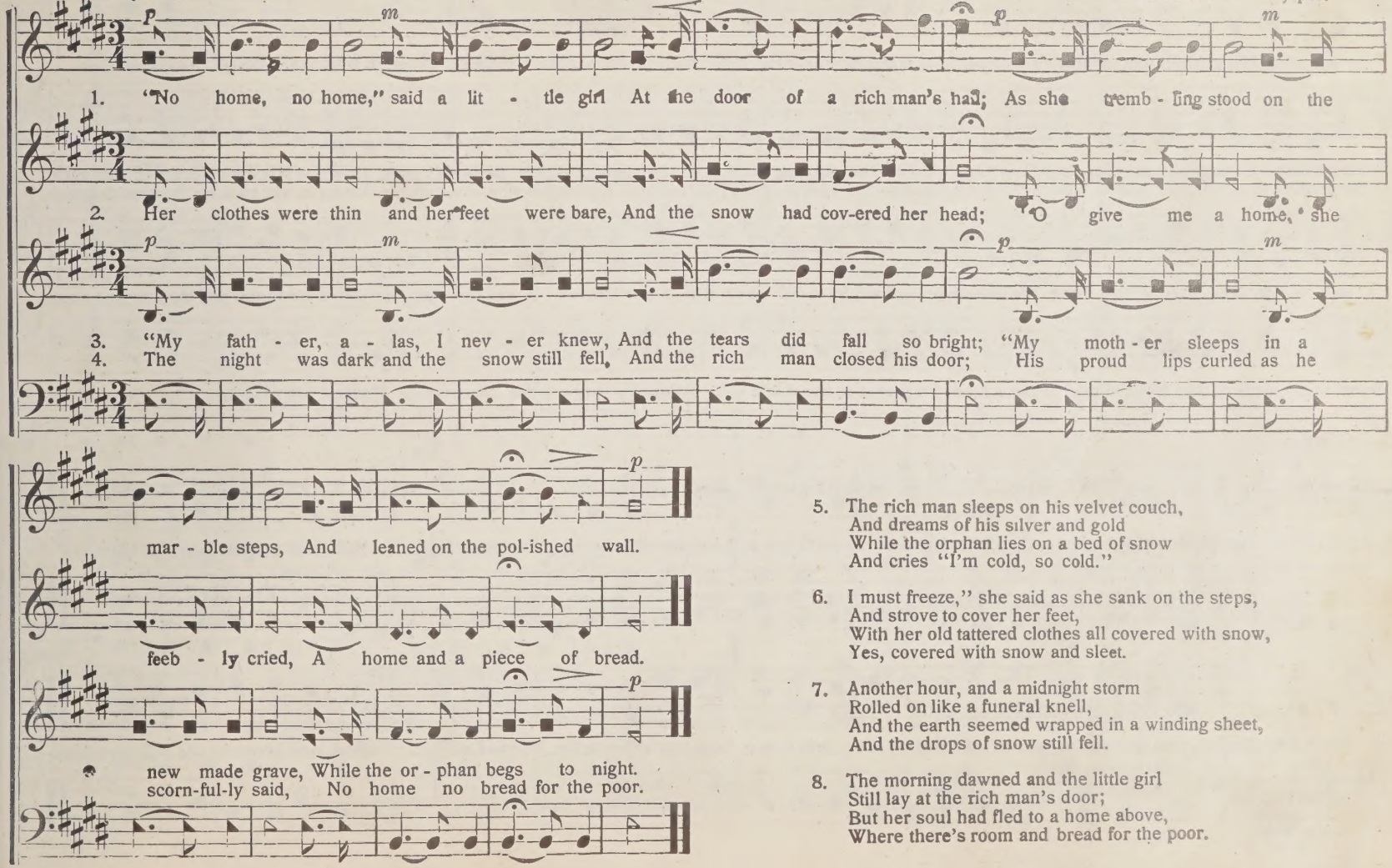
J. H. McNAUGHTON. By per.

1. There is beau-ty all a-round When there's love at home; There is joy in ev-ery sound When there's love at home: Peace and plenty there abide, Smiling sweet on
2. In the cot-tage there is joy When there's love at home; Hate and en-vy ne'er annoy When there's love at home: Roses blossom neath our feet, All the earth's a
3. Kindly Heaven smiles above When there's love at home; All the earth is fill'd with love When there's love at home. Sweeter sings the brooklet by, Brighter beams the
4. Je-sus, slowly mer-cy mine, Then there's love at home; Sweetly whisper I am thine, Then there's love at home. Source of love, thy cheering light Far exceeds the
REFRAIN:
p
f
ev-ery side; Time doth softly, sweetly glide When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home: Time doth softly, sweetly glide When there's love at home.
garden sweet, Making life a bliss complete When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home: Time doth softly, sweetly glide When there's love at home.
a-zure sky Oh there's One who smiles on high When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home: Time doth softly, sweetly fly When there's love at home
sun so bright, Can dispel the gloom of night Then there's love at home. Love at home, love at home: Time doth softly, sweetly glide When there's love at home

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

Key of E

P. B. MOSLEY. By per.


1. "No home, no home," said a lit - tle girl At the door of a rich man's hall; As she tremb - ling stood on the
2. Her clothes were thin and her feet were bare, And the snow had cov-ered her head; "O give me a home," she
3. "My fath - er, a - las, I nev - er knew, And the tears did fall so bright; "My moth - er sleeps in a
4. The night was dark and the snow still fell, And the rich man closed his door; His proud lips curled as he
mar - ble steps, And leaned on the pol-ished wall.
feeb - ly cried, A home and a piece of bread.
new made grave, While the or - phan begs to night.
scorn-ful-ly said, No home no bread for the poor.

5. The rich man sleeps on his velvet couch,
And dreams of his silver and gold
While the orphan lies on a bed of snow
And cries "I'm cold, so cold."

6. I must freeze," she said as she sank on the steps,
And strove to cover her feet,
With her old tattered clothes all covered with snow,
Yes, covered with snow and sleet.

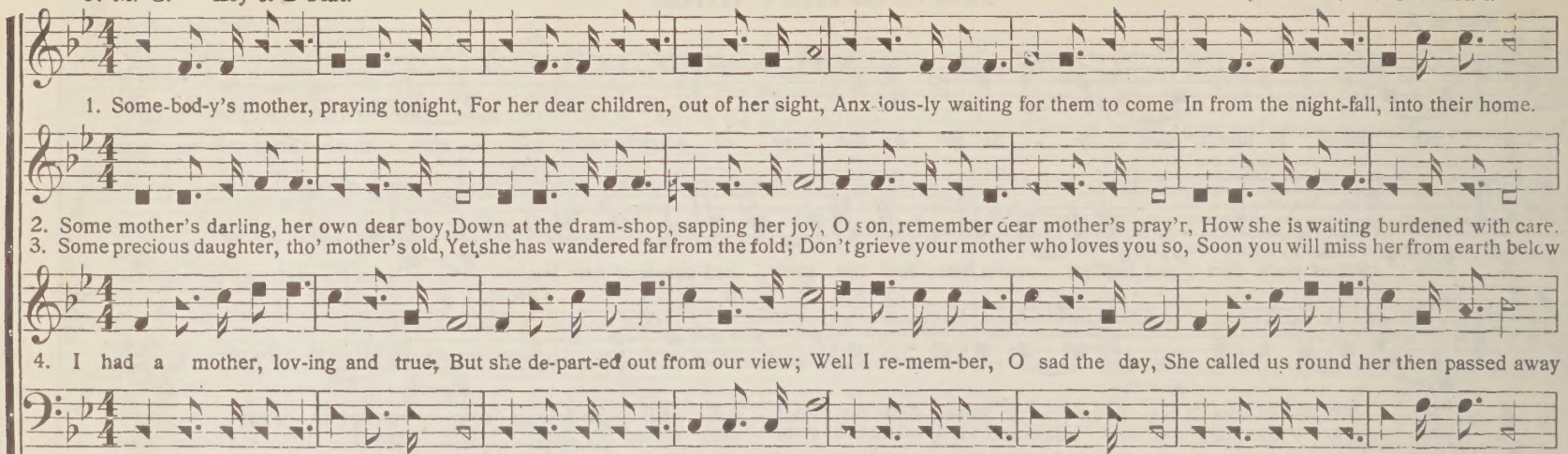
7. Another hour, and a midnight storm
Rolled on like a funeral knell,
And the earth seemed wrapped in a winding sheet,
And the drops of snow still fell.

8. The morning dawned and the little girl
Still lay at the rich man's door;
But her soul had fled to a home above,
Where there's room and bread for the poor.

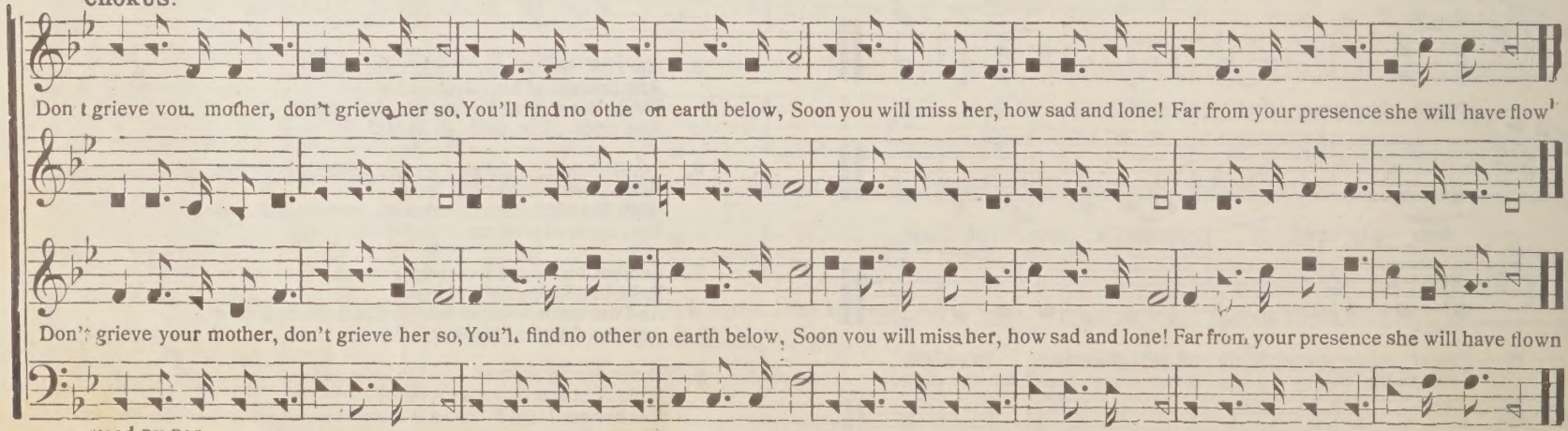
DON'T GRIEVE YOUR MOTHER.

F. M. G. Key of B Flat.

F. M. GRAHAM.


1. Some-bod-y's mother, praying tonight, For her dear children, out of her sight, Anx-ious-ly waiting for them to come In from the night-fall, into their home.
2. Some mother's darling, her own dear boy, Down at the dram-shop, sapping her joy, O son, remember dear mother's pray'r, How she is waiting burdened with care.
3. Some precious daughter, tho' mother's old, Yet she has wandered far from the fold; Don't grieve your mother who loves you so, Soon you will miss her from earth below
4. I had a mother, lov-ing and true, But she de-part-ed out from our view; Well I re-mem-ber, O sad the day, She called us round her then passed away
5. Sweet to my mem'ry and fresh to-day, When mother taught me to kneel and pray, Pointing to heaven that home above Where I will meet her, she whom I love

CHORUS:

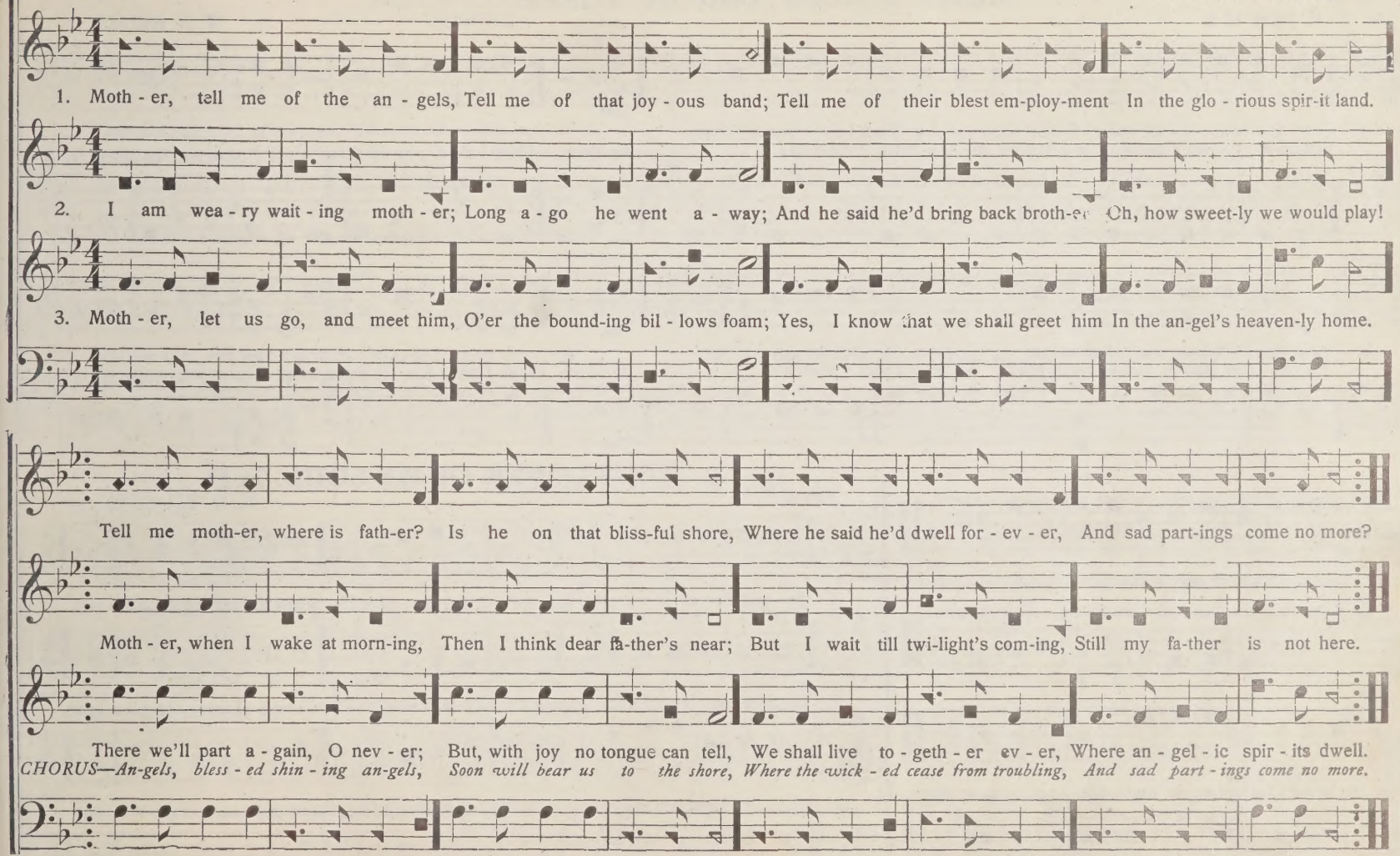

Don t grieve vou. mother, don't grieve her so, You'll find no othe on earth below, Soon you will miss her, how sad and lone! Far from your presence she will have flow'
Don't grieve your mother, don't grieve her so, You'll find no other on earth below, Soon you will miss her, how sad and lone! Far from your presence she will have flown

Used By Per

"MOTHER TELL ME OF THE ANGELS."

Key of B Flat.

WYATT MINSHALL.


1. Moth - er, tell me of the an - gels, Tell me of that joy - ous band; Tell me of their blest em-ploy-ment In the glo - rious spir-it land.
2. I am wea - ry wait - ing moth - er; Long a - go he went a - way; And he said he'd bring back broth-er Oh, how sweet-ly we would play!
3. Moth - er, let us go, and meet him, O'er the bound-ing bil - lows foam; Yes, I know that we shall greet him In the an-gel's heaven-ly home.
Tell me moth-er, where is fath-er? Is he on that bliss-ful shore, Where he said he'd dwell for - ev - er, And sad part-ings come no more?
Moth - er, when I wake at morn-ing, Then I think dear fa-ther's near; But I wait till twi-light's com-ing, Still my fa-ther is not here.
There we'll part a - gain, O nev - er; But, with joy no tongue can tell, We shall live to - geth - er ev - er, Where an - gel - ic spir - its dwell.
CHORUS—An-gels, bless - ed shin - ing an-gels, Soon will bear us to the shore, Where the wick - ed cease from troubling, And sad part - ings come no more.

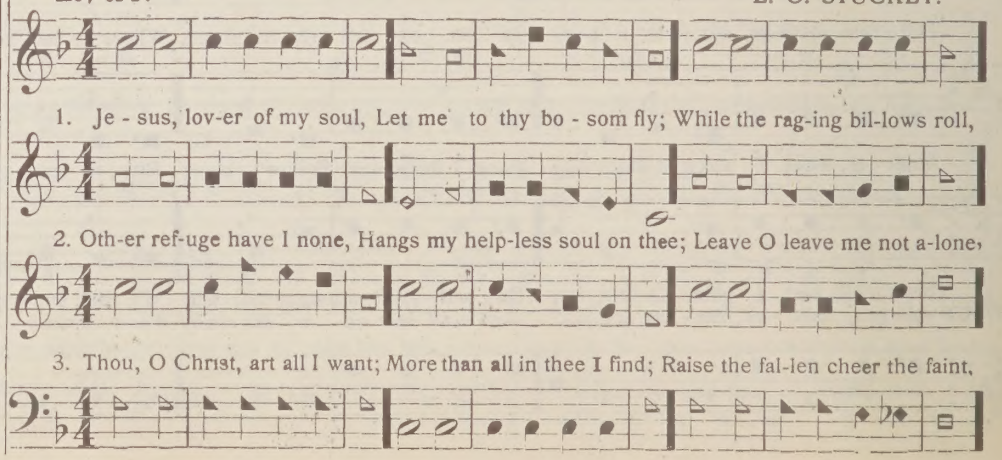
SHALL I MEET YOU UP THERE.

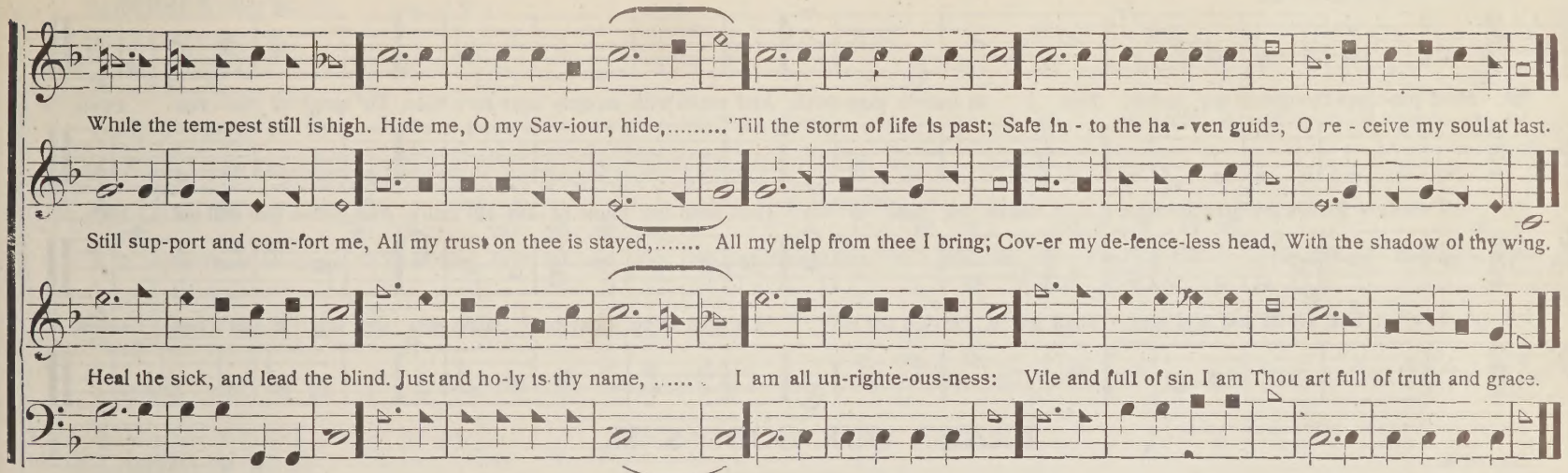
W. A. H. Key of A. CHORUS. W. A. HELMS.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful home' Far be-yond the sky; Shall I meet you up there.
Where my Sav-iour has gone to pre-pare for me, Shall I meet you .....up there. Shall I meet you up there, shall I meet you up there; In
2. And the Sav-iour was nailed to that rug - ged tree, He died for you and me;
He in - vites you to come to that land on high, Shall I meet you.....up there. Shall I meet you up there, shall I meet you up there; In
that bright world where angels dwell shall I meet you up there.
that bright world where angels dwell shall I meet you up there.

JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL. 7s D.

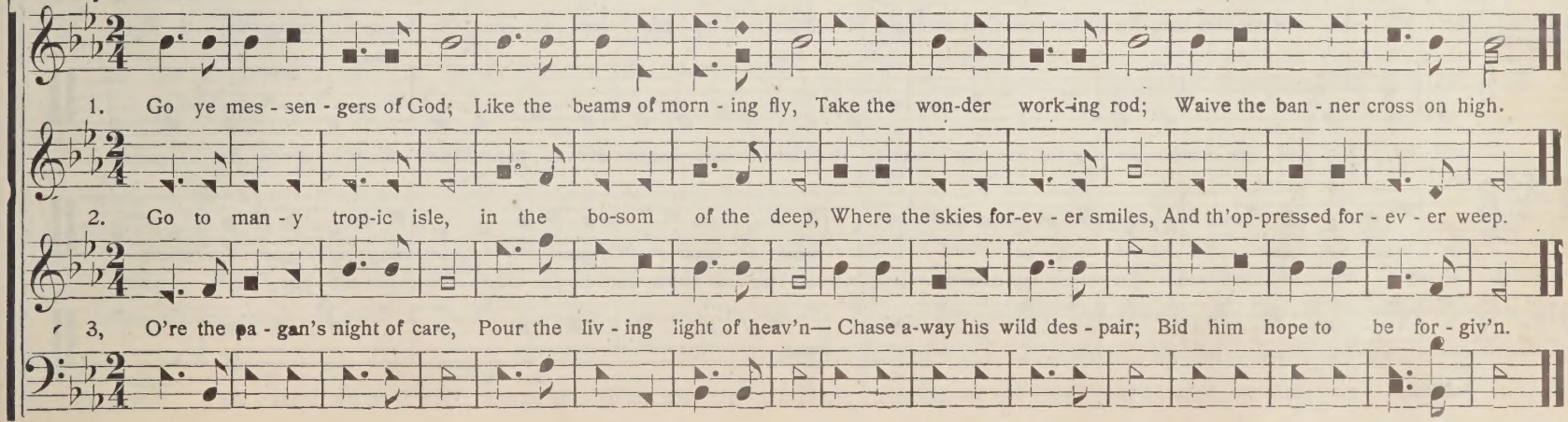
Key of F. E. O. STUCKEY.


1. Je - sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly; While the rag-ing bil-lows roll,
2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on thee; Leave O leave me not a-lone,
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in thee I find; Raise the fal-len cheer the faint,


While the tem-pest still is high. Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide,..... Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
Still sup-port and com-fort me, All my trust on thee is stayed,..... All my help from thee I bring; Cov-er my de-fence-less head, With the shadow of thy wing.
Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho-ly is thy name, ... I am all un-righte-ous-ness: Vile and full of sin I am Thou art full of truth and grace.

MISSIONARY SONG. 7s.

Key of E. Flat. REV. H. SMITH REES.


1. Go ye mes - sen - gers of God; Like the beams of morn - ing fly, Take the won-der work-ing rod; Waive the ban - ner cross on high.
2. Go to man - y trop-ic isle, in the bo-som of the deep, Where the skies for-ev - er smiles, And th'op-pressed for - ev - er weep.
3, O're the pa - gan's night of care, Pour the liv - ing light of heav'n— Chase a-way his wild des - pair; Bid him hope to be for - giv'n.

MARY. C. M.

A. R. W. Key of E flat. A. R. WALTON.

1. Most pre-cious thought to me is this, That I in heav'n may dwell; And share with an-gels heav-en's bliss, Th' an-gel-ic cho - rus swell.
2. All earth-ly friends my here for-sake, And leave me faint to die. Then from the fount of life I'll drink, And praise him still on high.
3. And when this life of toil and pain, Shall cease for - ev - er mo 'Tis then sweet heav-en I shall gain On that e - ter - nal shore.

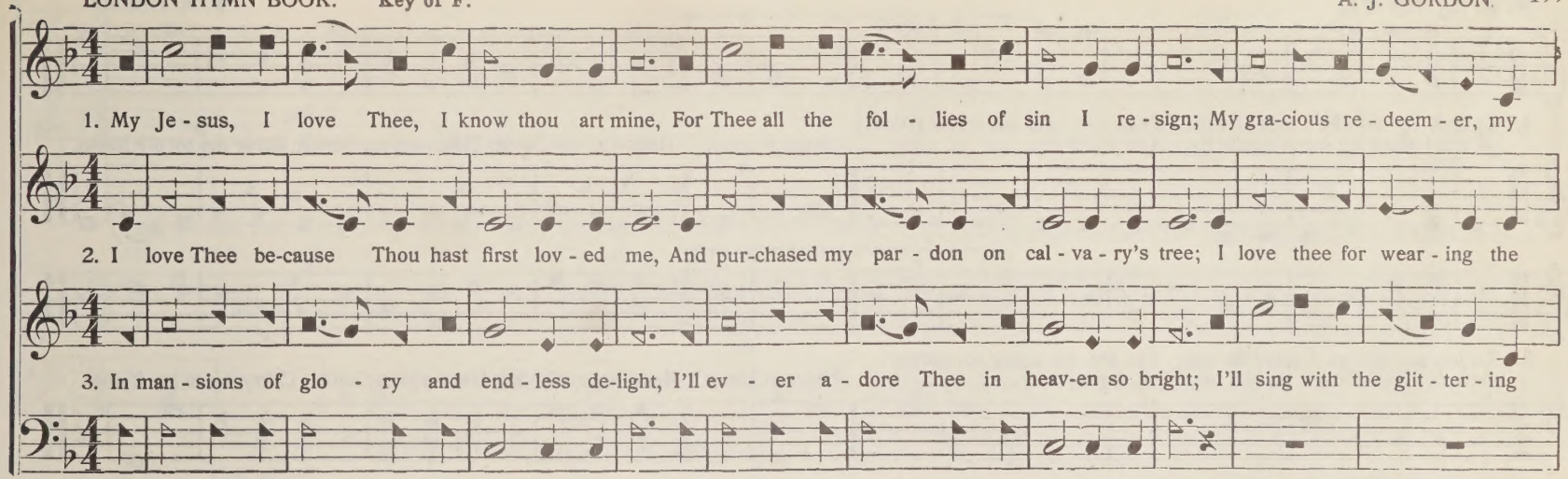
PRAISE OUR GOD. S. M.

Key of A. THOS. W. LOFTIN.

1. Let all our tongues be one, To praise our God on high, Who from his bo - som sent his son, To bring us strang - ers nigh.
2. Nor let our voi - ces cease To sing the Sav-iour's name; Je - sus th' am - bassa - dor of peace, How cheer - ful - ly he came!
3. It cost him cries and tears To bring us near to God; Great was our debt, and he ap - pears To make the pay - ment good.
4. Look up my soul to him Whose death was thy de - sert, And hum - bly view the liv - ing stream Flow from his break - ing heart.

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

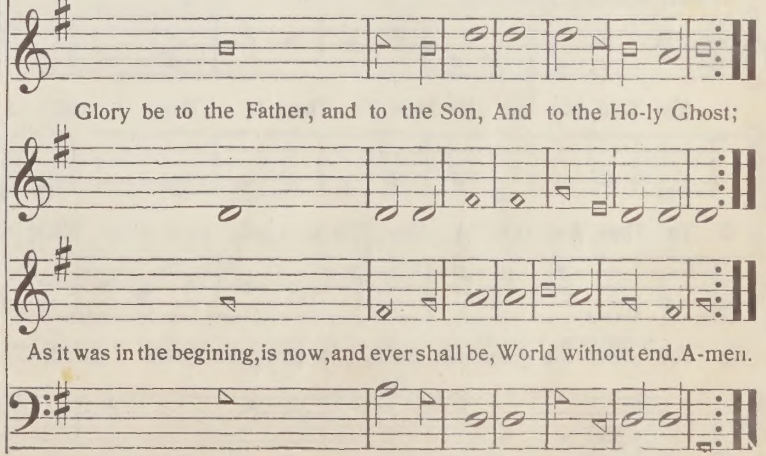
LONDON HYMN BOOK. Key of F. A. J. GORDON.


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know thou art mine, For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious re - deem - er, my
2. I love Thee be-cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur-chased my par - don on cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
3. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - ior art Thou, If ev-er I loved Thee,my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev-er I loved Thee,my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow; If ev-er I loved Thee,my Je - sus, 'tis now.

Key of G.

GLORIA PATRI.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho-ly Ghost;
As it was in the begining,is now,and ever shall be, World without end. A-men.

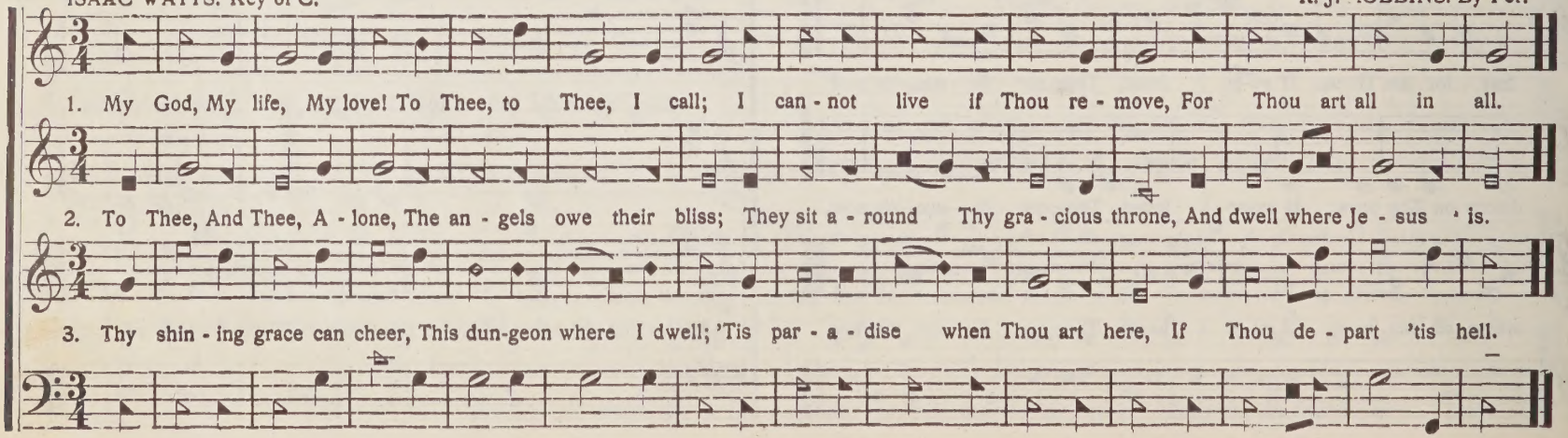
CARRY ME HOME.

W. A. H. Key of C. W. A. HELMS.

1. O land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the mo-ments come;
When I shall lay my ar-mour by, And dwell in..... peace at home. Heav-ens my home, Heav-ens my home; Carry me to my home.
2. To Je - sus Christ I cried for rest, He bid me cease to roam;
And fly for ref-uge to His breast, And dwell in..... peace at home. Heav-ens my home, Heav-ens my home; Carry me to my home.

PRAISE. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Key of C. R. J. ROBBINS. By Per.


1. My God, My life, My love! To Thee, to Thee, I call; I can - not live if Thou re - move, For Thou art all in all.
2. To Thee, And Thee, A - lone, The an - gels owe their bliss; They sit a - round Thy gra - cious throne, And dwell where Je - sus is.
3. Thy shin - ing grace can cheer, This dun-geon where I dwell; 'Tis par - a - dise when Thou art here, If Thou de - part 'tis hell.

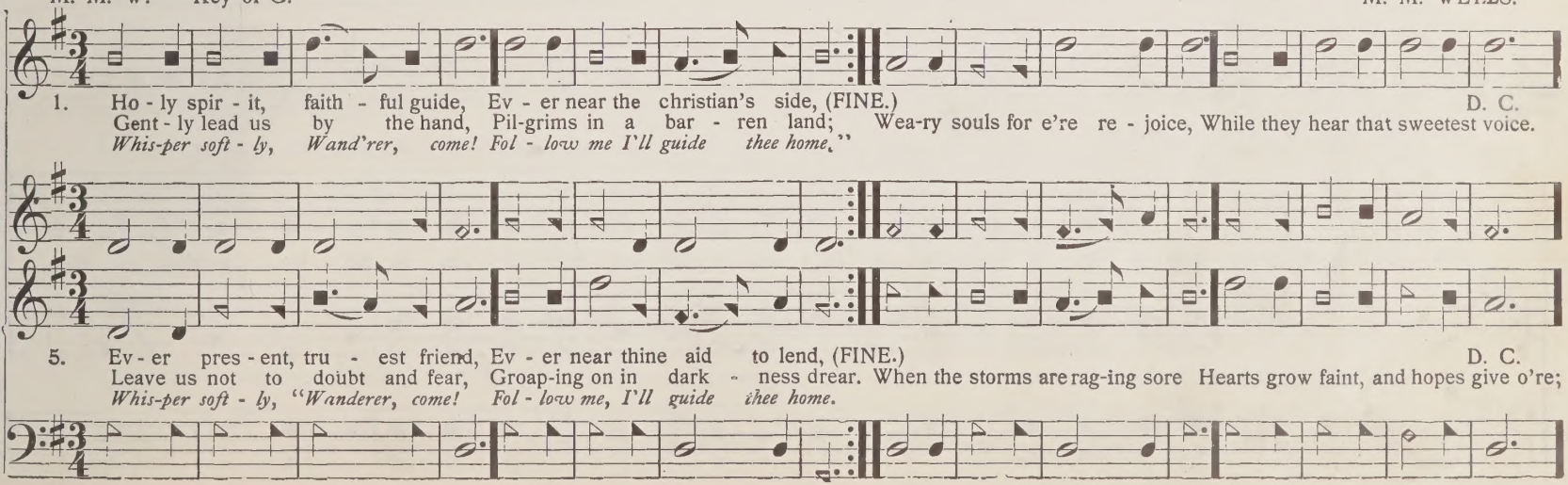
CHRISTAIN FRIENDS. 7, & 8s.

Key of F. S. M. DENSON.

1. Come my chris-tain friends and brethren, Bound for canaan's hap - py land;
Come u - nite and walk to - geth - er, Christ the Sav-iour gives Com . . mand, Lay a - side all par-ty spir - it, Slight your christian friends no more.
Come u - nite through Je-su's mer - it Zi - on's peace a-gain re-store.

HOLY SPIRIT FAITHFUL GUIDE. 7s. D.

M. M. W. Key of G. M. M. WELLS.



1. Ho - ly spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the christian's side, (FINE.)
Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a bar - ren land; Wea-ry souls for e're re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice.
Whis-per soft - ly, Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me I'll guide thee home."

5. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend, (FINE.)
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groap-ing on in dark - ness drear. When the storms are rag-ing sore Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o're;
Whis-per soft - ly, "Wanderer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

BABYLON IS FALLEN. 8s and 7s.

Key of E Minor.

W. E. CHUTE.

1. Hail! the day so long ex - pec - ted, Hail! the year of full re - lease;
Zi - on's walls are now e - rec - ted; And her watch - men pub - lish peace. Thro' our Shi - loh's wide do - min - ion, Hear the
2. All her mer-chants stand with won - der, What is this that comes to pass?
Murm'ring like the dis - tant thun - der, Cry - ing, "O, a - las! a - las!" Swell the sound, ye kings and no - bles, Priest and
3. Blow the trum-pet in Mount Zi - on! Christ shall come the sec - ond time;
Rul - ing with a rod of i - ron, All who now as foes com - bine. Ba - bel's gar-ments we've re - ject - ed, And our
trum - pet loud - ly roar— CHORUS:
peo - ple, rich and poor— Bab - y - lon is fal - len, is fal - len, is fal - len, Bab - y - lon is fal - len, to rise no more.
fel - low - ship is o'er.—

POYNER. C. M.

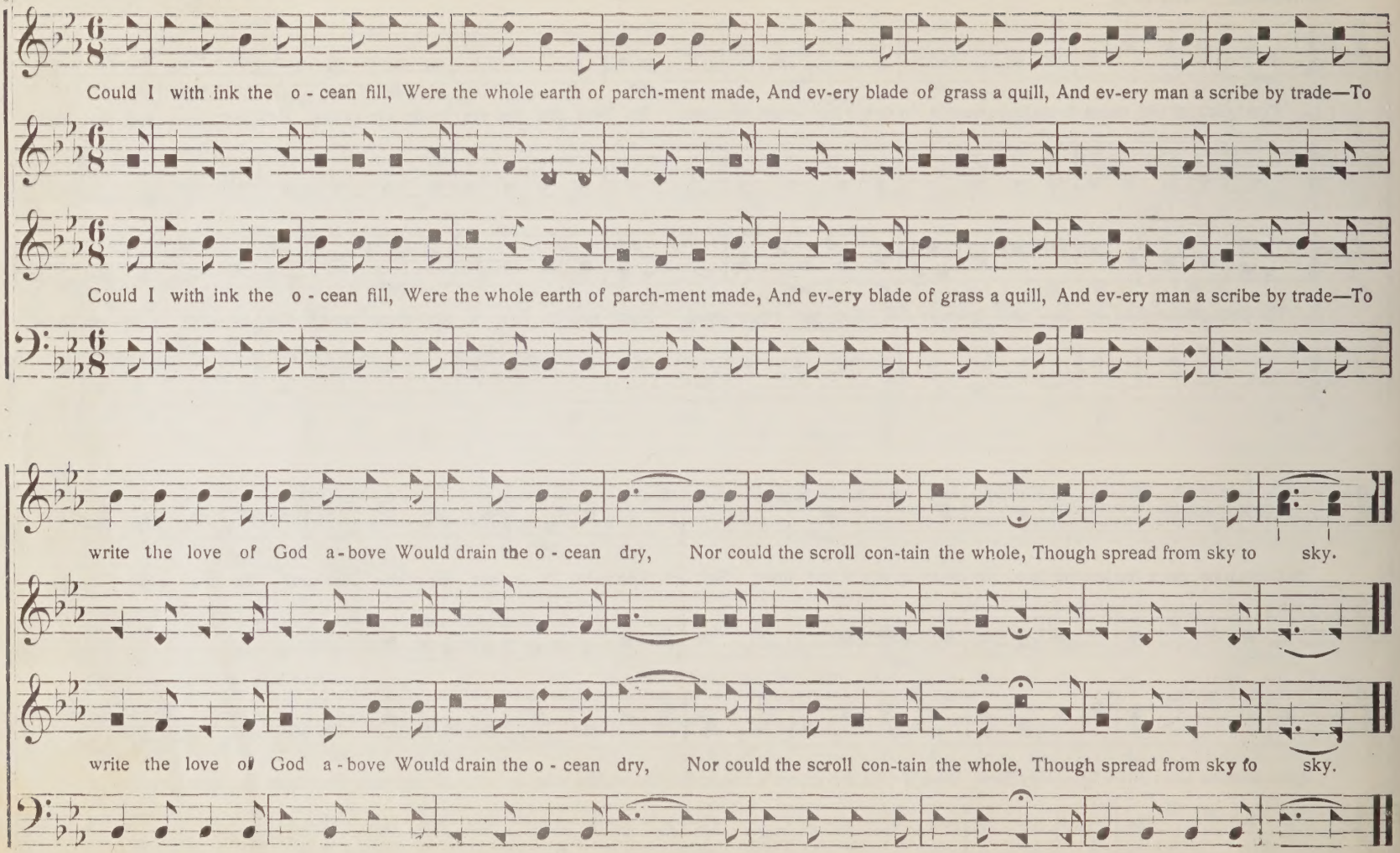
J. KEBLE. Key of F.

B. F. POYNER.

1. When God of old, came down from heav'n, In pow'r and wrath he came; Be - fore his feet the clouds were riven, Half dark-ness and half flame.
2. The fires that rushed on Sa - nai down In sud - den tor - rents dread, Now gent-ly light a glo - rious crown On ev - 'ry saint - ed head.
But when he came the second time, He came in pow'r and love; Soft - er than gales at morn - ing prime, Hov-ered his ho - ly dove.
Like ar-rows went those lightnings forth, Wing'd with the sinner's doom; But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth Pro-claim-ing life to come.

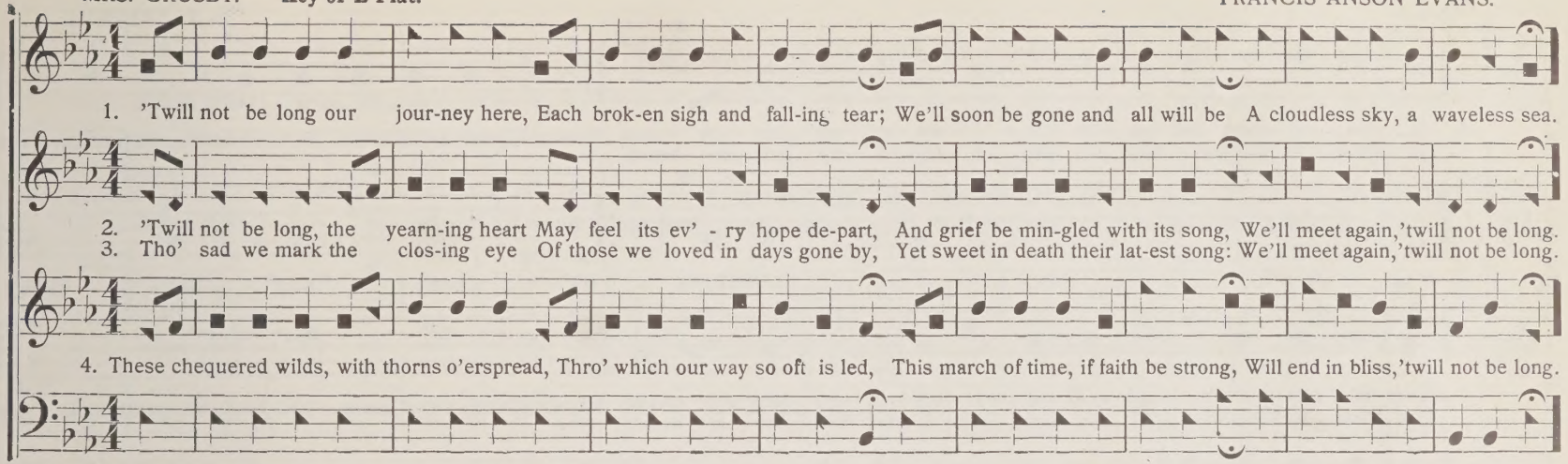
THE LOVE OF GOD. 8s, 6s.

A. O. J. **Key of E Flat.** A. O. JACKSON.

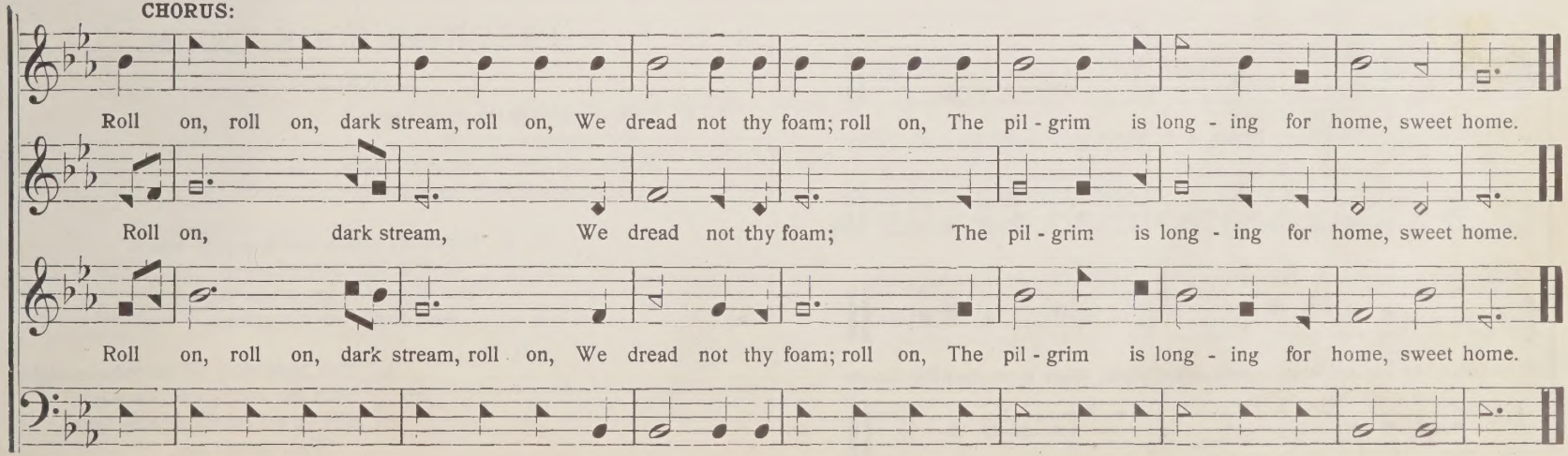

Could I with ink the o - cean fill, Were the whole earth of parch-ment made, And ev-ery blade of grass a quill, And ev-ery man a scribe by trade—To
Could I with ink the o - cean fill, Were the whole earth of parch-ment made, And ev-ery blade of grass a quill, And ev-ery man a scribe by trade—To
write the love of God a - bove Would drain the o - cean dry, Nor could the scroll con-tain the whole, Though spread from sky to sky.
write the love of God a - bove Would drain the o - cean dry, Nor could the scroll con-tain the whole, Though spread from sky to sky.

ROLL ON, DARK STREAM.

MRS. CROSBY. **Key of E Flat.** FRANCIS ANSON EVANS.


1. 'Twill not be long our jour-ney here, Each brok-en sigh and fall-ing tear; We'll soon be gone and all will be A cloudless sky, a waveless sea.
2. 'Twill not be long, the yearn-ing heart May feel its ev' - ry hope de-part, And grief be min-gled with its song, We'll meet again,'twill not be long.
3. Tho' sad we mark the clos-ing eye Of those we loved in days gone by, Yet sweet in death their lat-est song: We'll meet again,'twill not be long.
4. These chequered wilds, with thorns o'erspread, Thro' which our way so oft is led, This march of time, if faith be strong, Will end in bliss,'twill not be long.

CHORUS:

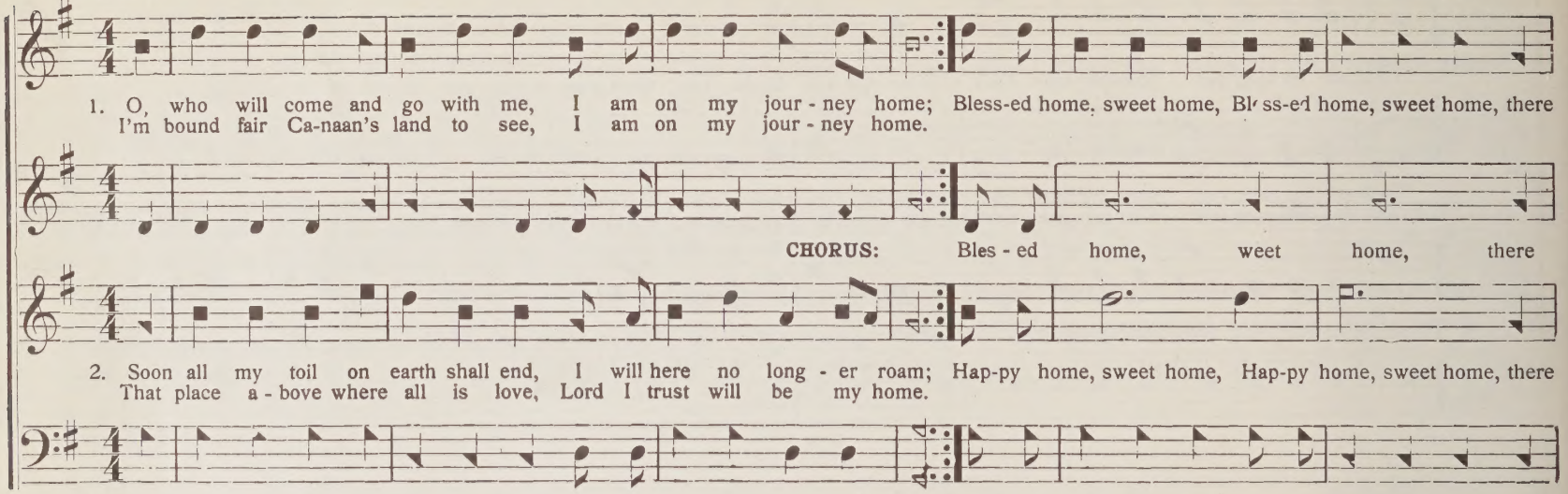

Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on, We dread not thy foam; roll on, The pil - grim is long - ing for home, sweet home.
Roll on, dark stream, We dread not thy foam; The pil - grim is long - ing for home, sweet home.
Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on, We dread not thy foam; roll on, The pil - grim is long - ing for home, sweet home.

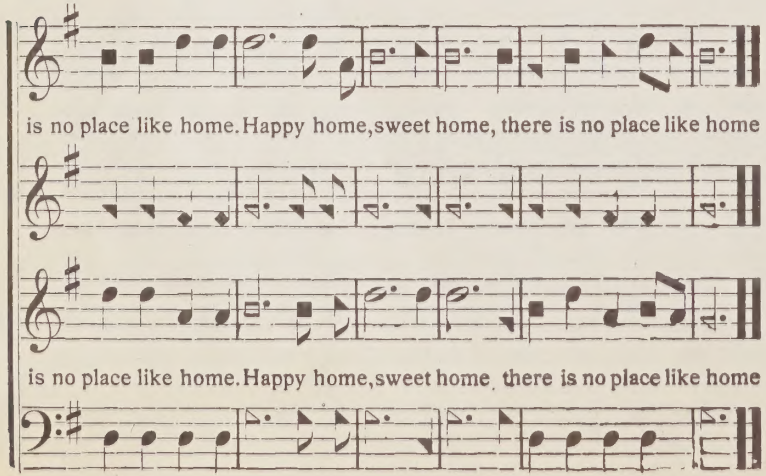
506

Key of G.

HAPPY HOME.

D. F. STEVENS.


1. O, who will come and go with me, I am on my jour - ney home; Bless-ed home, sweet home, Bless-ed home, sweet home, there
I'm bound fair Ca-naan's land to see, I am on my jour - ney home.
CHORUS: Bles - ed home, weet home, there
2. Soon all my toil on earth shall end, I will here no long - er roam; Hap-py home, sweet home, Hap-py home, sweet home, there
That place a - bove where all is love, Lord I trust will be my home.


is no place like home. Happy home, sweet home, there is no place like home
is no place like home. Happy home, sweet home, there is no place like home

PRECIOUS BOOK. C. M.

J. FAWCETT.

1. How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3. This lamp thro' all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

LAUREL HILL. C. M.

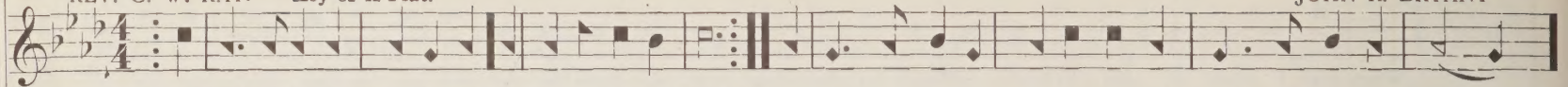
Key of A Flat.

W. R. WALKER.

1. When shall I reach my bliss - ful home, And with my Sav - iour rest; No more to sor - row nor to roam, But be for - ev - er blest.
2. When shall I see Je - ru - sa - lem, The place that's paved with gold; And sing the prais - es of the lamb, With all the saints of old.
3. When shall I hear my mas - ter say, Well done, thou faith - ful son, En - ter the joys pre - pared for thee, Be-fore the world be - gun.
But be for - ev - er blest. No more to sor - row nor to roam, But be for - ev - er blest.
With all the saints of old.
And sing the prais-es of the Lamb, With all the saints of old.
Be - fore the world be - gun. En - ter the joys pre-pared for thee, Be - fore the world be - gun.

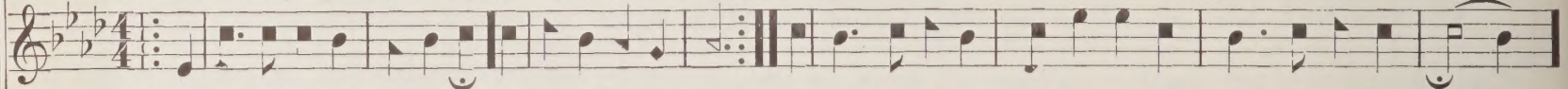
THE BETTER COUNTRY. C. M. D.

REV. C. W. RAY. Key of A Flat. JOHN R. BRYANT



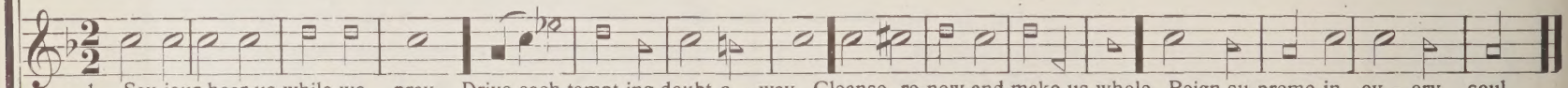
1. O bet-ter coun-ry far a-way, In fade - less beau - ty dress'd.
Where toil - worn pil-grims soon shall lay Their bur-dens down and rest. No dred - ed plague nor art-ful foe, Their pres - ence there in - vades; D. C.
D. C. Delighs un-told they each sholl, know, In thy em - bow'r - ing shades.

2. O, City fair thy gates for me Thy King shall soon un - fold;
Within thy Courts I soon shall be And walk thy streets of gold. We now the dawn of glo - ry know, We sight the distant towers. D. C.
D. C. *We catch the fra-grance here below From thy Celestial bow'rs.*

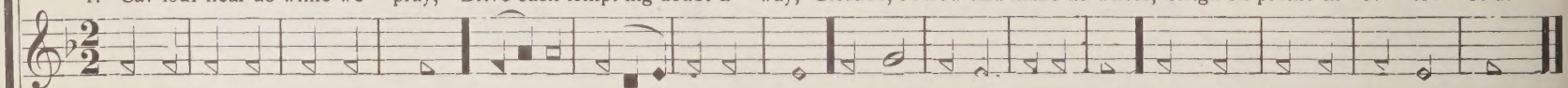


3. O bet-ter country far a-way, Whose glories none can tell.
Who would on earth for - ever stay Or weep to say fare - well, I soon shall reach the mansions blest, From sin and sor-row free; D. C.
D. C. To kindred hearts we shall be press'd And Zion's King shall see.

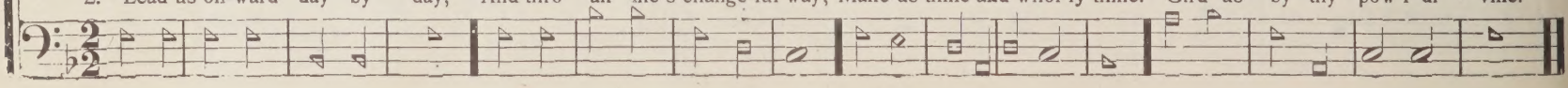
REV. C. W. RAY. Key of F. LOFTIN. 7s. JOHN R. BRYANT.



1. Sav-iour hear us while we pray, Drive each tempt-ing doubt a - way, Cleanse, re-new and make us whole, Reign su-preme in ev - ery soul.



2. Lead us on-ward day by day, And thro' all life's change-ful way; Make us thine and whol-ly thine. Gird us by thy pow'r di - vine.



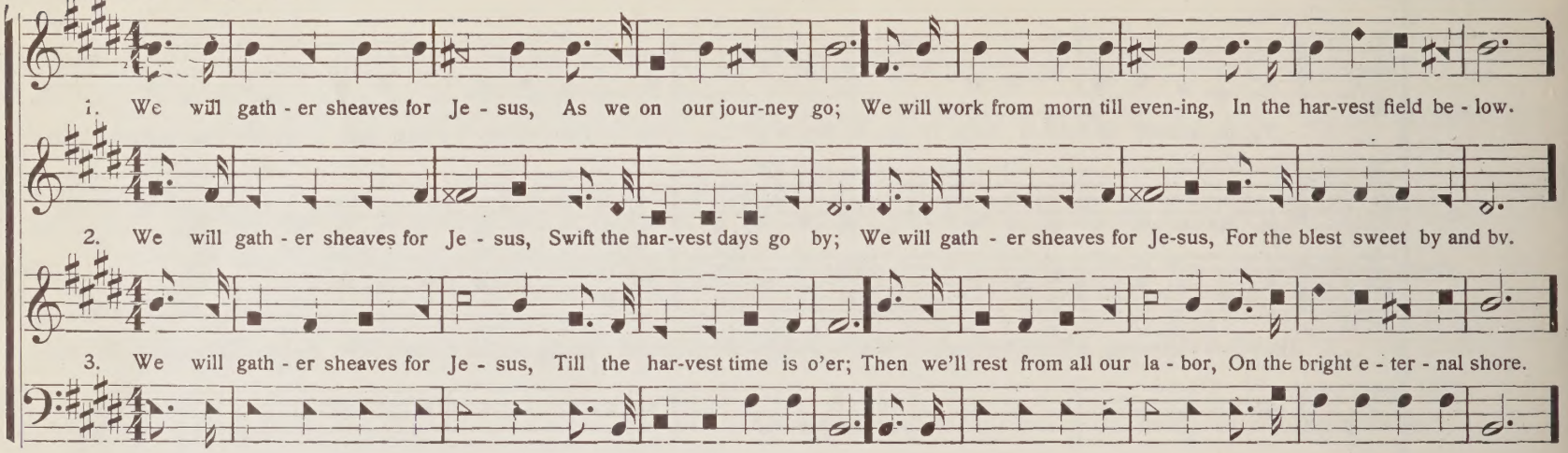
OSTEND. C. M. D. No. 509

Allegro.

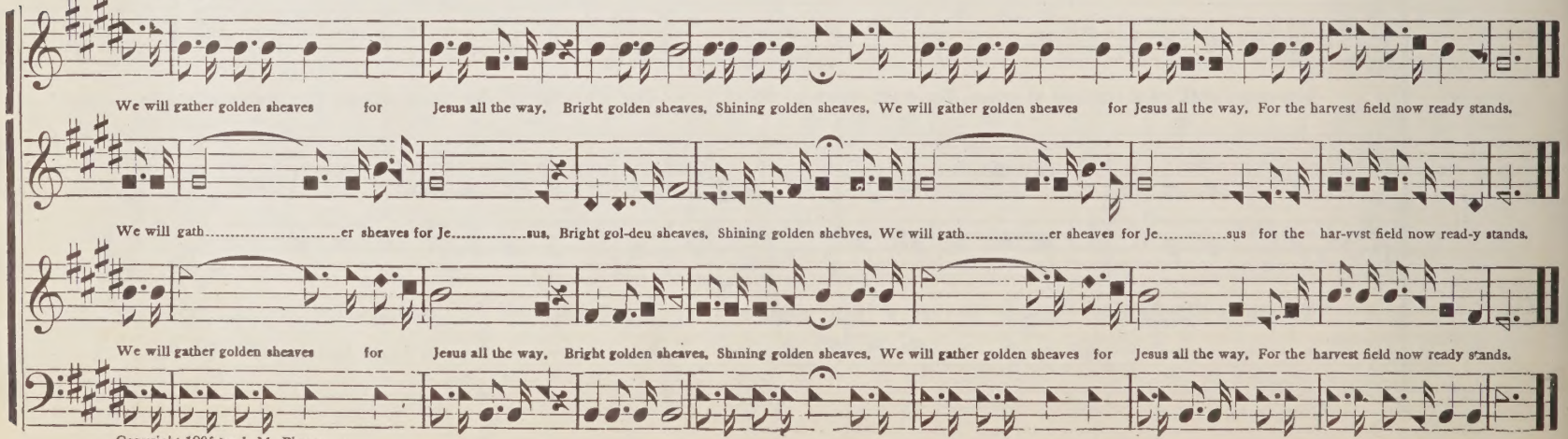
1. To us a child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n: Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heav'n·
2. His pow'r increasing, still shsll spread;His reign no end shall know; Jus-tice shall guard his throne a-bove, And peace a-bound be - low.
His name shall be the prince of peace, For-ev-er-more a - dored, The Won-der-ful, the Coun-sel-or, The great and might-y Lord
To us a Child ef hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n, The Won-der-ful, the Coun-sel-or, The might - y Lord of heav'n.

WE WILL GATHER SHEAVES FOR JESUS.

J. M. P. **Key of E.** J. M. PIERCE.


1. We will gath - er sheaves for Je - sus, As we on our jour-ney go; We will work from morn till even-ing, In the har-vest field be - low.
2. We will gath - er sheaves for Je - sus, Swift the har-vest days go by; We will gath - er sheaves for Je-sus, For the blest sweet by and by.
3. We will gath - er sheaves for Je - sus, Till the har-vest time is o'er; Then we'll rest from all our la - bor, On the bright e - ter - nal shore.

CHORUS:


We will gather golden sheaves for Jesus all the way, Bright golden sheaves, Shining golden sheaves, We will gather golden sheaves for Jesus all the way, For the harvest field now ready stands.
We will gath.....er sheaves for Je.....sus, Bright gol-den sheaves, Shining golden sheaves, We will gath.....er sheaves for Je.....sus for the har-vest field now read-y stands.
We will gather golden sheaves for Jesus all the way, Bright golden sheaves, Shining golden sheaves, We will gather golden sheaves for Jesus all the way, For the harvest field now ready stands.

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WILLIE. C. M.

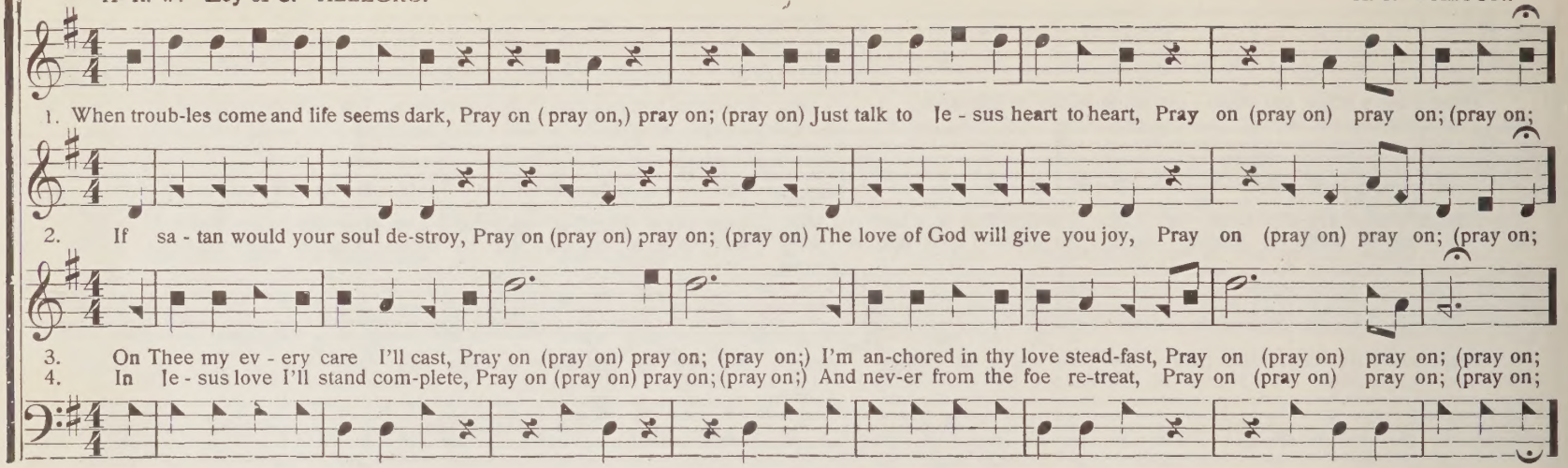
Key of C.

J. L. WHITE.

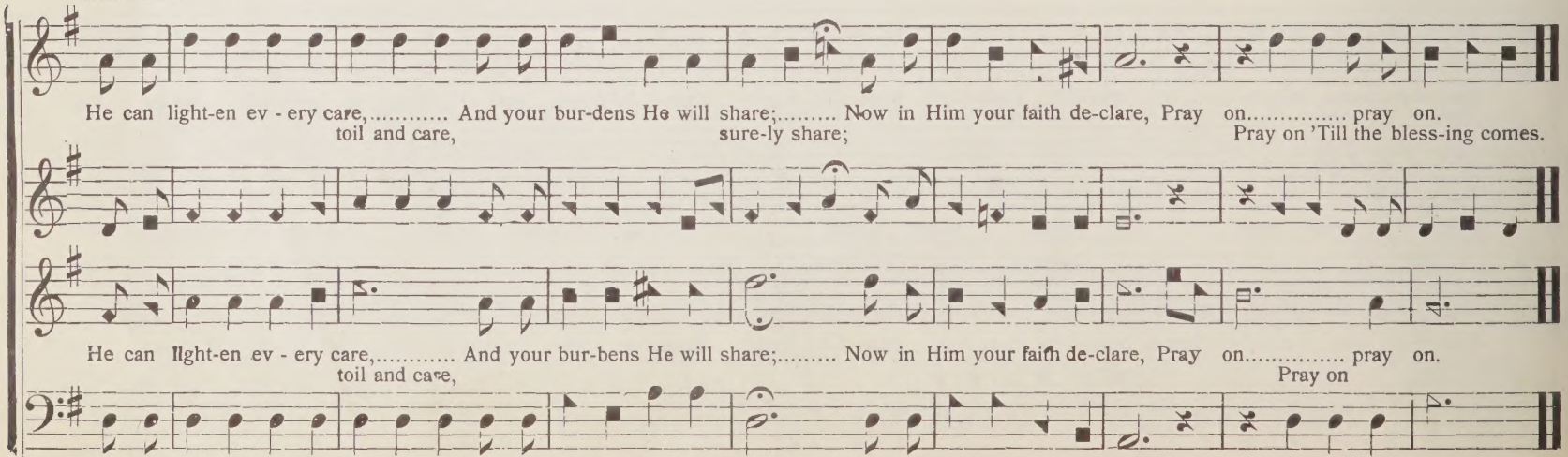
There's not a bright and beam - ing smile Which in this world I see, But turns my heart to fu - ture joys, And whis-pers heav'n to me!
2. Though often here my soul is sad, And falls the si - lent tear, There is a world of smiles and love, And sor-row comes not there.
3. I never clasp a friendly hand, In greet - ing or fare - well, But tho'ts of my e - ter - nal home With - in my bos - om swell.
4. There when we meet with holy joy, No tho'ts of parting come, But nev - er end - ing a - ges still Shall find us all at home!
CHORUS.
Beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful home, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home; Beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful home, My beau-ti-ful home on high.
Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, My beau-ti-ful home on high.
Beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful home. Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home; Beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful home, My beau-ti-ful home on high.

PRAY ON.

A. R. W. Key of G. ALLEGRO. A. R. WALTON.


1. When troub-les come and life seems dark, Pray on (pray on,) pray on; (pray on) Just talk to Je - sus heart to heart, Pray on (pray on) pray on; (pray on;
2. If sa - tan would your soul de-stroy, Pray on (pray on) pray on; (pray on) The love of God will give you joy, Pray on (pray on) pray on; (pray on;
3. On Thee my ev - ery care I'll cast, Pray on (pray on) pray on; (pray on;) I'm an-chored in thy love stead-fast, Pray on (pray on) pray on; (pray on;
4. In Je - sus love I'll stand com-plete, Pray on (pray on) pray on; (pray on;) And nev-er from the foe re-treat, Pray on (pray on) pray on; (pray on;

REFRAIN.


He can light-en ev - ery care,..... And your bur-dens He will share;..... Now in Him your faith de-clare, Pray on..... pray on.
toil and care, sure-ly share; Pray on 'Till the bless-ing comes.
He can light-en ev - ery care,..... And your bur-dens He will share;..... Now in Him your faith de-clare, Pray on..... pray on.
toil and care, Pray on

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HAPPY DAY. L. M

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. Key of G. CHORUS E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. O, hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-iour and my God!
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad. Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.
2. O, hap - py bond that seals my vows To him who mer - its all my love!
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill his house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move. Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - ery day; Hap-py day, hap - py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a - way.

THE RIGHTEOUS MARCHING HOME. C. M.

REV W F. RIVERS. Key of F

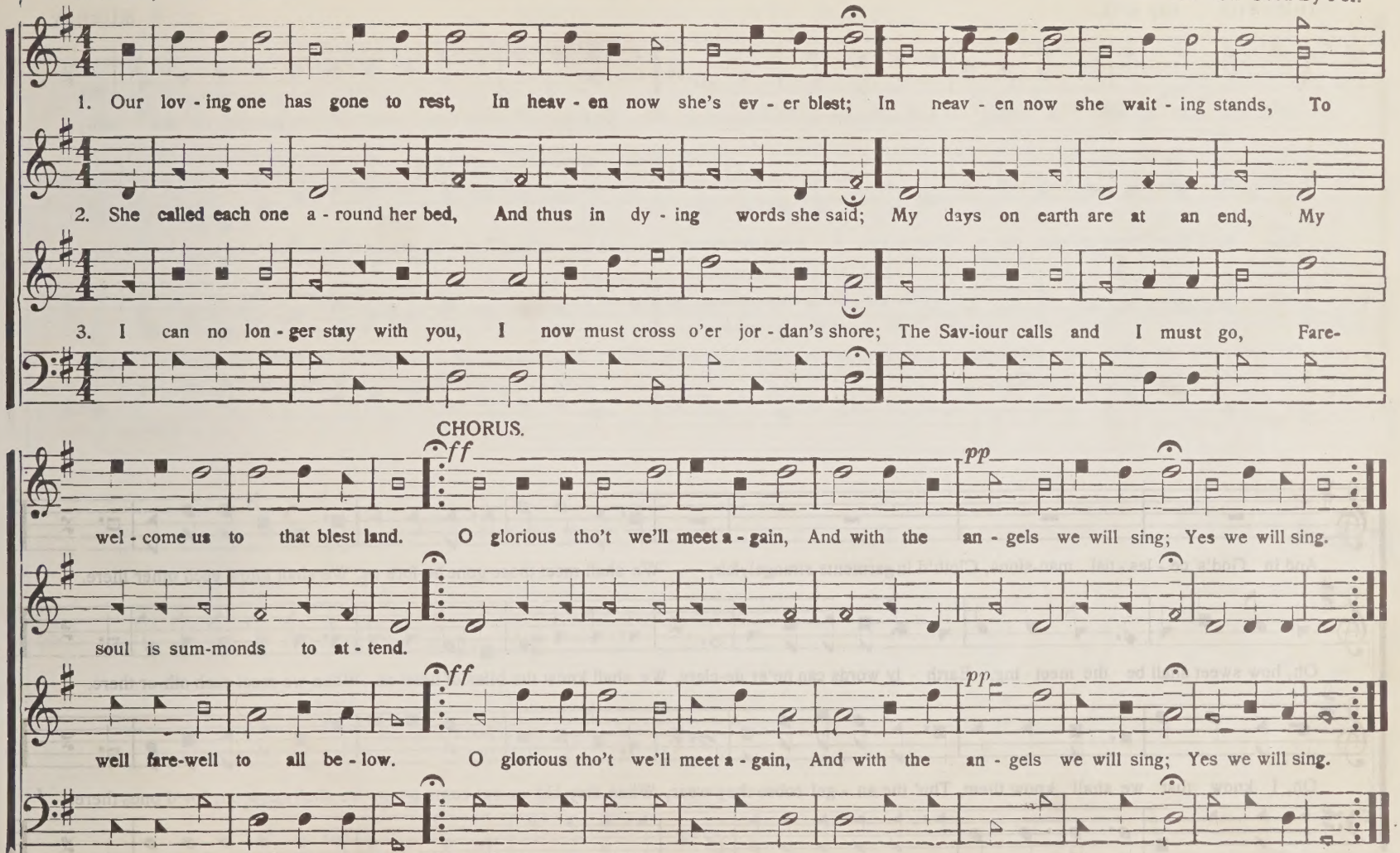
Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. As Zi - on's Pilgrims, in ac - cord, The sol-diers of our King, In cov'nant bonds we'll serve the Lord, And all his prais-es sing.
2. In fel - low-ship of joys and woes, We'll bear the com - mon strife, And on-ward press, thro' all our foes, And win e - ter-nal life.
3. With faith and pray'r we'll urge the fray, Nor will we fear and fly; For vict'ry waits us on the way And crowns a - bove the sky.
4. Be long, or brief, the war's campaign, With "Grace sufficient" blest, the saints' re-ward at last we'll gain— "God's Everlasting Rest."
See the righteous marching on! And the a-ngels bid them come; And the Sa-viour stands a-waiting To welcome trav'lers home.
D. S.
D. S.— To wel - come trav'lers home! To wel-come trav'lers home. And the Sa-viour stands a - wait - ing To wel-come trav'lers home

GONE TO REST

T. W. L. Key of G. TENDERLY.

T. W. LOFTIN. Used By Per.


1. Our lov - ing one has gone to rest, In heav - en now she's ev - er blest; In heav - en now she wait - ing stands, To
2. She called each one a - round her bed, And thus in dy - ing words she said; My days on earth are at an end, My
3. I can no lon - ger stay with you, I now must cross o'er jor - dan's shore; The Sav-iour calls and I must go, Fare-
CHORUS.
ff
pp
wel - come us to that blest land. O glorious tho't we'll meet a - gain, And with the an - gels we will sing; Yes we will sing.
soul is sum-monds to at - tend.
ff
pp
well fare-well to all be - low. O glorious tho't we'll meet a - gain, And with the an - gels we will sing; Yes we will sing.

In memory of sister who departed this life NOV. 17 th 1900.

WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

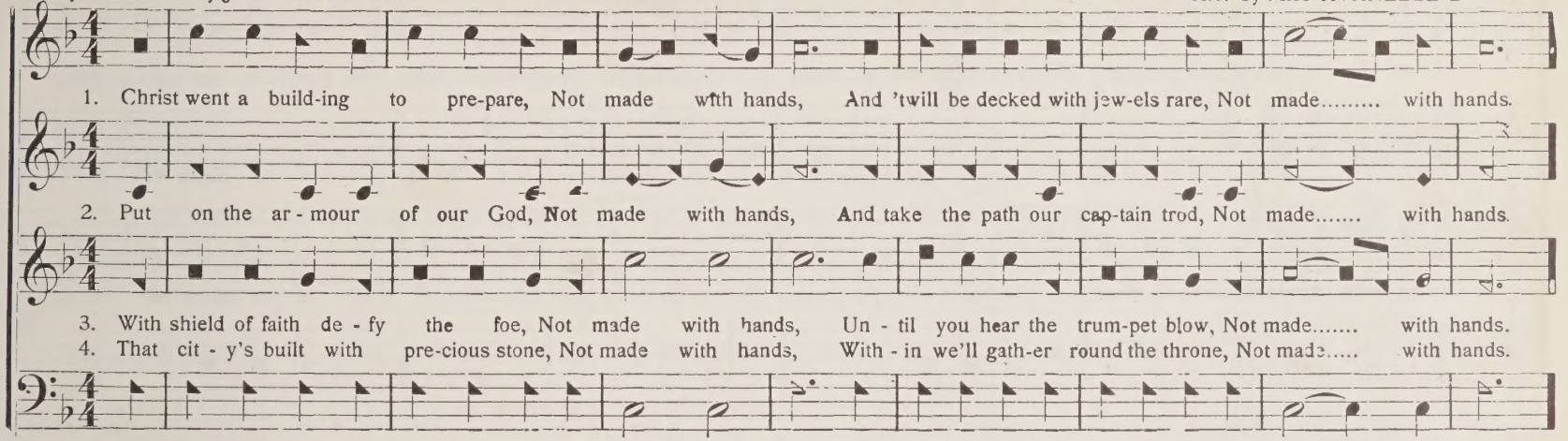
MODERATO. Key of G. J. R. MURRAY

1. When our earth - ly life is ended, And our earth-ly miss-ion done, We shall go a - cross the ri - ver, At the set-ting of the sun;
2. Yes we'll meet them in the cit - y, That is just a - cross the strand, And our hearts shall leap with rap-ture, when we take them by the hand.
3. Do not tell us that our loved ones, Loose their earth-ly mem'ries quite, When they sing a-mong the angels In the heavn'ly man-sion bright.
And in God's ce - les - tial man-sions, Cloth'd in garments strangelyfair, We shall meet those gone be-fore us, We shall know each other there.
Oh, how sweet shall be the meet - ing, Earth - ly words can ne'er de-clare, We shall know the bliss of heav-en, When we meet each oth-er there.
Oh, I know that we shall know them, Tho' the an - gel robes they wear, When they bid us wel-come o-ver, we shall know our lov'd ones there.

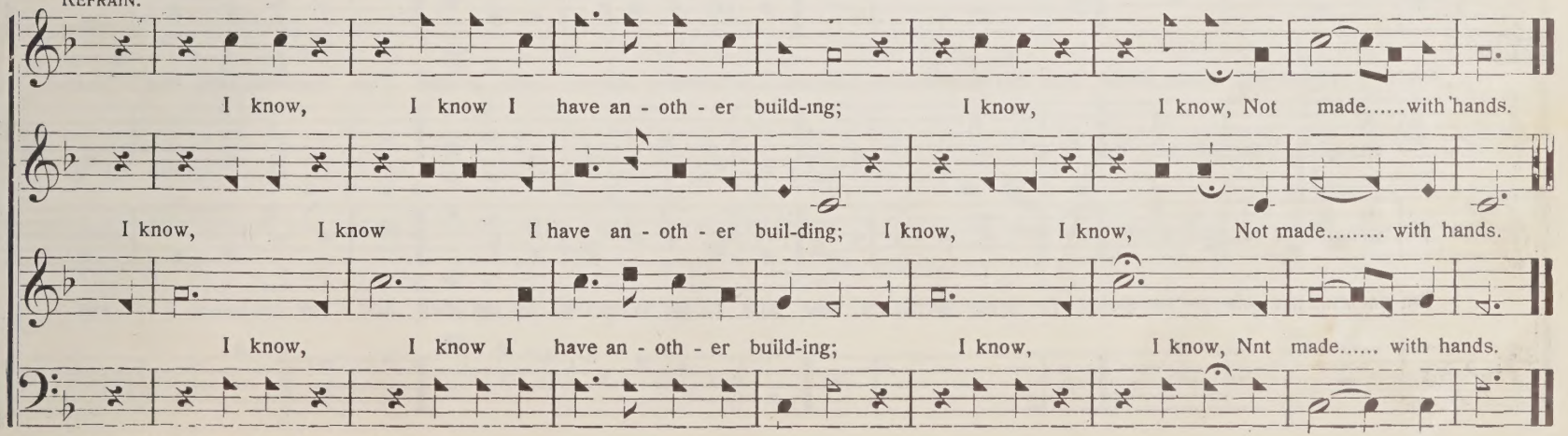
NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

"He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."—HEB. 11: 10.

Key of F. Arr. by JOHN S. BROWN. Arr. by Miss AVANELLE DYER.


1. Christ went a build-ing to pre-pare, Not made with hands, And 'twill be decked with jew-els rare, Not made..... with hands.
2. Put on the ar - mour of our God, Not made with hands, And take the path our cap-tain trod, Not made..... with hands.
3. With shield of faith de - fy the foe, Not made with hands, Un - til you hear the trum-pet blow, Not made..... with hands.
4. That cit - y's built with pre-cious stone, Not made with hands, With - in we'll gath-er round the throne, Not made..... with hands.

REFRAIN.


I know, I know I have an - oth - er build-ing; I know, I know, Not made.....with hands.
I know, I know I have an - oth - er buil-ding; I know, I know, Not made..... with hands.
I know, I know I have an - oth - er build-ing; I know, I know, Nnt made..... with hands.

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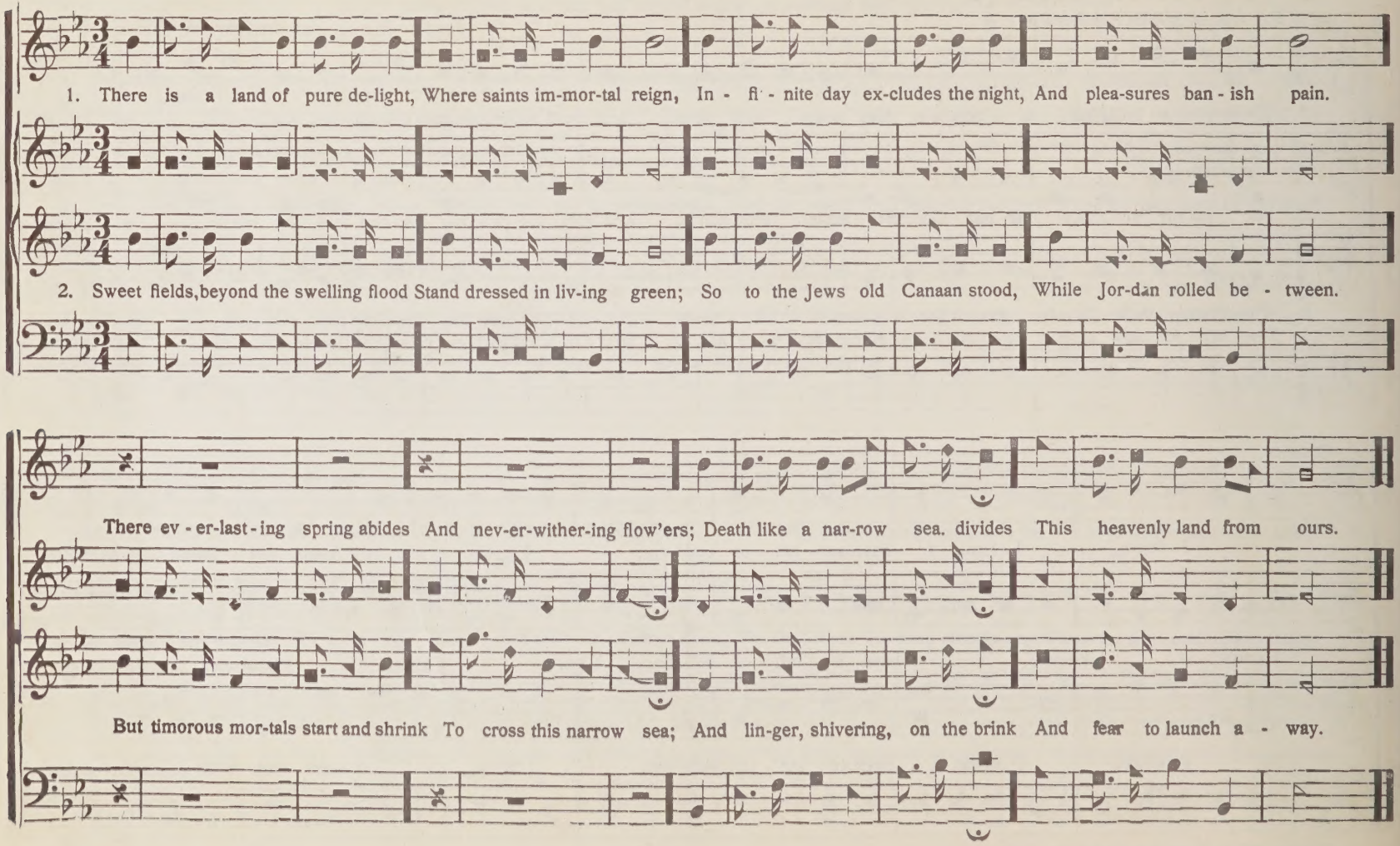
VARINA. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Key of E Flat.

From Rink, by GEO. F. ROOT.


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign, In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And plea-sures ban - ish pain.
2. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be - tween.
There ev - er-last - ing spring abides And nev-er-wither-ing flow'ers; Death like a nar-row sea. divides This heavenly land from ours.
But timorous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea; And lin-ger, shivering, on the brink And fear to launch a - way.

LAND OF BEULAH. C. M.

REV. JOHN HASKELL. Key of C. WM. B. BRADBURY. CHORUS.

1. My lat - est sun is sink-ing fast, My race is near-ly run; My strong-est tri-als now are past, My tri-umph is be - gun.
2. I know I'm near the ho-ly ranks Of friends and kin-dred dear: I brush the dews on Jor-dan's banks, The cross-ing must be near. O come, an - gel-band,
3. I've al-most gain'd my heav'n-ly home; My spir-it loud-ly sings; The ho-ly ones, be-hold they come! I hear the noise of wings.
Come, and a-rouud me stand; O bear me a-way on your snow-y wings To my im-mor-tal home, O bear me a-way on your snow-y wings To my im-mor-tal home.

SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

Key of G.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Tho' oft - en here we're wea - ry, There is sweet rest a - bove, A rest that is e - ter - nal, Where all is peace and love.
Oh, let us then press for - ward, That Glo-rious rest to gain; We'll soon be free from sor - row; From toil, and care, and pain;
2. Our Sa - viour will be with us, E'en to the jour-ney's end, In ev' - ry sore af - flic - tion, His pres - ent help to lend;
He nev - er will grow wea - ry, Tho' of - ten we re - quest; He'll give us grace to con - quer, And take us home to rest.
Chorus.
Repeat the Chorus pp.
There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heav'n.
There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest in heav'n. There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heav'n.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

REV. ALEX. W. BEALER. **Key of E Flat.** R. J. ROBBINS. 521

1. He brought His peace to all man-kind In com - ing to our sin - ful race; Oh! bless-ed peace, that all may find Who rest up-on his match-less grace.
2. He gave good will to ev - ery land In bow-ing down His King-ly head; Oh! bless-ed thought in which we stand, For Christ has bought us from the dead.
3. God sent His ho - ly an - gel band To wake the shep - herds in the night; The glo-ry beamed with his own hand, He hung to rouse them with its light.
4. God's ho - ly Spir - it comes to - day To lead us to His ho - ly book; Its beams are shin - ing on our way, And there with joy-ful eyes we look.
REFRAIN:
Shout the news through-out the earth, Tell the tid-ings far and wide, This the day that gave Him birth, Christ the Lord, the Cru-ci-fied.
Shout the news through-out the earth, Tell the tid - ings far and wide, This the day that gave Him birth, Christ the Lord, the Cru-ci-fied.
Shout the news through-out the earth, Tell the tid-ings far and wide,

RAINBOW. C. M.

Key of C.

TIMOTHY SWAN.

'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of e - ter - nal pow'r; The sea..... grows calm at thy com - mand, And tem-pests
The sea..... grows calm at thy com-mand,
'Tis by thy strength the moun-tains stand, God of e - ter - nal pow'r; The sea..... grows calm at
The sea..... grows
cease to roar,..... And tem-pests cease to roar,..... And tem-pests cease to roar.
And tem-pests cease to roar,.....
thy com-mand, And tem-pests cease to roar,..... And tem-pests cease to roar,..... And tem-pests cease to roar.
calm at thy com-mand, And tem-pests cease to roar.....

A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

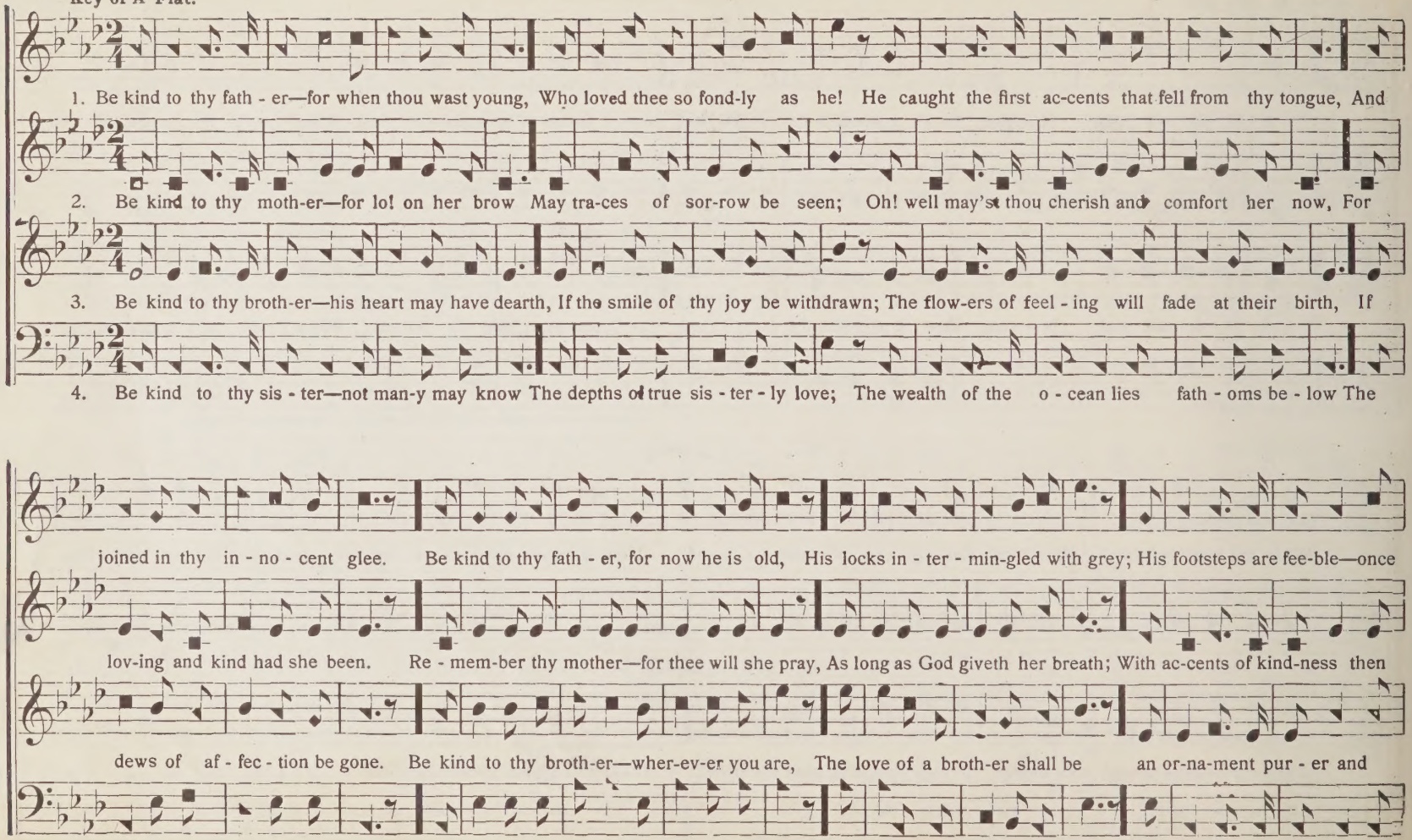
Z. E. B. Key of G.

Z. E. BLOCKER.

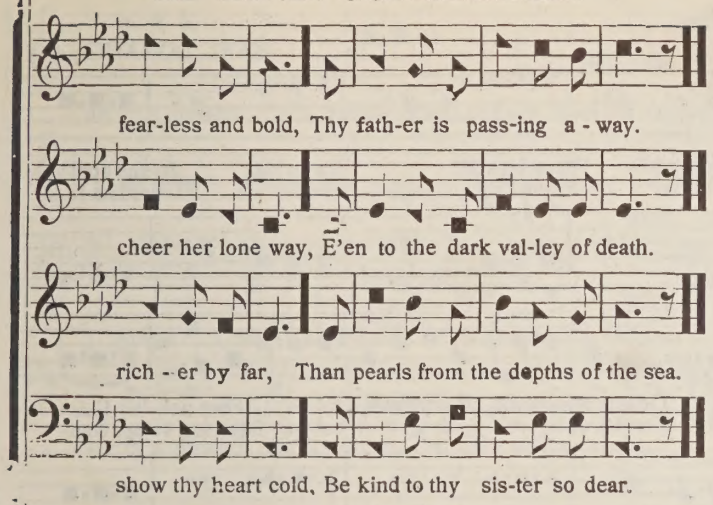
A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rugged road; How it serves to help me on-ward, When I sink be - neath my load:
A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rugged road; How it serves to help me on-ward, When I sink be - neath my load:
When my heart is bowed with sorrow, And my eyes with tears are dimed; There's naught can yeald me comfort, Like a lit - tle talk with him.
When my heart is bowed with sorrow, And my eyes with tears are dimed; There's naught can yeald me comfort, Like a lit - tle talk with him.

BE KIND.

Key of A Flat.

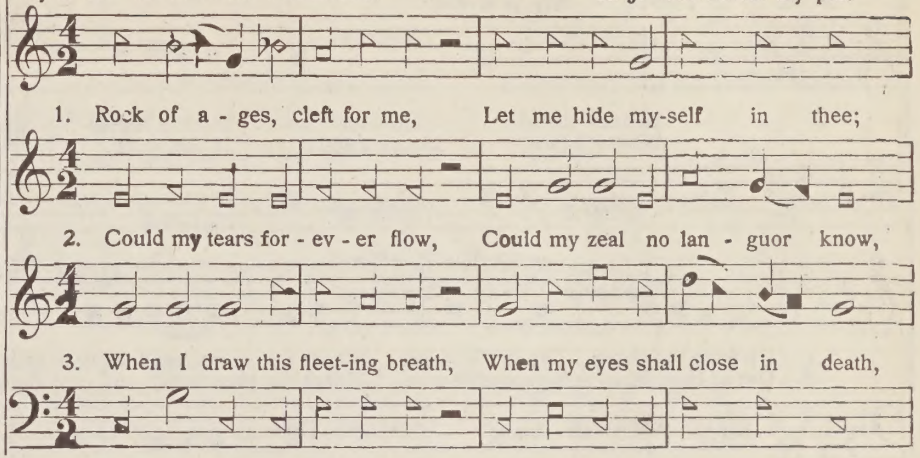

1. Be kind to thy fath - er—for when thou wast young, Who loved thee so fond-ly as he! He caught the first ac-cents that fell from thy tongue, And
2. Be kind to thy moth-er—for lo! on her brow May tra-ces of sor-row be seen; Oh! well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now, For
3. Be kind to thy broth-er—his heart may have dearth, If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn; The flow-ers of feel - ing will fade at their birth, If
4. Be kind to thy sis - ter—not man-y may know The depths of true sis - ter - ly love; The wealth of the o - cean lies fath - oms be - low The
joined in thy in - no - cent glee. Be kind to thy fath - er, for now he is old, His locks in - ter - min-gled with grey; His footsteps are fee-ble—once
lov-ing and kind had she been. Re - mem-ber thy mother—for thee will she pray, As long as God giveth her breath; With ac-cents of kind-ness then
dews of af - fec - tion be gone. Be kind to thy broth-er—wher-ev-er you are, The love of a broth-er shall be an or-na-ment pur - er and
sur-face that spar-kles a - bove Be kind to thy fa - ther—once fearless and bold, Be kind to thy mother so near; Be kind to thy broth-er, nor

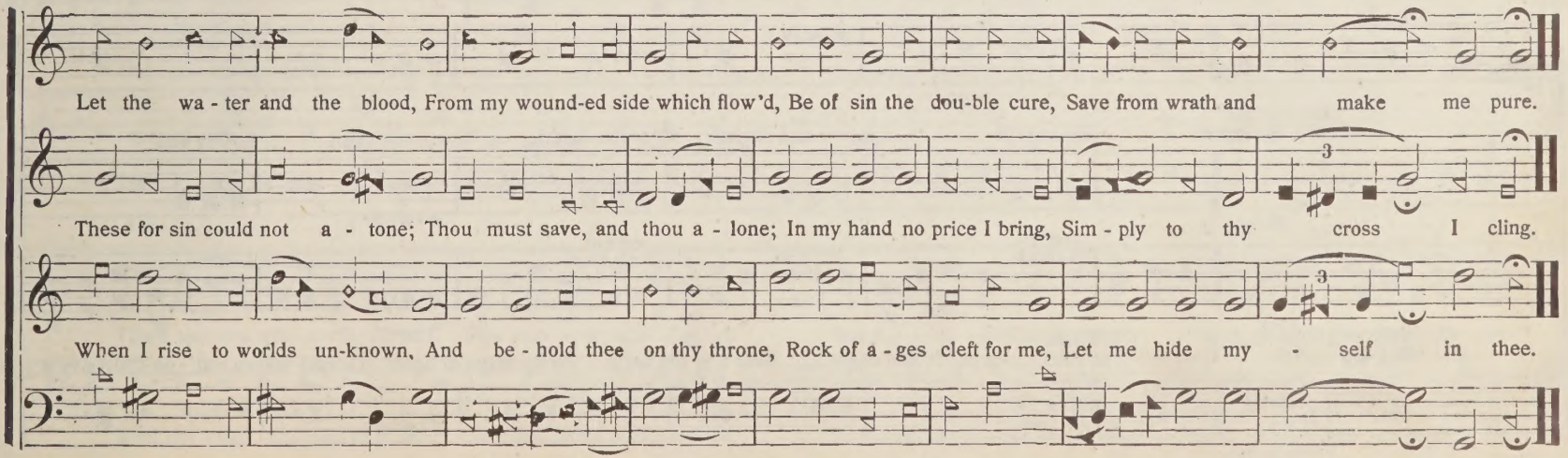
BE KIND. CONCLUDED.


fear-less and bold, Thy fath-er is pass-ing a - way.
cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val-ley of death.
rich - er by far, Than pearls from the depths of the sea.
show thy heart cold, Be kind to thy sis-ter so dear.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

Key of C. REV. A. M. TOPLADY. R. J. ROBBINS. By per.


1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
3. When I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,


Let the wa - ter and the blood, From my wound-ed side which flow'd, Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone; In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold thee on thy throne, Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

GOSPEL WAVES.

MRS. E. G. FLOYD. Key of E Flat. CARL DONAHO.

Sa-cred shore! Where a-lone.
Gal-i-lee! Je-sus wept!
Fierce-ly raged! Je sus wept!
Dark and wild! Prostrate lay!
Peace be still! Ev-er roll!
Ev-en me; Here be-low,
Je-sus speaks! Trust His love,
1. Up from the shore..... of far Gal-i-lee,.....Where the storm raged so dark and wild,..... Gospel waves roll..... a message to me,.... Fear not, 'tis I.....
2. Out of Geth-sem- na's garden of woe,.....Where the Lord wept.....in pain and grief..... Gospel waves roll..... to all here be-low, Bear-ing sweet com-
Sa-cred shore! Where a-lone!
Gal-i-lee! Je-sus wept!
Fierce-ly raged! Je-sus wept!
Dark and wild! Prostrate lay!
Peace be still! Ev-er roll!
Ev-en me; Here be-low,
Je-sus speaks! Trust His love,
Trust in me. Praise His name.
Ev-er roll!
Pow'r and might!
O'er the earth!
Wondrous light!
Swiftly roll!
O, wav-er-ing child..... fort, bring-ing re-flef.....
CHORUS:
Gospel waves roll..... in pow'r and might..... Bear o'er the earth.... the message of light.... Gospel waves roll....on Cal-va-ry's
Trust in me. Praise His name.
Ev-er roll!
Pow'r and might!
O'er the earth!
Wondrous light!
Swiftly roll!

GOSPEL WAVES---Concluded.

Calv'ry's stream! He'll redeem, The Lord will redeem, redeem
stream..... Sing, O my soul..... The Lord will redeem.
Calv'ry's stream! He'll redeem, The Lord will re-deem.....

"LADY, TOUCH THY HARP AGAIN."

F. L. STANTON. **Key of E Flat.** A. R. CHURCHILL.

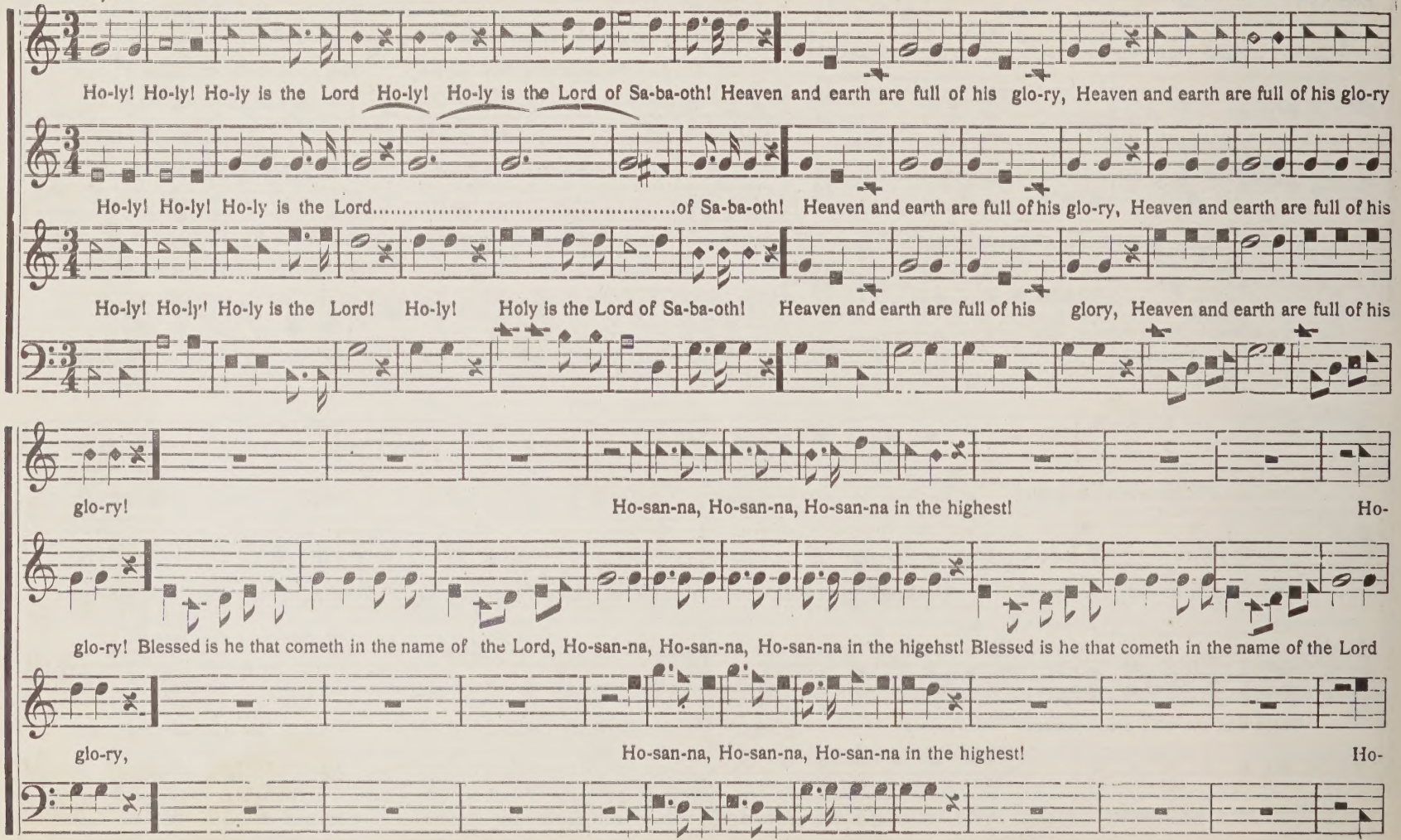
1. La - dy, touch thy harp a-gain, Sing some sweet and solemn strain;
2. Let thy voice be-come a prayer On the sil - ent even-ing air,
3. Lis-ten, La - dy! In the years Seen through mem-ory's fall-ing tears,
4. Yes, a moth - er now laid low Where the bend - ing lil - ies grow,

Not as oft in days more bright, Let the song be sad to - night. Sing, and let the mu - sic be "Rock of A - ges cleft for me."
While I catch its ech - oes sweet, Low - ly kneel-ing at your feet. Sing, but let the mu - sic be "Rock of A - ges cleft for me."
Cres.....f Rit. p mf.....f
There was one who could im-part So - lace to my ach - ing heart, And her song would always be "Rock of A - ges cleft for me."
With her voice, at-tuned to praise, Sang that song in oth - er days How can it for - got - ten be?— "Rock of A - ges cleft for me."

HOLY IS THE LORD. *Sentence.*

Key of C.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

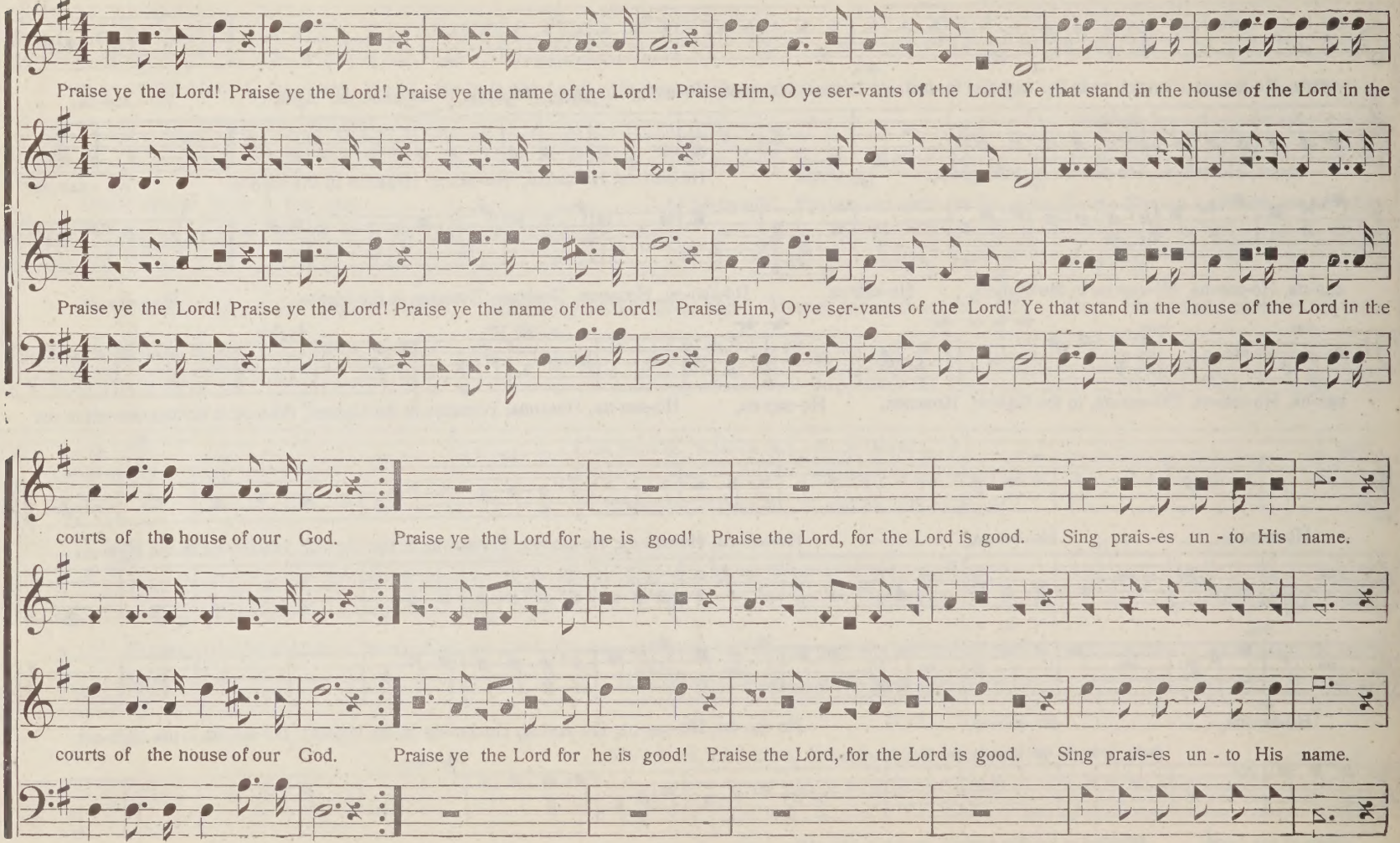

Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly is the Lord Ho-ly! Ho-ly is the Lord of Sa-ba-oth! Heaven and earth are full of his glo-ry, Heaven and earth are full of his glo-ry
Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly is the Lord.....of Sa-ba-oth! Heaven and earth are full of his glo-ry, Heaven and earth are full of his
Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly is the Lord! Ho-ly! Holy is the Lord of Sa-ba-oth! Heaven and earth are full of his glory, Heaven and earth are full of his
glo-ry! Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest! Ho-
glo-ry! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the higehst! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord
glo-ry, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest! Ho-

Holy is the Lord.

sanna, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest, Ho - san-na,
sanna, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest, Ho-sanna Ho-san-na, Ho-sanna, Ho-sanna, Hosanna in the highest, Ho - san-na,
san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest, Ho - san-na,
san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, in the highest, Hosanna, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest, Blessed is he that cometh in the
Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest, Ho-san-na in the high-est.
Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest, Ho-san-na in the high-est.
name of the Lord, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest, Ho-san-na in the high-est.

PRAISE YE THE LORD. Anthem.

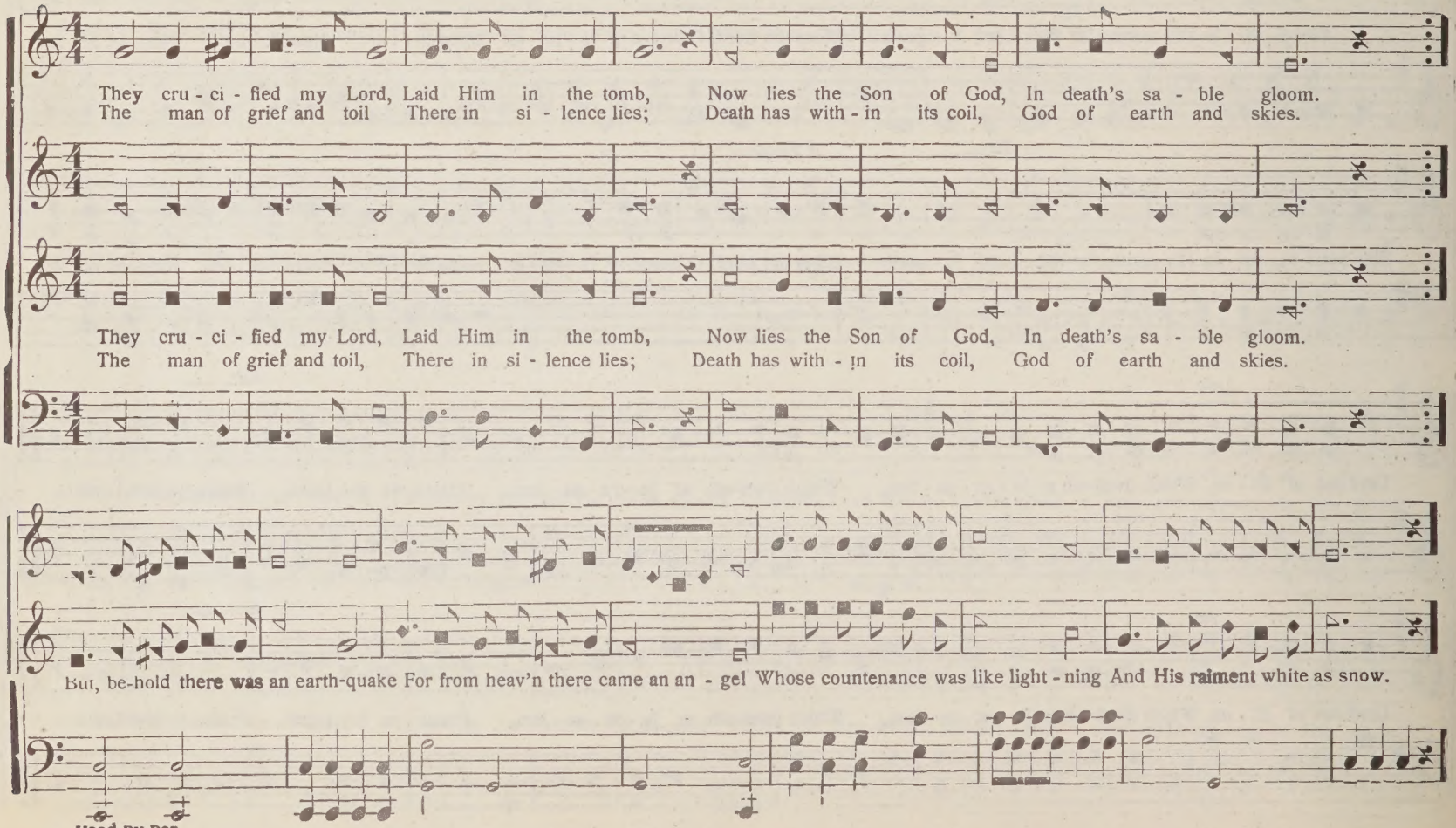
Key of G. With animation. 135th Psalm. JAMES A. BUCHANAN.


Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the name of the Lord! Praise Him, O ye ser-vants of the Lord! Ye that stand in the house of the Lord in the
Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the name of the Lord! Praise Him, O ye ser-vants of the Lord! Ye that stand in the house of the Lord in the
courts of the house of our God. Praise ye the Lord for he is good! Praise the Lord, for the Lord is good. Sing prais-es un - to His name.
courts of the house of our God. Praise ye the Lord for he is good! Praise the Lord, for the Lord is good. Sing prais-es un - to His name.

Rit.....
A Tempo
ais-es un - to His name, for the Lord is good. Bless the Lord, O house of Is - ra - el! Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord! Bless-ed be the
Rit.....
A Tempo
Sing prais-es un - to His name, for the Lord is good. Bless the Lord, O house of Is - ra - el! Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord! Bless-ed be the
Rit.....
Lord out of Zi - on, Which dwel-eth at Je - ru - sa - lem, Which dwel-eth at Je - ru - sa - lem. Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!
Rit.....
Lord out of Zi - on, Which dwel-eth at Je - ru - sa - lem, Which dwel-eth at Je - ru - sa - lem. Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!

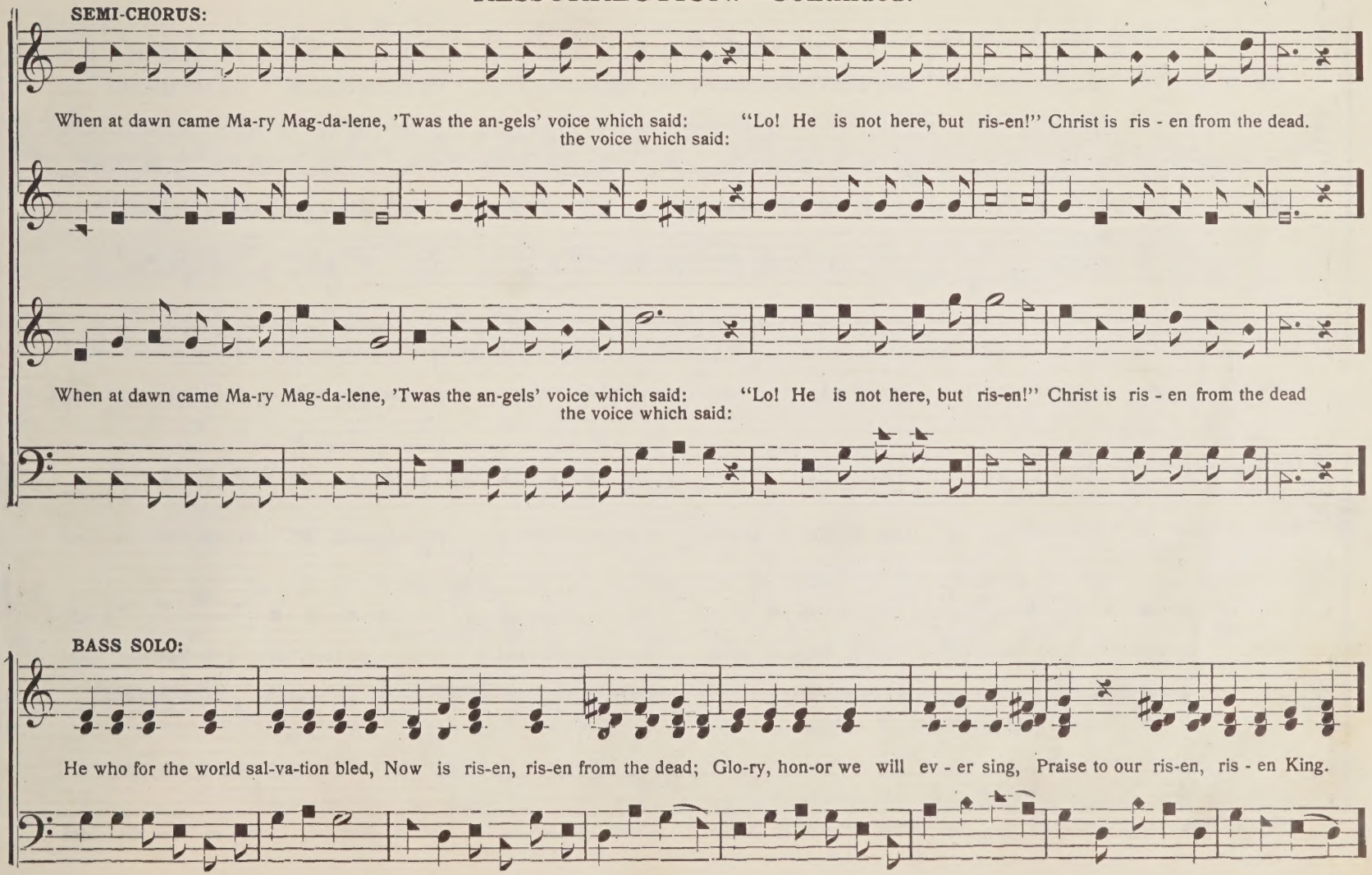
RESURRECTION.

H. F. MORRIS. Key of C. MATTHEW 28; 1-7 T. B. MOSLEY.


They cru - ci - fied my Lord, Laid Him in the tomb, Now lies the Son of God, In death's sa - ble gloom.
The man of grief and toil There in si - lence lies; Death has with - in its coil, God of earth and skies.
They cru - ci - fied my Lord, Laid Him in the tomb, Now lies the Son of God, In death's sa - ble gloom.
The man of grief and toil, There in si - lence lies; Death has with - in its coil, God of earth and skies.
But, be-hold there was an earth-quake For from heav'n there came an an - gel Whose countenance was like light - ning And His raiment white as snow.

Used By Per.

RESSURRECTION.---Continued.


SEMI-CHORUS:
When at dawn came Ma-ry Mag-da-lene, 'Twas the an-gels' voice which said: "Lo! He is not here, but ris-en!" Christ is ris - en from the dead.
the voice which said:
When at dawn came Ma-ry Mag-da-lene, 'Twas the an-gels' voice which said: "Lo! He is not here, but ris-en!" Christ is ris - en from the dead
the voice which said:
BASS SOLO:
He who for the world sal-va-tion bled, Now is ris-en, ris-en from the dead; Glo-ry, hon-or we will ev - er sing, Praise to our ris-en, ris - en King.

RESURRECTION.---Concluded.

FULL CHORUS.—Accel.

Hal - le - lu - jah, sing with hearts to heav'n and voic-es, voic-es raise, And ev-er shout ye ran-somed ones, for you His blood he shed.
Hal - le - lu - jah, sing..... with hearts to heav'n and voic-es raise..... Ev - er shout, ye ran - somed ones, for you his blood he shed.
Hal - le - lu - jah, sing with hearts to heav'n and voic-es, voic-es raise, And ev-er shout ye ran-somed ones, for you His blood he shed.
Sing a hymn of glad-ness, sing to God a hymn of praise.... Christ the Lord is ris'n, in-deed, is ris - en from the dead.
Sing..... a hymn of glad - ness, sing to God a hymn of praise.... Christ,.... the Lord, is ris'n,..... in-deed, is ris-en from the dead.
Sing a hymn of glad-ness, sing to God a hymn of praise.... Christ the Lord is ris'n, in-deed, is ris - en from the dead.

HOLY! LORD GOD OF SABAOTH.

Dr LOWELL MASON.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa-ba-oth! Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy glo - ry!
f
Glo - ry be to thee— Glo - ry be to thee— Glo - ry be to thee— to thee, O Lord most high
f
Glo - ry be to thee— Glo - ry be to thee— to thee— to thee, O Lord most high
f
Glo - ry be to thee— Glo - ry be to thee— Glo - ry be to thee— To thee, O Lord most high.
f
Glo - ry be to thee— Glo - ry be to thee— to thee, to thee, O Lord most high.

ANTHEM. "Jerusalem, My Glorious Home."

Key of F. Allegretto.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Je - ru - sa - lem! my glori-ous home! Name ever dear to me! When! When shall my la-bors have an end, In joy and peace,

In

mf

Je - ru - sa - lem! my glori-ous home! Name ever dear to me! When! When shall my la-bo· ve an end, In joy,.....

In joy and peace,

In joy and peace, In joy..... and peace with thee. 2. Oh when shall I thy courts, thy courts as-

joy..... In joy ..... and peace with thee. 2. Oh, when, thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend:

In joy and peace, In joy..... and peace with thee. 2. Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts as-

cend? Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts as-cend? 3. There happier bowers than E-den's bloom,
Where con-gre-ga-tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end? 3. There happier bow'rs than E - den's bloom, No sin nor
cend? Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts ascend? 3. There happier bow'rs than E-den's bloom,
nor sor-row know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you, I on-ward press to yon, I on-ward press to you. Je-
sor - row know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I on-ward press to you, I on-ward press to you, I on-ward press to you. Je-
nor sor-row know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you, I on-ward press to vou.

ANTHEM. "Jerusalem, My Glorious Home."---Continued.

ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me. 4. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis-
ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me. 4. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis-
may? I've Ca - naan's good - ly land..... in view, And relms of end - less day. 5. Je-ru-sa-lem! my glorious home! My soul still pants for
may? I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in view, And relms of end - less day. 5. Je-ru-sa-lem! my glorious home! My soul still pants, my
5. Je-ru-sa-lem! my glorious home! My soul still pants for

thee; Then, Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys, thy joys shall see, When I thy
soul still pants for thee; Then, Then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys When I thy
thee; Then, When I the joys, the joys shall see,
joys shall see, thy joys shall see. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me! Name ev - er dear to me.
joys shall see, thy joys shall see. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me! Name ev - er dear to me.

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.

H. G. Spafford. Key of D Flat

Serve God with all your soul.—Deut. 11-13.

P. P. Bliss.

1. When peace like a river attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea billows roll: Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
2 Though satan should buffet, tho, trials should come, Let this blest assurance control; That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought— My sin— not in part but in whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
CHORUS.
It is well, it is well with my soul.
And has shed His own blood for my soul, It is well..... with my soul..... It is well, it is well with my soul.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul. It is well with my soul,
"Even so"— it is well with my soul.

OUR BONDAGE IT SHALL END.

ANON. Key of G.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Our bondage it shall end, By and by, by and by; Our bondage it shall end, by and by; From E-gypt's yoke set free,
2. Tho' our en-e-mies are strong, We'll go on, we'll go on; Tho' our en-e-mies are strong, we'll go on; Tho' our hearts dissolve with fear,
3. Through Mara's bitter streams, We'll go on, we'll go on; Through Mara's bitter streams, we'll go on; Though Baca's vale be dry,
4. And when to Jordan's flood, We are come, we are come; And when to Jordan's flood, we are come; Je - ho - vah rules the tide,
Hail the glorious ju - bi - lee, And to Ca-naan we'll re-turn, By and by, by and by; And to Ca-naan we'll re-turn, by and by.
Lo, Sin-ai's God is near, While the fiery pillow moves, We'll go on, we'll go on; While the fiery pillow moves, we'll go on.
And the land yield no supply To a land of corn and wine, We'll go on, we'll go on; To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on.
And the wa - ters he'll divide, And the ransomed host shall shout. We are come, we are come; And the ransomed host shall shout, we are come

THE HEBREW CHILDREN.

Key of D Minor.

B. F. WHITE. Arr. by T. W. LOFTIN.

1. Where are the He-brew child-ren? Where are the He-brew child-ren? Where are the He-brew child-ren? Safe in the prom-ised land.
2. Where are the twelve a - pos-tles? Where are the twelve a - pos-tles? Where are the twelve a - pos - tles? Safe in the prom-ised land.
3. Where are the ho - ly mar-tyrs? Where are the ho - ly mar-tyrs? Where are the ho - ly mar-tyrs? Safe in the prom-ised land.
4. Where are the ho - ly Chris-tians? Where are the ho - ly Chris-tians? Where are the ho - ly Chris-tians? Safe in the prom-ised land.
Tho' the fur-nace flamed a-round them, God, while in their trou-bles found them, He with love and mer-cy bound them, Safe in the prom-ised land.
They went up thro' pain and sigh - ing, Scoff-ing, scourg-ing, cru - ci - fy - ing, No-bly for their Mas-ter dy - ing, Safe in the prom-ised land.
They went up thro' flam - ing fire, Trust-ing in their great Mes-si-ah, Who by grace will raise them high-er, Safe in the prom-ised land.
Those who've washed their robes and made them White and spot-less pure and laid them Where no earth-ly stain can fade them, Safe in the prom-ised land.

ALONE. 8S.

T. W. L. Key of G.

T. W. LOFTIN.

1. Father's gone and left me a - lone, no father's hand to guide my feet; No father's arm to lean up - on, in the si-lent tomb father sleeps.

2. Mother to has left me a-lone, no mother now to kiss my cheek; No mother's breast to lean up-on, in the si-lent tomb mother sleeps.

3. O mine eyes with tear drops are dimned, my heart is bleed-ing now and torn; O all my joys have past a-way, and I can-not here lon-ger stay.

A SONG OF MOTHER.

MRS. A. S. COFER. Key of A. Flat,

REFRAIN.

P. A. COFER.

1. I had a dear sweet mother, but she's pass'd from earth a-way, And some day I shall go to see her, in that home up above the sky,
And now she's up in heav-en, to for.....ev-er live up there. Then we'l walk thro' the streets of heaven, and we'll live in a mansion there.

2. I'm so glad to think of heaven, for I know my mother's there. And some day I shall go to see her in that home up above the sky.
And I know she's waiting watching, for the.....meeting in the air. Then we'll walk thro the streets of heaven, and we'll live in a mansion there.

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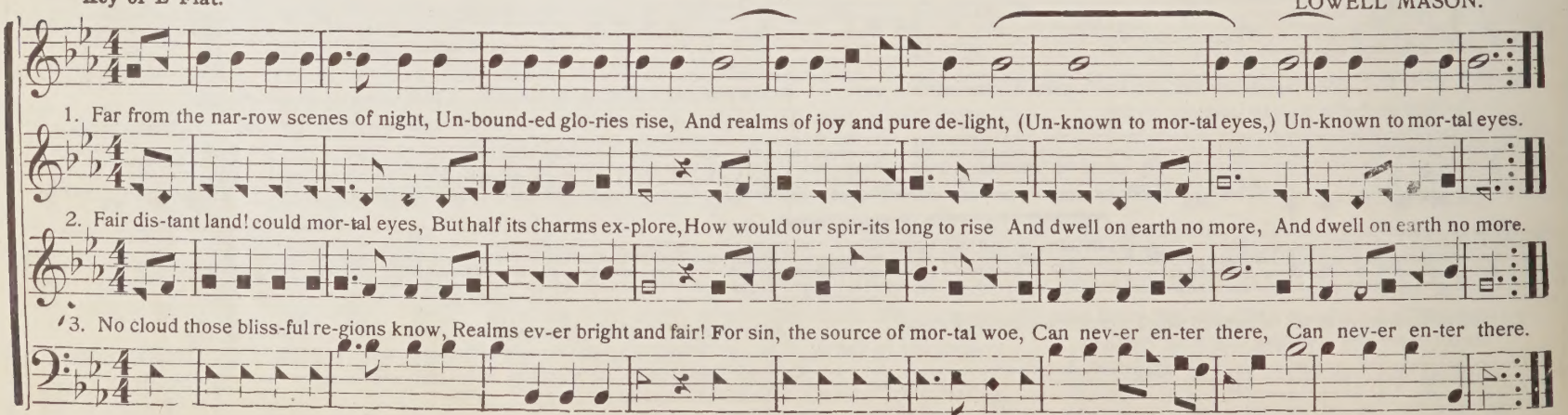
ZION. 8s, 7s and 4s.

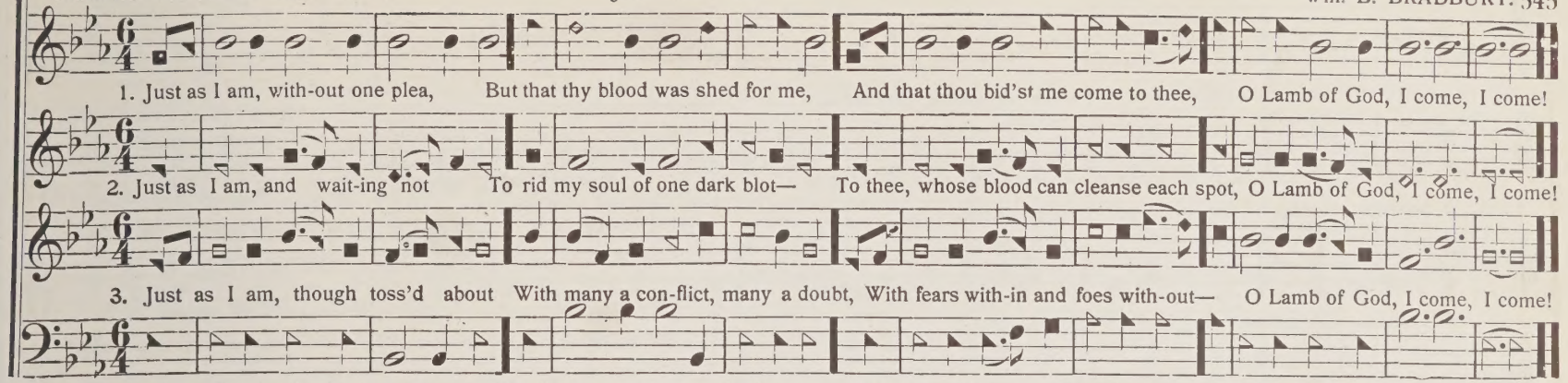
REV. THOS. KELLY. Key of D. T. HASTINGS.

1. On the moun tain's top ap-pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands,
Welcome news to Zi - on bear - ing, Zi - on long in hos - tile lands: Mourning cap - tive, God him - self shall loose thy bands, Mourning cap - tive, God him - self shall loose thy bands.
2. Lo! thy sun is ris'n in glo - ry! God him - self ap-pears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee be - fore thee; Here their boast-ed tri - umphs end: Great de - liv'rence Zi - on's King will sure - ly send, Great de - liv'rence Zi - on's King will sure - ly send.
3. En - e - mies no more shall trou - ble, All thy wrongs shall be re-dress'd;
For thy shame thou shalt have dou - ble, In thy Ma-ker's fa-vour bless'd: All thy con - flicts end in an e - ter - nal rest, All thy con - flicts end in an e - ter - nal rest.

MORROW. C. M.

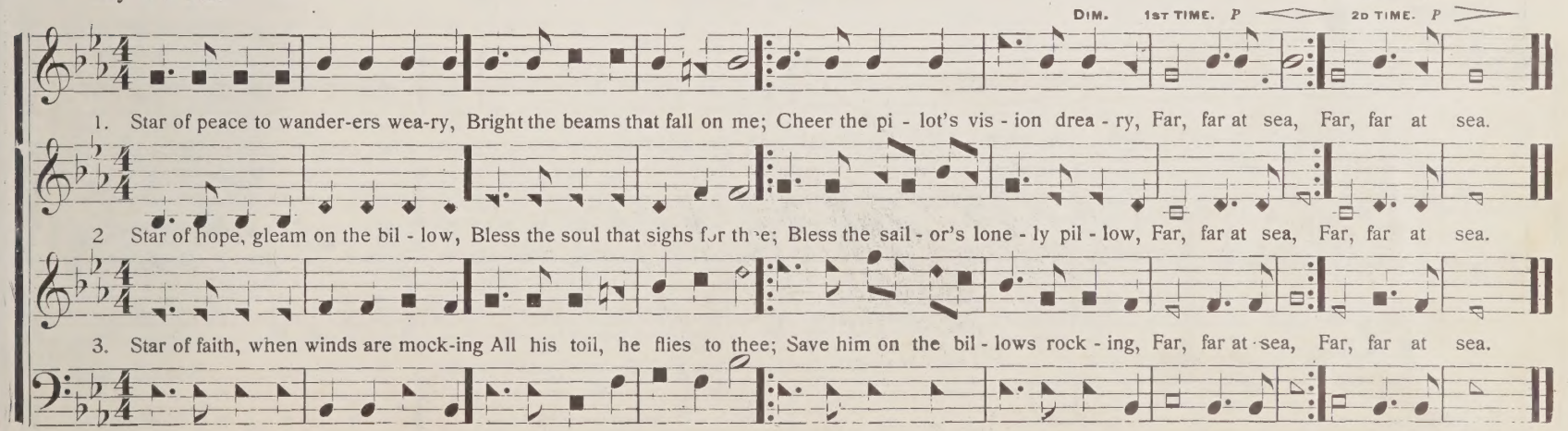
Key of E Flat. LOWELL MASON.


1. Far from the nar-row scenes of night, Un-bound-ed glo-ries rise, And realms of joy and pure de-light, (Un-known to mor-tal eyes,) Un-known to mor-tal eyes.
2. Fair dis-tant land! could mor-tal eyes, But half its charms ex-plore, How would our spir-its long to rise And dwell on earth no more, And dwell on earth no more.
3. No cloud those bliss-ful re-gions know, Realms ev-er bright and fair! For sin, the source of mor-tal woe, Can nev-er en-ter there, Can nev-er en-ter there.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot— To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
3. Just as I am, though toss'd about With many a con-flict, many a doubt, With fears with-in and foes with-out— O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
4. Just as I am—thy love un-known, Has brok-en ev-'ry bar-rier down; Now to be thine, yea, thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

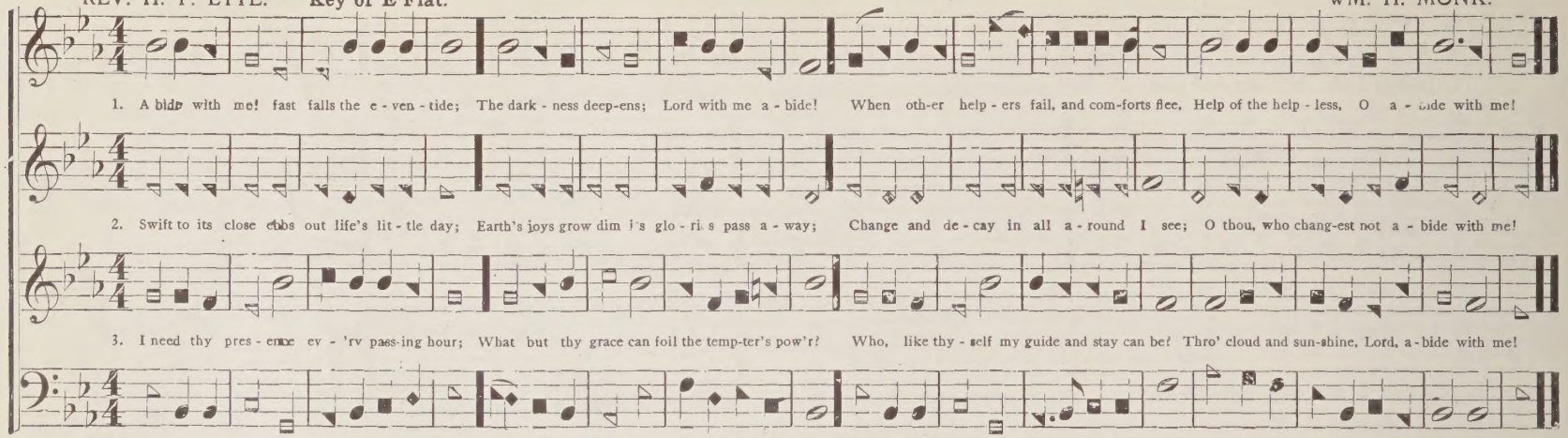
BILLOW. 8s, 7s and 4.

Key of E Flat. LOWELL MASON.


DIM. 1ST TIME. P 2D TIME. P
1. Star of peace to wander-ers wea-ry, Bright the beams that fall on me; Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion drea - ry, Far, far at sea, Far, far at sea.
2 Star of hope, gleam on the bil - low, Bless the soul that sighs for thee; Bless the sail - or's lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea, Far, far at sea.
3. Star of faith, when winds are mock-ing All his toil, he flies to thee; Save him on the bil - lows rock - ing, Far, far at sea, Far, far at sea.

ABIDE WITH ME. 10s.

REV. H. F. LYTE. Key of E Flat. WM. H. MONK.


1. A bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep-ens; Lord with me a - bide! When oth-er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim i's glo - ri s pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O thou, who chang-est not a - bide with me!
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but thy grace can foil the temp-ter's pow'r? Who, like thy - self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, Lord, a - bide with me!

AVON. C. M.

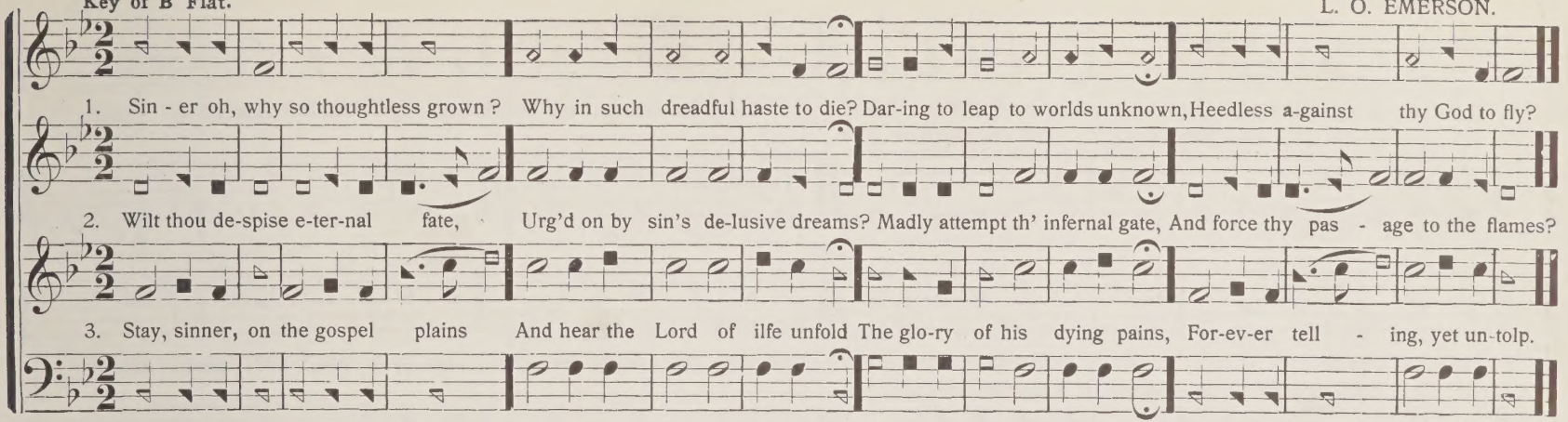
TOPLADY. Key of A. Flat. HUGH WILSON.

1. When languor and dis-ease in-vade This tremb - ling house of clay, 'tis sweet to look be - yond my pains, And long to fly a - way;
2. Sweet to look in-ward, and at-tend The whis-pers of his love; Sweet to look up-ward, to the place Where Je - sus pleads a-bove;
3. Sweet to look back, and see my name in life's fair book set down; Sweet to look for-ward, and be-hold E - ter - nal joys my own;

SESSIONS. L. M.

Key of B Flat.

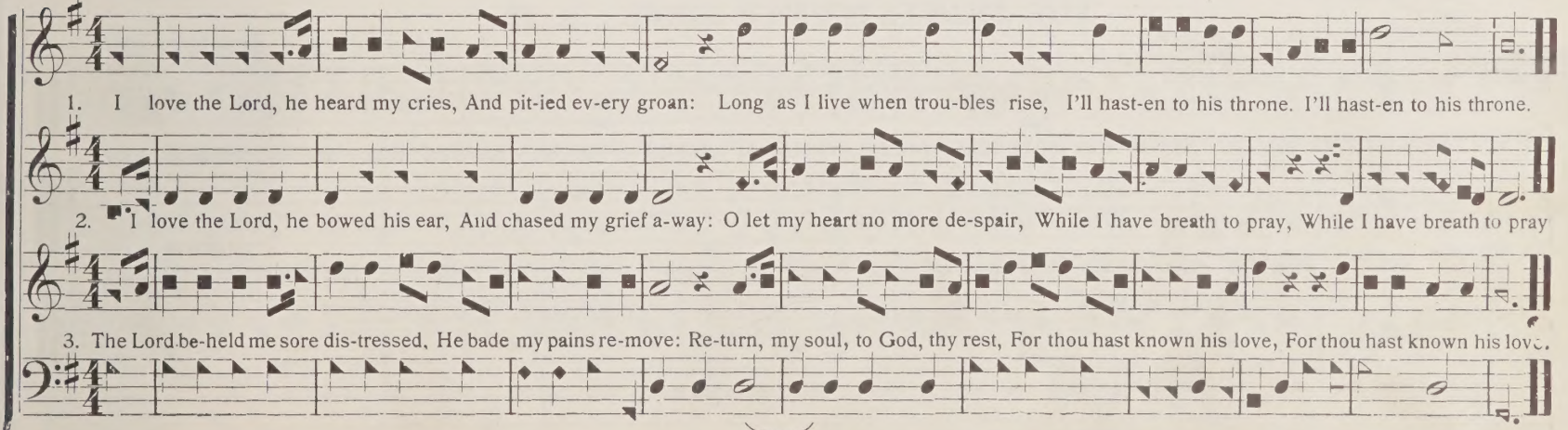
L. O. EMERSON.


1. Sin - er oh, why so thoughtless grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die? Dar-ing to leap to worlds unknown, Heedless a-gainst thy God to fly?
2. Wilt thou de-spise e-ter-nal fate, Urg'd on by sin's de-lusive dreams? Madly attempt th' infernal gate, And force thy pas - age to the flames?
3. Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains And hear the Lord of life unfold The glo-ry of his dying pains, For-ev-er tell - ing, yet un-tolp.

FRANKLIN. C. M.

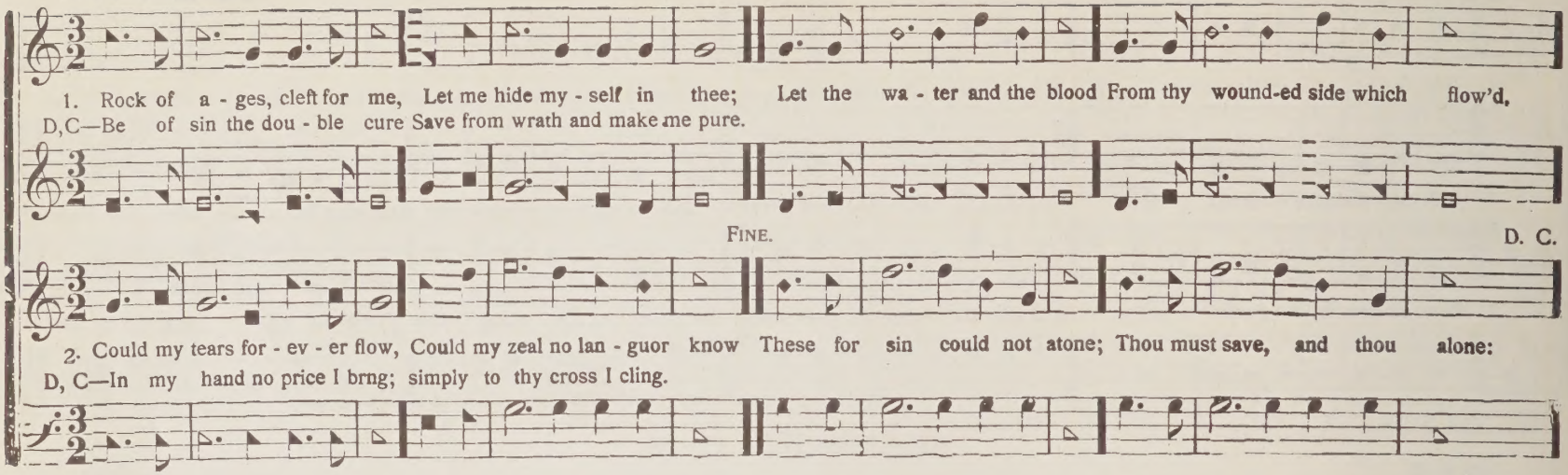
Key of G.

LOWELL MASON.


1. I love the Lord, he heard my cries, And pit-ied ev-ery groan: Long as I live when trou-bles rise, I'll hast-en to his throne. I'll hast-en to his throne.
2. I love the Lord, he bowed his ear, And chased my grief a-way: O let my heart no more de-spair, While I have breath to pray, While I have breath to pray
3. The Lord be-held me sore dis-tressed, He bade my pains re-move: Re-turn, my soul, to God, thy rest, For thou hast known his love, For thou hast known his love.

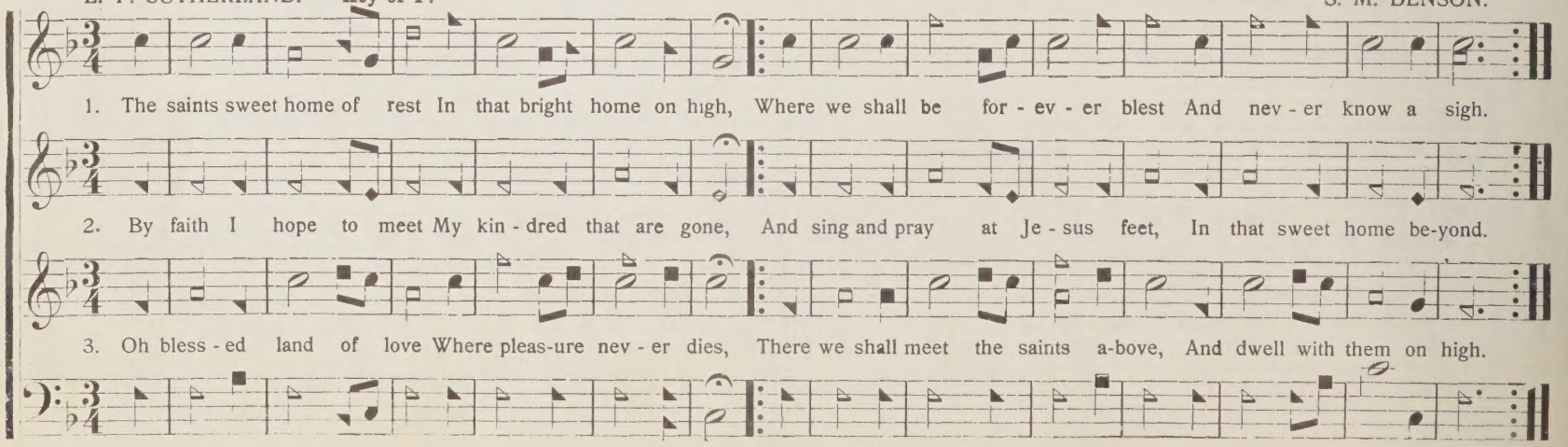
ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. TOPLADY. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood From thy wound-ed side which flow'd,
D,C—Be of sin the dou - ble cure Save from wrath and make me pure.
FINE.
D. C.
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know These for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and thou alone:
D, C—In my hand no price I brng; simply to thy cross I cling.

THE SAINTS SWEET HOME. S. M.

E. P. SUTHERLAND. Key of F. S. M. DENSON.


1. The saints sweet home of rest In that bright home on high, Where we shall be for - ev - er blest And nev - er know a sigh.
2. By faith I hope to meet My kin - dred that are gone, And sing and pray at Je - sus feet, In that sweet home be-yond.
3. Oh bless - ed land of love Where pleas-ure nev - er dies, There we shall meet the saints a-bove, And dwell with them on high.

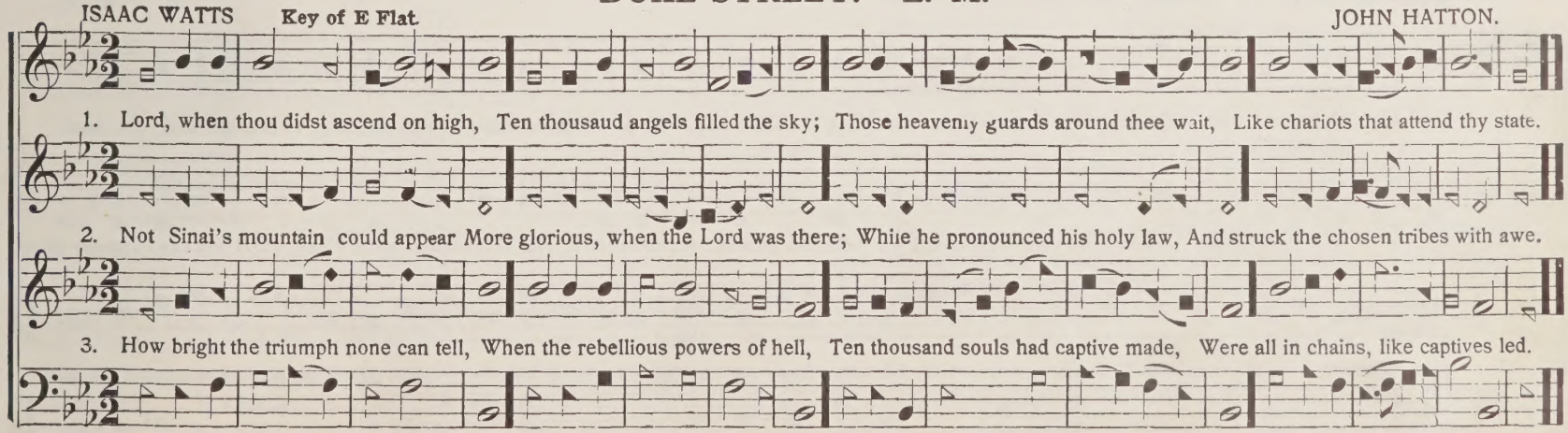
UXBRIDGE. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. **Key of E Flat.** DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Far from my thot's, vain world be gone! Let my re-lig-ious hours a - lone: Fain would my eyes my Sav-iour see; I wait a vis - it, Lord, from thee.
2. My heart grows warm with ho-ly fire, And kind-les with a pure de-sire: Come, Je-sus Sav - iour, from a-bove, And feed my soul with heaven-ly love.
3. Bless'd Je-sus, what de-li-cious fare! How sweet thine en-ter-tain-ments are! Nev-er did an-gels taste a-bove Re-deem-tng grace and dy-ing love.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

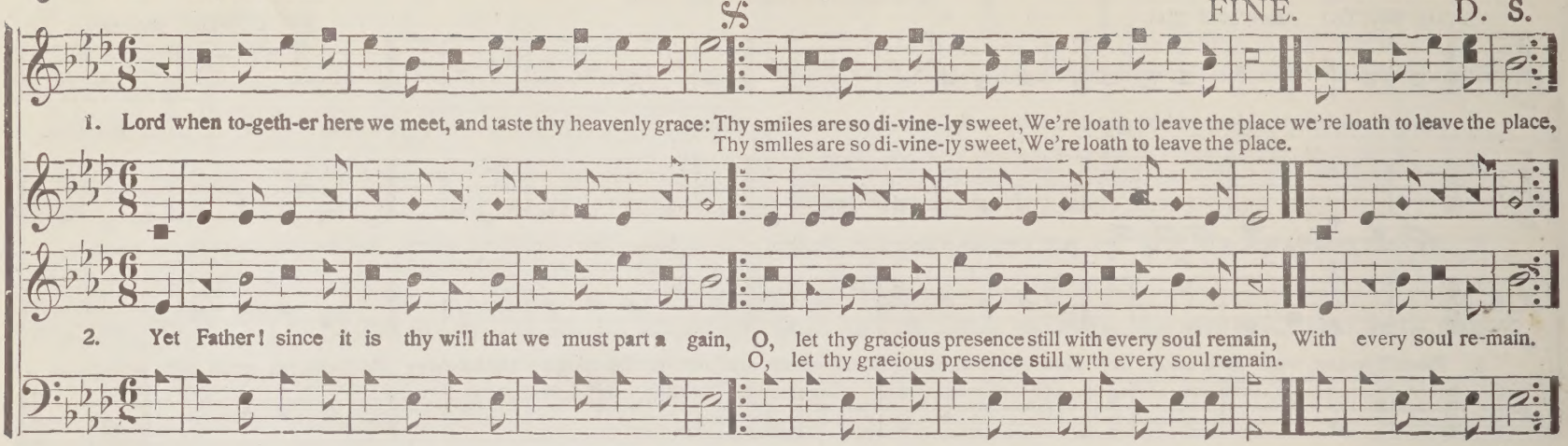
ISAAC WATTS **Key of E Flat.** JOHN HATTON.


1. Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousaud angels filled the sky; Those heavenly guards around thee wait, Like chariots that attend thy state.
2. Not Sinai's mountain could appear More glorious, when the Lord was there; While he pronounced his holy law, And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
3. How bright the triumph none can tell, When the rebellious powers of hell, Ten thousand souls had captive made, Were all in chains, like captives led.

HEAVENLY GRACE. 8 & 6s.

T. W. L. Key of A. Flat.

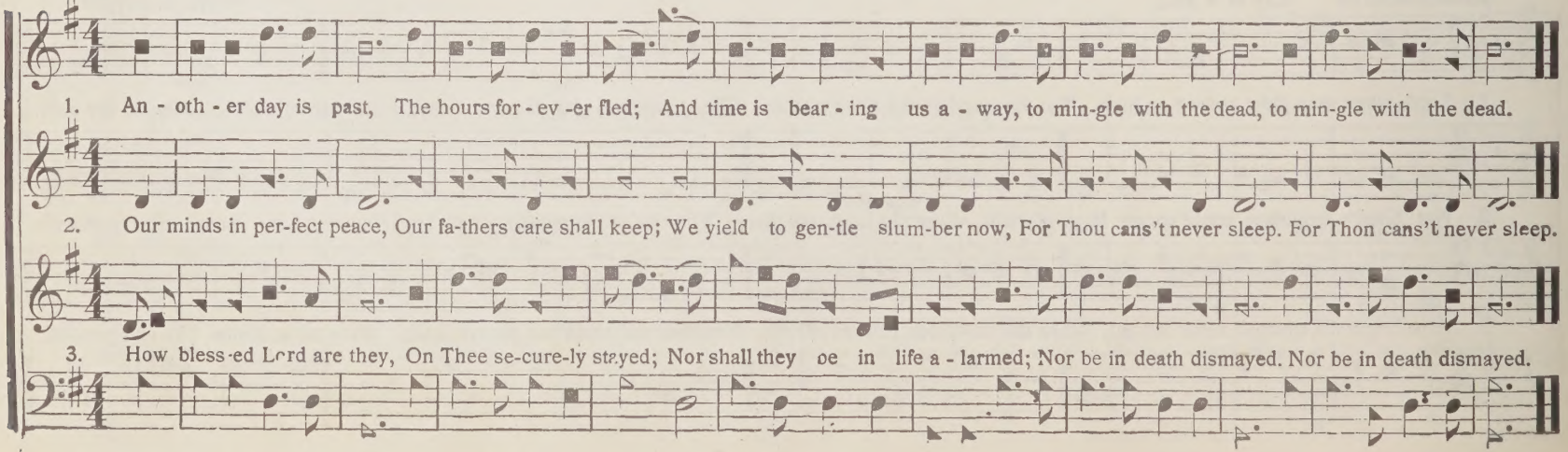
T. W. LOFTIN.


S
FINE.
D. S.
1. Lord when to-geth-er here we meet, and taste thy heavenly grace: Thy smiles are so di-vine-ly sweet, We're loath to leave the place we're loath to leave the place,
Thy smiles are so di-vine-ly sweet, We're loath to leave the place.
2. Yet Father! since it is thy will that we must part a gain, O, let thy gracious presence still with every soul remain, With every soul re-main.
O, let thy gracious presence still with every soul remain.

EVENING HYMN. S. M.

H. S R. Key of G.

H. S. REES.


1. An - oth - er day is past, The hours for - ev -er fled; And time is bear - ing us a - way, to min-gle with the dead, to min-gle with the dead.
2. Our minds in per-fect peace, Our fa-thers care shall keep; We yield to gen-tle slum-ber now, For Thou cans't never sleep. For Thon cans't never sleep.
3. How bless-ed Lord are they, On Thee se-cure-ly stayed; Nor shall they be in life a - larmed; Nor be in death dismayed. Nor be in death dismayed.

MUSICAL NOTATION AND RUDIMENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

1. Every impression made upon the mind through the sense of hearing is ermed a

SOUND.

2. All sounds having determinate height or depth are called

TONES.

And these by combination and succession according to certain laws constitute

MUSIC.

Tone have four essential properies,

1st. LENGTH.

2nd. PITCH.

3rd. POWER, and

4th. QUALITY.

They are therefore susceptable of four fundamental distintions;

1st. Long or Short.

2nd. High or Low.

3rd. Loud or Soft.

4th. Good or Bad.

Hence, musical instruction is naturally divided into four departments,

DIVISIONS. TECHNICAL TERMS.

1. RHYMHMICS.....Treating of the length of tones.
2. MELODICS.....Treating of the pitch of tones.
3. DYNAMICS .....Treating of the power of tones.
4. EXPRESSION.....Treating of the quality of tones.

SUMMARY.

All of these four properties are noticeable in every tone, be the tone ever so short, or so soft. It takes all of these properties to make a tone, and no tone is lacking in any one of these properties.

Rhythmics, comes from a Greek word, meaning "to flow".

Melodics, from the Greek, meaning "a song, a poem, a tune.

DYNAMICS from the Greek, meaning to be able.

POWER and QUALITY are usually found under one head, but we choose to create the department of EXPRESSION.

CHAPTER I.

RELATIVE PITCH. THE SCALE. ITS NAMES and SIGNS.

The human voice is capable of producing seven distinct primary tones.

When these are taken in a series, either ascending or descending, with a repetition of the first one taken, we have what is called

THE SCALE.

The tones of .he scale are named from the

FIRST EIGHT NUMERALS.

the lowest being called ONE: the next above it, TWO: the next, THREE: and so on. The highest EIGHT: the next below, SEVEN: the next SIX: and so on.

The difference of pitch between any two tones of the scale is called an

INTERVAL.

There are seven intervals in the scale, which are two kinds

LARGER AND SMALLER.

The larger intervals are called

STEPS.

and the smaller intervals being just half the size of the larger are called

HALF-STEPS.

Five ef the intervals steps, and two of them are half-steps, The half - steps occur between

THREE AND FOUR, AND SEVEN AND EIGHT.

THE ORDER OF INTERVALS.

in the scale is as follows :— Between ONE and TWO a step, between TWO and THREE, a step, between THREE and FOUR a half-step. Between FOUR and FIVE, a step, between FIVE and SIX a step, between SIX and SEVEN, a step and between SEVEN and EIGHT a half-step.

The tones of the scale are named from the following

FOUR SYLLABLES.

	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Fa.	Sol.	La.	Fa.	Sol.	La.	Me.	Fa.

This is called the MAJOR DIATONIC SCALE.

A series eommencing on La. and ending on La. is called the

MINOR DIATONIC SCALE.

SUMMARY.

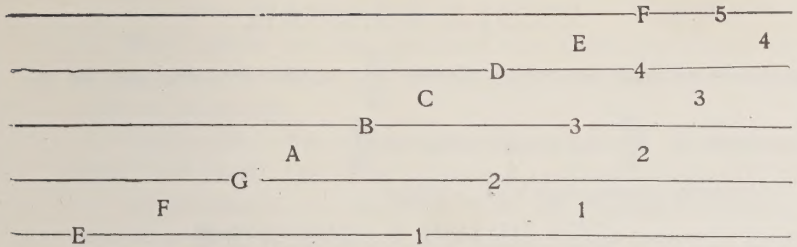
The term step and half-step, is for the sake of eonvenience only, the term Major second for steps and Minor second for half-steps ts more appropriate. The term SCALE, comes from the Latin scala, meaning a ladder. The Scale is a musical ladder.

The term Major and Mincr scale comes trom the formaton of the third in the scale. If its third is two whole steps (Major third) from the first tone taken, the series is called Thc Major Scale. If the third is only a step and a half from the first tone taken (Minor third) then the series is called, The Minor Scale and its minor seconds will be found between two and three and between five and six.

The relative pitch of tones is indicated, and the scale represented to the eye, by the use of a character called a

STAFF.

which is composed of five long equidistant parralel, and horizontal straight lines and their intervening spaces which are four. and counted from the lowest upward, thus:—



Each line and each space of the staff is called a

DEGREE.

A degree means a place.

There are nine degrees of the staff.

When we wish to do so, we may enlarge the staff by usIng the spaces below and above the staff and by using

ADDED LINES

and their accruing spaces below and above the staff.

The degrees of the staff, that is the lines and spaces are named from the first seven letters of the alphabet, viz:

A. B. C. D. E. F. G.

In order to give names to all the degrees these letters have to be repeated. These degrees are named usually in two ways, and in order to determine which way of naming has been observed in a given instance we look to a character called a

CLEFF.

There are two cleffs used in this book.

The G. cleff, and the F. cleff.

Each cleff represents and locates, upon the staff, the letter from which it is named which letter is called the

CLEFF-LETTER.

and furnishes a clue to the letter names of all the other degrees of the staff.

The scale may be represented on the staff in various positions that is, any line or space may be taken for the first one of this the series and the other numbers will follow in their regular order. The first one of this series is called the

KEY-NOTE or KEY-TONE,

and the key is named after that degree.

The scale may be extended above 8 or below 1.

When it is extended above 8, 8 becomes 1 of the series above, and when it is extended below 1, 1 becomes 8 of the series below.

From 1 to 8, or every eighth tone is an octave from its duplicate below or above as the case may be.

The compass of the human voice is about two octaves,

CHAPTER 2.

RHYTHMICS, NOTES, RESTS, MEASURERS, BARS.

Tones are represented to the eye by characters called notes. Notes also show the order or the tune by their ascention or descention on the staff.

The varions lengths of tones are shown by the difference in the note head. See diagram: on page 5.

Silence during the progression of a piece of music is indicated by characters called

RESTS.

Every note has its corresponding rest.

Pulsations or counts, group themselves into twos or threes, and these groups are called

MEASURES.

A measure may have two or more parts.

A measure having TWO parts is called

DOUBLE-MEASURE.

Measures have their boundaries marked by small vertical lines across the staff called

MEASURE-BARS.

Measures and parts of measures may be manifested to the ear by counting, and to the eye by motions of the hand called beats. Such motions are called

BEATING-TIME.

TWO-PART or DOUBLE MEASURE has two beats, and they are performed by two motions of the hand, thus, DOWN and UP.

The first part of the measure is accented.

Accent is the laying of a peculiar stress of the voice on the first part of the measure, making it stronger than the last part.

In double measure we have one accent.

Figures are used to show what kind of measure is used, also, what kind of notes are to be employed as beat notes.

When we have double measure, we use the figure 2 right after the clef and we wish to use a half note as a beat note, we write a second figure 2 under the first one, making it read two over two. $\frac{2}{2}$

The upper figure stands for the kind of measure and the lower figure for the kind of note used for the beat note.

A measure may be divided further into smaller parts, as notes of smaller denominations will show, as some measures may have as high as twelve parts, as we will show later.

A second variety of this form of measure is marked by $\frac{2}{4}$ and to the ear is the same, but to the eye is different, as it has a quarter note for its beat note.

A third variety is $\frac{2}{8}$

A measure having three parts or counts, is called

TRIPLE-MEASURE,

and has three beats, and its first form is $\frac{3}{2}$ accent on the first part, its second variety is $\frac{3}{4}$ and a third variety is $\frac{3}{8}$

A measure having four beats is called

QUADRUPLE-MEASURE

indicated by the figures $\frac{4}{4}$ the first count in every measure is accented $\frac{4}{8}$ has two accents first and third counts. Two varieties.

Six over four $\frac{6}{4}$ is called

COMPOUND DOUBLE MEASURE

or time. It has two beats to the measure and three counts to the beat.

A second variety is $\frac{6}{8}$

This kind of measure or time has two varieties. Six over eight is called compound double measure, or time second variety.

A measure having nine counts, is called

COMPOUND TRIPLE MEASURE,

and has three counts to the beat. There are two varieties, $\frac{9}{4}$ ahd $\frac{9}{8}$

COMPOUND QUADRUPLE MEASURE

is the name of a measure having twelve counts and four beats and is marked by $\frac{12}{8}$ A dot or point to the right of a note or rest, adds to the note or rest, one-half its original length. Thus, a pointed whole note or rest, is equal to a whole note and a half, or three half notes; a pointed half note is equal to a half note and a quarter or three quarters, A point to the right of a dot adds to its length one-half of its original value, &c.

A cmmoon rule is that a whole rest fills a measure in any kind of time.

When a portion of a piece of music is to be repeated is indicated by a row of dots across the staff and shows that the portion of music just sung is to be sung the second time.

A second form of the repeat is shown by the letters D. C. which directs the singer from the end back to the beginning and to the end at the word FINE.

A third repeat is DAL SEGNO or D. S., which indicates a return to the sign 𝄋 at some interior point of the music and ending at the word FINE.

The number of parts to be sung together is indicated by a brace at the beginning of the music, and all parts inclosed is called a SCORE.

CHAPTER 3.

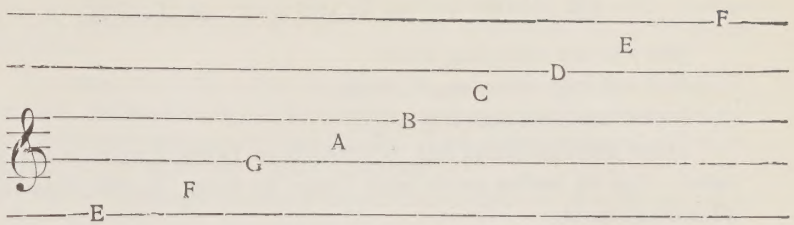
MELODICS. ABSOLUTE PITCHES.

The letters on the staff are never changed from the position assigned by the clef. Therefore, they represent

ABSOLUTE PITCH

of tones or that which is independent of scale relationship.

The letters appear on the staff as follows :



To distinguish between the different tones denoted by the same letter, capitol and small letters, together with marks below or above them, are used.

In the

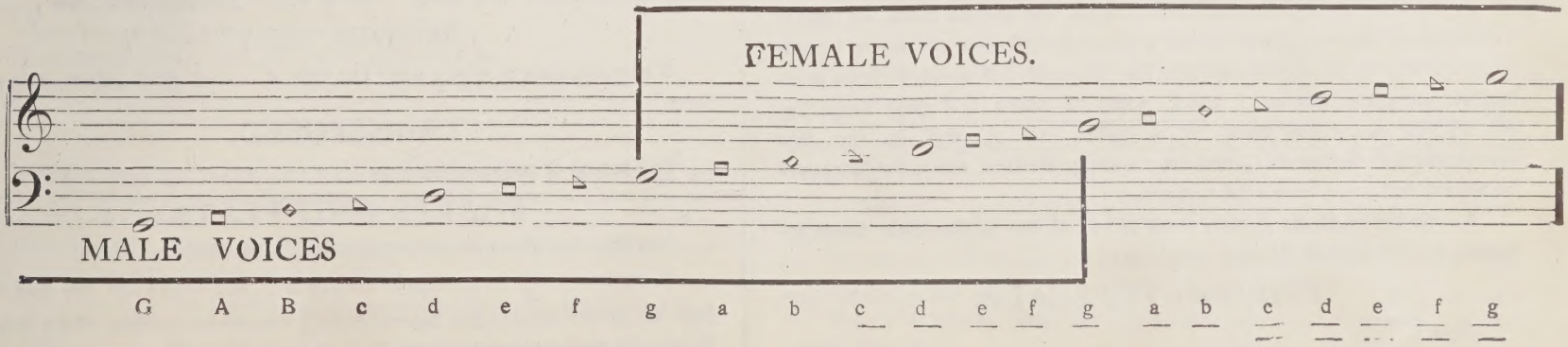
GREAT SCALE

of tones. or the whole compass of tones appreciable by the human ear, which consists of about nine octaves, only abont one third, or

THREE OCTAVES

are within range of the human voice.

The female voice being pitched one octave higher than the male voice, makes the vocal compass appear on the staff as follows :



CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES.

Men with low voices sing BASS.

Men with high voices sing TENOR.

Ladies with low voices sing ALTO.

Ladies with high voices sing SOPRANO or TREBLE as it is sometimes called. And the leading part is called Tenor by some. In this instance, the parts are swapped.

The F clef is used for the Bass, and the G clef is used for all three of the other parts.

When the G clef is used for the Tenor, or for the male voice, it means small g, an octave lower than when used for female voices.

Besides the seven primary tones the human voice is capable of producing

FIVE INTERMEDIATE TONES,

and they occur in connection with the others where the major seconds are in the regular scale.

SUMMARY.

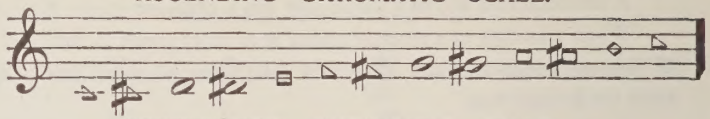
As there are no places on the staff for these intermediate tones, we have to write them on the same degrees as the primary (tones) notes are written by prefixing a sharp or flat, as the case may be. Thus, if 1 is on C, then the intermediate tone lying between 1 and 2 would be sharp 1, if used ascending, but in the descending series it is called flat 2, and in the first case it would be written on C, and have a sharp prefixed, and in the latter case be written on D, and have a flat prefixed.

A scale having all the primary tones and all of the intermediate tones appearing at their regular places is called the

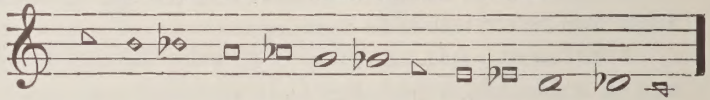
CHROMATIC SCALE.

Thus :

ASCENDING CHROMATIC SCALE.



DESCENDING CHROMATIC SCALE.



When these intermediate tones occur in the progression of a piece of music they are called

ACCIDENTAL SHARPS AND FLATS,

but when they occur at the beginning they are called

SIGNATURE SHARPS AND FLATS.

In the model or standard scale, the pitch C, is the Key note, for the Major form while A is its relative Minor.

The G clef is the only sign necessary for the key. The word Key in this sense, means a family of tones, or tone family, and all of its members present make the scale in C, or A minor. This is what is generally called the

MODEL KEY.

When the scale is in any other key than C major or A minor, it is said to be

TRANSPOSED.

The means of transposition is by

SHARPS AND FLATS.

The first way of remove or transposition, is by sharps.

Sharp four. F♯ is the sign of the key of G, and shows that the Key has been transposed upward five degrees and F♯ becomes a member of the key of G, and the staff members then are G, A, B, C, D, E and F♯.

SHARPS AND FLATS.

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BY SHARPS.

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The next remove brings us to D. Signature (two sharps) F sharp and C sharp, or a shorter way of putting it, F and C sharp.

Three sharps, or F, C and G sharp, A is the key.

Four sharps, or F, C, G and D sharp, E is the key.

BY FLATS.

The second way of transposing the scale is by fourths, and the first remove is from C to F, and requires a flat on B, and the key is written in F, and Bb is the signature.

Four of the old key becomes No. 1 of the new key, F, and 7 of the old key is omitted, and Flat 7 adopted in its stead and becomes 4 of the new key &c. Sharp 4 transposes, or moves, a fifth; Flat 7 transposes or moves the key a fourth. The members of this key are F, G, A, B flat, C, D, E and F.

The second remove is from F to Bb, with two flats or B and Eb as signature to the key of Bb.

Three flats or B, E and Ab is the signature of Eb.

Four flats or B, E, A and Db is the signature of Ab.

Five flats or B, E, A, D and Gb is the signatnre of the key of Db.

SUMMARY.

Count 5 from the model and form the scale; sharp 4 of the old (or model) or 7 of the new. By flats, count 4 and form the scale. Flat 7 of the model, or 4 of the new

A sharp or flat, when used in the signature has a more extended influence than when it merely occures as an accidental.

For instance, in the signature of G, the sharp affects the degree on which it is placed throughout the tune, unless temporarily cancelled by a natural, and also all its octaves. The teacher may also explain that every tone in music is sometimes diatonic and sometimes chromatic. F Sharp in the key of G is diatonic, because it belongs to that key. It is chromatic in the key of C, because it is not a regular member of that key. F Sharp is chromatic in G, but is diatonic in C.

The effect of a sharp or flat (accidental) is only in the measure in which it is written, unless it is the last note in that measure and the same note is the first note in the next measure, then its effect is felt in that measure until interrupted by a note on another degree of the staff.

This ♮ character is called a restoral and cancels the effect of a sharp or flat when placed on the same degree that the sharp or flat previously occurred.

A sharp, flat or cancel on any degree of the staff effects all the other degrees of the staff by the same name; this applies to accidentals as well as signatures.

Sharps and flats are sometimes employed doubly, and are called DOUBLE SHARPS and FLATS, and are written thus: ♯♯ or × and is a sign of an elevation of a major step. The double flat is written thus: ♭♭ and is the sign of a depression of a major step.

As the natural cancels the sharp and flat, it cancels but one at a time and allows one to remain, thus:

♯♯ ♮♯ or ♭♭ ♮♭

A broad bar shows the end of a line of poetry or a phrase of music,

A double broad bar shows the end of the tune,

When three notes are to be performed in the same time of two notes of the same nominal value, the figure 3 is written over or under them, and they are called TRIPLETS.

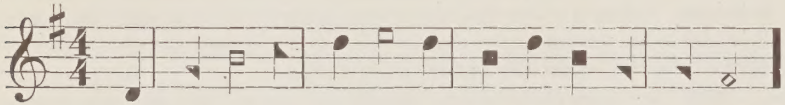
A Slur is used to show how many notes are to be sung to one syllable of the poetry.

The Slur is called a Tie when it is placed over two or more notes on the same degree of the staff:

The slur is also to denote LEGATO style which is in a smooth and connected manner.

The opposite of Legato is STACCATO, which is in a detached manner thus: +

Syncopation is when an unaccented note is used in connection with an accented note thus:



Relationship of Keys.

Keys that have a great many tones in common are said to be closely related.

Keys, are related in the first degree—they are but one remove from each other—when there is a difference of but one tone between them.

EXAMPLE—In the key of G there is but one tone that is not in the key of C viz: F Sharp; and the key of C has but one tone that is not in the key of G, viz., F accordingly, these two keys have the greatest number of tones in comcom that it is possible for two keys to have, and are, therefore, said to be related in the first degree—they are but one remove from each other.

In the key of F there is but one tone that is not in the key of C, viz., B flat; and the key of C has but one tone that does not belong to F, viz., B; accordingly, these two keys are related in the first degree. Thus it may be said that the key of C has two keys that are related to it in the first degree, viz., the key of G and the key of F.

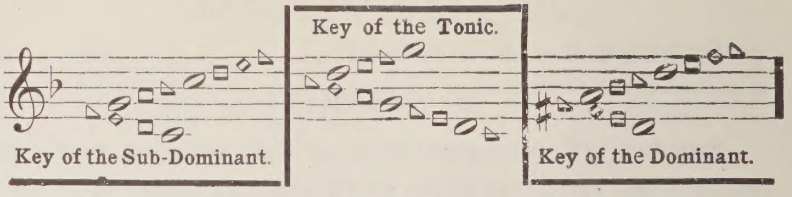
Each key has two keys tnat are related to it in the first degree, viz., the key founded upon its Fifth, and the key founded upon its Fourth.

The Central or Chief Key, is called the Key of the Tonic; the key founded upon its fifth is called the Key of the Dominant; the key founded upon its fourth is called the Key of the Sub-Dominant.

The distinguishing tone between the Key of the Tonic and the Key of the Dominant ir Sharp Four.

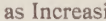
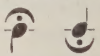
The distinguishing tone between the Key of the Tonic and the Key of the Sub-Dominant is Flat Seven.

This relationship of the three keys is shown in the following diagrams. It will be of advantage to the singer to know this relation, and to observe the use of the related keys, and the effect of their connection.

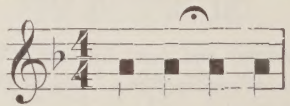


DEGREES OF POWER.

There are said to be FIVE PRINCIPLE DEGREES OF POWER: A loud tone is called FORTE, and marked *f.* A very loud tone is called FORTISSIMO, and marked *ff.* A medium volume of tone produced by an ordinary action of the vocal organs is called MEDIUM, and is marked *m.* A soft tone is called PIANO, and marked *p.* A very soft tone is called PIANISSIMO, and marked *pp.*

Aside from these degrees of power there are several combinations of different powers, such as Increasing tone, a tone commencing soft and increasing until it becomes loud, is marked *Cres.* or and is called CRESCENDO. A tone just the opposite is marked *Dim.* or  and is called DIMINUENDO. A union of these two powers is marked thus: and called A SWELL. A very sudden swell is marked and called A PRESSURE TONE. When a tone is to be struck with great force instantly, it is called an EXPLOSIVE TONE. When tones are to be prolonged indefinitely, at the pleasure of the performer, they have a character like this  and is called the HOLD.

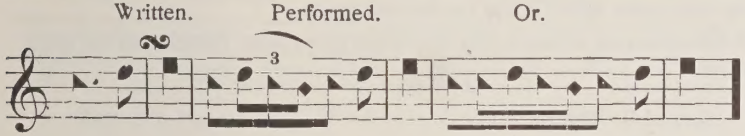
The hold may be used over or under a rest with the same results, and again it may be used between notes. In these cases it is called a PAUSE:



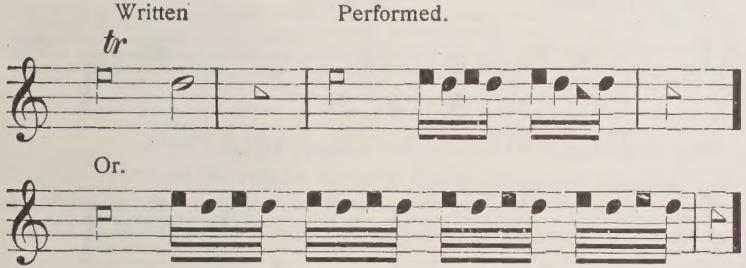
There are FIVE PRINCIPLE MOVEMENTS or rates of speed to music, which are as follows: A very slow movement is called ADAJIO. A rather slow movement is called ANDANTE. A medium movement is called MODERATO. A quick movement is called ALLEGRO. A very quick movement is called PRESTISSIMO. RITARD means slower and slower by degrees.

GRACE NOTES, TRILL, TURN, Etc.

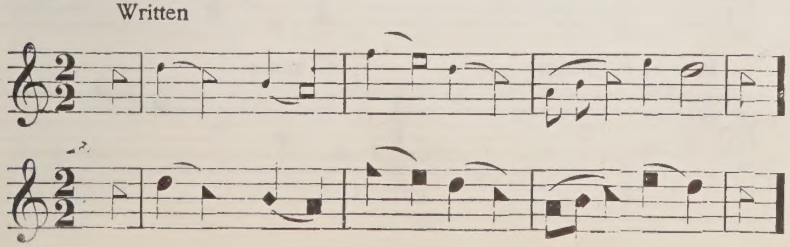
1. The TURN (∾) consists of a principal sound, with the sounds next above and below it. It should be performed with neatness, but not too quick, thus:—



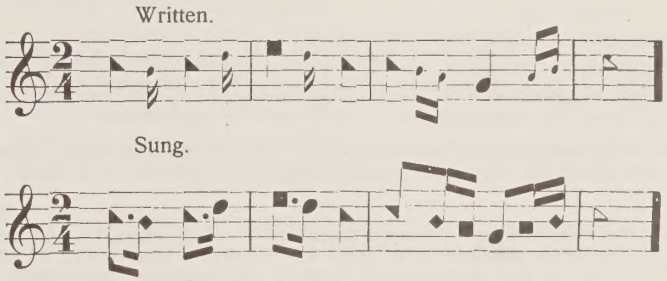
2. The TRILL (*tr*) or SHAKE is a very brilliant musical embellishment, and should be much cultivated by those who would acquire smoothness and flexibility of voice. It is a quick reiteration of two tones, bearing the relation of a step or a half step, thus:—



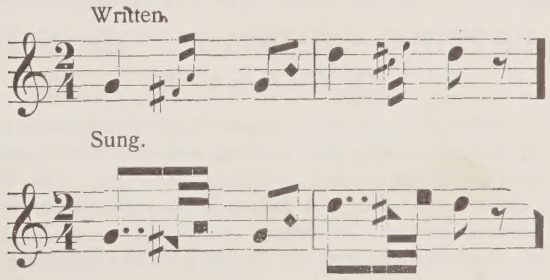
3. The "APPOGGIATURA" is usually represented by a small note placed before a large one upon an accented part of the measure. It takes half the value of the large note, except when the latter is dotted—then it takes two-thirds, thus:—



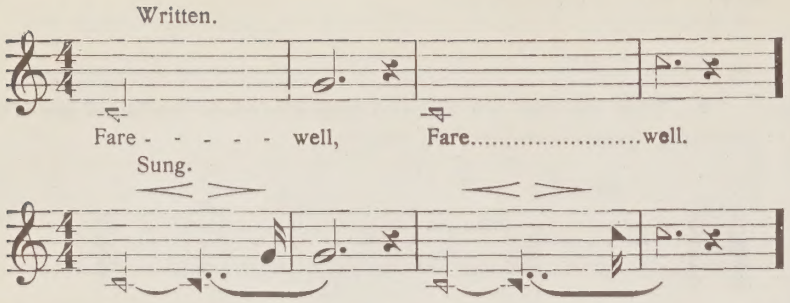
4. When the small note follows a large one, on an unaccented part of the measure, it is called an *After Note*, thus:—



5. The DOUBLE APPOGGIATURA consists of two notes, one above and the other below the principal; which are always intended to be sung with grace aud rapidity, thus:—



6. PORTAMENTO is a technical term used to indicate the carriage or manner of conducting the voice from one tone to another, in order to connect them smoothly and gracefully. It is generally limited to cases in which the two tones form a third, fifth, or some larger intervallic relation, and they are sung to two separate syllables, thus:—



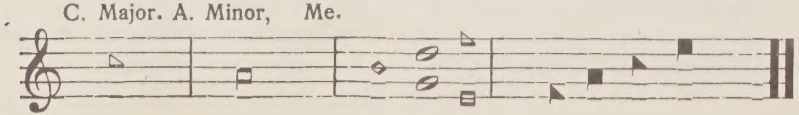
NOTE.—The really artistic use of the voice outlined in this chapter, should never be attempted by the learner, except under the direction of a master in vocal culture.

QUESTIONS.—1. Of what does a Turn consist? How should it be performed? 2. Describe and define the Trill. 3. When is a tone said to be syncopated? 4. How is the Appoggiatura usually represented? How much of the value of the large note does it usually take? When does it take two-thirds of the value of the large note? 5. When a small note follows a large one on an unaccented part of the measure, what is it called? 6. Of what does a Double Appoggiatura consist? 7. Define the term Portamento. In what particular is it generally limited, and to how many syllables are the intervals sung?

RULES FOR READING NOTES IN DIFFERENT KEYS.

Me is the Leading note, called so because it leads from major to minor.

In learning to read notes by their position, you must first locate Me, which you find between any Major key and its relative Minor key. Take for instance, the key of C Major or A Minor, the degree B lies between these two pitches and Me the Leading note will be written on this degree, which is the middle line of the staff, then you will find Sol on the next line higher up and on the fifth line of the staff. You will find the second Fa of the Scale, below Me on the second line of the Staff you will find Sol the fifth tone of the Scale, and on the first line of the Staff you will find La the third of the Scale, thus:

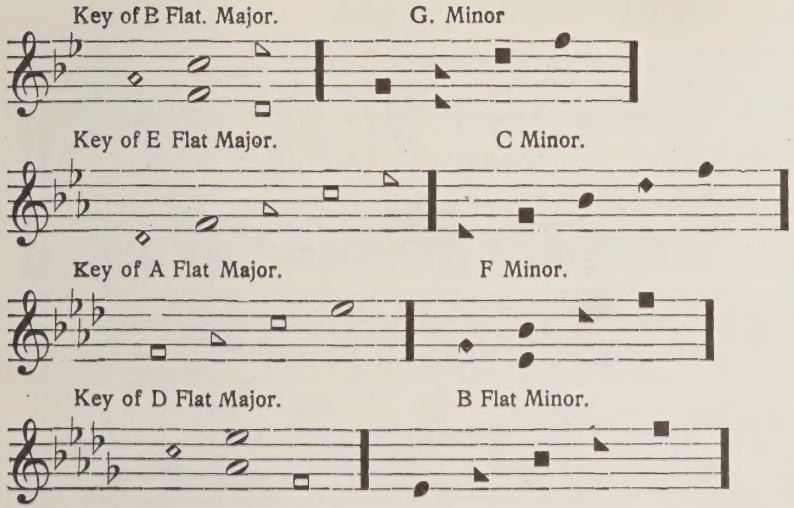


Then in the spaces we find Fa, first space, La, second space, which is four and six, of the scale.

RULE, 1. When Me takes a line, Sol will take the next line above it, and Fa will take the next and La the next.

RULE 2, When Me takes a space, Sol will take the next space above and Fa the next space above it and La the next space.

If Me occurs on a line, it will next occur in a space, likewise all the other notes.



CHANTS AND CHANTING.

1. There are two regular forms of Chant—Single and Double. The Single chant has two parts and is composed of a Reciting Note and Two Cadence Measures followed by a Reciting Note and Three Cadence Measures, thus:—

2. A Double Chant is composed of two single chants, and, therefore, has four parts.

3. There are also "Peculiar Chants," which are constructed to suit odd metres, and words of peculiar rhythm.

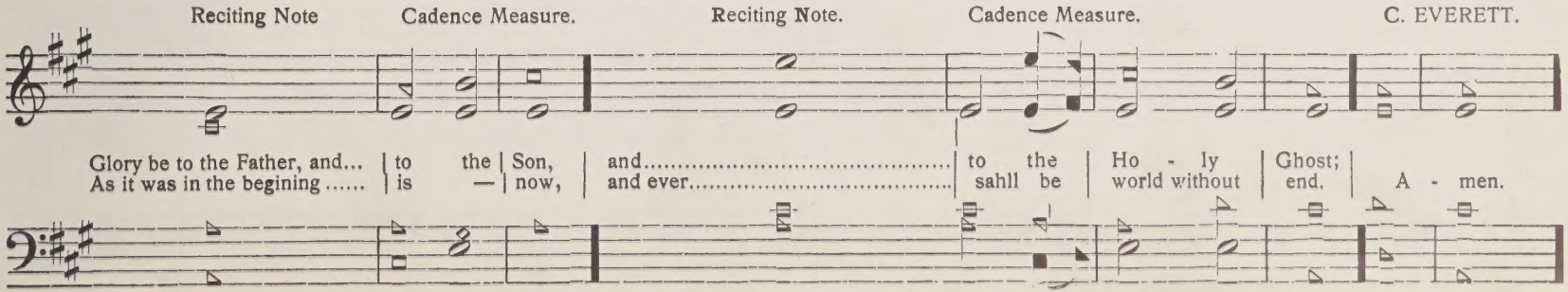
4. The "A—men" may follow in all forms of the chant, just as it may in any other style of church music.

5. The reciting note gives no indication of time or rhythmical proportion; nor are there any definite rules on the subject, except such as govern in good reading. Hence, we may say that the time of its duration is determined by the number of words to be chanted to it, and that these should be delivered about as fast as a good reader would read them. But when the object is congregational chanting, the cadence measures should be in strict time.

6. "Pronounce together," is a command that must be rigidly obeyed, as it lies at the foundation of all excellence in both choir and congregational chanting.

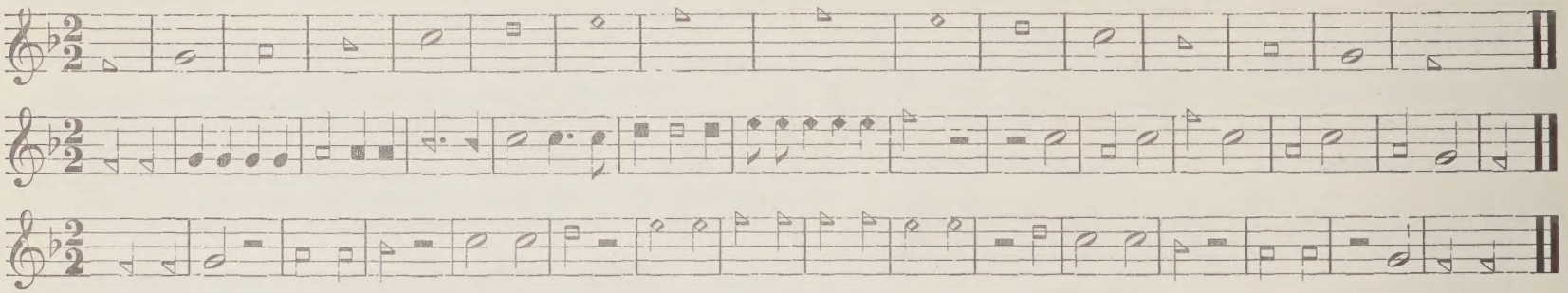
7. Special attention should be given to enunciation, accent, and emphasis; and to all punctuation marks and pauses—grammatical and rhetorical; otherwise the service will be worse than a failure.

SINGLE CHANT.

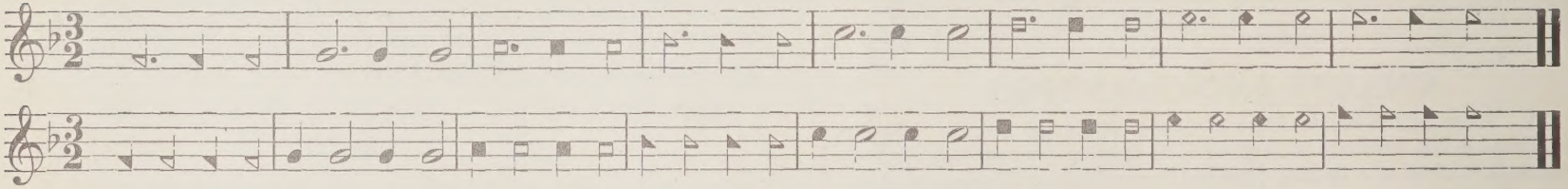

Reciting Note
Cadence Measure.
Reciting Note.
Cadence Measure.
C. EVERETT.
Glory be to the Father, and... | to | the | Son, | and..... | to | the | Ho - ly | Ghost;
As it was in the begining..... | is | — | now, | and ever..... | sahll | be | world without | end. | A - men.

TIME LESSONS IN SCALE EXERCISES.

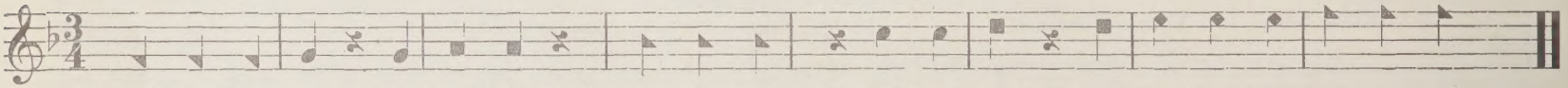
Double Time. Two beats to the measure. One beat to the half note: Two beats to the whole note; and two quarter notes to the beat.



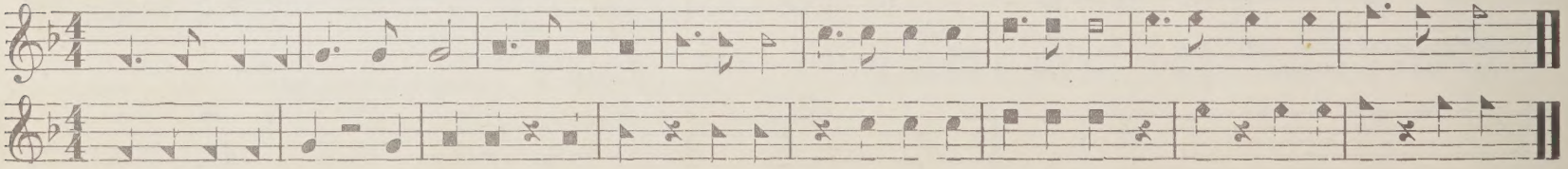
Tripple Time. Three beats to the measure. Two beats to the whole note, One beat to the half note; and two quarter notes to one beat.



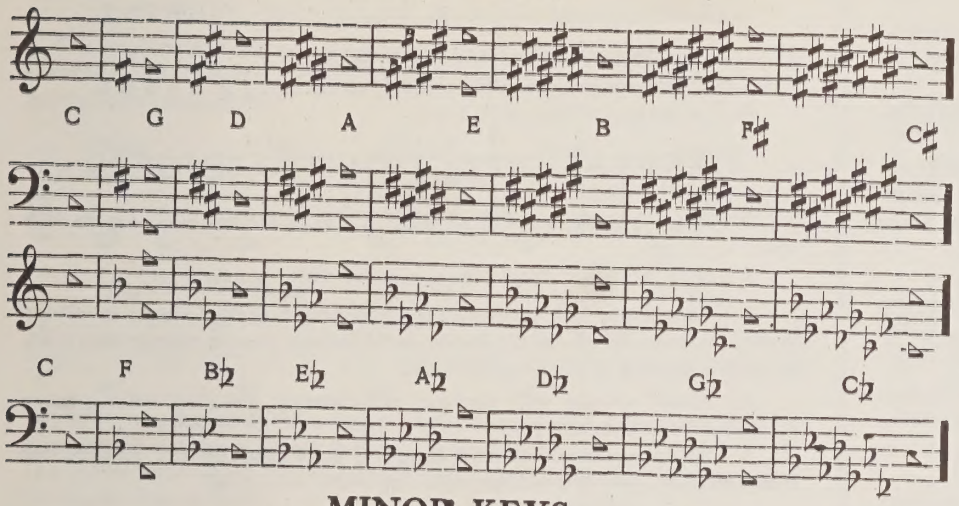
Tripple Time, (second variety) Three beats to the measure. The pointed half note receives three beats, the half note two beats, and the quarter note one beat.



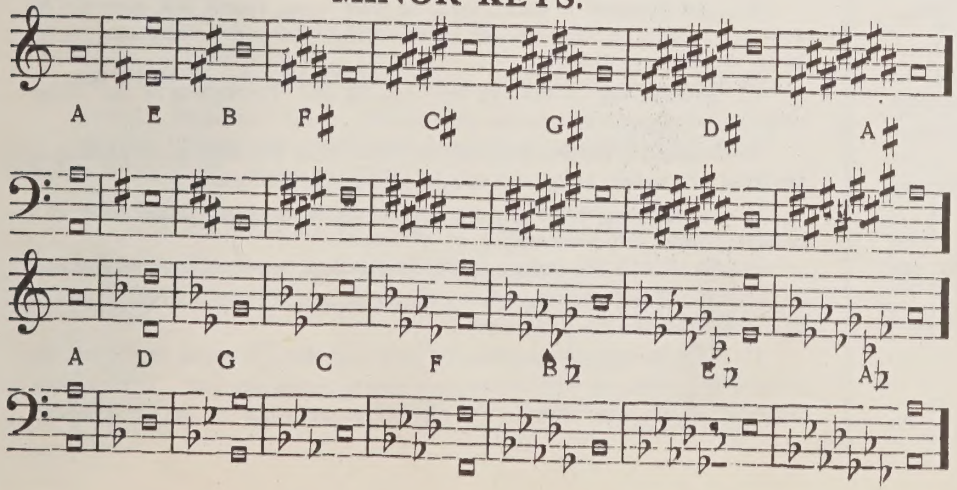
Quadruple Time. Four beats to the measure, The whole note receives four beats, the half note, two; and the quarter note, one beat.



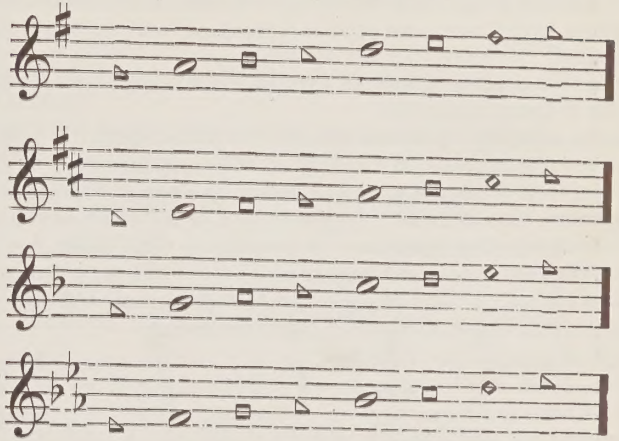
MAJOR KEYS.



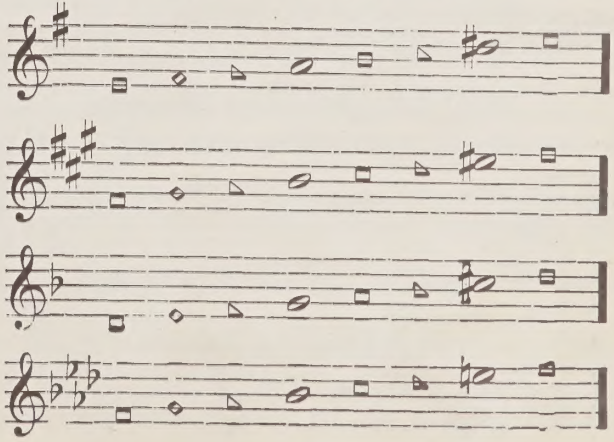
MINOR KEYS.



MAJOR SCALES.



MINOR SCALES.



EXPLINATION OF KEYS.

By the term Key, is understood, the fundamental pillowtone upon which the scale is formed and is the point of repose; and fundamental point in reconing intervals.

It must be understood that the composer is at liberty to choose any letter or degree, as foundation or key.

By the term Key, is also understood, the propper pitch that unlocks and gives a clue to the intervals, in their regular order; and also gives us a proper conception of their order; and it must be farther understood that flats and sharps in the signature, have no power whatever to give, or to furnish us with the key:

For jnstance—One sharp does not give the key of G. Major, nor E. Minor,

But when the scale is transposed from C the model, to G. F must be sharped to make the scale of G like the model C, And the scale of E Minor. being the relative of G Major, demands the same treatment.

Hence signature sharps and flats, are only used as signs, pointing us to the key; Pointing out and identifying the degrees that have been effected, by the removes of the scale to different degrees, on tne staff, and telling how many in each remove.

Hence two sharps does not give the key of D. Major, nor B. its relative Minor, but in each instance F, and C. must be sharped, to make the intervals occur in their regular order, and make them like their model,

This rule holds good throughout the entire progress in each scale.

METER. *Meaning Measure.*

AN ARRANGEMENT OF POETICAL FEET, OR SYLABLES.

C. M. ..... 8 6 8 6.
C. M. D. ..... 8 6 8 6-8 6 8 6.
C. P. M. ..... 8 8 6 8 8 6.
S. M. ..... 6 6 8 6.
S. M. D. ..... 6 6 8 6-6 6 8 6.
S. P. M. 6 6 8-6 6 8
L. M. ..... 8 8 8 8.
L. M. D. ..... 8 8 8 8-8 8 8 8.
L. P. M. ..... 8 8 8 8 8 8.
H. M. ..... 6 6 6 6 8 8.
8, s. ..... 8 8 8 8.
8, s & 7, s. ..... 8 7 8 7.

P. M. Piticular Meter. Meaning irregular.

In L. M. every other sylable is accented, accent falling on 2 4 6 & 8.

In 8, s the accent falls on 2 5 & 8.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS TO SINGERS.

1. When singing, stand or sit erect, so as to use the vocal organs with ease.

2. Hold the music upon a level with the eyes, or nearly so.

3. Take deep, full, and noiseless respirations, at such places as will not injure the sense of the words; but be careful not to breathe oftener than is absolutely necessary to sustain good tones.

4. Attack sounds with decision and certainty, and avoid striking below the correct tone and sliding up to it.

5. Hold long sounds steadily, firm, and equal, and do not yield to the desire to slide up or down to the following sound as a relief.

6. The emission of tone should be free, open, round, full, pure and resonant; it should be instantaneous, firm, and decided; without hesitancy, trembling, wavering or drawling.

7. Endeavoring to manage the swelling and diminishing of the voice when required, with due gradual proportions.

8. In singing, the words should be pronounced the same as in reading or speaking; the vowals being *sung* and the consonants *articulated*.

9. The letter *a*, when it is used as an article, or as the initial letter of a syllable, should be pronounced *a*, as in *Father*.

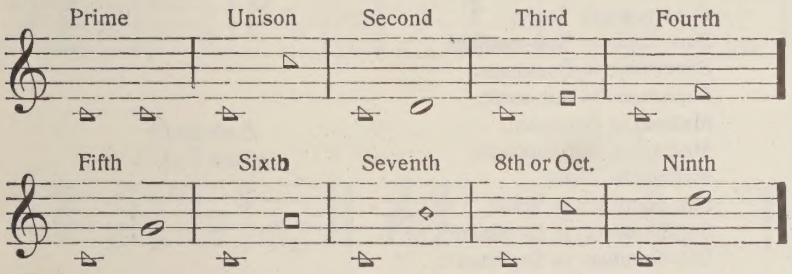
10. The article *the*, before consonants, should be pronounced as *e* in *met yet*, etc. But when it comes before a word commencing with a vowel, it should be pronounced like the pronoun *thee*.

11. Always commence promptly when the signal is given by the teacher or director, and do not wait for someone else to commence first. If there are a thousand singers, they should all commence as one voice—at the same *instant*.

HINTS ON HOW TO WRITE MUSIC.

A SHORT TREATISE ON MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

The pupil should posess a knowledge of intervals before maktng an attempt at musical composition. Below we give most of the intervals that are necessary in plain composition.



Two tones standing on degrees next to each other are said to be a second apart. The number of degrees always governs the kind of interval.
The degree upon which the lowest tone is standing (all between) and the one the highest tone is standing on is counted in reconing intervals.

INTERVALS.

Are PRIMES. AUGMENTED PRIMES, SECONDS. Major and Minor.

THIRDS. Major and Minor. FOURTHS. Perfect and Augmented.
FIFTHS. Diminished, Perfect and Augmented. SIXTHS. Major and Minor. SEVENTHS Major and Minor.

INVERSION OF THE SCALE.

A Prime or One when inverted becomes				An Octave
A Second	"	"	"	A Seventh
A Third	"	"	"	A Sixth
A Fourth	"	"	"	A Fifth
A Fifth	"	"	"	A Fourth
A Sixth	"	"	"	A Third
A Seventh	"	"	"	A Second

Any Major interval when inverted becomes a Minor interval, and a Minor interval inverted becomes a Major interval. This rule also applies to chords: Any Major chord inverted becomes a Minor, and any Minor chord inverted becomes a Major.

To determine whether a chord is Major or Minor, examine its Third: If the Third is Major, then the chord is Major. If its Third is Minor, then the chord is a Minor chord.

NOTE—The word Invert, means to take the bottom and place an octave higher, or take the top and place an octave lower.

INVERSION OF CHORDS.

GENERAL RULES TO BE OBSERVED.

1. Every piece of music should contain an even number of measures.
2. The last measure should contain what is omitted in the first.
3. A binding tone is a tone in common to two or more chords.
4. In progressing from one chord to another of different harmony, where there is a tone in common, let the voice which has the binding tone retain it and the other members of the chord take the members lying nearest to them.
5. Thirds, Fourths, Fifths, Sixths and Octaves are chords. Seconds and Sevenths are discords.
6. All phrases of a piece of music should not end with the same chord, but the last chord should be Tonic direct and the one next to it should be Dominant or Dominant 7th.
7. A piece may begin with a unison passage, but if it begins with a chord it must be the tonic.

MOTION OR MOVEMENT.

By the motion of any part is meant the direction in which it proceeds. When a part moves along on one degree of the staff, its motion is said to be

direct. When two or more parts move exactly in the same direction on different degrees, their motion is said to be *similar.* When they move in opposite directions it is *contrary* motion; and when one part moves direct and another part upward, or downward' the motion is called *oblique.*

The faults of hidden or open fifths and octaves can only occur in similar motion: all the other movements are safe as against these faults; hence in all cases of similar movement the learner should be on his guard against fifths and octaves, consecutively.

If a part cannot remain stationary it should move to the tone in the next chord which occasions the least motion.

Give to each voice a smooth pleasant melody.

The inner parts should move as little as possible.

If the base moves a second, third, or fifth, the other parts should move in contrary motion, if possible.

A composition should end with the Tonic triad of the key in which it commenced.

Do not use harsh and unmelodious steps, such as augmented intervals, major sevenths, etc., etc.

Keep constantly in mind the compass of the several voices, neither write too high nor too low.

If a bold, loud, or brilliant effect is desired, lead the voices up to the higher tones.

If a solemn, mournful and dirge-like effect is to be produced, write so as to keep the voices upon the lower tones.

Do not use two progressions of a fourth or fifth in the same direction, especially in the base.

Never use two successive chords in their second inversion.

Contrary motion is preferable to parallel motion between soprano and base.

In arranging the different parts, combine parallel, oblique, and contrary motion as much as possible.

Avoid a too frequent use of inversions; also a too frequent use of direct forms; but rather mingle them ingeniously.

Avoid a too frequent use of the same chord.

Avoid too many remote or abrupt modulations or transitions.

Avoid a too frequent use of the same cadence.

RESOLUTIONS.

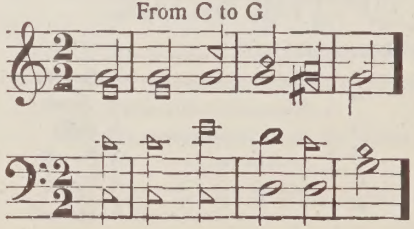
A Few of the Most Commonly Used Resolutions.

Tonic to Dominant.
Tonic to Sub-dominant.
Tonic to Sub-mediant.
Supertonic to Tonic.
Supertonic to Sub-mediant.
Supertonic to Dominant.
Supertonic to Sub-tonic.
Mediant to Dominant.
Mediant to Sub-mediant.
Mediant to Tonic.
Sub-dominant to Tonic.
Sub-dominant to Dominant.
Sub-dominant to Supertonic.
Dominant to Tonic.
Dominant to Sub-mediant.
Sub-mediant to Sub-dominant.
Sub-mediant to Tonic.
Sub-mediant to Dominant (certain positions).
Sub-mediant to Supertonic.
Sub-tonic to Tonic.
Sub-tonic to Dominant seventh.

EXAMPLES IN MODULATION.

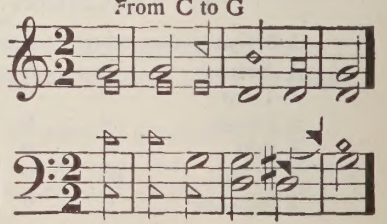
Example 1.

From C to G

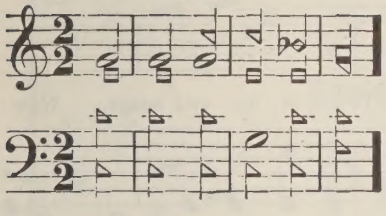


Example 2.

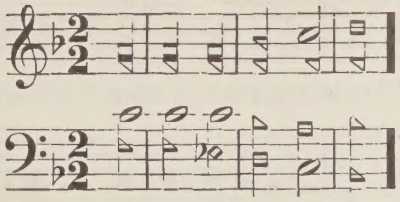
From C to G



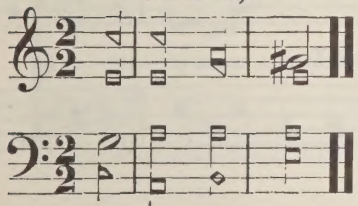
Example 3.
C to F



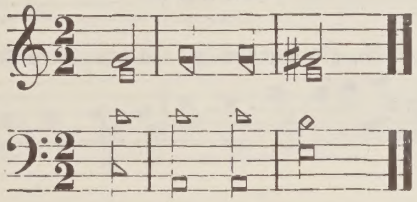
Example 4.
F to B flat



Example 5.
C to E major



Example 6.
C to E minor



The foundation of all melody is the Diatonic Scale.

The diatonic scale is divided into reposes and motion.

The point of repose is the Tonic, either one or eight.

Motion is all that is not Tonic; 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, together with all intermediate tones.

A Design is the germ out of which grows the entire period.

D Design must contain two or more tones.

A Design, when repeated, assumes some different form, but is still to be recognized as the same general design.

A Passage is a series of designs which have no well-marked repose.

A Phrase is a series of designs so joined as to have a well determine motion and repose.

A Period is a series of phrases—usually four—each having a well-defined motion and repose, so related to each other as to produce the impression of completeness.

Periods may be divided into two equal portions called sections; the sections into halves called phrases; the phrases into halves called motives.

In forming periods, the first phrase should be so built as to excite expectation in our minds, which should be only partially answered by the second phrase, thus leading to a reiteration in the third phrase, and a final, complete and satisfactory conclusion in the last.

That which excites expectation is called Thesis.

That which replies to thesis is called Antithesis.

A piece composed of four sections (eight phrases) is styled the Song Form of Two Periods. In this form the argument may assume a different melodic figure in the third section, returning in the fourth section to the style of melody and rhythm employed in the second section.

The Design is a smaller melodic division than the phrase and deserves notice before passing to this study. The design is a little melodic germ or thought that may appear one, two or more times in each phrase. The design usually repeats itself higher or lower, also it may be extended, contracted, or inverted in its rhythmical form, or it may be suspended or abandoned altogether or substituted for a while by a different design.

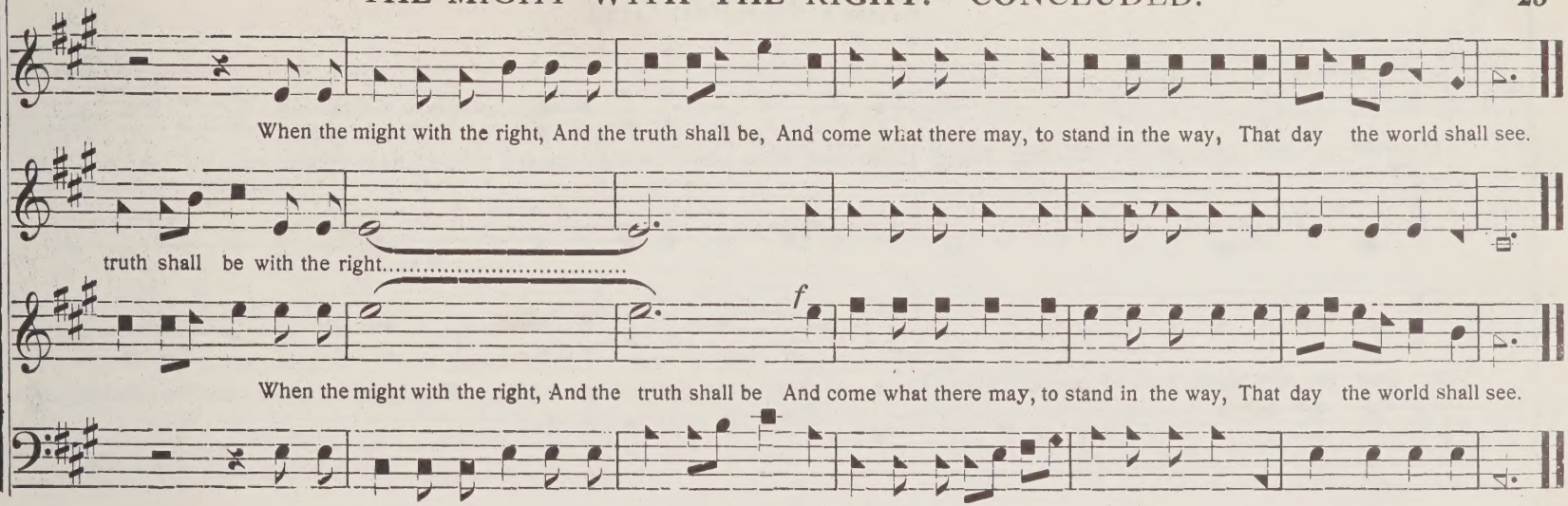
The Song Form of Three Periods is one of six sections and twelve measures. In this form the middle period is usually in a different key, different movement, different measure, and different phrase design, or it may be different in all these respects from the first period. The last period may be a repetition of the first or similar to it structure or content. In all these forms the idea of thesis and antithesis must be kept up in symetrical arrangement.

NOTE—We have reference only to music written by musical scholars. It is a matter of much regret that a large amount of the music of the present day is written by persons who may have some indefinite ideas about melody,—but who know very little concerning Harmony, and positively nothing at all of Form.

"THE MIGHT WITH THE RIGHT."

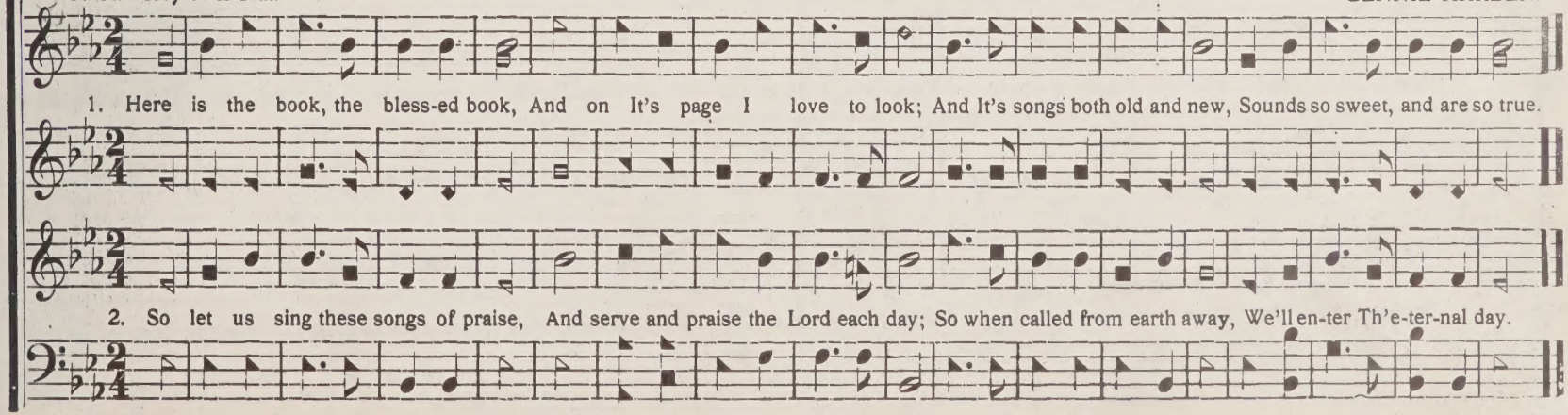
W. E. HICKSON. Key of A. DANBY

1. May ev - ery year but draw more near The time when strife shall cease, And truth and love all hearts shall move To live in joy and peace. Now
f
p
2. Let good men ne'er of truth de - spair, Though hum-ble ef-forts fail; Oh, give not o're un - til once more The righteous cause pre-vail; In
sor-row reigns and earth complains, For fol-ly still her power maintains; But the day will sure - ly come, when the might with the right, And the
mp
vain, and long en - dur - ing wrong, The weak may strive a-gainst the strong; But the day shall yet ap-pear, when the might with the right, And the


When the might with the right, And the truth shall be, And come what there may, to stand in the way, That day the world shall see.
truth shall be with the right.....
f
When the might with the right, And the truth shall be And come what there may, to stand in the way, That day the world shall see.

BLESSED BOOK.

G. H. Key of E Flat. GENNIE HARDEN.


1. Here is the book, the bless-ed book, And on It's page I love to look; And It's songs both old and new, Sounds so sweet, and are so true.
2. So let us sing these songs of praise, And serve and praise the Lord each day; So when called from earth away, We'll en-ter Th'e-ter-nal day.

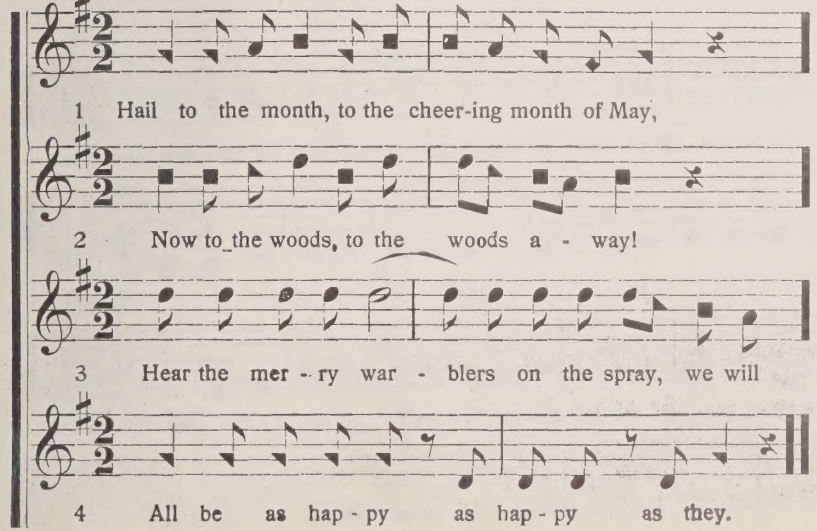
FAIRY NOONLIGHT.

Key of A. flat.

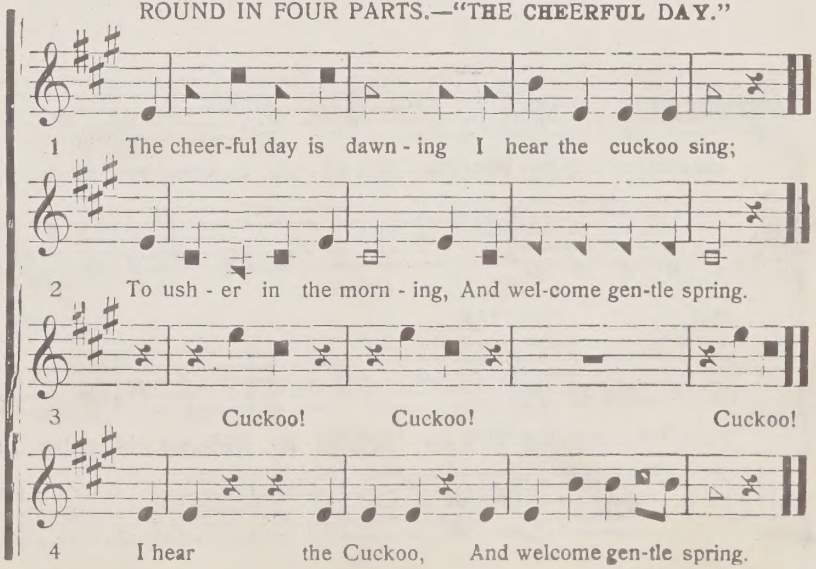
1. Hail to the Queen of the Si - lent Night, Shine clear, shine bright, Yield thy pen-sive light; Blithe-ly we'll dance in thy sil - ver ray,
2. Dost thy pure beams, from thy throne on high, Beam on through sky, Rob'd in az - ure dye, We'll laugh and shout while the night bird sings,
Hap-pi - ly pas - sing the hours a - way. Must we not love the still - y night, Dress'd in her robes of blue and white? Heaven's arces ring,
Flapping the dew from his sa - ble wings; Sprites love to sport in th' still moonlight, Play with the pearls of Shad-'wy night; Then let us sing

Stars wink and sing, Hatl, si - lent night.
Fair - y moon-light, Fair - y, fair - y fair - y moon - light.
Fair - y moon-light,
Fair - y fair - y, fair - y moon - light.
Ritard. PP
Time's on the wing, Hail, si - lent night.
Fair - y moon - light, fair - y moon-light, Fair-y moon..... light.

ROUND IN FOUR PARTS.—"HAIL TO THE MONTH."


1 Hail to the month, to the cheer-ing month of May,
2 Now to the woods, to the woods a - way!
3 Hear the mer - ry war - blers on the spray, we will
4 All be as hap - py as hap - py as they.

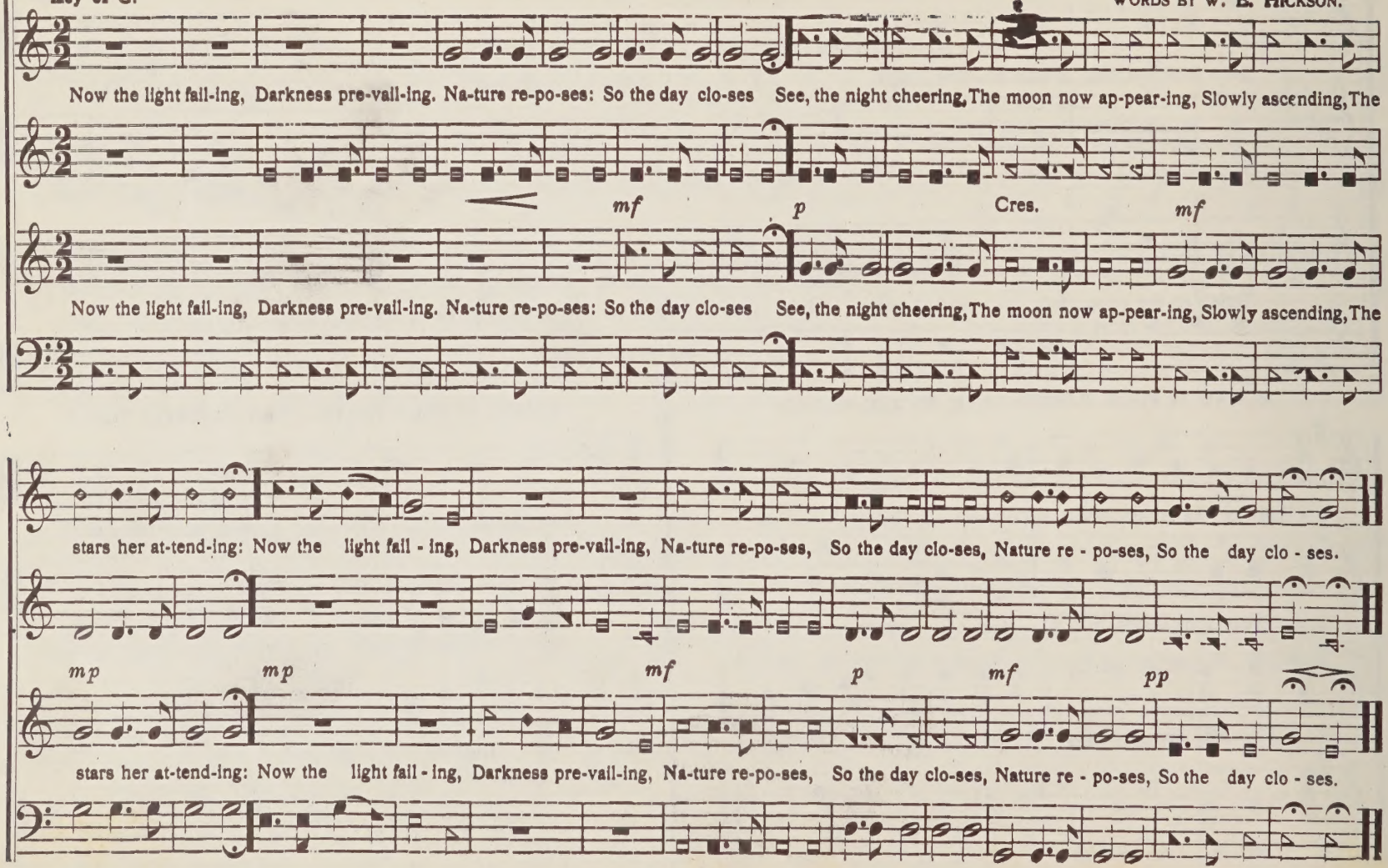
ROUND IN FOUR PARTS.—"THE CHEERFUL DAY."


1 The cheer-ful day is dawn - ing I hear the cuckoo sing;
2 To ush - er in the morn - ing, And wel-come gen-tle spring.
3 Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
4 I hear the Cuckoo, And welcome gen-tle spring.

EVENING SONG.

Key of C.

WORDS BY W. E. HICKSON.


Now the light fail-ing, Darkness pre-vail-ing. Na-ture re-po-ses: So the day clo-ses See, the night cheering, The moon now ap-pear-ing, Slowly ascending, The
mf
p
Cres.
mf
Now the light fail-ing, Darkness pre-vail-ing. Na-ture re-po-ses: So the day clo-ses See, the night cheering, The moon now ap-pear-ing, Slowly ascending, The
stars her at-tend-ing: Now the light fail - ing, Darkness pre-vail-ing, Na-ture re-po-ses, So the day clo-ses, Nature re - po-ses, So the day clo - ses.
mp
mp
mf
p
mf
pp
stars her at-tend-ing: Now the light fail - ing, Darkness pre-vail-ing, Na-ture re-po-ses, So the day clo-ses, Nature re - po-ses, So the day clo - ses.

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